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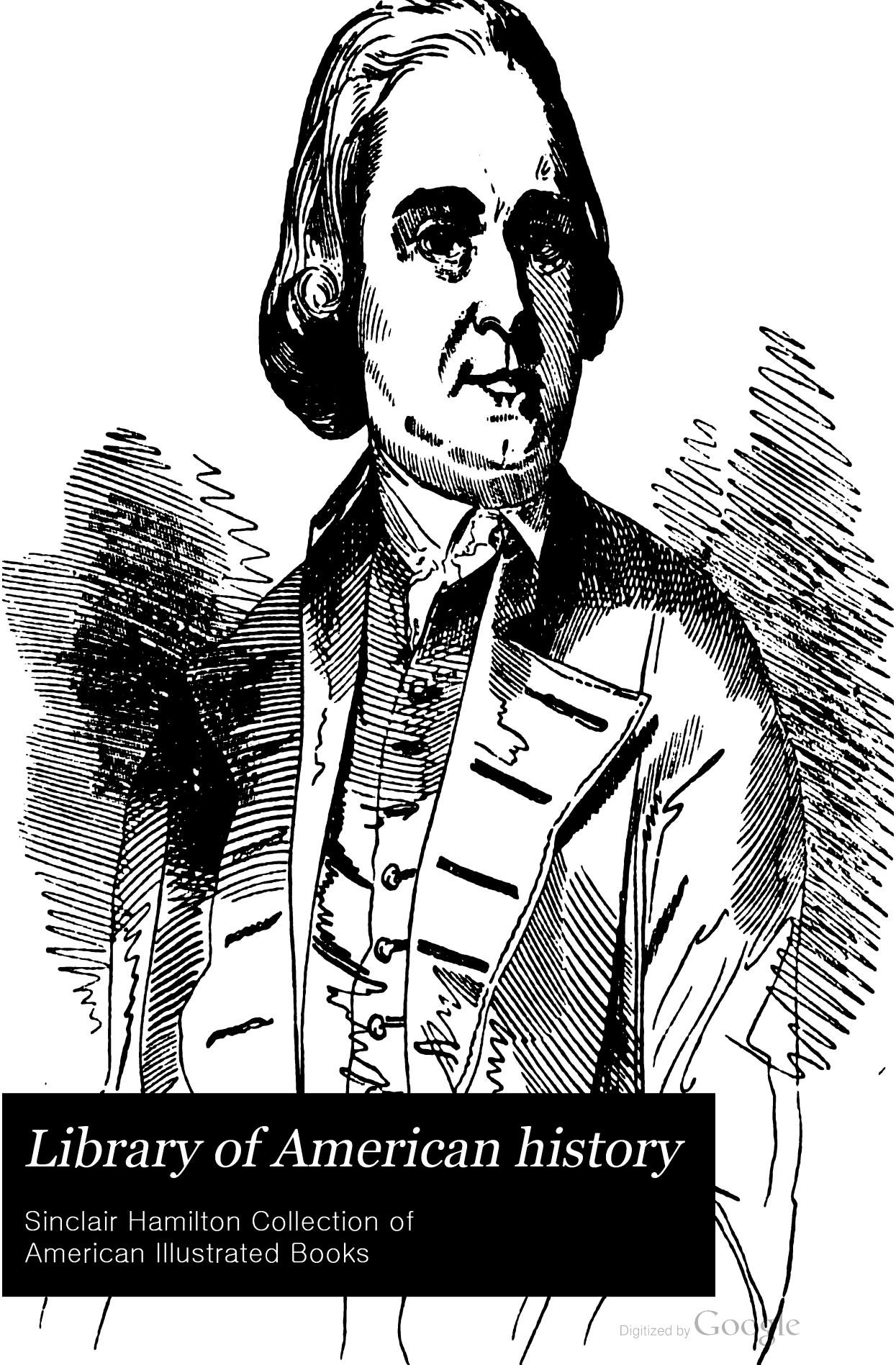
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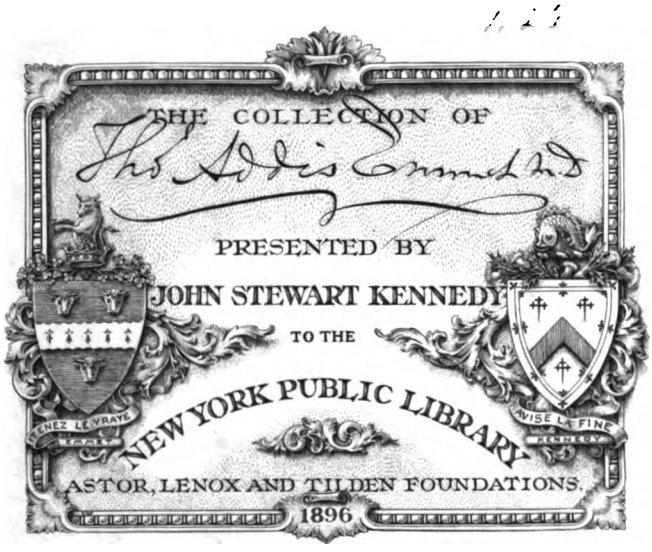
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AMERICAN HISTORY.

THE HEROIC AGE.

Every nation, eminent for its civilization and the true greatness arising from it, has had its heroic age —an age to which the patriot turns with the greatest reverence, and learns from the volume of its history, written or oral, the true causes of its first successful progress as a distinct empire, and the character of the men to whom it is indebted for its existence and perpetuity. The heroic age of a nation is that period when, in its weakest state as a colony, the people, led on by some daring spirit, contend manfully against all obstacles and subdue every enemy which opposes their progress. It is that age when physical and moral forces are opposed—when the national prejudices of aborigines and colonists must be assimilated if not destroyed, and when the light of civilization first essays to dispel barbarian darkness Assyria, Egypt, Iran, Carthage, Greece, Etruria, Rome, and Britain, have all had their heroic ages; and last in the catalogue is our own Republic.

Although two hundred years have not yet elapsed since the first English colony took permanent root in America, and planted that seed of civil and religious liberty which has now grown up such a noble and wide-spreading tree, yet the events of those two centuries are characterized by loftier patriotism, nobler heroism and more enduring good to mankind, present and future, than ever distinguished Rome during the thousand years from the era of Tullius, to her rapid decline.

We behold with admiration the struggles of infant Carthage;—but what were they, compared to those of the weak colonies of America? We sympathise with the Moors, when, on reading the history of the past, we see them disputing, inch by inch, the soil of Granada with the barbarians, and successfully introducing civilization and refinement into western Europe; but their warfare was more equal and their resources far greater, than were the Pilgrim fathers and their contemporaries. The former were nerved for physical strife, and had powerful allies near; they were disciplined in the arts of war, and entered upon the great task of building up a new empire, with the united strength of thousands concentrated to one point. Not so the English colonists in America. They came few in number, and those few were separated from the civilised world by three thousand miles of ocean. They came almost unarmed, and reared their standard in a wilderness filled with barbarous tribes, exasperated by acts of former transient settlers, and jealous of the encroachments of those they deemed intruders. Famine, sickness, dissensions, and the conspiracies and attacks of their savage neighbors, were the obstacles which the colonists were obliged to contend with, in addition to the great labor of levelling the dense forest, constructing dwellings, tilling the soil and organizing a civil government. But all of these were overcome;—the savages were reduced to submission, towns sprang up like magic in the wilderness, and the foundation for a mighty republic, now stretching over half a continent, was laid deep and firm. To accomplish all this, required the exercise of all the nobler faculties of the human soul. It required great moral and personal courage, the zeal of benevolent patriotism of the most ardent nature, and the due exercise and control of all those passions and sentiments which impart true greatness to the character of man. This great work *was* accomplished—A new empire was formed—the *people* became a sovereignty, independent of all other nations—took their oath of allegiance to a newly formed constitution—and, with this crowning act, ended the heroic age of America.

On the tenth day of April, 1607, three small ships, of which the largest did not exceed a hundred tons burden, entered Chesapeake bay, freighted with one hundred and five men, a small stock of provisions, and a few arms and ammunition. For four months they had been buffeting the waves of the Atlantic, and for three days previous to the time in question, they had battled with a furious storm in vain attempts to land at Roanoke, where Raleigh had three times planted a colony, but with disastrous consequences. This little company of adventurers had left the endearments of home, and the advantages of social life, then so great in England, to build up an empire in the new world. Others had preceded them with the same intentions, and the hope of individual gain; but the weapons of the Indian, sickness, and disappointment, had either destroyed them or driven them back to England, and, for a period of one hundred and ten years from the time when the shores of Virginia were discovered by Cabot, no permanent settlement had been effected till this little colony, under the command of Captain Newport, landed at the mouth of the Powhatan river.

The morning was bright and balmy when the little fleet of Newport anchored off a promontory, which, in honor of the prince of Wales, he called Cape Henry. The land breeze was freighted with the rich perfumes of early spring flowers, and from the forests which fringed the shores of the bay, the melody of thousands of song-birds formed a striking contrast to the tempest which

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they had just experienced. Everything was inviting to the eye and ear, and for several hours these hardy adventurers strolled amid the beauties of nature in her primal attire, and for the time forgot the perils they had passed, and the greater perils yet to be encountered.

After taking in a supply of fresh water, and surprised at not meeting with any trace of human beings, Newport weighed anchor and coasted along the southern shores of the bay for about forty miles, when he entered the mouth of a large river. The beauty of the scenery, the apparent richness of the soil, and the evident security of the harbor, determined the colonists to make this the place of their abode. They gave the name of their king (James) to the river, and also to their settlement; and here was planted the first permanent English colony in America—here was erected the first town, and here of one hundred and ten men was formed that nucleus around which, for two centuries has been gathering an enlightened population with all its concomitants, until now we present a powerful nation of freemen, nearly twenty millions in number!

Among those who first landed at Jamestown, was Captain John Smith, a man eminently qualified to conduct an enterprise so great as the one in which he was engaged. He was brave, persevering, generous, clear headed and right hearted, but for the possession of these noble qualities he was looked upon with jealousy by his compatriots; and their contravention of an arrangement providing for him a seat in the colonial council, produced disastrous dissensions at the very outset of their career in the new world. It is not necessary to our purpose here to refer to the antecedent acts of the king, or to discuss questions of propriety in the formation of the colonial government; it is sufficient to remark, that the governor and council for this colony were appointed by the king, which commission was sealed and instructions given that it should not be opened till the arrival of the colony to their place of destination. This arrangement gave great dissatisfaction, and, as we have intimated, Smith was excluded from a seat in the council, and even accused of traitorous designs. The want of the counsel and action of such a man was detrimental to the public weal, and it was not long before he was called to his appointed place, after having, at his own request, submitted to the form of a trial, and being honorably acquitted.

In June, Newport sailed for England according to instructions, leaving the colonists no means of escape from the savages and disease, from both of which they suffered much before the close of the summer. Several were killed in sudden attacks from the Indians; and about the beginning of September, disease had swept away one half their number. Among these was Bartholomew Gosnold, who planned and did much toward forwarding the enterprise. After his death, all eyes were turned upon Smith as the only man to guide them in this dark hour of trouble. He was called to preside in the council, and he immediately set about fortifying the town and making preparation for a supply of provisions. He put himself at the head of a small detachment of his people, and in an open boat boldly ascended the river. By courtesy among the friendly tribes, and bravery among the hostile, he succeeded in procuring an abundant supply of provisions for the little colony; but in the midst of his successes, he was surprised by a hostile tribe, and after much hard fighting, was taken prisoner. He was immediately dragged toward a tree, where they intended to sacrifice him after their usual manner. Perfectly calm and resolute, Smith desired to see the Sachem, to whom he presented a mariner's compass, told him to what discoveries it had led, explained the form and motion of the earth, its vast continents and mighty seas—in a word, Smith poured a flood of light into the understanding of the old chief that subdued his passions and gained a respite for the captive.

But this respite was short: he was conveyed in triumph to Powhatan, the king or chief sachem of the tribes, and by him condemned to be put to death by beating out his brains with clubs. At this critical moment an angel of deliverance appeared in the person of Pocahontas, the daughter of the king, who, sitting beside her father had watched with intense anxiety the preparations for the execution. She saw the stone brought in, the head of the pinioned captive placed upon it, and the fatal clubs upraised by the powerful arms of two warriors. The fear of punishment could restrain her generous soul no longer, and she sprang to the side of the victim, clasped his head in her arms, and laid her own upon the stone in token of her willingness to become a substitute for the gallant Smith.

The generous heroism of Pocahontas prevailed over the cruelty of the tribe, and life and liberty were granted to the captive. Nor did this noble act exhaust the benevolence of the Indian princess; her whole soul was imbued with sympathy for the defenceless whites, and through her influence they were long abundantly supplied with provisions. Her father became the friend of the English—Smith was held by the surrounding tribes to be little less than the Great Spirit, and for a time the affairs of the colony, under his guidance, were exceedingly prosperous.

At this time, (1608) when the influence of Smith had produced peaceable relations between the colonists and the Indian tribes, a reinforcement of one hundred and twenty men arrived from England, bringing provisions, seeds and agricultural instruments. Universal joy pervaded the colony on the occurrence of this event, but instead of being a blessing, it was a real calamity

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and came very near proving fatal to the infant settlement. Among the new comers were a few laborers, a large number of gentlemen, and jewellers and refiners of gold; men but little suited to the great task of forming the basis of a new nation. The proprietors of the colony had in view immediate gains to be derived from the mineral wealth supposed to exist in all parts of America, and they were not well satisfied with the attention of the colonists being turned to other pursuits, of a character in fact more utile and prospectively beneficial.

The new recruits came out animated with golden visions, and these were rendered more extravagant on the discovery that a small stream that issued from a bank near Jamestown, deposited a glittering sediment resembling gold ore. The refiners were set at work, and after a bungling assaying process, they pronounced it gold of the richest kind. At once the attention of nearly the whole colony was turned to mining, and its best interests were neglected. Those base passions which characterized the gold-hunters who followed Pizarro into Peru, took root and flourished here: dissensions arose, the peace of the colony was broken up, and the elements of political destruction were soon in active operation.

Smith saw with sorrow this abandonment of those pursuits, which alone could conduce to the prosperity of the colony, and with true patriotism he devoted all his energies in averting the ruin which seemed inevitable. He foresaw the disastrous consequences incident to the neglect of agriculture, and he determined to divert the minds of the colonists from their mad pursuit. To do this, he planned an expedition for extending their discoveries along the coast northward, and farther into the interior, to ascertain the natural resources of the country and to plant a new colony of *laborers* who were yet free from the delusion that had seized a majority of the Jamestown settlers.

With his friend, Dr. Russel, and a few followers, Captain Smith embarked in an open boat on a voyage of discovery along an unknown coast. In two voyages, occupying a period of four months, they visited every inlet and bay on both sides of the Chesapeake from Cape Charles river to the Susquehanna; explored every estuary and penetrated far toward the sources of several of the larger rivers, and embraced a navigation of above three thousand miles. They carefully examined every territory into which they penetrated, made full observations of the strength, character and habits of the various tribes, and after encountering the most arduous toils, privations and dangers, they returned to the settlement, bringing back information so ample and perspicuous of that portion of our republic now known as Virginia and Maryland, that all subsequent researches are but expanded views of their original discoveries. In these two expeditions, this great founder of civilized society in North America obtained a powerful influence over the tribes of the wilderness, and the true relations of his personal bravery during these and subsequent voyages seem like chapters taken from the embellished volume of romance.

The harvest of 1608 fell short, and the colonists looked forward with fear to a season of famine. But the activity of Smith procured abundant supplies for some time. So long as the rivers were open he procured provisions by some means, from the Indians, but when winter set in, these supplies were cut off. Powhatan had become extremely jealous of the control of Smith over the tribes of his realm, and through the influence of the old chief, much assistance was withheld from the whites. Disappointed in the friendship of Powhatan, Smith determined to put on a bold face and bring the old king to submission. He conceived the dangerous plan of surprising him and carrying away his whole stock of provisions. The Indian prince had formed a similar design respecting Smith, and for this purpose had invited him to his abode, with great professions of friendship. During the whole day he endeavored to persuade the Captain and his party of their perfect security, and to lay aside their arms. Failing in this, he resolved to fall upon them when at supper, and thus destroy them. In this he would have succeeded, had it not been for the friendship of Pocahontas. She, who before in the hour of peril had come like an angel of mercy to the rescue of Smith, now quietly stole from the presence of her father, and through the gloom of the forest at night proceeded to the camp of the whites, and with tears in her eyes revealed to the Captain the secrets of the horrid plot. The English were consequently prepared and thus saved their lives.

Soon after this event, Smith was invited to visit Opecancanough, the chief by whom he was formerly taken prisoner. He made every friendly pretension, while his men lay in ambush, ready to fall upon the whites at a given signal. Happily, Smith discovered the treachery in time, and seizing the chief by the hair and presenting a pistol to his breast, he led him to the ambush and made him order his men, not only to lay down their arms, but to fill his boats with corn.

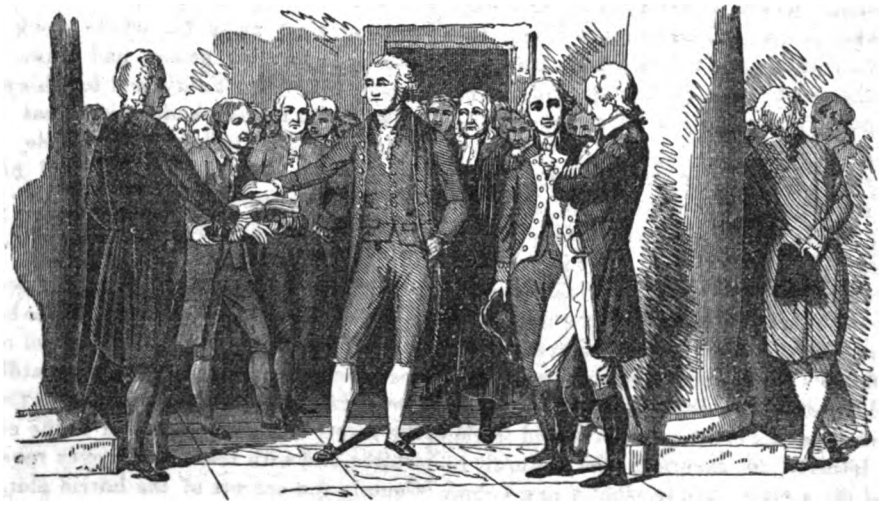
At another time, he was met alone in the woods by the chief, Paspahi, who attempted to shoot him. Smith was armed only with a sword, but he unhesitatingly attacked the savage in close combat. In this struggle they fell into the river, but Smith finally succeeded in grasping the chief by the throat, dragged him ashore, and led him a prisoner to Jamestown. These and many

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other acts of personal bravery on the part of Smith, re-awakened that reverence for him among the tribes, which the treachery of Powhatan had weakened, and secured peace to the colony as long as he was in Virginia.

He performed the duties of president of the colony with the most rigid exactness, and enforced with severity, every law which tended to the public weal. Industrious himself, he made laws to oblige others to be so, and although some murmured at his severity, all acknowledged that his system was calculated to give health to their persons and strength to the state. In connexion with the labor of tilling the soil they turned their attention to the useful arts; manufactured tar, pitch and potashes, and made glass and earthenware. During the winter of 1608–9, they built twenty new houses, erected two blockhouses, made nets for fishing, dug a well in the fort, and commenced another fortress upon an eminence that overlooked the town; and as spring advanced they cleared up and prepared for tillage many acres of land.

Such was the prosperous state of the colony of Virginia under the guidance of Smith, when, through the intrigues and misrepresentations of those whom he had dismissed from the settlement, he was superceded; and, having met with a severe accident, requiring good surgical attendance, he sailed for England, leaving behind him, in a permanent and now prosperous colony, the good fruit of three years of incessant toil and hardship. He left behind him the germ of a great nation, and when we view him in the true light in which correct history places him, as the instrument in the salvation of the Virginia colony, we cannot but regard him as the great founder of civilization on the western continent.



Inauguration of Washington.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Born 1732—Died 1799.

We do not propose to present to our readers a history of the life of Washington. Americans are all of them familiar with the leading events in the biography of that truly great and good man. Our object is merely to mention a few interesting anecdotes in regard to him, which are new to us, and doubtless will be to many of our readers, and which we have found recorded in a book that ought to be in the hand of every son and daughter of America, Paulding's admirable Life of Washington. And first of Washington's birthplace:—

"The house in which Washington was born stood about half a mile from the junction of Pope's creek with the Potomack, and was either burned or pulled down long previous to the revolution. A few scanty relicks alone remain to mark the spot which will ever be sacred in the eyes of posterity. A clump

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of old decayed fig-trees, probably coeval with the mansion, yet exists; a number of vines, and shrubs, and flowers, still reproduce themselves every year, as if to mark its site, and flourish among the hallowed ruins; and a stone, placed there by Mr. George Washington Custis, bears the simple inscription, 'Here, on the 11th of February,' (O. S.) '1732, George Washington was born.'

"'The spot is of the deepest interest, not only from its associations, but its natural beauties. It commands a view of the Maryland shore of the Potomack, one of the most majestick of rivers, and of its course for many miles towards Chesapeake bay. An aged gentleman, still living in the neighbourhood, remembers the house in which Washington was born. It was a low-pitched, single-storied, frame-building, with four rooms on the first floor, and an enormous chimney at each end on the outside.—This was the style of the better sort of houses in those days, and they are still occasionally seen in the old settlements of Virginia."

When speaking of his early life, Mr. Paulding mentions the following: "Mrs. Washington was very fond of fine horses, insomuch that when on one occasion she had become possessed of a pair of handsome grays, she caused them to be turned out to pasture in a meadow in front of the house, from whence they could at all times be seen from the window of her sitting-room. It chanced that she at one time owned a favourite young horse, which had never been broke to the saddle, and no one was permitted to ride. On some occasion, a party of youthful Nimrods on a visit to the house, proposed, after dinner, to mount the colt and make the circuit of the pasture. No one could do the feat, and many were defeated in attempting to mount, or thrown from his back afterward. Washington, then but a youth, succeeded, however, and gave the favourite such a breathing that he at length fell under his rider, who immediately went and told his mother what he had done. Her reply deserves to be recorded: 'Young man,' said she, 'I forgive you, because you have the courage to tell the truth at once; had you skulked away, I should have despised you.'

His conduct at Braddock's defeat deserves mention: "After a few discharges from the unseen destroyers in the wood, Washington remained of all the aids alive. In fact the whole duties of the day devolved on him, and the entire resistance on the troops of Virginia. He exposed himself to thousands of unerring marksmen; his clothes were perforated with bullets, and twice was his horse shot under him. Yet he escaped without a wound, as if to justify the prediction of the old Indian warriour that led the hostile savages, who used long afterward to declare: 'That man was never to be killed by a bullet, for he had seventeen times had a fair shot at him with his rifle, yet could not bring him down.'

"All accounts agree that the unfortunate Braddock behaved with great gallantry, though with little discretion, in this trying situation. He encouraged his soldiers, and was crying out with his speaking-trumpet, 'Hurrah, boys! lose the saddle or win the horse!' when a bullet struck him, and he fell to the ground, exclaiming: 'Ha, boys! I'm gone!' During all this time, not a cannon had been fired by the British forces. It was at this moment, that one who was with him at the time, who is still living, and on whose humble testimony I rely even with more confidence than on the more imposing authority of history, thus describes Washington: "I saw him take hold of a brass fieldpiece, as if it had been a stick. He looked like a fury; he tore the sheet-lead from the touchhole; he placed one hand on the muzzle, the other on the breech; he pulled with this, and pushed with that, and wheeled it round as if it had been nothing. It tore the ground like a barshare.* The powder-monkey rushed up with the fire, and then the cannon began to bark, I tell you. They fought and they fought, and the Indians began to *holla*, when the rest of the brass cannon made the bark of the trees fly, and the Indians come down. That place they call Rock Hill, and there they left five hundred men dead on the ground.'"

The following tale of horrour which Washington related on a particular occasion, when questioned on the subject by a cherished friend, will give some idea of scenes that were of almost daily occurrence during these gloomy and disastrous times: "One day," said Washington, "as we were traversing a part of the frontier, we came upon a single log-house, standing in the centre of a little clearing surrounded by woods on all sides. As we approached, we heard the report of a gun, the usual signal of coming horrours. Our party crept cautiously through the underwood, until we approached near enough to see what we had already foreboded. A smoke was slowly making its way through the roof of the house, while, at the same moment, a party of Indians came forth laden with plunder, consisting of clothes, domestick utensils, household furniture, and dripping scalps. We fired, and killed all but one, who tried to get away, but was soon shot down.

"On entering the hut, we saw a sight that, though we were familiar with blood and massacre, struck us, at least myself, with feelings more mournful than I had ever experienced before. On a bed in one

*A kind of plough.

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corner of the room lay the body of a young woman swimming in blood, with a gash in her forehead which almost separated the head into two parts. On her breast lay two little babes, apparently twins, less than a twelvemonth old, with their heads also cut open. Their innocent blood, which had once flowed in the same veins, now mingled in one current again. I was inured to scenes of bloodshed and misery, but this cut me to the soul, and never in my afterlife did I raise my hand against a savage without calling to mind the mother with her little twins, their heads cleft asunder.

"On examining the tracks of the Indians to see what other murders they might have committed, we found a little boy, and a few steps beyond his father, both scalped, and both stone dead. From the prints of the feet of the boy, it would seem he had been following the plough with his father, who being probably shot down, he had attempted to escape. But the poor boy was followed, overtaken, and murdered. The ruin was complete. Not one of the family had been spared. Such was the character of our miserable warfare. The wretched people on the frontier never went to rest without bidding each other farewell; for the chances were they might never wake again, or wake only to find their last sleep. On leaving one spot for the purpose of giving protection to another point of exposure, the scene was often such as I shall never forget. The women and children clung round our knees, beseeching us to stay and protect them, and crying out for God's sake not to leave them to be butchered by the savages. A hundred times, I declare to Heaven, I would have laid down my life with pleasure, even under the tomahawk and scalping-knife, could I have ensured the safety of those suffering people by the sacrifice."

The following details in relation to Washington's marriage, are related by Mr. Paulding: "Soon after his retirement from the service, he married Mrs. Martha Custis, a lady born in the same year with himself, of considerable personal attractions, and large fortune. Her maiden name was Dandridge, and both by birth and marriage she was connected with some of the most respectable families in Virginia. All her claims to distinction from family connexions are now, however, merged in the one great name of Washington, and derive their purest lustre from an association with the Father of his country.

"It has been related to me by one whose authority I cannot doubt, that the first meeting of Colonel Washington with his future wife was entirely accidental, and took place at the house of Mr. Chamberlayne, who resided on the Pamunkey, one of the branches of York river. Washington was on his way to Williamsburgh, on somewhat pressing business, when he met Mr. Chamberlayne, who, according to the good old Virginia custom, which forbids a traveller to pass the door without doing homage at the fireside of hospitality, insisted on his stopping an hour or two at his mansion. Washington complied unwillingly, for his business was urgent. But it is said that he was in no haste to depart, for he had met the lady of his fate in the person of Mrs. Martha Custis, of the White House, county of New Kent, in Virginia.

"I have now before me a copy of an original picture of this lady, taken about the time of which I am treating, when she captivated the affections of Washington. It represents a figure rather below the middle size, with hazel eyes, and hair of the same colour, finely-rounded arms, a beautiful chest and taper waist, dressed in a blue silk robe of the fashion of the times, and altogether furnishing a very sufficient apology to a young gentleman of seven-and-twenty for delaying his journey, and perhaps forgetting his errand for a time. The sun went down and rose again before Washington departed for Williamsburgh, leaving his heart behind him, and, perhaps, carrying another away in exchange. Having completed his business at the seat of government, he soon after visited the White House, and being accustomed, as my informant says, to energetick and persevering action, won the lady and carried her off from a crowd of rivals. The marriage took place in the winter of 1759, but at what precise date is not to be found in any record, nor is it, I believe, within the recollection of any person living."

In regard to Washington's habits of life, Mr P. remarks: "His habits of life are a pattern to every one His moments were numbered, and divided, and devoted to his various objects and pursuits. His hours of rising and going to bed were the same throughout every season of the year. He always shaved, dressed himself, and answered his letters by candle-light in summer and winter; and his time for retiring to rest was nine o'clock, whether he had company or not. He breakfasted at seven o'clock in summer, and eight in winter; dined at two, and drank his tea, of which he was very fond, early in the evening, never taking any supper. His breakfast always consisted of four small corn-cakes, split, buttered, and divided into quarters, with two small-sized cups of tea. At dinner, he ate with a good appetite, but was not choice of his food; drank small-beer at his meals, and two glasses of old Madeira after the cloth was removed. He scarcely ever exceeded that quantity. The kernels of two or three black-walnuts completed the repast. He was very kind, affectionate, and attentive to his family, scrupulously observant of every thing relating to the comfort, as well as the deportment and manners, of the younger members.

"His habits of military command produced a similar system with regard to his servants, of whom he exacted prompt attention and obedience. These conditions complied with, and they were sure of never being subjected to caprice or passion. Neglect or ill-conduct was promptly noticed, for the eye of the master was every where, and nothing connected with the economy of his estate escaped him. He knew the value of independence, and the mode by which it is obtained and preserved. With him idleness was an object of contempt, and prodigality of aversion. He never murdered an hour in wilful indolence, or wasted a dollar in worthless enjoyment. He was as free from extravagance as from meanness or parsimony, and never in the whole course of his life did he turn his back on a friend, or trifle with a creditor."

Washington's personal appearance at the time of taking command of the army of the revolution, is thus described:—

"Washington was upwards of six feet in height; robust, but of perfect symmetry in his proportions; eminently calculated to sustain fatigue, yet without

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that heaviness which usually accompanies great muscular power, and abates active exertion.—His movements were graceful; his manner displayed a grave self-possession, and was easy and affable. All those who ever associated with him have remarked that indescribable dignity which, though it created an affectionate confidence, at the same time repressed all freedoms, and forbade the indulgence of the slightest indecorum in his presence. His most remarkable feature was his mouth, which was perfectly unique. The lips firm and compressed. The under jaw seemed to grasp the upper with force, as if the muscles were in full action, even while he sat perfectly still and composed. Yet an air of benignity and repose always pervaded his face, and his smile displayed an extraordinary attraction. No man ever possessed in a higher degree the art, or rather the moral and physical qualifications, to ensure the respect and affection of all that came within the circle of his influence."

Washington after his retirement from the presidency.

"Like all truly great men, the manners of Washington, though eminently dignified, were adorned by the most unaffected simplicity. He relished the innocent gayety of youth, the sprightly gambols of children, and enjoyed a decorous jest or humorous anecdote with a peculiar relish. If, while perusing a book or a newspaper in the domestick circle, he met with any thing amusing or remarkable, he would read it aloud for their entertainment, and never failed to participate in every innocent or sportive frolick that was going on around him. His diguity was not that of pride or moroseness, but of intellect and virtue; and among those he loved, he laughed and joked like others. He was accustomed sometimes to tell the following story:—

"On one occasion, during a visit he paid to Mount Vernon while president, he had invited the company of two distinguished lawyers, each of whom afterward attained to the highest judicial situations in this country. They came on horseback, and, for convenience, or some other purpose, had bestowed their wardrobe in the same pair of saddlebags, each one occupying his side. On their arrival, wet to the skin by a shower of rain, they were shown into a chamber to change their garments. One unlocked his side of the bag, and the first thing he drew forth was a black bottle of whiskey. He insisted that this was his companion's repository; but on unlocking the other, there were found a huge twist of tobacco, a few pieces of corn-bread, and the complete equipment of a wagoner's pack-saddle. They had exchanged saddlebags with some traveller on the way, and finally made their appearance in borrowed clothes that fitted them most ludicrously. The general was highly diverted, and amused himself with anticipating the dismay of the wagoner when he discovered this oversight of the men of law. It was during this visit that Washington prevailed on one of his guests to enter into publick life, and thus secured to his country the services of one of the most distinguished magistrates of this or any other age.

"Another anecdote of a more touching character is derived from a source which, if I were permitted to mention, would not only vouch for its truth, but give it additional value and interest. When Washington retired from publick life, his name and fame excited in the hearts of the people at large, and most especially the more youthful portion, a degree of reverence which, by checking their vivacity or awing them into silence, often gave him great pain. Being once on a visit to Colonel Blackburn, ancestor to the exemplary matron who now possesses Mount Vernon, a large company of young people were assembled to welcome his arrival, or on some other festive occasion. The general was unusually cheerful and animated, but he observed that whenever he made his appearance, the dance lost its vivacity, the little gossipings in corners ceased, and a solemn silence prevailed, as at the presence of one they either feared or reverenced too much to permit them to enjoy themselves. He strove to remove this restraint by mixing familiarly among them, and chatting with unaffected hilarity. But it was all in vain; there was a spell on the little circle, and he retired among the elders in an adjoining room, appearing to be much pained at the restraint his presence inspired. When, however, the young people had again become animated, he arose cautiously from his seat, walked on tiptoe to the door, which was ajar, and stood contemplating the scene for nearly a quarter of an hour, with a look of genuine and benevolent pleasure that went to the very hearts of the parents who were observing him.

"As illustrating his character and affording an example of his great self-command, the following anecdote is appropriate to my purpose. It is derived from Judge Breckenridge himself, who used often to tell the story. The judge was an inimitable humorist, and, on a particular occasion, fell in with Washington at a publick house, where a large company had gathered together for the purpose of discussing the subject of improving the navigation of the Potomack. They supped at the same table, and Mr. Breckenridge essayed all his powers of humour to divert the general; but in vain. He seemed aware of his purpose, and listened without a smile. However, it so happened that the chambers of Washington and Breckenridge adjoined, and were only separated from each other by a thin partition of pine boards. The general had retired first, and when the judge entered his own room, he was delighted to hear Washington, who was already in bed, laughing to himself with infinite glee, no doubt at the recollection of his stories."

The following account of Washington's last illness is from a memorandum of his private secretary Tobias Lear:—

"On Thursday, Dec. 12, the general rode out to his farms at about ten o'clock, and did not return home till past three. Soon after he went out the weather became very bad; rain, hail, and snow falling alternately, with a cold wind. When he came in, I carried some letters to him to frank, intending to send them to the postoffice. He franked the letters, but said the weather was too bad to send a servant to the office that evening. I observed to him that I was afraid he had got wet; he said, no; his greatcoat had kept him dry: but his neck appeared to be quite wet—the snow was hanging on his hair.

"He came to dinner without changing his dress. In the evening he appeared as well as usual. A heavy fall of snow took place on Friday, which prevented the general from riding out as usual. He

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had taken cold, (undoubtedly from being so much exposed the day before,) and complained of having a sore throat; he had a hoarseness, which increased in the evening, but he made light of it, as he would never take any thing to carry off a cold,—always observing, 'Let it go as it came.' In the evening, the papers having come from the postoffice, he sat in the room with Mrs. Washington and myself, reading them till about nine o'clock. On his retiring to bed he appeared to be in perfect health, except the cold, which he considered as trifling—he had been remarkably cheerful all the evening.

"About two or three o'clock on Saturday morning, he awoke Mrs. Washington, and informed her that he felt very unwell, and had an ague. She observed that he could scarcely speak, and breathed with difficulty, and she wished to get up and call a servant; but the general would not permit her, lest she should take cold. As soon as the day appeared, the woman Caroline went into the room to make a fire, and the general desired that Mr. Rawlins, one of the overseers, who was used to bleeding the people, might be sent for to bleed him before the doctor could arrive. I was sent for—went to the general's chamber, where Mrs. Washington was up, and related to me his being taken ill between two and three o'clock, as before stated. I found him breathing with difficulty, and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly. I went out instantly, and wrote a line to Dr. Plask, and sent it with all speed. Immediately I returned to the general's chamber, where I found him in the same situation I had left him. A mixture of molasses, vinegar, and butter was prepared, but he could not swallow a drop; whenever he attempted he was distressed, convulsed, and almost suffocated.

"Mr. Rawlins came in soon after sunrise, and prepared to bleed him; when the arm was ready, the general, observing Rawlins appeared agitated, said, with difficulty, 'Don't be afraid;' and after the incision was made, he observed the orifice was not large enough; however, the blood ran pretty freely. Mrs. Washington, not knowing whether bleeding was proper in the general's situation, begged that much might not be taken from him, and desired me to stop it. When I was about to untie the string, the general put up his hand to prevent it, and, as soon as he could speak, said, 'More.'

"Mrs. Washington still uneasy lest too much blood should be drawn, it was stopped after about half a pint had been taken. Finding that no relief was obtained from bleeding, and that nothing could be swallowed, I proposed bathing the throat externally with sal volatile, which was done; a piece of flannel was then put round his neck. His feet were also soaked in warm water, but this gave no relief. By Mrs. Washington's request, I despatched a messenger for Dr. Brown of Port Tobacco. About nine o'clock, Dr. Craik arrived, and put a blister of cantharides on the throat of the general, and took more blood, and had some vinegar and hot water set in a teapot, for him to draw in the steam from the spout.

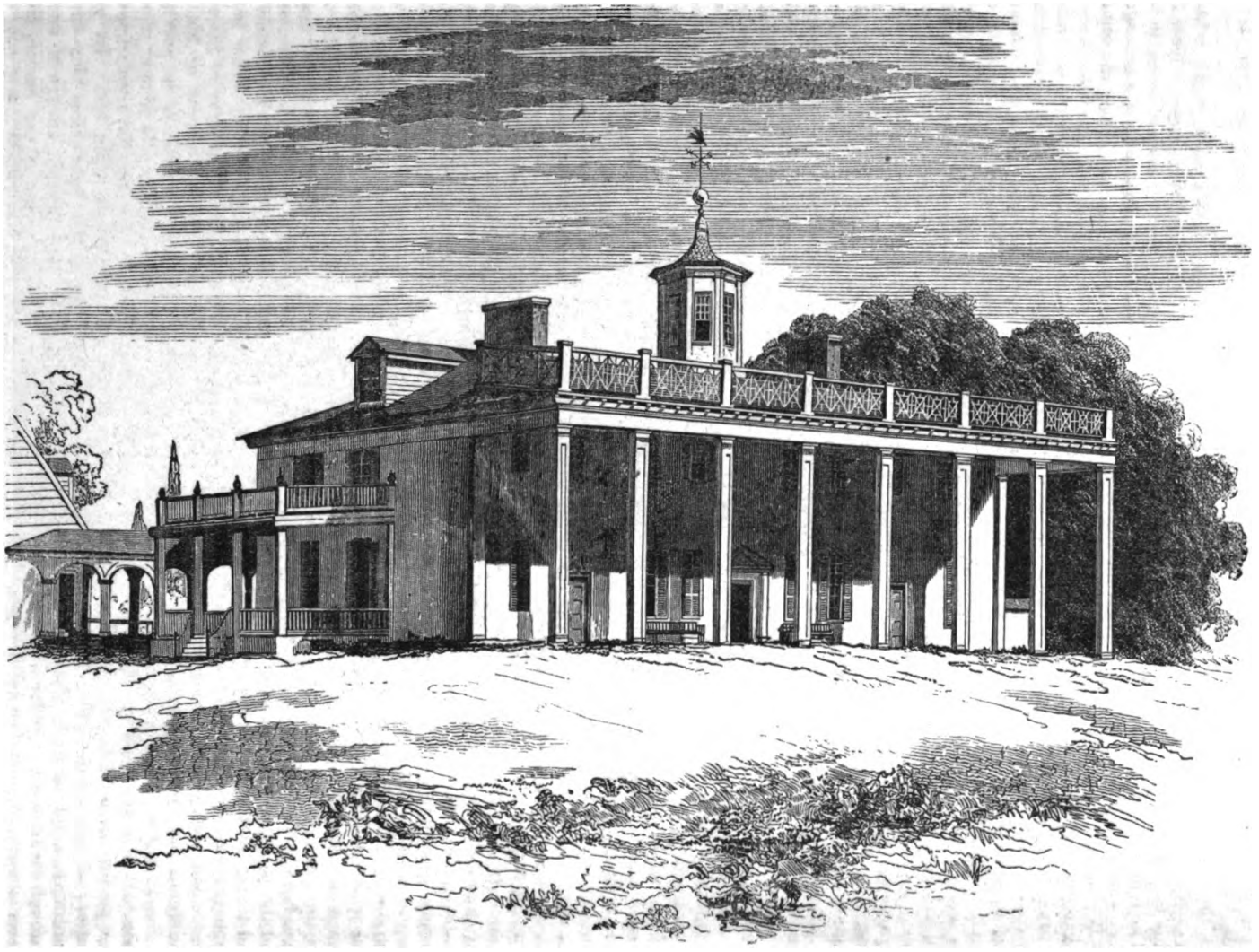
"He also had sage-tea and vinegar mixed and used as a gargle, but when he held back his head to let it run down, it almost produced suffocation. When the mixture came out of his mouth some phlegm followed it, and he would attempt to cough, which the doctor encouraged, but without effect. About eleven o'clock, Dr. Dick was sent for. Dr Craik bled the general again; no effect was produced, and he continued in the same state, unable to swallow any thing. Dr. Dick came in about three o'clock, and Dr. Brown arrived soon after; when, after consultation, the general was bled again: the blood ran slowly, appeared very thick, and did not produce any symptoms of fainting. At four o'clock, the general could swallow a little. Calomel and tartar-emetick were administered without effect. About half-past four o'clock he requested me to ask Mrs. Washington to come to his bedside, when he desired her to go down to his room, and take from his desk two wills which she would find there, and bring them to him, which she did. Upon looking at one, which he observed was useless, he desired her to burn it, which she did; and then took the other and put it away. After this was done, I returned again to his bedside and took his hand. He said to me, 'I find I am going—my breath cannot continue long—I believed from the first attack it would be fatal. Do you arrange and record all my military letters and papers; arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else; and let Mr. Rawlins finish recording my other letters, which he has begun.' He asked when Mr. Lewis and Washington would return? I told him that I believed about the twentieth of the month. He made no reply.

"The physicians arrived between five and six o'clock, and when they came to his bedside, Dr. Craik asked him if he would sit up in the bed: he held out his hand to me and was raised up, when he said to the physician:—'I feel myself going; you had better not take any more trouble about me, but let me go off quietly; I cannot last long.' They found what had been done was without effect; he laid down again, and they retired, excepting Dr. Craik. He then said to him:—'Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go; I believed from my first attack I should not survive it; my breath cannot last long.' The doctor pressed his hand, but could not utter a word; he retired from the bedside and sat by the fire, absorbed in grief. About eight o'clock, the physicians again came into the room, and applied blisters to his legs, but went out without a ray of hope. From this time he appeared to breathe with less difficulty than he had done, but was very restless, continually changing his position, to endeavour to get ease. I aided him all in my power, and was gratified in believing he felt it, for he would look upon me with eyes speaking gratitude, but unable to utter a word without great distress. About ten o'clock he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it; at length he said, 'I am just going. Have me decently buried; and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than two days after I am dead.' I bowed assent. He looked at me again and said, 'Do you understand me?' I replied, 'Yes, sir.' 'Tis well,' said he. About ten minutes before he expired, his breathing became much easier: he lay quietly: he withdrew his hand from mine, and felt his own pulse. I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire; he came to the bedside. The general's hand fell from his wrist; I took it in mine, and placed it on my breast. Dr. Craik placed his hands over his eyes; and he expired without a sigh."

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RESIDENCE OF WASHINGTON, MOUNT VERNON

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MOUNT VERNON.

The engraving on the opposite page, represents a view of Mount Vernon. It is from a picture painted on the spot by Mr. J. G. Chapman, and forms the second in the series of "*Residences of the Presidents*," with which we propose to embellish the present work.

Mt. Vernon is sacred in the eyes of Americans; it is the spot to which many a pilgrim wends his way, anxious to drop a tear at the tomb of the Father of his country.

The following account of a visit to that hallowed place, was published a year or two since:—

"We thought to gallop to Mount Vernon, (from Alexandria,) but the chance of missing the way, and the tiresomeness of a gig, induced us to take a hackney coach. Accordingly, we took magnificent possession, and ordered it on with all convenient despatch. But haste was out of the question—for never was worse road extant than that to Mount Vernon. Still in the season of foliage, it may be a romantick route. As it was, we saw nothing to attract the eye as particularly engaging, save a few seats scattered among the hills, and occupying some picturesque eminences. On we went—and yet onward—through all variety of scenery, hill and vale, meadow and woodland, until a sheet of water began to glimmer through the dim trees, and announce our approach again to the Potomack. In a few moments, a turn in the wild and uneven road brought us in view of the old mansion-house of Washington. We drove to the entrance of the old gate-way, and alighted in the midst of what appeared to be a little village—so numerous and scattered were the buildings. They were of brick, and devoted to the lower menial purposes of the place. As we advanced, the houses that covered the grounds, had a neater appearance, and when we came in view of the edifice of which all these were the outworks or appendages, we were at once struck with the simple beauty of the structure, and the quiet and secluded loveliness of its situation. The roof is crowned with a little cupola or steeple, a common thing upon the old seats of rich proprietors of Virginia—and the building itself is two stories in height. The portion nearest the river and which is fronted with a light piazza, is an addition which was made to the mansion by the general. By this arrangement the beauty of the whole must have been much increased. The style of the work and the painting have the effect of a freestone front, and though there is nothing imposing or grand in the appearance of the house, still there is an air of substance and comfort about it, that after all is far more satisfying than magnificence.

Sending in our cards by an old servant, we were soon invited to enter. Not having letters to Mr. W., the present proprietor, who is now very ill, we did not expect to see any of the family. A servant accordingly, at our request, merely accompanied us through the rooms made interesting by the hallowed associations that came fast upon us as we traversed them. In the hall or entry, hangs, in a glass case, the key of the Bastile, which every body has heard of. It was presented to Washington by La Fayette. Under it is a picture of that renowned fortress. The key is by no means formidable for its size; it is about as large as a bank-key, and of a shape by no means mysterious enough for a dissertation. The only curious portion of it is that grasped by the hand in turning. It is solid and of an oval shape, and appeared to me, for I always love to be curious in these matters, to have been broken, on a time, and then soldered or brazed again. It probably had some hard wrenches in its day. On the whole, it appeared to be a very amiable key, and by no means equal to all the turns it must have seen in the Revolution.

We were first shown into a small room, which was set apart as the study of Washington. Here he was wont to transact all his business of state, in his retirement. It was hung with pictures and engravings of revolutionary events, and among the miniatures was one of himself, said to be the best likeness ever taken. Another room was shown us which had nothing remarkable about it, and then we passed into a larger one, finished with great taste, and containing a portrait of Judge Washington. A beautiful organ stood in the corner, and the fireplace was adorned by a mantelpiece of most splendid workmanship in bas-relief. It is of Italian marble, and was presented to Washington by La Fayette. This part of our visit was soon over. There was little to see in the house, and the portions referred to were all to which we were admitted. I could not help admiring however, the neatness and air of antiquity together, which distinguished the several rooms through which we passed. There was something, also, fanciful in their arrangement, that was quite pleasing to my eye, far more so, than the mathematical exactness and right-angleism of modern and more splendid mansions. I like these old houses and quaint apartments that tell you fantastick tales of their first proprietors, and of their architects; and, as you wander through them, something of the olden time comes upon you, that you would not away with, if you could—or could not, if you would. Passing from the house, down a rude pathway, and then over a little broken but already verdant ground, we came to an open space, and found ourselves standing before the humble tomb of George Washington.* It was a happy moment to visit the spot. There was something in the time, fortunate for the feelings. The very elements seemed in accordance with the season. The day was beautiful—the sunlight was streaming full upon the trees round about and glowing with a mellow beam upon the grave; the place was quiet, and the only sound that we heard save that of our own hearts, was the voice of the wind through the pines, or of the waters as they broke upon the shore below us. Who can analyze his feelings as he stands before that sepulchre? Who can tell the story of his associations, or do justice by his tongue or his pen to the emotions which the memories of the past awaken there! The history of a whole country is overpowering him at once. Its struggle—its darkness—its despair—its victory rush upon him. Its gratitude, its glory, and its loss, pass before him—and in a few moments he lives through an age of interest and wonder. Strange power of the human mind! What an intimation does this rapid communion with the past, and with the spirits of the past, give, at once, of their immortality and our own! But it is

* See views of the "Tomb of Washington," on pages 26 and 43.

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vain to follow out these feelings here. They would fill volumes.

There is no inscription on the tomb. The simple words, "WASHINGTON FAMILY," chiseled in granite, surmount the plain brickwork. The door is well secured, and of iron. There is a total absence of every thing like parade or circumstance about the resting-place of the Hero and Father. He sleeps there in the midst of the simplicities of nature. Cypress-trees wave over his dust on every side, and the traveller, who goes to stand by his grave, finds no careful enclosure to forbid his too near approach.*

* The tomb has been enclosed since this letter was written.

THE VILLAGE PRIZE.

IN one of the lovliest villages of old Virginia there lived in the year 175—, an old man, whose daughter was declared, by universal consent, to be the lovliest maiden in all the country round. The veteran, in his youth, had been athletic and muscular above all his fellows; and his breast, where he always wore them, could show the adornment of three medals, received for his victories in gymnastick feats when a young man. His daughter was now eighteen, and had been sought in marriage by many suitors. One brought wealth—another a fine person—another this, and another that. But they were all refused by the old man, who became at last a by-word for his obstinacy among the young men of the village and neighbourhood.

At length the nineteenth birthday of Annette, his charming daughter, who was as amiable and modest as she was beautiful, arrived. The morning of that day, her father invited all the youth of the country to a hay-making frolick. Seventeen handsome and industrious young men assembled. They came not only to make hay, but also to make love to the fair Annette. In three hours they had filled the father's barns with the newly dried grass, and their own hearts with love. Annette, by her father's command, had brought the malt liquor of her own brewing, which she presented to each enamoured swain with her own fair hands.

"Now, my boys," said the old keeper of the jewel they all coveted, as leaning on their pitchforks they assembled round the door in the cool of the evening, "Now my lads, you have nearly all of you made proposals for my Annette. Now, you see, I don't care anything about money or talents, book larning nor soldier larning—I can do as well by my gal as any man in the country.—But I want her to marry a man of my own grit. Now, you know, or ought to know, when I was a youngster I could beat anything in all Virginny in the way o' leaping. I got my old woman by beating the smartest man on the Eastern Shore, and I have took the oath and sworn it, that no man shall marry my daughter without jumping for it. You understand me, boys. There's the green, and here's Annette," he added, taking his daughter, who stood timidly behind him, by the hand. "Now the one that jumps the furtherest on a 'dead level,' shall marry Annette this very night."

This unique address was received by the young men with applause. And many a youth, as he bounded gaily forward to the arena of trial, cast a glance of anticipated victory back upon the lovely object of village chivalry. The maidens left their looms and quilting frames, the children their noisy sports, the slaves their labours, and the old men their arm-chairs and long pipes, to witness and triumph in the success of the victor. All prophesied and many wished that it would be young Carroll. He was the handsomest and best humoured youth in the country, and all knew that a strong mutual attachment existed between him and the fair Annette. Carroll had won the reputation of being the "best leaper," and in a country where such athletic achievements were the *sine qua non* of a man's cleverness, this was no ordinary honour. In a contest like the present he had, therefore, every advantage over his fellow *athletæ*.

The arena allotted for this hymeneal contest was a level space in front of the village inn, and near the centre of a grass plat, reserved in the midst of the village, denominated the "green." The verdure was quite worn off at this place by previous exercises of a similar kind, and a hard surface of sand, more befitting for the purpose to which it was to be used, supplied its place.

The father of the lovely, blushing, and withal happy prize, (for she well knew who would win,) with three other patriarchal villagers were the judges appointed to decide upon the claims of the several competitors. The last time Carroll tried his skill in this exercise, he "cleared," to use the leaper's phraseology—twenty-one feet and one inch.

The signal was given, and by lot the young men stepped into the arena.

"Edward Grayson, seventeen feet," cried one of the judges. The youth had done his utmost. He was a pale, intellectual student. But what had intellect to do in such an arena? Without a look at the maiden he left the ground.

"Dick Boulden, nineteen feet." Dick with a laugh turned away, and replaced his coat.

"Harry Preston, nineteen feet and three inches." —"Well done Harry Preston," shouted the spectators, "you have tried hard for the acres and homestead."

Harry also laughed, and swore he only jumped for the fun of the thing. Henry was a rattle-brained fellow, but never thought of matrimony. He loved to walk and talk, and laugh and romp with Annette, but sober marriage never came into his head. He only jumped for the fun of the thing. He would not have said so, if he was sure of winning.

"Charley Simms, fifteen feet and a half. Hurrah for Charley! Charley'll win!" cried the crowd good-humouredly. Charley Simms was the cleverest fellow in the world. His mother had advised him to stay at home, and told him if he ever won a wife, she would fall in love with his good temper, rather than his legs. Charley, however, made the trial of the latter's capabilities and lost. Many refused to enter the lists altogether. Others made the trial, and only one of the leapers had yet cleared twenty feet.

"Now," cried the villagers, "let's see Henry

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Carroll. He ought to beat this;" and every one appeared, as they called to mind the mutual love of the last competitor and the sweet Annette, as if they heartily wished his success.

Henry stepped to his post with a firm tread. His eye glanced with confidence around upon the villagers and rested, before he bounded forward, upon the face of Annette, as if to catch therefrom that spirit and assurance which the occasion called for. Returning the encouraging glance with which she met his own, with a proud smile upon his lip, he bounded forward.

"Twenty-one feet and a half!" shouted the multitude, repeating the announcement of one of the judges, "twenty-one feet and a half. Harry Carroll forever. Annette and Harry." Hands, caps, and handkerchiefs waved over the heads of the spectators, and the eyes of the delighted Annette sparkled with joy.

When Henry Carroll moved to this station to strive for the prize, a tall, gentlemanly young man, in a military undress frock coat, who had rode up to the inn, dismounted and joined the spectators, unperceived, while the contest was going on, stepped suddenly forward, and with a knowing eye measured deliberately the space accomplished by the last leaper. He was a stranger in the village. His handsome face and easy address attracted the eyes of the village maidens, and his manly and sinewy frame, in which symmetry and strength were happily united, called forth the admiration of the young men.

"Mayhap, sir stranger, you think you can beat that," said one of the bystanders, remarking the manner in which the eye of the stranger scanned the arena. "If you can leap beyond Harry Carroll, you'll beat the best man in the colonies." The truth of this observation was assented to by a general murmur.

"Is it for mere amusement you are pursuing this pastime?" inquired the youthful stranger, or is there a prize for the winner?"

"Annette, the loveliest and wealthiest of our village maidens, is to be the reward of the victor," cried one of the judges.

"Are the lists open to all?"

"All, young sir?" replied the father of Annette, with interest, his youthful ardour rising as he surveyed the proportions of the straight limbed young stranger. "She is the bride of him who outleaps Henry Carroll. If you will try you are free to do so. But let me tell you, Harry Carroll has no wife in Virginia. Here is my daughter, sir, look at her and make your trial." The officer glanced upon the trembling maiden about to be offered on the altar of her father's unconquerable monomania with an admiring eye. The poor girl looked at Harry, who stood near with a troubled brow and angry eye, and then cast upon the new competitor an imploring glance.

Placing his coat in the hands of one of the judges, he drew a sash he wore beneath it tighter around his waist, and taking the appointed stand, made, apparently without effort, the bound that was to decide the happiness or misery of Henry and Annette.

"Twenty-two feet and an inch!" shouted the judge. —The announcement was repeated with surprise by the spectators, who crowded around the victor, filling the air with congratulations, not unmingled, however, with loud murmurs from those who were more nearly interested in the happiness of the lovers.

The old man approached, and grasping his hand exultingly, called him his son, and said he felt prouder of him than if he were a prince. Physical activity and strength were the old leaper's true patents of nobility.

Resuming his coat, the victor sought with his eye the fair prize he had, although nameless and unknown, so fairly won. She leaned upon her father's arm, pale and distressed.

Her lover stood aloof, gloomy and mortified, admiring the superiority of the stranger in an exercise in which he prided himself as unrivalled, while he hated him for his success.

"Annette, my pretty prize," said the victor, taking her passive hand—"I have won you fairly." Annette's cheek became paler than marble; she trembled like an aspen leaf, and clung closer to her father, while the drooping eye sought the form of her lover. His brow grew dark at the stranger's language.

"I have won you, my pretty flower, to make you a bride!—tremble not so violently—I mean not myself however proud I might be," he added with gallantry, "to wear so fair a gem next my heart. Perhaps," and he cast his eyes round inquiringly, while the current of life leaped joyfully to her brow, and a murmur of surprise ran through the crowd—"perhaps there is some favoured youth among the competitors, who has a higher claim to this jewel.—Young sir," he continued, turning to the surprised Henry, "methinks you were victor in the list before me—I strove not for the maiden, though one could not well strive for a fairer—but from love for the manly sport in which I saw you engaged. You are the victor, and as such, with the permission of this worthy assembly, receive from my hand the prize you have so well and so honourably won."

The youth sprang forward and grasped his hand with gratitude, and the next moment Annette was weeping from pure joy upon his shoulders. The welkin rung with the acclamations of the delighted villagers, and amid the temporary excitement produced by this act, the stranger withdrew from the crowd, mounted his horse, and spurred at a brisk trot through the village.

That night, Henry and Annette were married, and the health of the mysterious and noble-hearted stranger, was drunk in overflowing bumpers of rustic beverage.

In process of time, there were born unto the married pair sons and daughters, and Harry Carroll had become Colonel Henry Carroll of the revolutionary army.

One evening, having just returned home after a hard campaign, he was sitting with his family on the gallery of his handsome country-house, when an advance courier rode up and announced the approach of General Washington and suite, informing that he should crave his hospitality for the night. The necessary directions were given in reference to the household preparations, and Colonel Carroll, ordering his horse, rode forward to meet and escort to his house the distinguished guest, whom he had never yet seen, although serving in the same widely extended army.

That evening, at the table, Annette, now become the dignified, matronly, and still handsome Mrs. Carroll, could not keep her eyes from the face of her

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illustrious visitor. Every moment or two she would steal a glance at his commanding features, and half-doubtingly, half-assuredly, shake her head and look again, to be still more puzzled. Her absence of mind and embarrassment at length became evident to her husband, who inquired affectionately if she were ill?

"I suspect, colonel," said the general, who had been some time, with a quiet, meaning smile, observing the lady's curious and puzzled survey of his features—"that Mrs. Carroll thinks she recognizes in me an old acquaintance." And he smiled with a mysterious air, as he gazed upon both alternately.

The colonel stared, and a faint memory of the past seemed to be revived as he gazed, while the lady rose impulsively from her chair, and bending eagerly forward over the tea-urn, with clasped hands and an eye of intense, eager, inquiry, fixed full upon him, stood for a moment with her lips parted as if she would speak.

"Pardon me, my dear madam—pardon me colonel—I must put an end to this scene. I have become, by dint of camp-fare and hard usage, too unwieldly to leap again twenty-two feet one inch, even for so fair a bride as one I wot of."

General Washington was indeed the handsome young "leaper," whose mysterious appearance and disappearance in the native village of the lovers, is still traditionary—and whose claim to a substantial body of *bona fide* flesh and blood, was stoutly contested by the village story-tellers, until the happy denouement which took place at the hospitable mansion of Colonel Carroll.



WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

Washington was born Feb. 22, 1732, on the banks of the Potomack, in the county of Westmoreland, Virginia. On the 14th of June, 1775, he was chosen commander-in-chief of the armies of the United Colonies. He resigned his commission on the 23d of December, 1783. He was elected first President under the new constitution, 1789, and presided eight years. He died on Saturday night, the 14th of December, 1799, of an inflammatory disorder of the throat, aged 67 years, 9 months, and 23 days. On Wednesday, the 18th of December, attended by military honours and the ceremonies of religion, his body was deposited in the family vault at Mount Vernon.

The ancient family vault, in which his dust first reposed, was situated under the shade of a little grove of forest-trees, a short distance from the mansion-house at Mount Vernon, and near the brow of the precipitous bank of the Potomack.

Small and unadorned, this humble sepulchre stood in a most romantick and picturesque spot, and could be distinctly seen by travellers, as they passed in steam-boats up and down the river.

The ashes of the father of his country have been removed from that place, to one near the corner of a beautiful enclosure, where the river is concealed from view. This site was selected by him during life, for a tomb; and here are now deposited the remains of that great man, who rendered to the American republic the most important civil and military services it ever received. It is arched over, and, with the ground about it, covered with grass and shrubbery. A few trees of cedar are scattered around it; but they do not afford much shade; many of their branches have been cut off by visitors, and taken away as mementoes. The front of the cemetery is constructed of brick, and has a plain iron door of the usual size. In the wall over the entrance, is a small slab of white marble, with these two words inscribed upon it: "Washington Family." Below is another stone, containing the following brief passage from the Scriptures: "*I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.*" Such is the simple tomb of Washington: no other monument marks his grave.

ON LEAVING NEW YORK.—Greeley.

I.

She fades from my vision, the Queen of the West.
In the gloom of a cloud-mantled even;
And the stars which should spangle the calm river's breast
Now light but their own native heaven.
I may view them no more from Manhattan's bright shore,
As they gleam on her own noble bay;
Still Care is behind me—Affection before—
Then light be our parting!—away!

II.

Fair City of Commerce! my home and my pride!
My hopes are entwined with thee yet;
And though from thee this moment I blissfully glide,
I should leave thee for aye with regret;
I shall glad me full oft with a dream of thy spires,
As o'er mountain and valley I stray—
And return thee my heart when its furlough expires:
So light be our parting!—away!

III.

Thus ever with me, as Life's pathway I tread,
And joys with years silently fleet,
I mourn not the Past—I deplore but the Dead—
While the Future with transport I greet
Friends fade from my sight—they are still with my heart—
We may meet on some happier day—
It were nothing to meet if we feared not to part:
So light be our parting!—away!

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WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS, MORRISTOWN, N. J.

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WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS,

MORRISTOWN, N. J.

The cut opposite is a representation of the mansion of the Hon. Judge Ford of Morristown, New Jersey, which was occupied by General Washington during the winter of 1777, as his head-quarters, whither he had retired after the memorable battle of Princeton. The events which had transpired immediately preceding the period when Washington chose Morristown for his winter quarters were as extraordinary as they were vitally important to the cause of American liberty. By great exertions and imminent peril, he had succeeded in crossing the Delaware just at the commencement of a severe winter, with an army poorly clad, greatly inferior in numbers and discipline to the enemy, and their term of service just expired. The hardships of war, the despondency of hope deferred and other depressing causes wrought in a great majority of them a determination to quit the army and retire to their homes. The commander-in-chief saw that the fate of the country depended on them, and with persuasions and largesses he prevailed on them to remain in service six weeks longer.

Sir William Howe, observing this bold movement of the little army of Americans, resolved to punish them for their audacity, and sent Cornwallis, who was about embarking for England, to drive them from New Jersey. Washington made immediate preparations for his reception, for he well knew that this struggle would be a decisive one that would terminate in freedom or slavery to the colonies. He knew that fearful odds were against him, but he trusted to the superior strength of that principle which actuates men when fighting for their families and firesides. He was then stationed at Trenton, and learning, that the enemy's battalions were marching toward that place, he prepared for an attack. Detachments harassed them on the road, and they did not arrive till four o'clock in the afternoon, when a conflict ensued which lasted till dusk. Cornwallis determined to renew the attack in the morning, but when day dawned, the Americans had disappeared. By a circuitous route Washington had marched to Princeton where three regiments were stationed, with orders to reinforce Cornwallis, and before sunrise on the morning of the third of January 1777 he commenced an attack upon them, which led to a decisive victory. The British had more than one hundred killed and three hundred taken prisoners. The American loss was small in numbers, but great in the death of the brave General Mercer and Colonels Haslett and Potter.

After this battle, Washington marched to Pluckemin, where his troops, who had not slept for thirty-six hours, found rest. After a halt of a day or two, he marched to Morristown, where he took up his winter quarters. But here he was not idle, for he sent out detachments in all directions to harass the enemy, and in a short time not a British or Hessian regiment was left in New Jersey, except at Brunswick and Amboy. "The glory of these achievements" says Sparks, "was rendered doubly conspicuous by their immediate effects. The despondency which had weighed heavily upon the minds of the people, was dispelled as by a charm, the martial spirit was revived, and a new animation was infused into the public council."

Washington's first care after putting his troops into winter quarters, was to complete the army for the spring campaign. To do this he addressed circular letters to the governors of the northern and middle states, requesting them to be active in the enlistment of men. But his necessary policy of publicly magnifying his numbers, to deceive the enemy, made the states less energetic in their action, and spring came and found his army almost as meager as it was in autumn. Yet he did not despair, and as soon as the enemy began to move in the spring, the Americans were prepared to meet them. This was the most gloomy period of the Revolution, but the capture of Burgoyne, the arrival of La Fayette with twenty-four thousand muskets, and other munitions of war, and the important victories soon after achieved shed an inspiring ray over the colonies that illuminated every heart and rallied hundreds of doubters around the standard of Liberty.

The following sketch of the death of General Mercer, which occurred but a few days previous to Washington's going into winter quarters at Morristown, may not inappropriately be inserted here. It is taken from the Custis Recollections and Private Memoirs of the Life and Character of Washington.

"The historical records of the War of the American Revolution are all in error as respects the death of General Mercer, who fell at the battle of Princeton, the third of January 1777. We offer the homage of our veneration for this martyr's memory, by giving to his adopted country and the world, authentic particulars of the heroism and devotion that attended his fall.

"It was immediately after the sharp conflict at the fence, between the advance guard of the American army, led by General Mercer, and the British seventeenth regiment, and the retreat of the Americans through the orchard near to Clark's house and barn, that General Mercer, while exerting himself to rally his broken troops, was brought to the ground by a blow from the butt of a musket. He was on foot at this time—the gray horse he rode at the beginning of the action having been disabled by a ball in the fore leg. the British soldiers were not at first aware of

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the General's rank, for the morning being cold, he wore a surtout over his uniform. So soon as they discovered that he was a general officer, they shouted that they had got the rebel General, and cried, 'Call for quarters, you d—d rebel!' Mercer to the most undaunted courage united a quick and ardent temperament; he replied with indignation to his enemies, while their bayonets were at his bosom, that he deserved not the name of rebel; and, determining to die as he had lived, a true and honored soldier of liberty, lounged with his sword at the nearest man. They then bayonetted him, and left him for dead.

"Upon the retreat of the enemy, the wounded General was conveyed to Clark's house, immediately adjoining the field of battle. The information that the commander-in-chief first received of the fall of his old companion in arms of the war of 1755, and beloved officer, was that he had expired under his numerous wounds; and it was not until the American army was in full march for Morristown that the chief was undeceived, and learned, to his great gratification, that Mercer, though fearfully wounded, was yet alive. Upon the first halt, at Somerset court-house, Washington despatched the late Major George Lewis, his nephew, and captain of the Horse Guards, with a flag and a letter to Lord Cornwallis, requesting that every possible attention might be shown to the wounded General, and permission that young Lewis should remain with him to minister to his wants. To both requests his Lordship yielded a willing assent, and ordered his staff-surgeon to attend upon General Mercer. Upon an examination of the wounds, the British surgeon remarked that, although they were many and severe, he was disposed to believe that they would not prove dangerous. Mercer, bred to the profession of an army surgeon in Europe, said to young Lewis, 'Raise my right arm, George, and this gentleman will there discover the smallest of my wounds, but which will prove the most fatal. Yes, sir, that is a fellow that will very soon do my business.' He languished till the twelfth, and expired in the arms of Lewis, admired and lamented by the whole army. During the period that he languished on the couch of suffering, he exonerated his enemies from the foul accusation which they bore not only in 1777, but for half a century since, viz: of their having bayonetted a general officer after he had surrendered his sword, and become a prisoner of war—declaring that he only relinquished his sword when his arm had become powerless to wield it. He paid the homage of his whole heart to the person and character of the commander-in-chief, rejoiced with true soldierly pride in the triumphs of Trenton and Princeton, in both of which he had borne a conspicuous part, and offered up his fervent prayers for the final success of the cause of American Independence.

"Thus lived and died Hugh Mercer, a name that will for ever be associated with momentous events in the history of the War of the Revolution. When a grateful posterity shall bid the trophied memorial rise to the martyrs who sealed with their blood the charter of an empire's liberties, there will not be wanting a monument to him whom Washington mourned as the worthy and brave General Mercer.

"We shall give a single anecdote of the subject of the foregoing memoir, to show the pure and high minded principles that actuated the patriots and soldiers of the days of our country's first trial.

"Virginia at first organized two regiments for the common cause. When it was determined to raise a third, there were numerous applications for commissions; and, these being mostly from men of fortune and family interest, there was scarcely an application for a rank less than a field officer. During the sitting of the House of Burgesses upon the important motion, a plain but soldierly-looking individual handed up to the speaker's chair a scrap of paper, on which was written 'Hugh Mercer will serve his adopted country and the cause of liberty in any rank or station to which he may be appointed.' This, from a veteran soldier, bred in European camps, the associate of Washington in the war of 1755, and known to stand high in his confidence and esteem, was all-sufficient for a body of patriots and statesmen such as composed the Virginia House of Burgesses in the days of the Revolution. The appointment of Mercer to the command of the third Virginia regiment was carried instanter.

"It was while the commander-in-chief reined up his horse, upon approaching the spot in a ploughed field where lay the gallant Colonel Haslett mortally wounded, that he perceived some British soldiers supporting an officer, and upon inquiring his name and rank, was answered, Captain Leslie. Doctor Benjamin Rush, who formed a part of the General's suite, earnestly asked, 'A son of the Earl of Leven?' to which the soldiers replied in the affirmative. The Doctor then addressed the General-in-chief: 'I beg your Excellency to permit this wounded officer to be placed under my care, that I may return, in however small a degree, a part of the obligations I owe to his worthy father for the many kindnesses received at his hands while I was a student in Edinburgh.' The request was immediately granted; but, alas! poor Leslie was soon 'past all surgery.' He died the same evening, after receiving every possible kindness and attention, and was buried the next day at Pluckemin, with the honors of war; his soldiers, as they lowered his remains to the soldier's last rest, shedding tears over the grave of a much loved commander.

"The battle of Princeton, for the time it lasted and the numbers engaged, was the most fatal to our officers of any action during the whole of our Revolutionary war. The Americans losing one general, two colonels, one major, and three captains, killed—while the martial prowess of our enemy shone not with more brilliant lustre in any one of their combats during their long career of arms than did the courage and discipline of the seventeenth British regiment on the third of January, 1777. Indeed, Washington himself, during the height of the conflict, pointed out this gallant corps to his officers, exclaiming, 'See how those noble fellows fight! Ah! gentlemen, when shall we be able to keep an army long enough together to display a discipline equal to our enemies.'

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"The regular troops that constitued the grand army at the close of the campaign of '76, were the fragments of many regiments, worn down by constant and toilsome marches, and suffering of every sort, in the depth of winter. The fine regiment of Smallwood, composed of the flower of the Maryland youth and which, in the June preceding, marched into Philadelphia eleven hundred strong, was, on the third of January, reduced to scarcely sixty men, and commanded by a captain. In fact, the bulk of what was then called the grand army, consisted of the Pennsylvania militia and volunteers, citizen soldiers who had left their comfortable homes at the call of their country, and were enduring the rigors of a winter campaign. On the morning of the battle of Princeton, they had been eighteen hours under arms, and harassed by a long night's march. Was it then to be wondered at that they should have given way before the veteran bayonets of their fresh and well-appointed foe?

"The heroic devotion of Washington was not wanting in the exigencies of this memorable day. He was aware that his hour was come to redeem the pledge he had laid on the altar of his country when first he took up arms in her cause: to win her liberties or perish in the attempt. Defeat at Princeton would have amounted to the annihilation of America's last hope; for, independent of the enemy's forces in front, Cornwallis, with the flower of the British army eight thousand strong, was already panting close on the rear. It was, indeed, the very crisis of the struggle. In the hurried and imposing events of little more than one short week, liberty endured her greatest agony. What, then, is due to the fame and memories of that sacred band who, with the master of liberty at their head, breasted the storm at this fearful crisis of their country's destiny?

"The heroic devotion of Washington on the field of Princeton is matter of history. We have often enjoyed a touching reminiscence of that ever-memorable event from the late Colonel Fitzgerald, who was aid to the chief, and who never related the story of his General's danger, and almost miraculous preservation, without adding to his tale the homage of a tear.

"The aid-de-camp had been ordered to bring up the troops from the rear of the column, when the band under General Mercer became engaged. Upon returning to the spot where he had left the commander-in-chief, he was no longer there, and, upon looking around, the aid discovered him endeavoring to rally the line which had been thrown into disorder by a rapid onset of the foe. Washington, after several ineffectual efforts to restore the fortunes of the fight, is seen to rein up his horse, with his head to the enemy, and, in that position, to become immovable. It was a last appeal to his soldiers, and seemed to say, Will you give up your General to the foe? Such an appeal was not made in vain. The discomfited Americans rally on the instant, and form into line; the enemy halt, and dress their line; the American chief is between the adverse posts, as though he had been placed there, a target for both. The arms of both lines are levelled. Can escape from death be possible? Fitzgerald, horror-struck at the danger of his beloved commander, dropped the reins upon his horse's neck, and drew his hat over his face, that he might not see him die. A roar of musketry succeeds, and then a shout. It was the shout of victory. The aid-de-camp ventures to raise his eyes, and oh, glorious sight, the enemy are broken and flying, while dimly amid the glimpses of the smoke is seen the chief, 'alive, unharmed, and without a wound,' waving his hat, and cheering his comrades to the pursuit.

"Colonel Fitzgerald, celebrated as one of the finest horsemen in the American army, now dashed his rowels in his charger's flank, and, heedless of the dead and dying in his way, flew to the side of his chief, exclaiming, 'Thank God! your excellency is safe,' while the favorite aid, a gallant and warm-hearted son of Erin, a man of thews and sinews, and 'albeit unused to the melting mood,' gave loose to his feelings, and wept like a child for joy.

"Washington, ever calm amid scenes of the greatest excitement, affectionately grasped the hand of his aid and friend, and then ordered, 'Away, my dear Colonel, and bring up the troops, the day is our own!'"

OLDEN TIME IN MASSACHUSETTS.

In 1627, there were but thirty ploughs in all Massachusetts, and the use of these agricultural implements was not familiar to all the planters. From the annals of Salem, it appears in that year, it was agreed by the town to grant Richard Hutchinson twenty acres of land, in addition to his share, on condition "he set up ploughing."

1630. A sumptuary act of the general court prohibiting short sleeves, and required the garments to be lengthened so as to cover the arms to the wrists, and required reformation "in immoderate great breeches, knots of riband, broad shoulder-bands and taylee; silk rases, double cuffs and ruffs."

1639. "For preventing miscarriage of letters, it is ordered that notice be given that Richard Fairbank, his house in Boston, is the place appointed for all letters, which are brought from beyond the sea, or are to be sent thither, or to be brought unto him, and he is allowed for every such letter 1*d.*, and must answer all miscarriages through his own neglect in his kind, provided that no man shall be obliged to bring his letter thither, unless he pleases."

1647. "The court order, that if any young mar attempt to address a young woman without the consent of her parents, or in case of their absence, of the county court, he shall be fined four pounds for the first offence, ten pounds for the second, and be imprisoned for the third."

1649. Matthew Stanley was tried for drawing in the affections of John Tarbox's daughter without the consent of her parents, convicted and fined fifteen pounds; fees two shillings and six pence. Three married women were fined five shillings each for scolding.

1653. Jonas Fairbanks was tried for wearing great boots, but was acquitted.

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WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT CAMBRIDGE.

The house occupied by General Washington as his headquarters, during the memorable siege of Boston, in 1775 and 1776, is situated about halfway between the Cambridge colleges and Mount Auburn, on the road leading from Harvard university to Waltham. The house is a large wooden mansion, with spacious outbuildings and grounds; it stands a little back from the road, and the front of it commands a good view of Charles river, which gracefully winds through the adjacent meadows at the distance of about a quarter of a mile. At this mansion and at Winter hill, Washington spent most of the time that the British, to use their own expression, "were fairly blocked up in Boston," the town where numerous outrages had been perpetrated by the English soldiery, upon the unarmed and inoffensive inhabitants; all of which, however, were duly remembered. It may not be uninteresting to our readers, to review, in this place, some of the more prominent events which led to the siege.

As early as 1765, the passage of the stamp-act had caused a great deal of excitement—some acts of violence also were committed by the mob, but these were discountenanced by the leading whigs, who thought such acts would infallibly injure a just cause. Their pens, however, were not idle; and in the Boston Gazette of March 17th, 1766, a writer remarks:—"Since the stamp-act imposed on us is unconstitutional, shall we not then, all as one man, join in opposing it, and spill the last drop of our blood, if necessity should require, rather than live to see it take place in America!" And again, "any one after a thorough search and consideration, would, rather than lose his liberty, be bored through the centre of life with the fatal lead." On the 19th of May, news was received at Boston that the stamp-act was repealed.

On the 5th of March, 1770, the animosity of the Bostonians against the "*redcoats*" was increased a little by the murder of Crispus Attucks, Samuel Gray, Jonnes Caldwell, Samuel Maverick and Patrick Carr; and their funeral solemnities which took place on the 8th, brought together the largest concourse of people that probably had ever assembled in America. The duty on tea, of three pence per pound, imposed on the colonists without their consent, had been met by combinations among the inhabitants not to pay the duty, and not to use the article. The British East India company, however, applied to the British government, and obtained a license to export a quantity of tea to America, not exceeding six hundred thousand pounds; they were discharged from the payment of any custom-house duties whatever in the kingdom, but were subject, however, to the payment of the three pence per pound duty in America. The first cargo of this tea arrived in November; and on the next morning, the following notice was distributed through the town:—

"Friends, Brethren, Countrymen!

"*That worst of plagues, the detested* tea, *shipped for this port by the East India company, is now arrived in this harbour. The hour of destruction, or manly opposition to the machinations of tyranny, stares you in the face. Every friend to his country, to himself, to posterity, is now called upon to meet at Faneuil Hall, at nine o'clock this day, (at which time the bells will ring,) to make a united and successful resistance to this last, worst, and most destructive measure of administration.*

"Boston, Nov. 29, 1773."

The meeting thus called was fully attended; resolutions were passed against those who had imported tea, and provision was made for the disposal of the vessels which were expected to arrive. The assembled body voted "to carry their votes and resolutions into execution at the risk of their lives and property." About the first of December, another vessel arrived with tea, and the consignees of the cargoes were ordered to send it back. This, however, was not done, and on the 16th of December, the vessels which contained it were boarded by a party disguised as Indians, the chests of tea were broken open, and in less than two hours, two hundred and forty chests, and one hundred half-chests, were staved and emptied into the dock. A portion of this tea, which was brought away in the shoes of one of the Indians, is still preserved at the Boston Atheneum.

The next important event was the passage of the Boston port bill, to which George III. assented on the 31st of March, 1774: by this bill, the landing and discharging, lading or shipping, of goods at Boston, were discontinued. The news of this bill arrived at Boston about the 11th of May; and on the 13th, the following vote was passed at town meeting:—"Voted, *That it is the opinion of this town, that if the other colonies come into a joint resolution to stop all importations from Great Britain, and exportations to Great Britain, the same will prove the salvation of North America and her liberties. On the other hand, if they continue their exports and imports, there is high reason to fear that fraud, power, and the most odious oppressions, will rise triumphant over right, justice, social happiness, and freedom.*"

About this time, General Gage arrived to govern the province. Hutchinson retired; troops also were constantly coming in, and fortifications were thrown up on Boston Neck. In September, a detachment went into the country and took from a powder magazine, on Quarry Hill, about two hundred half-barrels of powder, which belonged to the province;

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another detachment brought off two fieldpieces from Cambridge. The people armed themselves and assembled, but finding no enemy to contend with, returned to their homes. On the other hand, a party of provincials in the province of New Hampshire, attacked the fort at Newcastle, captured the garrison, and took from them one hundred barrels of powder, some small-arms, and sixteen pieces of cannon, all of which were secured. These facts, though trivial in themselves, were of the utmost importance when considered in relation to the great events which were soon to follow.

The next important step was that taken by the British on the 15th of April. About eight hundred soldiers left Boston in the night-time, in order to destroy some military stores collected by the provincials at Concord. Their object, however, had been suspected by the *committee of safety*, and reports of their movements had been sent to the interiour. The route taken by the British, led them through West Cambridge to Lexington, which lies about twelve miles to the northwest of Boston. Concord being situated in the same direction, six miles from Lexington. Their route was undisturbed until their arrival at Lexington, when a drum was heard beating to arms, and a company of provincials were discovered. The British commander, Major Pitcairn, rode up to them and cried out, "Disperse you rebels—lay down your arms and disperse." Not being obeyed, he commanded his troops to fire: the provincials received the fire without flinching; and kept their ground till another discharge from the enemy proved fatal to several of them; on this, part of the company, if not all, returned the fire, and then dispersed in different directions. The British now continued their march to Concord and arrived there about nine o'clock: here they again fired upon the militia who had assembled, and having destroyed some provisions and stores, commenced their return to Boston. But now retributive measures awaited them; to use the words of the distinguished novelist Cooper: "In place of the high and insulting confidence with which the troops had wheeled into the streets of Concord, they left them when the order was given to march, with faces bent anxiously on the surrounding heights, and with looks that bespoke a consciousness of the dangers that were likely to beset the long road that lay before them. Their apprehensions were not groundless. The troops had hardly commenced their march before a volley was fired upon them from the protection of a barn; and as they advanced volley succeeded volley, and musket answered musket, from behind every cover that offered to their assailants. At first, these desultory and feeble attacks were but little regarded; a brisk charge, and a smart fire for a few moments never failing to disperse their enemies, when the troops again proceeded for a short distance unmolested. But the alarm of the preceding night had gathered the people over an immense extent of country; and having waited for information, those nearest to the scene of action were already pressing forward to the assistance of their friends. There was but little order and no concert among the Americans; but each party, as it arrived, pushed into the fray, and hanging on the skirts of their enemies, or making spirited though ineffectual efforts to stop their progress. On either side of the highway, along the skirts of every wood or orchard, in the open fields, and from every house or barn, or cover in sight, the flash of fire-arms was to be seen, while the shots of the British grew, at each instant, feebler and less inspirited." Their ranks now became confused, when, fortunately for them, they were reinforced by Lord Percy with a thousand men; this enabled them to reach Charles river that evening; and the next day all were removed to Boston. The loss of the Americans was forty-nine killed, thirty-six wounded, and three missing; of the redcoats, seventy-three killed, one hundred and seventy-four wounded, and one hundred and twenty-six missing.

The Americans continued to come to the support of their brethren, and in June their army consisted of fifteen thousand men, commanded by General Ward. On the 17th of June was fought the battle of Bunker's Hill, (see detail of page 161 ;) after this battle, the main body of the British troops was stationed on Bunker's Hill; the other division of it was deeply entrenched, and strongly fortified on Boston Neck. The American army lay on both sides of Charles river; its right occupying the high ground around Roxbury, whence it extended towards Dorchester, and its left, covered by Mystick river, a space of at least twelve miles.

General Washington took command of the army on the 2d of July, 1775; and General Gage, having resigned, he was replaced by General Howe, who was completely shut up in Boston, and compelled to pass the winter in idleness. General Washington, however, becoming tired of this inactivity, wished to make an attack on them; but a council of war being almost unanimous against this measure, he reluctantly abandoned it.

"The effective regular force of the Americans now amounted to upwards of fourteen thousand men: in addition to which the commander-in-chief called out about six thousand of the militia of Massachusetts. With these troops he determined to take possession of the heights of Dorchester, whence it would be in his power greatly to annoy the ships in the harbour, and the soldiers in the town. By taking this position, from which the enemy would inevitably attempt to drive him he expected to bring on a gene-

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ral action, during which he intended to cross over from the Cambridge side, with four thousand chosen men, and attack Boston. To conceal his design and to divert the attention of the garrison, a heavy bombardment of the town and lines of the enemy was begun on the evening of the 2d of March, 1776, and repeated on the two succeeding nights. On the night of the 4th, immediately after the firing began, a considerable detachment, under the command of General Thomas, passing from Roxbury, took silent possession of Dorchester heights. The ground was almost impenetrably hard, but the night was mild, and by labouring with great diligence, their works were so far advanced by morning, as to cover them, in a great measure, from the shot of the enemy. When the British, after daybreak, discovered these works, which were magnified to their view by a hazy atmosphere, nothing could exceed their astonishment. No alternative now remained but to abandon the town, or to dislodge the provincials. General Howe, with his usual spirit, chose the latter part of the alternative, in which design he was foiled by a tremendous storm. A council of war was called next morning, and it was agreed to evacuate the town as soon as possible. A fortnight elapsed before this measure was effected. Meanwhile, the Americans strengthened and extended their works; on the morning of the 17th of March, the British discovered a breastwork that had been thrown up in the night, at Nooks Hill, Dorchester, which perfectly commanded Boston Neck and the south part of the town. Delay was no longer safe: by four o'clock in the morning, the king's troops began to embark, and before ten, all of them were under full sail; leaving behind them stores to the value of thirty thousand pounds. As the rear embarked, General Washington marched triumphantly into Boston where he was joyfully received as a deliverer."

It is now many years since we rambled over the grounds which were the seat of the scenes described. Time, and the levelling hand of modern improvement, have done much to erase all marks of the struggle. A few years ago, Governour Hutchinson's house was still standing, and on Boston common, you might perceive the spot where the troops of Earl Percy were encamped. Brattlestreet church presents in its front an iron monument of the bombardment of 1776, and the entrenchments on Dorchester heights are tolerably preserved. In ranging also over the diversified country around Boston, you frequently meet with gentle elevations and slight depressions, which mark the lines of the American encampment. But most of the memorials, like most of the actors in those scenes, have passed away.

THE INDEPENDENCE BELL.

The bell hanging in the steeple of the old State House, in Chestnut street, in this city, which is rung on special occasions, is the one that assembled the people together to hear the Declaration of Independence read, fifty-nine years ago. The metal of which this bell is composed, was imported in the year 1752, in the shape of another bell, which having become injured by an accident at the trial ringing, after its arrival, it became necessary to have it recast. Whether the remarkable inscription upon it was or was not upon the original bell, we have no means of ascertaining, but Watson, in his annals of Philadelphia, expresses the opinion that we are indebted for it to Isaac Norris, Esq., at that time speaker of the colonial assembly, under whose direction the bell was recast. This supposition is possibly correct, for it is hardly probable that the assembly which ordered the bell from England, would have encountered the risk of being suspected of the rebellious intentions which might have been inferred from its terms. The inscription was copied from the twenty-fifth chapter of the book of Leviticus, verse ten, in these words: "*Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof.*"

This prophetick command was literally obeyed by the bell on the 4th of July, 1776, and as it was the first bell in the United States that spoke treason, it was thought prudent to remove it from Philadelphia for safe keeping in 1777, when the British were about to visit Philadelphia, although its weight was two thousand and eighty pounds. Phil. Gazette.

NEW ENGLAND.

The hills of New England—
How proudly they rise,
In the wildness of grandeur
To blend with the skies!
With their far azure outline,
And tall ancient trees!
New England, my country,
I love thee for these!

The vales of New England
That cradle her streams;
That smile in their greenness
Like land in our dreams;
All sunny with pleasure,
Embosom'd in ease—
New England, my country,
I love thee for these!

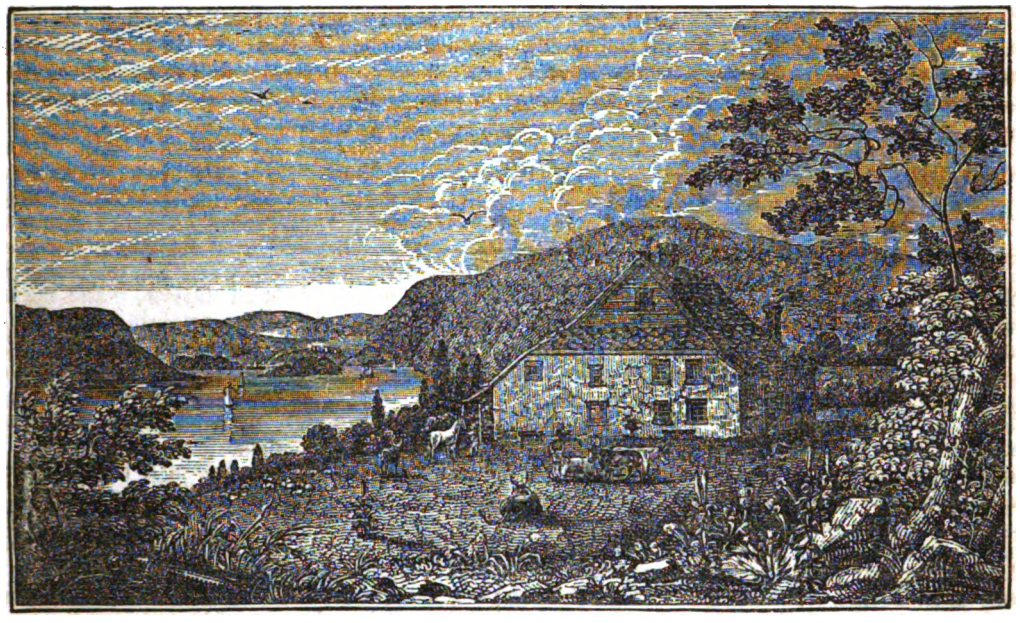
The woods of New England,
Still verdant and high,
Though rock'd by the tempests
Of ages gone by;
Romance dims their arches,
And speaks in the breeze—
New England, my country,
I love thee for these!

The streams of New England,
That roar as they go:
Or seem in their stillness
But dreaming to flow.
O bright glides the sunbeam
Their march to the seas—
New England, my country,
I love thee for these!

God shield thee, New England,
Dear land of my birth!
And thy children that wander
Afar o'er the earth;
Thou'rt my country, wherever
My lot shall be cast—
Take thou to thy bosom
My ashes at last!

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Iron Mountain in Missouri.—Mr. Featherstonhaugh, the geologist appointed by government, reports the discovery of a vein of iron on the United States' lands in Missouri, about one hundred and fifty feet above the surface of the adjacent plain. At the surface, it had the appearance of being roughly paved with black pebbles of iron, from one to twenty pounds' weight; beneath the surface it appeared to be a solid mass. He remarks:—"Unusual as is the magnitude of the superficial cubick contents of this vein, yet it must be insignificant to the subterraneous quantity. This extraordinary phenomenon filled me with admiration. Here was a single locality of iron offering all the resources of Sweden, and of which it was impossible to estimate the value by any other terms than those adequate to all a nation's wants."



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, NEWBURGH, N. Y.

The old Hasbrook-house, as it is called, situated on the west bank of the Hudson, a little south of the village of Newburgh, is one of the most interesting relicks of the first and heroick age of our republick; for at several periods of the war of the revolution, and especially from the autumn of 1782 until the troops were finally disbanded, it was occupied by General Washington, as the headquarters of the American army.

The views from the house and grounds, as well as the whole neighbourhood around it, are rich alike in natural beauty and historical remembrances. You look from the old house upon the broad bay into which the Hudson expands itself, just before entering the deep, rocky bed, through which it flows towards the ocean between the lofty mountain-banks of the Highlands. On the opposite shore, is seen the ridge of mountains, upon the bald rocky summits of which, during the war of 1776, the beacon-fires so often blazed to alarm the country at the incursions of the enemy from the south, or else to communicate signals between the frontier posts in Westchester, along the line of the American position at Verplanck's Point, West Point, and the barracks and encampments on the plains of Fishkill. As these mountains recede eastward from the river, you see the romantick stream of Mattavoan winding wildly along their base, through glens and over falls, until, at last, as if fatigued with its wanton rambles, it mingles quietly and placidly with the Hudson. On this side of it are stretched the rich plains of Dutchess county, with their woody and picturesque shores. All along these plains and shores are to be found other memorials of the revolution; for there were the storehouses, barracks, and hospitals of our army, and there, for many months, were the headquarters of the father of American tacticks, the disciplinarian Steuben. To the south, you look down upon the opening of the Highlands and the rock of Pollopell's Island, once a military prison, and thence follow, with your eye, the Great River of the Mountains* till it turns suddenly and disappears around the rocky promontory of West Point; a spot consecrated by the most exciting recollections of our history, by the story of Arnold's guilt and Andre's hapless fate, and the incorruptible virtue of our yeomanry; by the memory of the virtues of Kosciusko and Lafayette; of the wisdom and valour of our own chiefs and sages.

The Hasbrook-house itself, is a solid, irregular building of rough stone, erected about a century ago. The excellent landscape, painted by Weir, and engraved with equal spirit and fidelity by Smillie, will give the reader a better idea of its appearance and character than words can convey. The interiour remains very nearly as Washington left it. The largest room is in the centre of the house, about twenty-four feet square, but so disproportionately low, as to appear very much larger. It served the general during his residence there, in the daytime, for his hall of reception and his dining-room, where he re-

* The Indian name of the Hudson.

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gularly kept up a liberal, though plain hospitality. At night it was used as a bedroom for his aiddecamps and occasional military visiters and guests. It was long memorable among the veterans who had seen the chief there, for its huge wood fire, built against the wall, in, or rather under a wide chimney, the fireplace of which was quite open at both sides. It was still more remarkable for the whimsical peculiarity of having seven doors, and but one window. The unceiled roof of this room, with its massive painted beams, corresponds to the simplicity of the rest of the building, as well as shows the indifference of our ancestors to the free communication of noise and cold air, which their wiser or more fastidious descendants take so much pains to avoid. On the northeast corner of the house, communicating with the large centre-room, is a small chamber, which the general used as a study, or private office.

Those who have had the good fortune to enjoy the acquaintance of officers of the northern division of our old army, have heard many a revolutionary anecdote, the scene of which was laid in the old square room at Newburgh, "with its seven doors and one window." In it were every day served up, to as many guests as the table and chairs could accommodate, a dinner and a supper, as plentiful as the country could supply, and as good as they could be made by the continental cooks, whose deficiency in culinary skill drew forth in one of his private letters (since printed) the only piece of literary pleasantry, it is believed, in which the great man was ever tempted to indulge. But then, as we have heard old soldiers affirm with great emphasis, there was always plenty of good wine. French wines for our French allies, and those who had acquired or who affected their tastes, and sound Madeira for the Americans of the old school, circulated briskly, and were taken in little silver mugs or goblets, made in France for the general's camp equipage. They were accompanied by the famous apples of the Hudson, the Spitzenbergh and other varieties, and invariably by heaped plates of hickory nuts, the amazing consumption of which, by the general and his staff, was the theme of boundless admiration to the Marquis de Chastelleux and other French officers. The jest, the argument, the song, and the story, circulated as briskly as the wine; while the chief, at the head of his table, sat long, listened to all, or appeared to listen, smiled at and enjoyed all, but all gravely, without partaking much in the conversation or at all contributing to the laugh, either by swelling its chorus or furnishing the occasion; for he was neither a joker nor a story-teller. He had no talent, and he knew he had none, for humour, repartee, or amusing anecdote; and if he had possessed it, he was too wise to indulge in it in the position in which he was placed.

One evidence, among many others, of the impression which Washington's presence in this scene had made, and the dignity and permanence it could lend to every idea or recollection, however trivial otherwise, with which it had been accidentally associated, was given some few years ago at Paris.

The American minister (we forget whether it was Mr. Crawford, Mr. Brown, or one of their successors), and several of his countrymen, together with General Lafayette, were invited to an entertainment at the house of a distinguished and patriotick Frenchman, who had served his country in his youth in the United States, during the war of our independence. At the supper hour the company were shown into a room fitted up for the occasion, which contrasted quite oddly with the Parisian elegance of the other apartments, where they had spent their evening A low, boarded, painted ceiling, with large beams, a single, small, uncurtained window, with numerous small doors, as well as the general style of the whole, gave at first the idea of the kitchen, or largest room of a Dutch or Belgian farmhouse. On a long rough table was a repast, just as little in keeping with the refined kitchen of Paris, as the room was with its architecture. It consisted of large dishes of meat, uncouth-looking pastry, and wine in decanters and bottles, accompanied by glasses and silver mugs, such as indicated other habits and tastes than those of modern Paris. "Do you know where we now are?" said the host to General Lafayette and his companions. They paused for a few moments, in suspense. They had seen something like this before, but when and where? "Ah, the seven doors and one window," said Lafayette, "and the silver camp-goblets, such as our marshals of France used in my youth! We are at Washington's Headquarters on the Hudson, fifty years ago!" We relate the story as we have heard it told by the late Colonel Fish, and, if we mistake not, the host was the excellent M. Marbois.

There is another anecdote of a higher and more moral interest, the scene of which was also laid in this house. We remember to have heard it told by the late Colonel Willet, our "bravest of the brave," then past his eightieth year, with a feeling that warmed the coldest of his hearers, and made the tears gush into the eyes of his younger listeners.

A British officer had been brought in from the river, a prisoner, and wounded. Some accidental circumstances had attracted to him General Washington's special notice, who had him placed under the best medical and surgical care the army could afford, and ordered him to be lodged at his own quarters. There, according to custom, a large party of officers had assembled in the evening, to sup with the commander-in-chief. When the meats and cloth were removed, the unfailing nuts appeared, and the wine, a luxury seldom seen by American subalterns, except at "his excellency's" table, began to circulate. The general rose much before his usual hour, but, putting one of his aiddecamps in his place, requested his friends to remain, adding, in a gentle tone, "I have only to ask you to remember, in your sociality, that there is a wounded officer in the very next room."

This injunction had its effect for a short time, but, as the wine and punch passed round, the soldier's jest and mirth gradually broke forth, conversation warmed into argument, and, by-and-by, came a song. In the midst of all this, a side-door opened, and some one entered in silence and on tiptoe. It was the general. Without a word to any of the company, he passed silently along the table, with almost noiseless tread, to the opposite door, which he opened and closed after him as gently and cautiously as a nurse in the sick room of a tender and beloved patient. The song, the story, the merriment, died away at once. All were hushed. All felt the rebuke, and dropped off quietly, one by one, to their chambers or tents

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But the Newburgh Headquarters are also memorable as the scene of a far more important transaction. In the autumn of 1783, the war had closed with glory. The national independence had been won. The army, which had fought the battles, which had gone through the hardships and privations of that long, and doubtful, and bloody war without a murmur, were encamped on the banks of the Hudson, unpaid, almost unclothed, individually loaded with private debt, awaiting to be disbanded, and to return to the pursuits of civil life, without the prospect of any settlement of their long arrears of pay, and without the means of temporary support, until other prospects might open upon them in their new avocations.

It was under these circumstances, while Congress, from the impotence of our frame of government under the old confederation, and the extreme poverty of the country, found themselves utterly unable to advance even a single month's pay, and, as if loath to meet the question, seemed but to delay and procrastinate any decision upon it; the impatient and suffering soldiery, losing, as their military excitement died away with its cause, all feeling of loyalty towards their civil rulers, began to regard them as cold-hearted and ungrateful masters, who sought to avoid the scanty and stipulated payment of those services, the abundant fruits of which they had already reaped. Then it was that the celebrated anonymous Newburgh letters were circulated through the camp, touching, with powerful effect, upon every topick that could rouse the feelings of men suffering under the sense of wrong, and sensitive to every stain upon their honour. The glowing language of this address painted their country as trampling upon their rights, disdaining their cries, and insulting their distress. It spoke of farther acquiescence and submission to such injury and contumely, as exposing the high-spirited soldier to "the jest of tories and the scorn of whigs; the ridicule, and, what is worse, the pity of the world." Finally, the writer called upon his fellow-soldiers, never to sheath their swords until they had obtained full and ample justice, and pointed distinctly to their "illustrious leader," as the chief under whose auspices and directions they could most boldly claim, and most successfully compel, the unwilling justice of their country.

The power of this appeal did not consist merely in its animated and polished eloquence. It was far more powerful, and, therefore, more dangerous, because it came warm from the heart, and did but give bold utterance to the thoughts over which thousands had long brooded in silence. Precisely that state of feeling pervaded the whole army, that discontent towards their civil rulers, verging every hour more and more towards indignation and hatred, that despair of justice from any other means or quarter than themselves and their own good swords, that rallying of all their hopes and affections to their comrades in arms and their long-tried chief, such as in other times and countries, have again and again enthroned the successful military leader upon the ruins of the republick he had gloriously served.

The disinterested patriotism of Washington rejected the lure to his ambition; his firm and mild prudence repressed the discontents, and preserved the honour of the army, as well as the peace, and, probably, the future liberties of his country. It was the triumph of patriotick wisdom over the sense of injury, over misapplied genius and eloquence, ever chivalrous, but ill-directed feeling. The opinions and the arguments of Washington, expressed in his orders, and in the address delivered by him to his officers, calmed the minds of the army, and brought them, at once, to a sense of submissive duty; not solely from the weight of moral truth and noble sentiment, great as that was, but because they came from a person whom the army had long been accustomed to love, to revere, and to obey; the purity of whose views, the soundness of whose judgment, and the sincerity of whose friendship, no man could dream of questioning.

Shortly after, the army disbanded itself. The veterans laid down their swords in peace, trusting to the faith and gratitude of their country, leaving the honour of the "Continental Army" unstained, and the holy cause of liberty unsullied by any one act of rebellious, or ambitious, or selfish insubordination. They fulfilled the prophetick language of their chief, when, in the closing words of his address on this memorable occasion, he expressed his sure confidence, that their patient virtue, rising superiour to the pressure of the most complicated sufferings, would enable "posterity to say, when speaking of the glorious example they had exhibited to mankind; had this day been wanting, the world had never seen the last stage of perfection to which human nature is capable of attaining."

Why should we dilate here on the particulars of this transaction? They form the brightest page in our history, the noblest theme of our orators; but no eloquence can increase the interest and dignity of the narrative, as told in the plain language of Marshall, and in the orders and address of Washington himself. Let it suffice for us to fulfil faithfully the humbler task of the local antiquary, which we have here undertaken to perform. When any of our readers visit this scene, they will feel grateful to us for informing them, that it was in the little north-eastern room of the "old stone house" at Newburgh, that Washington meditated on this momentous question, and prepared the general orders to the army, and the address, which he read, with such happy effect, to the military convention that assembled, at his invitation, on the fifteenth of October, 1783, at a large barrack or storehouse, then called "the new building," in the immediate neighbourhood.

It was but a few days after this, that, upon the lawn before the house, Washington finally parted with that portion of his army which did not accompany him to take possession of New York. He parted with his faithful comrades with a deep emotion, that contrasted strongly with the cold and calm serenity of manner which had distinguished him throughout the whole seven years of the war. That parting hour has often suggested itself to the writer, as affording one of the most splendid and abundant subjects that American history can furnish to the painter. It combines the richest materials of landscape, portrait, history, and invention, any of which might predominate, or all be united, as the peculiar talent or taste of the artist might dictate. It offers to the painter, magnificent and varied scenery, shipping, and river craft of the old times, with their white sails and picturesque outlines, arms, military costume, fine horses, beautiful women and children with every expression of conjugal and filial joy

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mixed with the soldiers in groups such as art might dispose and contrast at its pleasure, numerous most interesting historical personages, and, above the whole, the lofty person and majestick presence of the chief himself, not the grave and venerable man we are accustomed to see in the fine portraits of Stuart, but still in the pride of manly and military grace and beauty, and melted into tenderness as he parts from the tried and loved companions of seven years of danger, hardship, and toil.

Ornaments and pride of American art; Allston, Trumbull, Vanderlyn, Dunlap, Cole, Sully, Morse, Inman, Weir; we commend this subject to your genius, to your patriotism!

It is a natural and good tendency of the human mind, and one leading to excellent ends, that prompts the man of taste or the scholar to

> "Worship the turf where Virgil trod,
> And think it like no other sod,
> And guard each leaf from Shakspeare's tree,
> With Druid-like idolatry."

But how much more elevated the feeling, how much worthier in the motive, and salutary in the influence, are the emotions that throb in the patriot's breast as he treads upon a soil, dignified by recollections of wisdom, of courage, of publick virtue, such as those we have now imperfectly described! If, therefore, to use the often-quoted, and deservedly often-quoted language of Johnson, "that man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona:" what shall we say of the American who feels no glow of patriotism, who kindles not into warmer love for his country, and her glorious institutions, who rises into no grand and fervent aspiration for the virtue and the happiness of this people, when he enters the humble, but venerable walls, of the HEADQUARTERS AT NEWBURGH.—*Verplanck.—N. Y. Mirror.*

THE ANCESTORS OF WASHINGTON.

"We have been favored, within the last few days, with a highly interesting account of a monument in England, erected to the memory of some of the ancestors of our beloved Washington. The gentleman to whom we are indebted for the account, is Mr. Samuel Fullaway, of this city—but who, being a native of England, returned to that country on a visit to his parents, who reside at Malmesbury, in Wiltshire. The monument in question is in Gardson Church, in the same county.

"The village of Gardson is about two miles from Malmesbury, and the church is an ancient Gothic edifice, situate in the bosom of a rich country, and surrounded with venerable trees. The country people have for many years been in the habit of conducting strangers to the church, for the purpose of pointing out the venerable memorial of the Washington Family—in former ages the Lords of the Manor of Gardson, and the residents of the Court-house, a building of the olden time—gray with the lapse of centuries.

"The monument was once a superb specimen of the "mural" style—and even now exhibits relics of richness and curious workmanship. It is to be seen in the chancel, on the left side of the altar, and is richly carved out of the stone of that part of the country. It is surmounted with the family coat-of-arms, which form a rich emblazonment of heraldry; and, although two hundred years have rolled away since it was erected, they are still burnished with gilding.

"The following are the inscriptions:—

'TO YE
MEMORY OF
SIR LAWRENCE WASHINGTON, Nite,
Lately Chief Register
OF YE
CHAUNCERYE,
Of Renowne, Piety and Charitye.
An exemplyarye and Loving Husband, a Tender Father, A Bountefull Master, A Constante Reliever of ye Poore; And to Thoas of His Parish, A Perpetuall Benefactor;
Whom it Pleased
GOD TO TAKE INTO IS PEACE,
From the Furye of the Inzuing Warre
BORN MAY XIV.
He Was Heare Interred,
May XXIV., An. Dni. 1643.
ÆTAT. SUAÆ, 64.'

'Heare Also Lyeth
DAME ANNE,
Is WIFE, WHO DECEASED
January XIIIth; And Who
WAS BERYED XVIth,
Anno Dni. 1645.'

'*Hic Patrios cineres, enravit filius urna,*
Condere qui Tumulo, nunc jacet itle pius.'

'The pyous Son His Parents here interred,
Who hath his share in time, for them prepared.'

"The old Manor-house of Gardson is now occupied by a respectable, and, indeed, opulent farmer, named Woody—two of whose sons lately came over to this country in the ship Philadelphia, and are gone back into the state of Ohio. Mr Woody rents his farm and house of Lord Andover. This ancient seat of the Washington family is handsome, very old-fashioned, and built of stone, with immense solidity and strength. The timber about it is chiefly British oak, and in several of the rooms, particularly in a large one, which was the old hall or banqueting-room—there are rich remains of gilding, carved work in cornices, ceilings and panels, polished floors and wainscoating—with shields containing the same coat-of-arms as on the mural monument in the church, carved over the high, venerable, and architectural mantel-pieces. Beneath the house are extensive cellars, which, with the banqueting-room, seem to indicate the genuine hospitality and princely style of living peculiar to a

> 'Fine old English gentleman,
> All of the olden time.'

And, indeed, according to the traditions and chronicles of the country, such was the general character of the heads of the Washington family

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Soon after the civil war the family left their ancient seat, and removed to another part of the kingdom—but an old man now living in the village, named Reeves, who is ninety years of age, states that he remembers one of the Washingtons living in that part of the country when he was a boy; and that his great-grandfather remembered the last 'Squire Washington, living at the Manor-house. The walls of the house are five feet thick, and the entire residence is surrounded by a beautiful garden and orchards. In the old parish archives the Washington family are constantly referred to as the benefactors of the parish; and from the very earliest recorded times they seem to have been the lords of the soil at Gardson, down to the period of their leaving—when the Manor-house fell into the hands of a family named Dobbe.

"From the church and Manor or Court-house of Gardson, there are the remains of an ancient paved causeway, extending for about two miles to the far-famed abbey and cloisters of Malmesbury, founded and endowed by King Athelstan—not only celebrated for its power and splendor in Catholic days, but also as being the birthplace and residence of 'William of Malmesbury'—one of the earliest of British historians."—*Phila. Enq.*

INDIAN PARADISE.

The great doctrine of a life beyond the grave was, among all the tribes of America, most deeply cherished and most sincerely believed. They had even formed a distinct idea of the region whither they hoped to be transported, and of the new and happier mode of existence, free from those wars, tortures, and cruelties, which throw so dark a shade over their lot upon earth. Yet their conceptions on this subject were by no means either exalted or spiritualized. They expected simply a prolongation of their present life and enjoyments, under more favorable circumstances, and with the same objects furnished in greater choice and abundance. This supposed assurance of future life, so conformable to their gross habits and conceptions, was found by the missionaries a serious obstacle, when they attempted to allure them by the hope of a destiny, purer and higher indeed, but less accordant with their untutored conceptions.

Upon being told that in the promised world they would neither hunt, eat, drink, nor marry a wife; many of them declared that, far from endeavoring to reach such an abode, they would consider their arrival there as the greatest calamity. Mention is made of a Huron girl whom one of the christian ministers was endeavoring to instruct and whose first question was, what she would find to eat? The answer being "Nothing," she then asked what she would see; and being informed that she would see the Maker of heaven and earth, she expressed herself much at a loss what she could have to say to him. Many not only rejected this destiny for themselves, but were indignant at the efforts thus made to decoy their children into so dreary and comfortless a region.

THE OLDEN TIMES.

We have before us, (a present from a lady,) a copy of the 'Connecticut Courant,' published then (as now) in Hartford, bearing date of January 11, 1774. To show the feelings of the people and the spirit of the public journals at that day, we make the following extract, which it copied from the *Boston Gazette*:— [*Fam. Mag.*

"To all Nations under HEAVEN.

"Know ye, That the people of the American world are millions strong—countless legions compose their united army of freemen—whose intrepid souls sparkle with liberty, and their hearts are flinted with courage to effect what their wisdom dictates to be done. America now stands with the scale of Justice in one hand, and the sword of Vengeance in the other; and whatever nation or people who dares to lift a hostile hand against her, to invade her serene regions, or sully her liberty, shall—— Let the Britons fear to do any more so wickedly as they have done, for the herculean arm of this new world is lifted up—and wo be to them on whom it falls! At the beat of the drum she can call five hundred thousand of her sons to arms, before whose blazing shields none can stand. Therefore, ye that are wise, make peace with her, take shelter under her wings, that ye may shine by the reflection of her glory.

"May the New Year shine propitious on the New World, and Virtue and Liberty reign here without a foe, until rolling years shall measure time no more."

MINERAL WEALTH OF AFRICA.

M. Russager writes from Fasoglo, on the Blue River, February 8th, 1838:—"We found rivers the alluvial soil of which is so rich in gold that the extracting of it is very feasible; but the richest spot of the whole became known to us quite at the end of our journey, in Fasoglo itself. Between the mountain ranges of Fallow and Fasongoru lies the valley of the river Adi. The whole valley is covered in an area of between two and three geographical square miles, with quartz mountains, which contain quartzose, iron ore and pure gold. We found this metal in considerable quantities in the solid rock and in the boulders of the river. I bring, among other specimens, a piece of quartz, with pure gold in which there is a grain of gold of two carats. The alluvial soil between these quartz mountains in the whole extent of the valley is, in fact, prodigiously rich in gold, and there are on the Adi many gold-washings of the negroes, of which nobody has had till now, any information, so secretly did they contrive to keep the affair. A thousand men might be set to work here at once; and, with an extremely trifling charge, which would involve no expense, in the mode hitherto observed by the negroes themselves, one may obtain every day, gold to the amount of three or four dollars.

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THE TREACHERY OF ARNOLD.

THE following facts relative to the treasonable acts of Benedict Arnold, and the providential frustration of his nefarious designs, we copy from a speech, delivered by ROBERT DALE OWEN, at New Harmony, Indiana, February the twenty-second, 1840:—

The public events connected with Benedict Arnold's treachery are familiar to every one; but the private details of that story are, in the various histories of the period, either incorrectly given or essentially omitted. The surrender of West Point was but a small portion of Arnold's plan. He had projected the decoying thither, and the betrayal into Sir Henry Clinton's hands, of General Washington himself, of Lafayette and of the principal staff officers. Had this plan succeeded, how different might have been the story History would have to tell!

A trifling circumstance caused its failure. Arnold had invited Washington (then, if I recollect aright, on his return from Hartford,) to breakfast with him at West Point, on the very morning the plot was discovered; and Washington had promised to accept the invitation. He was prevented from doing so, by an urgent request made to him by an old officer, near to whose station he passed, that he would remain the night with him, and next morning inspect some works in the neighborhood. Washington accordingly despatched an aid from his suite to make his excuses to Arnold. The messenger rode all night, and arrived next morning at West Point. Arnold invited him to breakfast. While sitting at table, a letter was brought to Arnold, from the post of the officer commanding the scouting parties on the American lines. As his eye fell on the superscription, the cup which he had raised to his lips dropped from his hands, he seized the letter, rushed from the room, locked himself in his bed-chamber; and a few minutes afterward, was on his way to an English sloop of war, then lying in the North river.

In the meantime, while Washington and his staff, including Lafayette, were seated at table at the quarters of the officer whose invitation had delayed the visit to West Point, a despatch was brought to the American General, which he immediately opened, read and laid down without comment. No alteration was visible in his countenance, but he remained perfectly silent. Conversation dropped among his suite; and, after some minutes, the General beckoned to Lafayette to follow him, retired to an inner apartment, turned to Lafayette without uttering a syllable, placed the fatal despatch in his hands, and then giving way to an ungovernable burst of feeling—fell on his friend's neck and sobbed aloud. The effect produced on the young French Marquis, accustomed to regard his General, (cold and dignified in his usual manner almost to extreme,) as devoid of the usual weakness of humanity, may be imagined. "I believe," said Lafayette to me—for it was from that venerable patriot's own lips that I obtained the narrative I now relate —"I believe this was the only occasion, throughout that long and sometimes hopeless struggle, that Washington ever gave way, even for a moment, under a reverse of fortune; and perhaps I was the only human being who ever witnessed in him an exhibition of feeling so foreign to his temperament. As it was, he recovered himself, before I had perused the communication that gave rise to his emotion; and when we returned to his staff, not a trace remained on his countenance either of grief or despondency."

WASHINGTON IN THE FIELD OF VICTORY AND CHAMBER OF DEATH.

FROM Custis's Recollections of Washington, we copy the following, relating to the siege of Yorktown, and a domestic scene:—

The weather during the siege of Yorktown was propitious in the extreme, being, with the exception of the squall on the night of the sixteenth, the fine autumnal weather of the south, commonly called the Indian summer, which greatly facilitated the military operations. Washington's headquarters were under canvass the whole time.

The situation of Yorktown, after the surrender, was pestilential. Numbers of wretched negroes who had either been taken from the plantations, or had of themselves followed the fortunes of the British army, had died of the small-pox, which, with the camp-fever, was raging in the place, and remained unburied in the streets. When all hope of escape was given up, the horses of the British Legion were led to the margin of the river, shot, and then thrown into the stream; the carcasses, floating with the tide, lodged on the adjacent shores and flats, producing an effluvia that affected the atmosphere for miles around. Indeed, it was many months before Yorktown and its environs became sufficiently purified to be habitable with any degree of comfort.

A domestic affliction threw a shade over Washington's happiness, while his camp still rung with shouts of triumph for the surrender of Yorktown. His step-son, to whom he had been a parent and a protector, and to whom he was fondly attached, who had accompanied him to the camp at Cambridge, and was among the first of his aids in the dawn of the Revolution, sickened while on duty as extra aid to the commander-in-chief, in the trenches before Yorktown. Aware that his disease, (the camp-fever) would be mortal, the sufferer had yet one last lingering wish to be gratified, and he would die content. It was to behold the surrender of the sword of Cornwallis He was supported to the ground, and witnessed the admired spectacle, and was then removed to Eltham, a distance of thirty miles from camp.

An express from Dr. Craik announced that there was no longer hope, when Washington, attended by a single officer and a groom left the

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headquarters at midnight, and rode with all speed for Eltham.

The anxious watchers by the couch of the dying were, in the gray of twilight, aroused by a trampling of horse, and looking out, discovered the commander-in-chief alighting from a jaded charger in the court-yard. He immediately summoned Dr. Craik, and to the eager inquiry: "Is there any hope?" Craik mournfully shaking his head, the general retired to a room to indulge his grief, requesting to be left alone. In a little while the poor sufferer expired. Washington, tenderly embracing the bereaved wife and mother, observed to the weeping group around the remains of him he so dearly loved: "From this moment I adopt his two youngest children as my own." Absorbed in grief he then waved with his hand a melancholy adieu, and, fresh horses being ready, without rest or refreshment, he remounted and returned to the camp.

For a great distance around Yorktown, the earth trembled under the cannonade, while many an anxious and midnight watcher ascended to the housetops to listen to the sound, and to look upon the horizon, lighted up by the blaze of the batteries, the explosions of the shells, and the flames from the burning vessels in the harbor.

At length, on the morning of the seventeenth, the thundering ceased, hour after hour passed away, and the most attractive ear could not catch another sound. What had happened? Can he have escaped? To suppose he had fallen, was almost too much to hope for. And now an intense anxiety prevails; every eye is turned toward the great southern road, and the express! the express! is upon each lip. Each hamlet and homestead pours forth its inmates. Age is seen leaning on his staff, women with infants at the breast, children with wandering eyes, and tiny hands outstretched, all, all, with breathless hopes and fears, await the courier's coming. Ay, and the courier rode with a red spur that day; but had he been mounted on the wings of the wind, he could scarcely have kept pace with the general anxiety.

At length there is a cry—He comes! he comes! and merging from a cloud of dust a horseman is seen at headlong speed. He plies the lash and spur; covered with foam, with throbbing flank, and nostril dilated to catch the breeze, the generous horse devours the road, while ever and anon the rider waves his cap, and shouts to the eager groups that crowd his way, "Cornwallis is taken!"

And now rose a joyous cry that made the very welkin tremble. The tories, amazed, confounded, shrunk away to their holes and hiding-places, while the patriotic whigs rushed into each other's arms, and wept for gladness. And oh! in that day of general thanksgiving and praise, how many an aspiration ascended to the Most High, imploring blessing on him whom all Time will consecrate as the Father of his Country.

The prediction of Cornwallis in the tent of Washington was verified. The sixteenth of October, 1781, was indeed the crowning glory of the war of the Revolution; hostilities languished thereafter, while Independence and Empire dawned upon the destinies of America, from the surrender of Yorktown.

On laying the Corner Stone of the Monument to the Mother of Washington.—Mrs. Sigourney.

Long hast thou slept unnoted. Nature stole
In her soft ministry around thy bed,
Spreading her vernal tissue, violet-gemmed,
And pearled with dews.

She bade bright Summer bring
Gifts of frankincense, with sweet song of birds,
And Autumn cast his reaper's coronet
Down at thy feet, and stormy Winter speak
Sternly of man's neglect.

But now we come
To do thee homage, mother of our chief!
Fit homage, such as honoureth him who pays.
Methinks we see thee, as in olden time;
Simple in garb, majestic and serene,
Unmoved by pomp or circumstance, in truth
Inflexible, and with a Spartan zeal
Repressing vice, and making folly grave.
Thou did'st not deem it woman's part to waste
Life in inglorious sloth, to sport awhile
Amidst the flowers, or on the summer wave,
Then fleet, like the ephemeron, away,
Building no temple in her children's hearts,
Save to the vanity and pride of life
Which she had worshipped.

For the might that clothed
The "Pater Patriæ," for the glorious deeds
That make Mount Vernon's tomb a Mecca shrine
For all the earth, what thanks to thee are due,
Who, 'midst his elements of being, wrought,
We know not; Heaven can tell.

Rise, sculptured pile,
And show a race unborn, who rests below,
And say to mothers, what a holy charge
Is theirs, with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind.
Warn them to wake at early dawn, and sow
Good seed, before the world hath sown her tares;
Nor in their toil decline, that angel-bands
May put the sickle in and reap for God,
And gather to his garner.

Ye, who stand,
With thrilling breast, to view her trophied praise,
Who nobly reared Virginia's godlike chief;
Ye, whose last thought upon your nightly couch,
Whose first at waking, is your cradled son,
What though no high ambition prompts to rear
A second Washington; or leave your name
Wrought out in marble with a nation's tears
Of deathless gratitude; yet may you raise
A monument above the stars—a soul
Led by your teachings, and your prayers, to God.

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THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

Mount Vernon is situated on the western bank of the Potomack river, in Virginia, about fifteen miles below the city of Washington, and eight miles from Alexandria. It rises about two hundred feet above the surface of the river, and was designated Mount Vernon, in honour of Admiral Vernon, who conducted an expedition against the Spaniards, in which Lawrence Washington served. Lawrence Washington was the brother of the president, and the original proprietor of this delightful seat. Mount Vernon subsequently passed into the hands of the general, who resided there with his family when retired from the publick service. There his ashes now repose, together with those of his wife and several relatives of his family.

"The mansion in which Washington resided till his death," says Reynolds, "is a plain edifice of wood, cut in imitation of freestone, two stories high, surmounted by a cupola, and ninety-six feet in length, with a portico in the rear, overlooking the river, extending the whole length of the building. The central part of this edifice was erected by Lawrence Washington, who named it Mount Vernon; the two wings were afterwards added by the general, who caused the ground to be planted and beautified in the most tasteful manner. The house fronts northwest, looking on a beautiful lawn of five or six acres, with a serpentine walk around it, fringed with shrubbery and planted with poplars."

The ancient family-vault, in which Washington's dust first reposed, was situated under the shade of a little grove of forest-trees, a short distance from the mansion-house, and near the brow of the precipitous bank of the river.

Small and unadorned, this humble sepulchre stood in a most romantick spot, and could be distinctly seen by travellers, as they passed in boats and vessels up and down the river. Within two years, however, the ashes of the father of his country have been removed from that place, now designated by a white picket fence, to one near the corner of a beautiful enclosure, where the river is concealed from view. This site was selected by him during life, for a tomb, and is about two hundred yards southwest from the house, and about one hundred and fifty from the bank of the Potomack. "A more romantick and picturesque site for a tomb," says a late writer, "can scarcely be imagined. Between it and the river Potomack is a curtain of forest-trees, covering the steep declivity to the water's edge, breaking the glare of the prospect, and yet affording glimpses of the river, even when the foliage is thickest. The tomb is surrounded by several large native oaks, which are venerable by their years, and which annually strew the sepulchre with autumnal leaves, furnishing the most appropriate drapery for such a place, and giving a still deeper impression to the *memento mori*. Interspersed among the rocks, and overhanging the tomb, is a copse of red-cedar; but whether native or transplanted, is not stated. Its evergreen boughs present a fine contrast to the hoary and leafless branches of the oak; and while the deciduous foliage of the latter indicates the decay of the body, the eternal verdure of the former, furnishes a beautiful emblem of the immortal spirit."

When Lafayette was last in the United States, he visited the tomb of his ancient friend and companion. That visit is thus touchingly described by M. Levasseur:—"As we approached, the door of the tomb was opened; Lafayette descended alone into the vault, and a few minutes after he reappeared with his eyes overflowing with tears. He took his son and myself by the hand, and led us into the tomb, where, by a sign, he indicated the coffin of his paternal friend, alongside of which was that of his companion in life, united for ever to him in the grave. We knelt reverently near his coffin, which we respectfully saluted with our lips; rising, we threw ourselves into the arms of Lafayette, and mingled our tears with his."

"Flow gently, Potomack! thou washest away
The sands where he trod, and the turf where he lay,
When youth brush'd his cheek with her wing;
Breathe softly, ye wild winds, that circle around
That dearest, and purest, and holiest ground,
Ever press'd by the footprints of spring!
Each breeze be a sigh, and each dewdrop a tear,
Each wave be a whispering monitor near,
To remind the sad shore of his story;
And darker, and softer, and sadder the gloom
Of that evergreen mourner that bends o'er the tomb,
Where Washington sleeps in his glory."—Brainard.

SPRING.—N. P. Willis.

The Spring is here—the delicate-footed May,
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers,
And with it comes a thirst to be away,
Wasting in wood-paths its voluptuous hours—
A feeling that is like a sense of wings,
Restless to soar above these perishing things.

We pass out from the city's feverish hum,
To find refreshment in the silent woods;
And nature, that is beautiful and dumb,
Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods.
Yet even there, a restless thought will steal,
To teach the indolent heart it still must *feel*.

Strange, that the audible stillness of the noon,
The waters tripping with their silver feet,
The turning to the light of leaves in June,
And the light whisper as their edges meet—
Strange—that they fill not, with their tranquil tone
One spirit, walking in their midst alone.

There's no contentment in a world like this,
Save in forgetting the immortal dream;
We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss,
That through the cloud-rifts radiantly stream;
Bird-like the prisoned soul *will* lift its eye
And sing—till it is hooded from the sky.

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TOMB OF WASHINGTON, MOUNT VERNON

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THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

The beautiful effusion which the reader will find below, is the production of the chaste and classic mind of the late venerable and distinguished Senator from Rhode Island, Mr. Robbins, and was occasioned by the following circumstances: During the session of 1837–8, Mr. Webster entertained a large party of friends at dinner; among them the venerable Senator we have named. The evening passed off with much hilarity, enlivened with wit and sentiment; but, during the greater part of the time, Mr. Robbins maintained that grave but placid silence which was his habit. While thus apparently abstracted, some one suddenly called on him for a toast, which call was seconded by the company. He rose, and in his surprise, asked if they were serious in making such a demand of so old a man; and being assured that they were, he said if they would suspend their hilarity for a few moments he would give them a toast and preface it with a few observations. Having thus secured a breathless stillness, he went on to remark that they were then on the verge of the 22d of February, the anniversary of the birth of the great patriot and statesman of our country, whom all delighted to remember and to honor, and he hoped he might be allowed the privilege of an aged man to recur for a few moments to past events connected with his character and history. He then proceeded, and delivered in the most happy and impressive manner, the beautiful speech which now graces our columns. The whole company were electrified by his patriotic enthusiasm; and one of the guests, before they separated, begged that he would take the trouble to put on paper what he had so happily expressed, and furnish a copy for publication. M. R. obligingly complied with this request on the following day, but by some accident the manuscript got mislaid, and eluded all search for it until a few days ago, when it was unexpectedly recovered, and is now presented to our readers:

"On the near approach of that calendar-day which gave birth to WASHINGTON, I feel rekindling within me some of those emotions always connected with the recollection of that hallowed name. Permit me to indulge them, on this occasion, for a moment, in a few remarks, as preliminary to a sentiment which I shall beg leave to propose.

I consider it as one of the consolations of my age that I am old enough and fortunate enough to have seen that wonderful man. This happiness is still common to so many yet among the living, that less is thought of it now than will be in after times; but it is no less a happiness to me on that account.

While a boy at school, I saw him for the first time; it was when he was passing through New England to take the command-in-chief of the American armies at Cambridge. Never shall I forget the impression his imposing presence then made upon my young imagination; so superior did he seem to me to all that I had seen or imagined of the human form for striking effect. I remember with what delight, in my after studies, I came to the line in Virgil that expressed all the enthusiasm of my own feelings, as inspired by that presence, and which I could not often enough repeat:

"Credo equidem, nec vana fides, genus esse deorum."

I saw him again at his interview with Rochambeau, when they met to settle the plan of combined operations between the French fleet and the American armies, against the British on the Chesapeake; and then I saw the immense crowd drawn together from all the neighboring towns, to get, if possible, one look at the man who had throned himself in every heart. Not one of that immense crowd doubted the final triumph of his country in her arduous conflict; for every one saw, or thought he saw, in WASHINGTON, her guardian angel, commissioned by Heaven to insure to her that triumph. Nil desperandum was the motto with every one.

"Nil desperandum, Teucro duce, auspice Teucro."

In after life, when the judgment corrects the extravagance of early impressions, I saw him on several occasions, but saw nothing at either to admonish me of any extravagance in my early impressions. The impression was still the same; I had the same overpowering sense of being in the presence of some superior being.

It is indeed remarkable, and I believe unique in the history of men, that WASHINGTON made the same impression upon all minds, at all places, and at once. When his fame first broke upon the world, it spread at once over the whole world.—By the consent of mankind—by the universal sentiment—he was placed at the head of the human species; above all envy, because above all emulation: for no one then pretended or has pretended to be—at least who has been allowed to be—the corival of WASHINGTON in fame.

When the great Frederick of Prussia sent his portrait to WASHINGTON, with this inscription upon it, "From the oldest General in Europe to the greatest General in the world," he did but echo the sentiment of all the chivalry of Europe. Nor was the sentiment confined to Europe, nor to the bounds of civilization; for the Arab of the Desert talked of WASHINGTON in his tent; his name wandered with the wandering Scythian, and was cherished by him as a household word in all his migrations. No country was so barbarous as to be a stranger to the name; but every where, and by all men, that name was placed at the same point of elevation, and above compeer. As it was in the beginning, so it is now; of the future we cannot speak with certainty. Some future age, in the endless revolutions of time, may produce another WASHINGTON; but the greater probability is that he is destined to remain forever, as he now is, the Phœnix of human kind.

What a possession to his country is such a fame! such a

"Clarum et venerabile nomen
"*Gentibus!*"

To all his countrymen it gives, and forever will give, a passport to respect wherever they go, to whatever part of the globe; for his country is in every other identified with that fame.

What, then, is incumbent upon us, his countrymen? Why, to be such a People as shall be worthy of such a fame—a people of whom it shall be said, "No wonder such a people have produced such a man as WASHINGTON." I give you, therefore, this sentiment:

The memory of WASHINGTON: May his countrymen prove themselves a people worthy of his fame.

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THE

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

OF THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

IN CONGRESS, AT PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1776.

[With the Facsimiles of the Signers, taken from the original Document.]

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's GOD entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident — that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their CREATOR, with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience has shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain, is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his assent to laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws, for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature — a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies, at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

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He has dissolved representative houses, repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large, for their exercise; the state remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws, for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependant on his will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers, to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in time of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction, foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation.

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states:

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our consent:

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury:

For transporting us beyond seas, to be tried for pretended offences:

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies:

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering fundamentally the forms of our governments:

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

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He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections among us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature, to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connexions and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war—in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general congress assembled, appealing to the SUPREME JUDGE of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states—That they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connexion between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of DIVINE PROVIDENCE, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

John Hancock

Button Gwinnett
Lyman Hall
Geo Walton.

Josiah Bartlett
Wm Whipple
Sam'l Adams

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Th. Jefferson

Benj. Harrison

Thos. Nelson jr.

Matthew Thornton

Step. Hopkins

William Ellery

Roger Sherman

Charles Carroll of Carrollton

Geo. Clymer

Ja. Smith

John Adams

Robt. Treat Paine

Elbridge Gerry

Wm. Floyd

Phil. Livingston

Jaan. Lewis

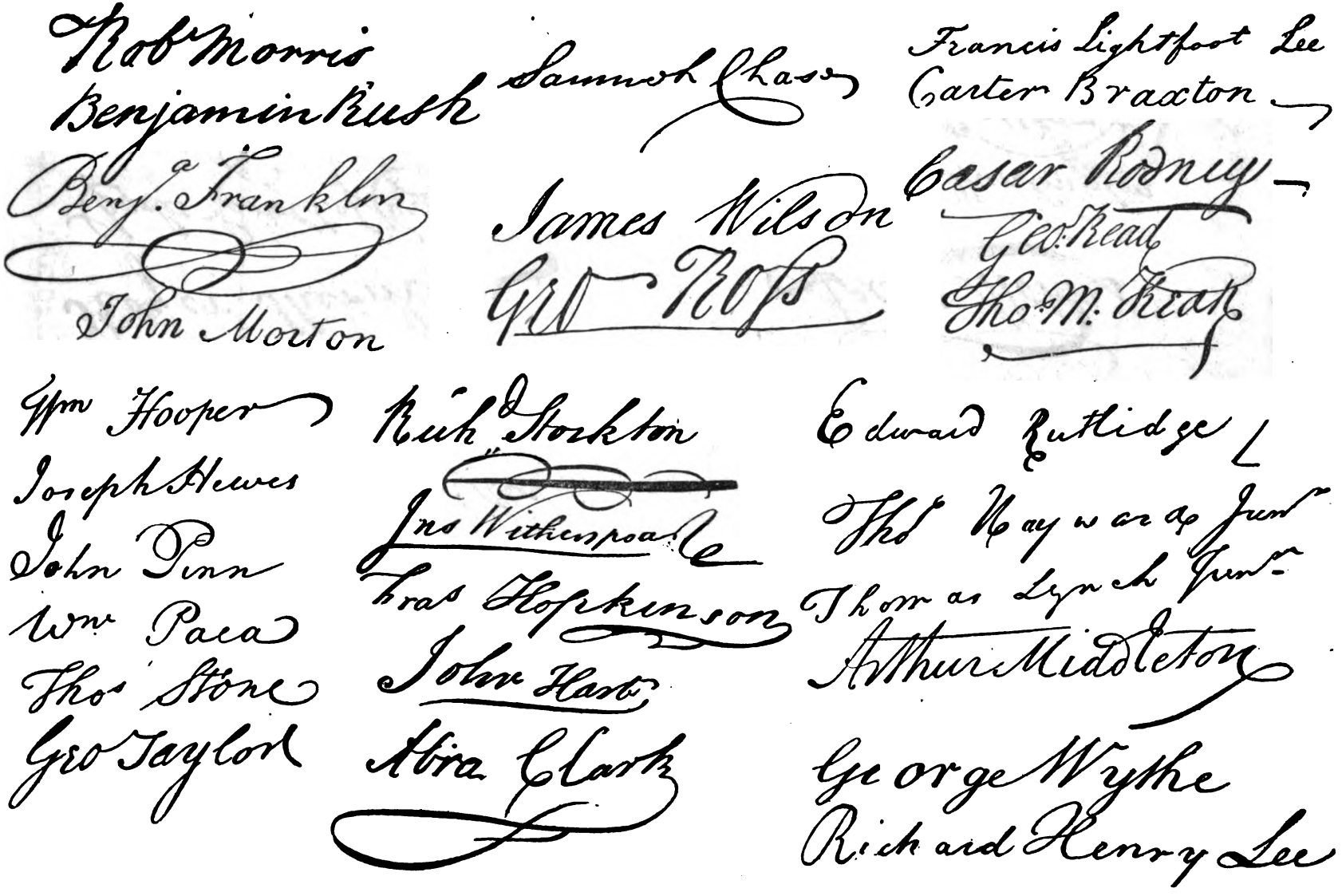
Lewis Morris

Sam. Huntington

Wm. Williams

Oliver Wolcott

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SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED, JULY 4, 1776,

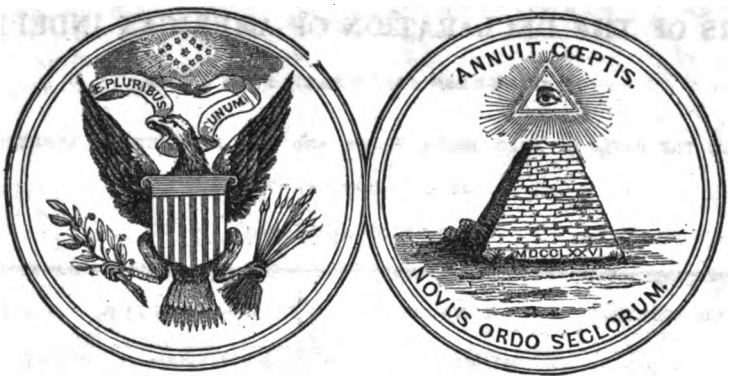
WITH THE DATES OF THEIR BIRTH, DEATH, AND AGES RESPECTIVELY ANNEXED, ETC.,

IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

By W. C. Armstrong.

NAMES OF THE SIGNERS.	BORN AT		DELEGATED FROM	DIED ON THE	
Adams, John	Braintree, Mass.	19 Oct. 1735	Massachusetts,	4th July, 1826,	in his 91st year
Adams, Samuel	Boston, "	27 Sep. 1722	Massachusetts,	2d Oct. 1803,	82d
Bartlett, Josiah	Amesbury, "	in Nov. 1729	New Hampshire,	19th May, 1795,	66th
Braxton, Carter	Newington, Va.	10 Sep. 1736	Virginia,	10th Oct. 1797,	62d
Carroll, Charles, of Carrollton	Annapolis, Md.	20 Sep. 1737	Maryland,	14th Nov 1832,	96th
Chase, Samuel	Somerset co. Md.	17 Apr. 1741	Maryland,	19th June, 1811,	71st
Clark, Abraham	Elizabethtown, N. J.	15 Feb. 1726	New Jersey	—— Sept. 1794,	69th
Clymer, George	Philadelphia, Penn.	in 1739	Pennsylvania,	23d Jan. 1813,	74th
Ellery, William	Newport, R. I.	22 Dec. 1727	R. I. & Prov. Pl.	15th Feb. 1820,	93d
Floyd, William	Suffolk co. N. Y.	17 Dec. 1734	New York,	4th Aug. 1821,	87th
Franklin, Benjamin	Boston, Mass.	17 Jan. 1706	Pennsylvania,	17th April, 1790,	84th
Gerry, Elbridge	Marblehead, Mass.	17 July 1744	Massachusetts.	23d Nov. 1814,	70th
Gwinnett, Button	England, Europe,	in 1732	Georgia,	27th May, 1777,	45th
Hall, Lyman	——, Conn.	in 1731	Georgia,	—— Feb. 1790,	60th
Hancock, John	Braintree, Mass.	in 1737	Massachusetts	8th Oct. 1793,	55th
Harrison, Benjamin	Berkely, Virginia	——	Virginia,	in April, 1791,	——
Hart, John	Hopewell, N. J.	about 1715	New Jersey,	— ——, 1780,	66th
Heyward, Thomas, jr.	St. Luke's, S. C.	in 1746	South Carolina,	in Mar. 1809,	63d
Hewes, Joseph	Kingston, N. J.	in 1730	North Carolina,	10th Nov. 1779,	50th
Hooper, William	Boston, Mass.	17 June 1742	North Carolina,	in Oct. 1790,	48th
Hopkins, Stephen	Scituate, Mass.	7 Mar. 1707	R. I. & Prov. Pl.	13th July, 1785,	78th
Hopkinson, Francis	Philadelphia, Penn.	in 1737	New Jersey,	9th May, 1790,	53d
Huntington, Samuel	Windham, Conn.	3 July 1732	Connecticut,	5th Jan. 1796,	64th
Jefferson, Thomas	Shadwell, Virginia,	13 Apr. 1743	Virginia,	4th July, 1826,	84th
Lee, Francis Lightfoot	Stratford, "	14 Oct. 1734	Virginia,	—— April, 1797,	63d
Lee, Richard Henry	Stratford, "	20 Jan. 1732	Virginia,	19th June, 1794,	64th
Lewis, Francis	Landaff, Wales	in Mar. 1713	New York,	30th Dec. 1803,	90th
Livingston, Philip	Albany, N. Y.	15 Jan. 1716	New York,	12th June, 1778,	63d
Lynch, Thomas, jr.	St. George's, S. C.	5 Aug. 1749	South Carolina,	lost at sea, 1779,	28th
McKean, Thomas	Chester co., Penn.	19 Mar. 1734	Delaware,	24th June, 1817,	84th
Middleton, Arthur	Middleton Place, S. C.	in 1743	South Carolina,	1st Jan. 1787,	45th
Morris, Lewis	Morrisania, N. Y.	in 1726	New York,	22d Jan. 1798,	72d
Morris, Robert	Lancashire, England,	Jan. 1733-4	Pennsylvania,	8th May, 1806,	73d
Morton, John	Ridley, Penn.	in 1724	Pennsylvania,	in April, 1777,	54th
Nelson, Thomas, jr.	York, Virginia,	26 Dec. 1738	Virginia,	4th Jan. 1789,	51st
Paca, William	Wye-Hill, Md.	31 Oct. 1740	Maryland,	in 1799,	60th
Paine, Robert Treat	Boston, Mass.	in 1731	Massachusetts,	11th May, 1804,	83d
Penn, John (son of Moses)	Caroline co., Va.	17 May, 1741	North Carolina,	26th Oct. 1809,	63d
Read, George	Cecil county, Md.	in 1734	Delaware,	in 1798,	64th
Rodney, Cæsar	Dover, Delaware,	in 1730	Delaware,	in 1783,	53d
Ross, George	New Castle, Delaware,	in 1730	Pennsylvania,	in July, 1779,	49th
Rush, Benjamin, M. D.	Byberry, Penn.	24 Dec. 1745	Pennsylvania,	19th April, 1813,	68th
Rutledge, Edward	Charleston, S. C.	in Nov. 1749	South Carolina,	23d Jan. 1800,	51st
Sherman, Roger	Newton, Mass.	19 Apr. 1721	Connecticut,	23d July, 1793,	73d
Smith, James	——, Ireland,	——	Pennsylvania,	11th July, 1806,	——
Stockton, Richard	Princeton, N. J.	1 Oct. 1730	New Jersey,	28th Feb. 1781,	51st
Stone, Thomas	Charles co., Md.	in 1742	Maryland,	5th Oct. 1787,	43d
Taylor, George	——, Ireland,	in 1716	Pennsylvania,	23d Feb. 1781,	65th
Thornton, Matthew	——, do.	in 1714	New Hampshire,	24th June, 1803,	89th
Walton, George	Frederick co. Va.	in 1740	Georgia,	2d Feb. 1804,	64th
Whipple, William	Kittery, Maine,	in 1730	New Hampshire,	28th Nov. 1785,	55th
Williams, William	Lebanon, Conn.	8 Apr. 1731	Connecticut,	2d Aug. 1811,	81st
Wilson, James	Scotland,	About 1742	Pennsylvania,	28th Aug. 1798,	56th
Witherspoon, John	Yester, Scotland	5 Feb. 1722	New Jersey,	15th Nov. 1794,	73d
Wolcott, Oliver	Windsor, Conn.	26 Nov. 1726	Connecticut,	1st Dec. 1797,	72th
Wythe, George	Elizabeth City co., Va.	1726	Virginia,	8th June, 1806,	81st

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GREAT SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE above engraving represents the two sides of the great seal of the United States, adopted by Congress. The following is its heraldic definition.

"ARMS.—Paleways of thirteen pieces, argent and gules, a chief azure; the escutcheon on the breast of the American bald eagle displayed proper, holding in his dexter talon an olive branch, and in his sinister, a bundle of thirteen arrows, all proper; and in his beak a scroll inscribed with this motto, 'E pluribus unum.'

"FOR THE CREST.—Over the head of the eagle, which appears above the escutcheon, a glory, or breaking through a cloud proper, and surrounding thirteen stars forming a constellation, argent, on an azure field.

"REVERSE,—A pyramid unfinished.

"In the zenith an eye in the triangle surrounded with a glory, proper. Over the eye these words, 'Annuit Cœptis.'

"On the base of the pyramid, the numerical letters, MDCCLXXVI, and underneath the following motto. 'Novus ordo seclorum.'

"REMARKS AND EXPLANATIONS OF THE DEVICE.—The escutcheon is composed of the chief and pale, the two most honorable ordinaries. The thirteen pieces paly represent the several states in the union, all joined in solid compact, entire, supporting a chief which unites the whole, and represents Congress. The motto alludes to this union.

"The pales in the arms are kept closely united by the chief, and the chief depends on that union and the strength resulting from it, for its support, to denote the confederacy of the United States, and the preservation of the Union through Congress.

"The colors of the pales are those used in the flag of the United States of America. White signifies purity and innocence, red hardiness and valor, and blue, the color of the chief, signifies vigilance, perseverance, and justice. The olive branch and arrows denote the power of peace and war, which is exclusively vested in Congress.

"The crest or constellation denotes a new state taking its place or rank among other sovereign powers.

"The escutcheon borne on the breast of an American eagle, without any other supporters, to denote that the United States of America ought to rely on their own virtue.

"The pyramid on the reverse signifies strength and duration.

"The eye over it, and the motto ('annuit cœptis,' 'he prospers our endeavors,') alludes to the many signal interpositions of Providence in favor of the American cause.

"The date underneath is that of the Declaration of Independence, and the words under it signify the beginning of the New American Æra, which commences from that date.'

THE FATHER OF NANTUCKET.

WE have been favoured with a copy of manuscript history, of no doubtful authority, which states that Thomas Macy was the first white person that settled on the island of Nantucket, and which contains some amusing incidents in relation to his history. It the year 1665, King Philip, the sachem of Mount Hope, went to Nantucket with his retinue in pursuit of one of his tribe who was guilty of the enormous crime of sacrilege, inasmuch as he had taken the name of a deceased sachem in vain. The name of the criminal was Asassam, (John Gibbs,) and the impious act which he had committed had aroused the indignation of his whole tribe. Philip and his suite landed from their canoes, on the west end of the island, and travelled to the settlement on the east end, where the criminal had taken refuge. On his arrival there, the criminal fled to good old Thomas, (whom both whites and Indians loved and respected,) implored his protection, and was conceal ed. Philip demanded him, and became so warlike that an assembly of the white inhabitants took place, when a treaty was entered into by the parties, one condition of which was, that Philip should have all the money on the island, if he would reprieve the criminal. A collection took place, *nineteen shillings* were raised for Philip, and he returned to Mount Hope satisfied. Mr. Macy was equally happy in his whole system of government, and was highly esteemed from the fact that he was the first white inhabitant of the island. New Bedford Gazette.

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PHENICIAN RELICK.—The Society of Antiquaries, in London, possess a cylindrical vessel of granite, decorated with a peculiar Grecian ornament on a hoop-like circle, which surrounds the exteriour. It was brought, many years ago, from the Moscheto shore of Central America, and is considered an additional proof that the shores of the western continent were peopled by the ancient Phenicians.

BIOGRAPHY.

SAMUEL ADAMS.—Born, 1722—Died, 1803.

SAMUEL ADAMS, whose name is truly dear to all Americans, was born at Boston, September 22, 1722. His ancestors were among the early settlers; his father was for many years, a representative in the Massachusetts house of assembly. In 1740, Mr. Adams was graduated at Harvard, where he proposed the following question for discussion: "Whether it be lawful to resist the supreme magistracy, if the commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved?" He maintained the affirmative. He thus exhibited, at this early period, that inflexible love of liberty, which was afterward so important to his country. After leaving college, he embarked in mercantile life, but was unfortunate. He now entered into publick life, where he was uniformly distinguished for his opposition to every encroachment on the liberties of the people; and to him also, is ascribed the credit of originating the American Congress. In 1767, Mr. Adams suggested a non-importation agreement between the merchants, which was agreed to, and signed by all of them in the province. On the evening of the 5th of March, 1770, an affray took place between the military quartered at Boston, and some citizens, which resulted in a loss of lives on both sides. On the following morning, a publick meeting was called, and Samuel Adams addressed the Assembly with that impressive eloquence which was so peculiar to himself. The people, on this occasion, chose a committee to wait upon the lieutenant-governour, to require that the troops be immediately withdrawn from the town. The mission, however, proved unsuccessful, and another resolution was immediately adopted, that a new committee be chosen to wait a second time upon Governour Hutchinson, for the purpose of conveying the sense of the meeting in a more peremptory manner. Mr. Adams acted as chairman. They waited on the lieutenant-governour, and communicated this last vote of the town; and, in a speech of some length, Mr. Adams stated the danger of keeping the troops longer in the capital, fully proving the illegality of the act itself; and enumerating the fatal consequences that would ensue, if he refused an immediate compliance with the vote. Lieutenant-Governour Hutchinson, with his usual prevarication, replied, and roundly asserted, that there was no illegality in the measure; and repeated, that the troops were not subject to his authority, but that he would direct the removal of the twenty-ninth regiment. Mr. Adams again rose. The magnitude of the subject, and the manner in which it was treated by Lieutenant-Governour Hutchinson, had now roused the imperious feelings of his patriotick soul. With indignation strongly expressed in his countenance, and in a firm, resolute, and commanding manner, he replied, that "it was well known, that, acting as governour of the province, he was by its charter, the commander-in-chief of his majesty's military and naval forces, and as such, the troops were subject to his orders; and if he had the power to remove one regiment, he had the power to remove both; and nothing short of this would satisfy the people, and it was at his peril, if the vote of the town was not immediately complied with; and if it be longer delayed, he, alone, must be answerable for the fatal consequences that would ensue." This produced a momentary silence. It was now dark, and the people were waiting in anxious suspense for the report of their committee. A conference in whispers followed between Lieutenant-Governour Hutchinson and Colonel Dalrymple. The former, finding himself so closely pressed, and the fallacy and absurdity of his arguments thus glaringly exposed, yielded up his positions, and gave his consent to the removal of both regiments; and Colonel Dalrymple pledged his word of honour, that he would begin his preparations in the morning, and that there should be no unnecessary delay, until the whole of both regiments were removed to the castle.

At a very early period of the controversy between the mother-country and the colonies, Mr. Adams was impressed with the importance of establishing committees of correspondence. In 1766, he made some suggestions on this subject in a letter to a friend in South Carolina; but it was found to be either impracticable or inexpedient before the year 1772, when it was first adopted by Massachusetts, on a motion of Mr. Adams at a publick town-meeting in Boston. This plan was followed by all the provinces. Mr. Adams's private letters may have advanced this important work. In a letter to Richard Henry Lee, Esq., of Virginia, which, unfortunately, is without a date, is the following remark: "I would propose it for your consideration, whether the establishment of committees of correspondence, among the several towns in every colony, would not tend to promote the general union upon which the security of the whole depends." It will be remembered that the resolutions for the establishment of this institution in Virginia, were passed March 12, 1773, which was more than four months subsequently to the time it had been formed in Boston.

Every method had been tried to induce Mr. Adams to abandon the cause of his country, which he had supported with so much zeal, courage and ability. Threats and caresses had proved equally unavailing Prior to this time, there is no certain proof that any direct attempt was made upon his virtue and integrity, although a report had been publickly and freely circulated, that it had been unsuccessfully tried by Governour Bernard. Hutchinson knew him too well to make the attempt. But Governour Gage was empowered to try the experiment. He sent him a confidential and verbal message by Colonel Fenton, who waited upon Mr. Adams, and after the customary salutations, he stated the object of his visit. He said, that an adjustment of the disputes which existed between England and the colonies, and a reconciliation, was very desirable, as well as important to the interest of both. That he was authorized from Governour Gage to assure him, that he had been empowered to confer upon him such benefits as would

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Samuel Adams.

be satisfactory, upon the condition, that he would engage to cease in his opposition to the measures of government. He also observed, that it was the advice of Governour Gage to him, not to incur the further displeasure of his majesty; that his conduct had been such as made him liable to the penalties of an act of Henry VIII., by which, persons could be sent to England for trial of treason, or misprision of treason, at the discretion of a governour of a province; but by changing his political course, he would not only receive great personal advantages, but would thereby make his peace with the king. Mr. Adams listened with apparent interest to this recital. He asked Colonel Fenton, if he would truly deliver his reply as it should be given. After some hesitation he assented. Mr. Adams required his word of honour, which he pledged.

Then rising from his chair, and assuming a determined manner, he replied: "I trust I have long since made MY PEACE WITH THE KING OF KINGS. No personal consideration shall induce me to abandon the righteous cause of my country. Tell Governour Gage, IT IS THE ADVICE OF SAMUEL ADAMS TO HIM, no longer to insult the feelings of an exasperated people."

With a full sense of his own perilous situation, marked out as an object of ministerial vengeance, labouring under severe pecuniary embarrassment, but fearless of personal consequences, he steadily pursued the great object of his soul, the liberty of the people.

The time required bold and inflexible measures Common distress required common counsel. The aspect was appalling to some of the most decided patriots of the day. The severity of punishment which was inflicted on the people of Boston, by the power of England, produced a melancholy sadness on the friends of American freedom. The Massachusetts house of assembly was then in session at Salem. A committee of that body was chosen to consider and report on the state of the province. Mr Adams, it is said, observed, that some of the committee were for mild measures which he judged nowise suited to the present emergency. He conferred with Mr. Warren of Plymouth, upon the necessity of spirited measures, and then said: "Do you keep the committee in play, and I will go and make a caucus by the time the evening arrives, and do you meet me." Mr. Adams secured a meeting of about five principal members of the house, at the time specified, and repeated his endeavours for the second and third nights, when the number amounted to more than thirty. The friends of the administration knew nothing of the matter. The popular leaders took the sense of the members in a private way and found that they would be able to carry their scheme by a sufficient majority. They had their whole plan completed, prepared their resolutions and then determined to bring the business forward: but before they commenced, the doorkeeper was ordered to let no person in, nor suffer any one to

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depart. The subjects for discussion, were then introduced by Mr. Adams, with his usual eloquence on such great occasions. He was chairman of the committee, and reported the resolutions, for the appointment of delegates to a general congress to be convened at Philadelphia, to consult on the general safety of America. This report was received with surprise and astonishment by the administration party. Such was the apprehension of some, that they were apparently desirous to desert the question. The doorkeeper seemed uneasy at his charge, and wavering with regard to the performance of the duty assigned to him. At this critical juncture, Mr. Adams relieved him, by taking the key and keeping it himself. The resolutions were passed, five delegates, consisting of Samuel Adams, Thomas Cushing, Robert Treat Paine, John Adams, and James Bowdoin, were appointed, the expense was estimated, and funds were voted for the payment. Before the business was finally closed, a member made a plea of indisposition, and was allowed to leave the house. This person went directly to the governour, and informed him of their high-handed proceedings. The governour immediately sent his secretary to dissolve the assembly, who found the door locked. He demanded entrance, but was answered, that his desire could not be complied with, until some important business, then before the house, was concluded. Finding every method to gain admission ineffectual, he read the order on the stairs for an immediate dissolution of the assembly. The order, however, was disregarded by the house. They continued their deliberations, passed all their intended measures, and then obeyed the mandate for dissolution.

After many unavailing efforts, both by threats and promises, to allure this inflexible patriot from his devotion to the sacred cause of independence, governour Gage, at length, on the 12th of June, 1775, issued that memorable proclamation, of which the following is an extract: "In this exigency of complicated calamities, I avail myself of the last effort within the bounds of my duty, to spare the further effusion of blood, to offer, and I do hereby in his majesty's name, offer and promise his most gracious pardon to all persons, who shall forthwith lay down their arms, and return to the duties of peaceable subjects, excepting only from the benefit of such pardon, *Samuel Adams, and John Hancock*, whose offences are of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration than that of condign punishment." This was a diploma, conferring greater honours on the individuals, than any other which was within the power of his Britannick majesty to bestow.

During the revolution, Mr. Adams was constantly labouring in behalf of his country, and always exerting the energies of his mighty mind, fearless of the consequences, to which his devotedness in the cause of liberty might expose him. In 1777, many of the warmest friends of America, began to despair. It was at this critical juncture, after Congress had resolved to adjourn from Philadelphia to Lancaster, that some of the leading members accidentally met in company with each other. A conversation in mutual confidence ensued. Mr. Adams, who was one of the number, was cheerful and undismayed at the aspect of affairs, while the countenances of his friends were strongly marked with the desponding feelings of their hearts. The conversation naturally turned upon the subject which most engaged their feelings. Each took occasion to express his opinions on the situation of the publick cause, and all were gloomy and sad. Mr. Adams listened in silence, till they had finished. He then said: "Gentlemen, your spirits appear to be heavily oppressed with our publick calamities I hope you do not despair of our final success?" It was answered, that "the chance was desperate." Mr. Adams replied: "If this be our language, it is so, indeed. If we wear long faces, they will become fashionable. The people take their tone from ours, and if we despair, can it be expected that they will continue their efforts in what we conceive to be a hopeless cause? Let us banish such feelings, and show a spirit that will keep alive the confidence of the people, rather than damp their courage. Better tidings will soon arrive. Our cause is just and righteous, and we shall never be abandoned by Heaven, while we show ourselves worthy of its aid and protection."

At this time, there were but twenty-eight of the members of Congress present at Philadelphia. Mr. Adams said, that "this was the smallest, but the truest Congress they ever had."

But a few days had elapsed, when the news arrived, of the glorious success at Saratoga, which gave a new complexion to our affairs, and confidence to our hopes.

Soon after this, Lord Howe, the earl of Carlisle, and Mr. Eden, arrived as commissioners to treat for peace, under Lord North's conciliatory proposition. Mr. Adams was one of the committee chosen by Congress, to draught an answer to their letter. In this, it is stated, that "Congress will readily attend to such terms of peace, as may consist with the honour of an independent nation."

In 1779, Samuel Adams was placed by the state convention, on a committee, to prepare and report a form of government for Massachusetts. By this committee, he and John Adams were appointed a sub-committee to furnish a draught of the constitution. The draught produced by them was reported to the convention, and, after some amendments, accepted. The address of the convention to the people was jointly written by them.

In 1781, he was elected a member of the senate of Massachusetts, and was shortly afterward elevated to the presidency of that body.

In 1789, he was elected lieutenant-governour of the state of Massachusetts, and continued to fill that office till 1794, when he was chosen governour of that state. He was annually re-elected till 1797, when, oppressed with years and bodily infirmities, he declined being again a candidate, and retired to private life.

After many years of incessant exertion, employed in the establishment of the independence of America, he died on the 3d October, 1803, in the eighty-second year of his age, in indigent circumstances.

The person of Samuel Adams was of the middle size. His countenance was a true index of his mind, and possessed those lofty and elevated characteristicks, which are always found to accompany true greatness.

He was a steady professor of the Christian re

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ligion, and uniformly attended publick worship. His family devotions were regularly performed, and his morality was never impeached.

In his manners and deportment, he was sincere and unaffected; in conversation, pleasing and instructive; and in his friendships, steadfast and affectionate.

His revolutionary labours were not surpassed by those of any individual. From the commencement of the dispute with Great Britain, he was incessantly employed in publick service; opposing at one time, the doctrine of the supremacy of "parliament in all cases," taking the lead in questions of controverted policy with the royal governours, writing state papers from 1765, to 1774;—in planning and organizing clubs and committees, haranguing in town-meetings, or filling the columns of publick prints with essays adapted to the spirit and temper of the times. In addition to these occupations, he maintained an extensive and laborious correspondence with the friends of American freedom in Great Britain and in the provinces.

No man was more intrepid and dauntless, when encompassed by dangers, or more calm and unmoved amid publick disasters, and adverse fortune. His bold and daring conduct and language subjected him to great personal hazards. Had any fatal event occurred to our country, by which she had fallen in her struggle for liberty, Samuel Adams would have been the first victim of ministerial vengeance. His blood would have been first shed as a sacrifice on the altar of tyranny, for the noble magnanimity and independence, with which he defended the cause of freedom. But such was his firmness, that he probably would have met death with as much composure, as he regarded it with unconcern.

His writings were numerous, and much distinguished for their eloquence and fervour: but unfortunately, the greater part of them have been lost, or so distributed as to render their collection impossible.

He was the author of a letter to the earl of Hillsborough;—of many political essays directed against the administration of Governour Shirley;—of a letter in answer to Thomas Paine, in defence of Christianity, and of an oration published in the year 1776.

Four letters of his correspondence on government are extant, and were published in a pamphlet form in 1800.

The venerable John Adams relates, that on one occasion, he went into Samuel Adams's room, and found him alone, and busily engaged in destroying manuscript documents. He inquired why he did it; and the reply was, that "no papers should be found in his possession, that might endanger the persons of others."

Mr. Adams's eloquence was of a peculiar character. His language was pure, concise, and impressive. He was more logical than figurative. His arguments were addressed rather to the understanding, than to the feelings; yet he always engaged the deepest attention of his audience. On ordinary occasions, there was nothing remarkable in his speeches; but on great questions, when his own feelings were interested, he would combine every thing great in oratory. In the language of an elegant writer, the great qualities of his mind were fully displayed, in proportion as the field for their exertion was extended; and the energy of his language was not inferiour to the depth of his mind. It was an eloquence admirably adapted to the age in which he flourished, and exactly calculated to attain the object of his pursuit. It may well be described in the language of the poet, "thoughts which breathe, and words which burn." An eloquence, not consisting of theatrical gesture, or the pomp of words; but that which was a true picture of a heart glowing with the sublime enthusiasm and ardour of patriotism; an eloquence, to which his fellow citizens listened with applause and rapture; and little inferiour to the best models of antiquity, for simplicity, majesty, and persuasion.

Delaplaine.

FAIRIES.

Almost all nations have, in ignorant times, possessed a strong belief in the supernatural, which has been continued to the present day, among the unenlightened. Wild and terrifick scenes were peopled by the imagination with fierce and fearful beings, while flowery dells, sequestered glades, green and smiling forests, and pleasant water-falls, were selected as the haunts of a gentler, and more graceful race of beings, than belongs to humanity.

Pastoral nations delighted to picture forms of miniature elegance, whose habitations were delicate and fragrant flowers. The fairy queen Titania hung like a bee or butterfly, within a hairbell, or led the gay dance by moonlight, over roses, without bending the most fragile floweret leaf beneath her footstep. The beings called fairies were at first termed elves, the word *elf* originating with the Saxons, who, from remote antiquity, believed in them.

The Laplanders, Icelanders, and inhabitants of Finland, believed in the existence of fairies. Many affirmed that they had had intercourse with them, and had been invited to their subterranean retreats, where they were hospitably entertained. The little men and women handed round wine and tobacco, with which the mortal visiters were supplied in abundance, and afterwards sent them on their way, with good advice, and an honourable escort. Up to this time, these people boast of mingling in the magical ceremonies and dances of the fairies.

The word fairy is thought by most writers, to be derived from the Persian, and the character of the English fairies and the Persian *Peris* is similar. The Peris of the Orientals, are represented as females of exquisite beauty, and great gentleness, who are not permitted to reside in Heaven. They are not however of earth. They live in the colours of the rainbow, among the gorgeously-tinted clouds, and are nourished by the fragrance of sweet flowers.

The Dives of the Persians were spirits of the male sex, with habits and dispositions, directly contrary to those of the Peris. They were malevolent, cruel, and fierce, and described as hideous in their appearance. Huge spiral horns sprang from their heads, their eyes were large and staring, their claws sharp and their fangs terrifick. Covered with shaggy hair, and having long rough tails, it seemed as if they possessed every deformity. The Dives warred with mankind, and pursued the Peris with unrelenting hatred. Their lives, however, were limited, and they were not incapable of feeling personal violence.

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NATURE.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, ESQ.

"NATURE
That formed this world so beautiful, that spread
Earth's lap with plenty, and life's smallest chord
Strung to unchanging unison, that gave
The happy birds their dwelling in the grove,
That yielded to the wanderers of the deep
The lonely silence of the unfathomed main,
And filled the meanest worm that crawls in dust
With spirit, thought, and love."—P. B. SHELLEY.

Heaven's earliest born and still unsullied child,
Whose smile is morning and whose frown is night,
Around whose brow earth's earliest roses smiled—
Thine was the glow of beauty—*thine* the light
That beamed o'er paradise, when woman there,
Fresh from her maker's hand—a faultless thing—
With dove-like eyes, and shadowy golden hair,
From grovelling beast, or bird on tireless wing,
Won homage as she passed! *Thine* too the glow
That flush'd her cheek, or beamed from her white brow.

Beauty is thine in all her changing dyes—
Color, and light, and shade, and sound, and song,
Morn's purple hues, and evening's golden skies—
The whispering summer breeze—the whirlwind strong:
Night with her starry train, a shining band,—
Each wandering meteor of yon trackless deep—
Italia's greenest spot—Zahara's burning sand—
The thunder's roll—the lightning's living leap—
The lark's light note—the murmur of the bee—
All speak of heaven, of order and of thee.

The seasons are thy handmaids, and the flowers
Fair emblems of thy beauty,—bending grain
Made golden by the sun-shine's magic power,—
The howling tempest—and the gentle rain
Of summer's softer mood,—blossom and fruit—
The bending willow and the creeping vine—
The rattling hail-storm, and the snow-flake mute—
The time-worn oak, the cedar and the pine—
Niagara's roaring fall—the noiseless rill—
Were nature's at the dawn—are nature's still.

Mighty or gentle as may suit thy mood—
The whirlwind and the earthquake tell thy power—
Thy hand scoop'd out old ocean—Ætna pil'd;
Bent the first rainbow—painted the first flower;
The loveliest is thy face in spring's glad hour—
The meadows green, the waters leaping free—
The earth yet wet with morning's dewy shower—
The sunlight beaming o'er the distant sea—
When new-born winds their freshness first disclose,
And wanton with the violet and the rose.

Thy temples are upon the lofty steeps
Of Andes and the Apennines—and where
The coral insect toils beneath the deep,
Or the lone Arab pours his soul in prayer.
The meanest intellect—the mightiest mind—
Master and slave alike admit thy power—
Monarch and nation—hero, prince and hind,
Must yield at nature's tributary hour—
Before thee forests tremble, mountains nod;
How feeble art to thee—"a worm, a god!"

Oh, nature! is it strange the forest child,
The tawny tenant of the boundless west—
With none to lead his mind beyond the wild,
Or point his thoughts to regions of the blest—
Should deem thy glories god-like, and fall down
A savage worshipper? Should see in thee
The spirit of a leaping cataract—
The power of life, and death, and destiny—
Should, as the lightning flashes through the sky,
Believe it fire from some immortal eye?

No—rather marvel that the letter'd fool—
The worm whom heaven has giv'n the power of thought
Seeing thy glories, and the magic rule
That governs all thy works—should set at naught
The lessons that they teach—should mock the power
That call'd from chaos all that mingles here—
The loftiest mountain and the lowliest flower—
Earth, air and ocean—each celestial sphere—
Should look from sea to sky—from dust to man—
And see no God in all the wondrous plan!

JOHN ADAMS.—GEORGE III.

THE account that Mr. ADAMS gave, in a letter to a friend, of his introduction to GEORGE III, at the Court of St. James, as the first minister from the *rebel colonies*, is very interesting.

"At one o'clock on Wednesday, the 1st of June, 1785, the Master of Ceremonies called at my house, and went with me to the Secretary of State's office, in Cleveland Row, where the Marquis of Caermarthen received and introduced me to Mr. Frazier, his under Secretary, who had been, as his lordship said, uninterruptedly in that office through all the changes in administration for thirty years. After a short conversation, Lord Caermarthen invited me to go with him in his coach to Court. When we arrived in the antechamber the Master of Ceremonies introduced him, and attended me while the Secretary of State went to take the commands of the King. While I stood in this place, where it seems all Ministers stand upon such occasions, always attended by the Master of Ceremonies, the room was very full of Ministers of State, Bishops, and all other sorts of courtiers, as well as the next room, which is the King's bedchamber. You may well suppose I was the focus of all eyes. I was relieved, however, from the embarrassment of it by the Swedish and Dutch Ministers, who came to me and entertained me with a very agreeable conversation during the whole time. Some other gentlemen, whom I had seen before, came to make their compliments to me, until the Marquis of Caermarthen returned and desired me to go with him to his Majesty. I went with his lordship through the levee room into the King's closet. The door was shut, and I was left with his Majesty and the Secretary of State alone. I made the three reverences: one at the door, another about half way, and another before the presence, according to the usage established at this and all the Northern Courts of Europe, and then I addressed myself to his Majesty in the following words:

"SIRE: The United States have appointed me Minister Plenipotentiary to your Majesty, and have directed me to deliver to your Majesty this letter, which contains the evidence of it. It is in obedience to their express commands, that I have the honor to assure your Majesty of their unanimous disposition and desire to cultivate the most friendly and liberal intercourse between your Majesty's subjects and their citizens, and of their best wishes for your Majesty's health and happiness, and for that of your family.

"The appointment of a Minister from the United States to your Majesty's Court will form an epoch in the history of England and America. I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow-citizens, in having the distinguished honor to be the first to stand in your Majesty's royal presence in a diplomatic

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character; and I shall esteem myself the happiest of men, if I can be instrumental in recommending my country more and more to your Majesty's royal benevolence, and of restoring an entire esteem, confidence, and affection; or, in better words, 'the old good nature and the good old humor,' between people who, though separated by an ocean, and under different governments, have the same language, a similar religion, a kindred blood. I beg your Majesty's permission to add, that although I have sometimes before been instructed by my country, it was never in my whole life in a manner so agreeable to myself.

"The King listened to every word I said with dignity, it is true, but with apparent emotion. Whether it was my visible agitation, for I felt more than I could express, that touched him, I cannot say; but he was much affected, and answered me with more tremor than I had spoken with, and said:

"'Sir, the circumstances of this audience are so extraordinary, the language you have now held is so extremely proper, and the feelings you have discovered so justly adapted to the occasion, that I not only receive with pleasure the assurance of the friendly disposition of the United States, but I am glad the choice has fallen upon you to be their minister. I wish you, sir, to believe, that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do, by the duty which I owed my people. I will be frank with you. I was the last to conform to the separation; but the separation having become inevitable, I have always said, as I now say, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power. The moment I see such sentiments and language as yours prevail, and a disposition to give this country the preference, that moment I shall say, let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood, have their natural, full effect.'

"I dare not say that these were the King's precise words; and it is even possible that I may have, in some particulars, mistaken his meaning; for, although his pronunciation is as distinct as I ever heard, he hesitated sometimes between the members of the same period. He was, indeed, much affected, and I was not less so; and therefore I cannot be certain that I was so attentive, heard so clearly, and understood so perfectly, as to be confident of all his words or sense. This I do say, that the foregoing is his Majesty's meaning, as I then understood it, and his own words, as nearly as I can recollect them.

"The King then asked me whether I came last from France, and, upon my answering in the affirmative, he put on an air of familiarity, and, smiling, or rather laughing, said, 'There is an opinion among some people that you are not the most attached of all your countrymen to the manners of France.' I was surprised at this, because I thought it an indiscretion, and a descent from his dignity. I was a little embarrassed; but, determined not to deny truth on the one hand, nor lead him to infer from it any attachment to England on the other, I threw off as much gravity as I could, and assumed an air of gaiety and a tone of decision, as far as was decent, and said, 'That opinion, sir, is not mistaken; I must avow to your Majesty, I have no attachment but to my own country.' The King replied as quick as lightning, 'An honest man will have no other.'

"The king then said a word or two to the Secretary of State, which, being between them, I did not hear, and then turned round and bowed to me, as is customary with all kings and princes when they give the signal to retire. I retreated, stepping backwards, as is the etiquette, and making my last reverence at the door of the chamber."—*Hayward's N. E Gazeteer.*

INTERESTING FACTS.

The first decked vessel ever built within the limits of the old United States, was constructed on the banks of the Hudson, by Adrian Block, in the summer of 1614. She was called a yacht, and her first voyage was made through Hurl Gate into the Sound, and as far east as Cape Cod, by the Vineyard passage. It was in this voyage that Block Island was first discovered Within the first forty-six years after the settlement of Massachusetts, there were built in Boston and its vicinity 730 vessels, varying from six to 230 tuns in burden. One of these, the Blessing of the Bay, a bark of fifty tuns, was built in 1631.

The celebrated English patriot and divine, Hugh Peters, caused a vessel of 300 tuns to be constructed at Salem in 1641. The first schooner ever launched is said to have been built at Cape Ann in 1714. In 1713, Connecticut had but 2 brigs, 20 sloops, and a few smaller craft, employing but 120 seamen; while Massachusetts, about the same time, had 462 vessels, the tunnage of which was 25,406, and employed 3,493 seamen. The first ensign ever shown by a regular American man-of-war, was hoisted on board the frigate Alfred, in the Delaware, by the hands of Paul Jones, in the latter part of December, 1775. What this ensign was is not precisely known, as the present national colors were not formally adopted until 1777.

The first regular American cruiser that went to sea was the Lexington, a little brig of 14 guns, commanded by Capt. John Barry, of Philadelphia. She sailed some time in the winter of 1775. The first American man-of-war that got to sea after the adoption of our present form of government, was the Ganges. She was originally an Indiaman, but was purchased by the government, and converted into a cruiser, having an armament of 24 guns. She sailed in May, 1798, under the command of Captain Richard Dale, who was first lieutenant of the Bon Homme Richard, when that ship captured the Serapis.

The Constellation was the first of the new built vessels that went to sea, under Captain Truxton. She sailed June, 1793, and was followed by the United States, and a little later, by the Constitution, both these latter sailing in July the same year. The first prize under our present naval organization was the French privateer La Croyable. She was a schooner of 14 guns, and was captured by the sloop-of-war Delaware, Capt. Decatur. The above historical facts we have gleaned from Mr. Cooper's excellent Naval History of the United States.

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PORTRAITS BY LORD BROUGHAM.

NAPOLEON—WASHINGTON.

After Lafayette had quitted the armies of the Republic, defaced by the crimes of 1792, and Carnot himself, long the director of their marvellous achievements, and standing by his country in spite of all the excesses by which she was disfigured, had at length been driven from her side by the evil men that swayed her destinies, victory, long so familiar to the French people, was for a season estranged from them, and the period of their conquests seemed at last to have arrived. A new and yet more triumphant course was then begun, under the genius of Napoleon Buonaparte, certainly the most extraordinary person who has appeared in modern times, and to whom, in some respects, no parallel can be found, if we search the whole annals of the human race. For though the conquests of Alexander were more extensive, and the matchless character of Cæsar was embellished by more various accomplishments, and the invaders of Mexico and Peru worked their purposes of subjugation with far more scanty means, yet the military genius of the Great Captain shines with a lustre peculiarly its own, or which he shares with Hannibal alone, when we reflect that he never had to contend, like those conquerors, with adversaries inferior to himself in civilization or discipline, but won all his triumphs over hosts as well ordered and regularly marshalled and amply provided as his own.

This celebrated man was sprung from a good family in Corsica, and while yet a boy fixed the attention and raised the hopes of all his connections. In his early youth his military genius shone forth; he soon gained the summit of his profession; he commanded at twenty-five a military operation of a complicated and difficult nature in Paris: being selected for superior command by the genius of Carnot, he rapidly led the French armies through a series of victories till then unexampled, and to which, even now, his own after achievements can alone afford any parallel, for the suddenness, the vehemence, and the completeness of the operations. That much of his success was derived from the mechanical adherence of his adversaries to the formal rules of ancient tactics cannot be doubted; and our Wellington's campaigns would, in the same circumstances, and had he been opposed to similar antagonists, in all likelihood have been as brilliant and decisive. But he always had to combat the soldiers bred in Napoleon's school; while Napoleon, for the most part, was matched against men whose inveterate propensity to follow the rules of an obsolete science, not even the example of Frederick had been able to subdue; and who were resolved upon being the second time the victims of the same obstinate blindness which had, in Frederick's days, made genius triumph over numbers by breaking through rules repugnant to common sense. It must, however, be confessed, that although this consideration accounts for the achievements of this great warrior, which had else been impossible, nothing is thus detracted from his praise, excepting that what he accomplished ceases to be miraculous: for it was his glory never to let an error pass unprofitably to himself; nor ever to give his adversary an advantage which he could not ravish from him, with ample interests, before it was turned to any fatal account.

Nor can it be denied that, when the fortune of war proved adverse, the resources of his mind were only drawn forth in the more ample profusion. After the battle of Asperne he displayed more skill, as well as constancy, than in all his previous campaigns; and the struggle which he made in France, during the dreadful conflict that preceded his downfall, is by many regarded as the masterpiece of his military life. Nor let us forget that the grand error of his whole career, the mighty expedition to Moscow, was a political error only. The vast preparations of that campaign—the combinations by which he collected and marshalled and moved this prodigious and various force like a single corps, or a domestic animal, or a lifeless instrument in his hand—displayed, in the highest degree, the great genius for arrangement and for action with which he was endowed; and his prodigious efforts to regain the ground which the disasters of that campaign rescued from his grasp, were only not successful, because no human power could in a month create an army of cavalry, nor a word of command give recruits the discipline of veterans. In the history of war, it is, assuredly, only Hannibal who can be compared with him; and certainly, when we reflect upon the yet greater difficulties of the Carthaginian's position—the much longer time during which he maintained the unequal contest—still more, when we consider that his enemies have alone recorded his story, while Napoleon has been his own annalist—justice seems to require that the modern should yield to the ancient commander.

The mighty operation which led to his downfall, and in which all the resources of his vast capacity as well as the recklessness of his boundless ambition were displayed, has long fixed, as well it might, the regards of mankind, and it has not been too anxiously contemplated. His course of victory had been for twelve years uninterrupted. The resources of France had been poured out without stint at his command. The destruction of her liberties had not relaxed the martial propensities of her people, nor thinned the multitudes that poured out their blood under his banners. The fervor of the revolutionary zeal had cooled, but the discipline which a vigorous despotism secures had succeeded, and the Conscription worked as great miracles as the Republic. The countless hosts which France thus poured forth, were led by this consummate warrior over all Italy, Spain, Germany; half the ancient thrones of Europe were subverted, the capitals of half her powers occupied in succession; and a monarchy was established which the existence of England and Russia alone prevented from being universal.

But the vaulting ambition of the great conqueror at last outshot itself. After his most arduous and perhaps most triumphant campaign, undertaken with a profusion of military resources unexampled in the annals of war, the ancient capital of the Russians was in his hands; yet from the refusal of the enemy to make peace, and the sterility of the vast surrounding country, the conquest

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was boundless to his purpose. He had collected the mightiest army that ever the world saw; from all parts of the Continent he had gathered his forces; every diversity of blood and complexion, and tongue, and weapon, shone along his line;—"Exercitus mixtus ex colluvoine omnium gentium, quibus non lex, non mos, non lingua communis; alius habitus, alia vestis, alia arma, alii ritus, alia sacra"—the resources of whole provinces moved through the kingdoms which his arms held in awe; the artillery of whole citadels traversed the fields; the cattle on a thousand hills were made the food of the myriads whom he poured into the plains of Eastern Europe, where blood flowed in rivers, and the earth was whitened with men's bones: but this gigantic enterprise, uniformly successful, was found to have no object, when it had no longer an enemy to overcome, and the victor in vain sued to the vanquished for peace. The conflagration of Moscow in one night began his discomfiture, which the frost of another night completed! Upon the pomp and circumstance of unnumbered warriors—their cavalry, their guns, their magazines, their equipage—descended slowly, flake by flake, the snow of a northern night.

The hopes of Napoleon were blighted; the retreat of his armament was cut off; and his doom sealed far more irreversibly than if the conqueror of a hundred fields had been overthrown in battle, and made captive with half his force. All his subsequent efforts to regain the power he had lost never succeeded in countervailing the effects of that Russian night. The fire of his genius burnt, if possible, brighter than ever; in two campaigns his efforts were more than human, his resources more miraculous than before, his valor more worthy of the prize he played for—but all was vain: his weapon was no longer in his hand; his army was gone; and his adversaries, no more quailing under the feeling of his superior nature, had discovered him to be vincible like themselves, and grew bold in their turn, as the Mexicans gathered courage, three centuries ago, from finding that the Spaniards were subject to the accidents of mortality.

Such was the great captain, and such was the fate on which the conqueror rushed.

It is quite certain that the mighty genius of Napoleon was of the highest order; he was one of the greatest masters of the art of war; he is to be ranked among the generals of the highest class, if indeed there be any but Hannibal can be placed on a level with him. To all the qualities, both in the council and in the field, which combine to form an accomplished commander, he added, what but few indeed had ever shown, an original genius: he was so great an improver on the inventions of others, that he might well lay claim to the honors of discovery. The tactics of Frederick he carried so much farther, and with such important additions, that we might as well deny to Watt the originating of the steam-engine, as to Napoleon the being an inventor in military science. The great step which Frederick made was the connecting together all the operations of an extensive campaign in various quarters, and especially the moving vast bodies of troops rapidly on a given point, so as to fight his adversaries there at a certain advantage. This required a brave neglect of the established rules of tactics; it required a firm determination to despise [illegible] dable obstacles; it required an era[illegible] of the words "difficult and impossible" from the general's vocabulary. In proportion to all the hardihood of these operations, was the high merit of their author, and also the certainty of their success against the regular mechanical generals of Maria Theresa, to whom he was opposed. So much the rather are we to wonder at the success of these generals, the produce of the same Germanic school, showing themselves as unprepared for the great extension of the Prussian system, but in the same direction, which Napoleon practised, and being as completely taken unawares by his rapid movements at Ulm, and his feints at Wagram, as their masters had been at Rosbach, at Pirna, and at Prague.

The degree in which he thus extended and improved upon Frederick's tactics was great indeed. No man could ever bring such bodies into the field; none provide by combined operations for their support; none move such masses from various quarters upon one point; none manœuvre at one fight the thousands whom he had assembled, change his operations which the fate of the hour or the moment required, and tell with such absolute certainty the effects of each movement. He had all the knowledge in minute detail which the art of war requires; he had a perfectly accurate appreciation of what men and horses and guns can do; his memory told him in an instant where each corps, each regiment, each gun, was situated, both in peace and war, and in what condition almost each company of his vast force was at that moment. Then he possessed the intuitive knowledge of his enemy's state, and movements, and plans; so nicely could he unravel all conflicting accounts, and decide at once as by intuition which was true. In the field his eye for positions, distances, elevations, numbers, was quick, and it was infallible. All his generals at all times submitted their judgment to his, and without the least reluctance or hesitation, not deferring to his authority, but yielding from an absolute conviction of his superior skill; nor ever doubting, because firmly assured he was in the right. His own self-confidence was in the same proportion, and it was unerring.

Lying under some cover in fire, he would remain for an hour or two, receiving reports and issuing his orders, sometimes with a plan before him, sometimes, with the face to the ground, in his mind only. There he is with his watch in one hand, while the other moves constantly from his pocket, where his snuff-box or rather his snuff lies. An aid-de-camp arrives, tells of a movement, answers shortly some questions rapidly, perhaps impatiently, but, is despatched with the order that is to solve the difficulty of some general of division. Another is ordered to attend, and sent off with directions to make some distant corps support an operation. The watch is again consulted; more impatient symptoms; the name of one aid-de-camp is constantly pronounced; question after question is put whether any one is coming from a

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[illegible]ain quarter; an event is expected; it ought [illegible]ave happened; at length the wished-for mes[illegible]ger arrives—"Eh bien! Qu'a-t-on fait la-bas?" [illegible]a hateur est gagnée; le marechal est la." [illegible]u'il tienne ferme—pas un pas de movement." Another aid-de-camp is ordered to bring up the Guard. "Que le marechal avance vers la tour en defilant par sa gauche—et tout ce qui se trouve a sa droite est prisonnier."

Now the watch is consulted and the snuff is taken no more; the battle is over; the fortune of the day is decided; the great captain indulges in pleasantry; nor doubts any more of the certainty and of the extent of his victory than if he had already seen its details in the bulletin.

After all, the grand secret of both Frederick and Napoleon's successes, the movement of the masses which were to place their enemy in a disadvantageous position, appears to be, like all great improvements, sufficiently obvious; for it is founded on the very natural principle on which the modern naval plan of breaking the line proceeds. If either at sea or on shore one party can place his enemy between two fires, or on any material part of his battle bring double the force to bear upon the defenders of that point, the success of the operation is certain. In order to execute such a plan on shore, a prodigious combination of military resources is required, and they only who are so amply furnished can venture to attempt it. That Napoleon had this capacity beyond other men is altogether incontestible.

But his genius was not confined to war: he possessed a large capacity also for civil affairs. He saw as clearly, and as quickly determined on his course, in government as in the field. His public works, and his political reformations, especially his Code of Laws, are monuments of his wisdom and his vigor, more imperishable, as time has already proved, and as himself proudly foretold, than all his victories. His civil courage was more brilliant than his own, or most other men's valor in the field. How ordinary a bravery it was that blazed forth at Lodi, when he headed his wavering columns across the bridge swept by the field of Austrian artillery, compared with the undaunted and sublime courage that carried him from Cannes to Paris with a handful of men, and fired his bosom with the desire, and sustained it with the confidence of overthrowing a dynasty, and overwhelming an empire, by the terror of his name!

Nor were his endowments merely those of the statesman and the warrior. If he was not, like Cæsar, a consummate orator, he yet knew men so thoroughly, and especially Frenchmen, whom he had most nearly studied, that he possessed the faculty of addressing them in strains of singular eloquence—an eloquence peculiar to himself. It is not more certain that he is the greatest soldier whom France ever produced, than it is certain that his place is high among the greatest writers, as far as composition or diction is concerned. Some of his bulletins are models for the purpose which they were intended to serve; his address to the soldiers of his Old Guard at Fontainbleau is a masterpiece of dignified and pathetic composition; his speech during the Hundred Days, at the Champ de Mars, beginning, "General, Consul, Empereur, je tiens tout du peuple," is to be placed among the most perfect pieces of simple and majestic eloquence. These things are not the less true for being seldom or never remarked.

But with these great qualities of the will—the highest courage, the most easy formation of resolutions, the most steadfast adherence to his purpose, the entire devotion of all his energies to his object—and with the equally shining faculties of the understanding by which that firm will worked—the clearest and quickest apprehension, the power of intense application, the capacity of complete abstraction from all interrupting ideas, the complete and most instantaneous circumspection of all difficulties, whether on one side, or even providently seen in prospect, the intuitive knowledge of men, and the power of mind and of tongue to mould their will to his purpose—with these qualities, which form the character held greatest by vulgar minds, the panegyric of Napoleon must close. HE WAS A CONQUEROR;—HE WAS A TYRANT. To gratify his ambition—to slake his thirst of power—to weary a lust of dominion which no conquest could satiate—he trampled on Liberty when his hand might have raised her to a secure place; and he wrapt the world in flames, which the blood of millions alone could quench. By these passions, a mind not originally unkind, was perverted and deformed, till human misery ceased to move it, and honesty, and truth, and pity, all sense of the duties we owe to God and to man, had departed from one thus given up to a single and a selfish pursuit.

The death of Enghein, the cruel sufferings of Wright, the mysterious end of Pichegru, the punishment of Palm, the tortures of Toussaint, have all been dwelt upon as the spots on his fame; because the misfortunes of individuals presenting a more definite object to the mind, strike our imaginations, and rouse our feelings more than wretchedness in larger masses, less distinctly perceived. But to the eye of calm reflection, the declaration of an unjustifiable war, or the persisting in it a day longer than necessary, presents a more grievous object of contemplation, implies a disposition more pernicious to the world, and calls down a reprobation far more severe.

How grateful the relief which the friend of mankind, the lover of virtue experiences, when, turning from the contemplation of such a character, his eye rests upon the greatest man of our own or any age; the only one upon whom an epithet so thoughtlessly lavished by men, to foster the crimes of their worst enemies may be innocently and justly bestowed! In WASHINGTON we truly behold a marvellous contrast to almost every one of the endowments and the vices which we have been contemplating; and which are so well fitted to excite a mingled admiration, and sorrow and abhorrence. With none of that brilliant genius which dazzles ordinary minds; with not even any remarkable quickness of apprehension; with knowledge less than almost all persons in the middle ranks, and many well educated of the humbler classes possess; this eminent person is presented to our observation clothed in attributes as modest, as unpretending, as little calculated to strike or astonish, as if he had passed unknown

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through some secluded region of private life. But he had a judgement sure and sound; a steadiness of mind which never suffered any passion, or even any feeling to ruffle its calm; a strength of understanding which worked rather than forced its way through all obstacles—removing or avoiding rather than overleaping them. If profound sagacity, unshaken steadiness of purpose, the entire subjugation of all the passions, which carry havoc through ordinary minds, and oftentimes lay waste the fairest prospects of greatness—nay, the discipline of those feelings which are wont to lull or to seduce genius, and to mar and to cloud over the aspect of virtue herself—joined with, or rather leading to the most absolute self-denial, the most habitual and exclusive devotion to principle—if these things can constitute a good character, without either quickness of apprehension, or resources of information, or inventive power, or any brilliant quality that might dazzle the vulgar—then surely Washington was the greatest man that ever lived in this world uninspired by Divine wisdom, and unsustained by supernatural virtue.

Nor could the human fancy create a combination of qualities, even to the very wants and defects of the subject more perfectly fitted for the scenes in which it was his lot to bear the chief part; whether we regard the war which he conducted, the political constitution over which he afterwards presided, or the tempestuous times through which he had finally to guide the bark himself had launched. Averse as his pure mind and temperate disposition naturally was from the atrocities of the French Revolution, he yet never leant against the cause of liberty, but clung to it even when degraded by the excesses of its savage votaries. Toward France, while he reprobated her aggressions upon other states, and bravely resisted her pretensions to control his own, he yet never ceased to feel the gratitude which her aid to the American cause had planted eternally in every American bosom; and for the freedom of a nation which had followed the noble example of his countrymen in breaking the chains of a thousand years, he united with those countrymen in cherishing a natural sympathy and regard. Toward England whom he had only known as a tyrant, even in the worst time of French turbulence at home, and injury to foreign states, he could not unbend from the attitude of distrust and defiance into which the conduct of her sovereign and his parliament not unsupported by her people, had forced him, and in which the war had left him. Nor was there ever among all the complacent self delusions with which the fond conceits of national vanity are apt to intoxicate us, one more utterly fantastical than the notion wherewith the Pitt school were wont to flatter themselves and beguile their followers—that simply because the Great American would not yield either to the bravadoes of the Republican envoy, or to the fierce democracy of Jefferson, he therefore had become weary of Republics, and a friend to monarchy and to England. In truth, his devotion to liberty, and his intimate persuasion that it can only be enjoyed under the Republican scheme, constantly gained strength to the end of his truly glorious life; and his steady resolution to hold the balance even between contending extremes at home, as well to repel any advance from abroad incompatible with perfect independence, was not more d[illegible] by the natural justice of his disposition, a[illegible] habitual sobriety of his views, than it spra[illegible] profound conviction that a commonwea[illegible] effectually served by the commanding pru[illegible] which checks all excesses, and insures it ag[illegible] the peril that chiefly besets popular governments.

His courage, whether in council or in battle, was as perfect as might be expected from this pure and steady temper of soul. A perfect just man, with a thoroughly firm resolution never to be misled by others, any more than to be by others overawed; never to be seduced or betrayed, or hurried away by his own weakness or self delusions, any more than by other men's arts; nor ever to be disheartened by the most complicated difficulties, any more than to be spoiled on the giddy heights of fortune—such was this great man—great—preeminently great, whether we regard him sustaining alone the whole weight of campaigns, all but desperate, or gloriously terminating a just warfare by his resources and by his courage—presiding over the jarring elements of his political council, alike deaf to the storms of all extremes—or directing the formation of a new government for a great people the first time that so vast an experiment had ever been tried by man—or finally retiring from the supreme power to which his virtue had raised him over the nation he had created, and whose destinies he had guided as long as his aid was required—retiring with the veneration of all parties, of all nations, of all mankind, in order that the rights of men might be conserved, and that his example never might be appealed to by vulgar tyrants. This is the consummate glory of Washington; a triumphant warrior where the most sanguine had a right to despair; a successful ruler in all the difficulties of a course wholly untried; but a warrior whose sword only left its sheath when the first law of our nature commanded it to be drawn; and a ruler, who, having tasted of supreme power, gently and unostentatiously desired that the cup might pass from him, nor would suffer more to wet his lips than the most solemn and sacred duty to his country and his God required!

To his latest breath did this great patriot maintain the noble character of a captain, the patron of peace, and a statesman, the friend of justice. Dying, he bequeathed to his heirs the sword which he had worn in the war of liberty, and charged them "Never to take it from the scabbard but in self defence, or in defence of their country and her freedom; and commanding them that when it should thus be drawn, they should never sheathe it nor ever give it up but prefer falling with it in their hands to the relinquishment thereof"—words, the majesty and simple eloquence of which, are not surpassed in the oratory of Athens and Rome.

It will be the duty of the historian and the sage in all ages to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man; and until time shall be no more will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of WASHINGTON!

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The Hon. Paul Jones

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JOHN PAUL JONES.

It would be impossible within our limits, to do justice to this most extraordinary man, whose exertions, in the dark hours of our country's peril, entitle him to the gratitude of every American.

John Paul was born at Arbigland, in Scotland, on the sixth of July, 1747, and the scenery and associations of his birthplace, and its vicinity, doubtless, encouraged a restless spirit of adventure, a love of change, and an ardent enthusiasm in the objects of his pursuits, which were so strikingly manifested in his life.

His first voyage was made before he was thirteen years old; and maritime pursuits brought him to America. While here his feelings became interested in the cause of the colonies, and fully prepared him for the active part he afterward took in their defence. In 1773, John Paul removed to Virginia, to attend to the affairs of his brother who had died childless and intestate. He now assumed the additional surname of Jones. On the twenty-second of December, 1775, by a resolution of Congress, Paul Jones was appointed lieutenant in the American Navy, which then consisted of the Alfred, Columbus, Andrew Doria, Sebastian Cabot, and Providence; the whole mounting one hundred guns, and manned by eleven hundred and fifty seamen; Jones was attached to the Alfred, and was the first to hoist the American flag, which was first displayed on board that vessel. On the twenty-second of February, 1778, he thus wrote to the Marine committee: "I am happy in having it in my power to congratulate you on my having seen the American flag, for the first time, recognised, in the fullest and completest manner, by the flag of France." In April, 1778, his memorable visit to White Haven occurred. Time would fail us were we to recount all the various acts of bravery performed by Jones. But we must hasten to one of the bravest actions, in which Jones was ever engaged, and which we shall give in his own words, as contained in his life and correspondence, edited by Miss Jeanette Taylor.

His official account of the battle between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis, is as follows:—

"On the 21st, we saw and chased two sail off Flamborough Head; the Pallas chased in the N. E. quarter, while the Bon Homme Richard, followed by the Vengeance, chased in the S. W.; the one I chased, a brigantine collier in ballast, belonging to Scarborough, was soon taken, and sunk immediately afterward, as a fleet then appeared to the southward. This was so late in the day, that I could not come up with the fleet before night; at length, however, I got so near one of them as to force her to run ashore between Flamborough Head and the Spurn. Soon after I took another, a brigantine from Holland, belonging to Sunderland, and at daylight next morning, seeing a fleet steering towards me from the Spurn, I imagined them to be a convoy bound from London for Leith, which had been for some time expected. One of them had a pendant hoisted, and appeared to be a ship of force. They had not, however, courage to come on, but kept back, all except the one which seemed to be armed, and that one also kept to the windward, very near the land, and on the edge of dangerous shoals, where I could not with safety approach. This induced me to make a signal for a pilot, and soon afterward two pilot-boats came off. They informed me that a ship that wore a pendant was an armed merchantman, and that a king's frigate lay there in sight, at anchor, within the Humber, waiting to take under convoy a number of merchant-ships bound to the northward. The pilots imagined the Bon Homme Richard to be an English ship-of-war, and consequently communicated to me the private signal which they had been required to make. I endeavoured by this means to decoy the ships out of the port; but the wind then changing, and with the tide, becoming unfavourable for them, the deception had not the desired effect, and they wisely put back. The entrance of the Humber is exceedingly difficult and dangerous, and as the Pallas was not in sight, I thought it imprudent to remain off the entrance; therefore steered out again to join the Pallas off Flamborough Head. In the night we saw and chased two ships until three o'clock in the morning, when, being at a very small distance from them, I made the private signal of reconnoissance, which I had given to each captain before I sailed from Groix: one half of the answer only was returned. In this position both sides lay to till daylight, when the ships proved to be the *Alliance* and the Pallas.

"On the morning of that day, the 23d, the brig from Holland not being in sight, we chased a brigantine that appeared laying to, to windward. About noon, we saw and chased a large ship that appeared coming round Flamborough Head, from the northward, and at the same time I manned and armed one of the pilot boats to send in pursuit of the brigantine, which now appeared to be the vessel that I had forced ashore. Soon after this, a fleet of forty-one sail appeared off Flamborough Head, bearing N. N. E. This induced me to abandon the single ship which had then anchored in Burlington Bay; I also called back the pilot boat, and hoisted a signal for a general chase. When the fleet discovered us bearing down, all the merchant ships crowded sail toward the shore. The two ships of war that protected the fleet at the same time steered from the land, and made the disposition for battle. In approaching the enemy, I crowded every possible sail, and made the signal for the line of battle, to which the Alliance showed no attention. Earnest as I was for the action, I could not reach the commodore's ship until seven in the evening, being then within pistol-shot, when he hailed the Bon Homme Richard. We answered him by firing a whole broadside.

"The battle being thus begun, was continued with unremitting fury. Every method was practised on both sides to gain an advantage, and rake each other; and I must confess that the enemy's ship, being much more manageable than the Bon Homme Richard, gained thereby several times an advantageous situation, in spite of my best endeavours to prevent it. As I had to deal with an enemy of greatly superiour

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force, I was under the necessity of closing with him, to prevent the advantage which he had over me in point of manœuvre. It was my intention to lay the Bon Homme Richard athwart the enemy's bow; but as that operation required great dexterity in the management of both sails and helm, and some of our braces being shot away, it did not exactly succeed to my wish. The enemy's bowsprit, however, came over the Bon Homme Richard's poop, by the mizzen-mast, and I made both ships fast together in that situation, which by the action of the wind on the enemy's sails, forced her stern close to the Bon Homme Richard's bow, so that the ships lay square alongside of each other, the yards being all entangled, and the cannon of each ship touching the opponents. When this position took place, it was eight o'clock, previous to which the Bon Homme Richard had received sundry eighteen-pound shots below the water, and leaked very much. My battery of twelve-pounders, on which I had placed my chief dependance, being commanded by Lieutenant Dale and Colonel Weibert, and manned principally with American seamen and French volunteers, was entirely silenced and abandoned. As to the six old eighteen-pounders that formed the battery of the lower gun-deck, they did no service whatever, except firing eight shots in all. Two out of three of them burst at the first fire, and killed almost all the men who were stationed to manage them. Before this time, too, Colonel de Chamillard, who commanded a party of twenty soldiers on the poop, had abandoned that station after having lost some of his men. I had now only two pieces of cannon, (nine-pounders,) on the quarter-deck, that were not silenced, and not one of the heavier cannon was fired during the rest of the action. The purser, M. Mease, who commanded the guns on the quarter-deck, being dangerously wounded in the head, I was obliged to fill his place, and with great difficulty rallied a few men, and shifted over one of the lee quarter-deck guns, so that we afterward played three pieces of nine-pounders upon the enemy. The tops alone seconded the fire of this little battery, and held out bravely during the whole of the action, especially the maintop, where Lieutenant Stack commanded. I directed the fire of one of the three cannon against the mainmast, with double-headed shot, while the other two were exceedingly well served with grape and cannister-shot, to silence the enemy's musketry and clear her decks, which was at last effected. The enemy were, as I have since understood, on the instant of calling for quarter, when the cowardice or treachery of three of my under officers induced them to call to the enemy. The English commodore asked me if I demanded quarter, and I having answered him in the most determined negative, they renewed the battle with double fury. They were unable to stand the deck; but the fire of their cannon, especially the lower battery, which was entirely formed of ten-pounders, was incessant; both ships were set on fire in various places, and the scene was dreadful beyond the reach of language. To account for the timidity of my three under-officers, I mean the gunner, the carpenter, and the master-at-arms, I must observe, that the two first were slightly wounded, and, as the ship had received various shots under water, and one of the pumps being shot away, the carpenter expressed his fears that she would sink, and the other two concluded that she was sinking, which occasioned the gunner to run aft on the poop, without my knowledge, to strike the colours. Fortunately for me, a cannon-ball had done that before, by carrying away the ensign-staff; he was therefore reduced to the necessity of sinking, as he supposed, or of calling for quarter, and he preferred the latter.

"All this time the Bon Homme Richard had sustained the action alone, and the enemy, though much superiour in force, would have been very glad to have got clear, as appears by their own acknowledgements, and by their having let go an anchor the instant that I laid them on board, by which means they would have escaped, had I not made them well fast to the Bon Homme Richard.

"At last, at half past nine o'clock, the Alliance appeared, and I now thought the battle at an end; but, to my utter astonishment, he discharged a broadside full into the stern of the Bon Homme Richard. We called to him for God's sake to forbear firing into the Bon Homme Richard; yet they passed along the off side of the ship, and continued firing. There was no possibility of his mistaking the enemy's ship for the Bon Homme Richard, there being the most essential difference in their appearance and construction. Besides, it was then full moonlight, and the sides of the Bon Homme Richard were all black, while the sides of the prize were all yellow. Yet, for the greater security, I showed the signal of our reconnoissance, by putting out three lanterns, one at the head, another at the stern, and the third in the middle, in a horizontal line. Every tongue cried that he was firing into the wrong ship, but nothing availed; he passed round, firing into the Bon Homme Richard's head, stern, and broadside, and by one of his volleys killed several of my best men, and mortally wounded a good officer on the forecastle. My situation was really deplorable; the Bon Homme Richard received various shots under water from the Alliance; the leak gained on the pumps, and the fire increased much on board both ships. Some officers persuaded me to strike, of whose courage and good sense I entertain a high opinion. My treacherous master-at-arms let loose all my prisoners without my knowledge, and my prospects became gloomy indeed. I would not, however, give up the point. The enemy's mainmast began to shake, their firing decreased fast, ours rather increased, and the British colours were struck at half an hour past ten o'clock

"This prize proved to be the British ship of war, the Serapis, a new ship of forty-four guns, built on the most approved construction, with two complete batteries, one of them of eighteen-pounders, and commanded by the brave Commodore Richard Pearson. I had yet two enemies to encounter, far more formidable than the Britons, I mean fire and water. The Serapis was attacked only by the first, but the Bon Homme Richard was assailed by both; there was five feet water in the hold, and though it was moderate from the explosion of so much gunpowder, yet the three pumps that remained could with difficulty only keep the water from gaining. The fire broke out in various parts of the ship, in spite of all the water that could be thrown in to quench it, and at length broke out as low as the powder-magazine, and within a few inches of the powder. In that dilemma, I took out the powder upon deck, ready to

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be thrown overboard at the last extremity, and it was ten o'clock the next day, the 24th, before the fire was entirely extinguished. With respect to the situation of the Bon Homme Richard, the rudder was cut entirely off, the stern-frame and transoms were almost entirely cut away, and the timbers by the lower deck, especially from the mainmast toward the stern, being greatly decayed with age, were mangled beyond my power of description, and a person must have been an eyewitness to form a just idea of the tremendous scene of carnage, wreck, and ruin, which everywhere appeared. Humanity cannot but recoil from the prospect of such finished horrour, and lament that war should be capable of producing such fatal consequences.

"After the carpenters, as well as Captain Cottineau and other men of sense, had well examined and surveyed the ship, (which was not finished before five in the evening,) I found every person to be convinced that it was impossible to keep the Bon Homme Richard afloat so as to reach a port, if the wind should increase, it being then only a very moderate breeze. I had but little time to remove my wounded, which now became unavoidable, and which was effected in the course of the night and next morning. I was determined to keep the Bon Homme Richard afloat, and, if possible, to bring her into port. For that purpose, the first lieutenant of the Pallas continued on board with a party of men to attend the pumps, with boats in waiting ready to take them on board, in case the water should gain on them too fast. The wind augmented in the night, and the next day, the 25th, so that it was impossible to prevent the good old ship from sinking. They did not abandon her till after nine o'clock; the water was then up to the lower deck, and a little after ten I saw, with inexpressible grief, the last glimpse of the *Bon Homme Richard*. No lives were lost with the ship, but it was impossible to save the stores of any sort whatever. I lost even the best part of my clothes, books, and papers; and several of my officers lost all their clothes and effects.

"Having thus endeavoured to give a clear and simple relation of the circumstances and events that have attended the little armament under my command, I shall freely submit my conduct therein to the censure of my superiours and the impartial publick. I beg leave, however, to observe, that the force put under my command was far from being well composed, and as the great majority of the actors in it have appeared bent on the pursuit of interest only, I am exceedingly sorry that they and I have been at all concerned.

"Captain Cottineau engaged the Countess of Scarborough, and took her, after an hour's action, while the Bon Homme Richard engaged the Serapis. The Countess of Scarborough is an armed ship of twenty six-pounders, and was commanded by a king's officer. In the action, the Countess of Scarborough and the Serapis were at a considerable distance asunder; and the Alliance, as I am informed, fired into the Pallas and killed some men. If it should be asked, why the convoy was suffered to escape, I must answer, that I was myself in no condition to pursue, and that none of the rest showed any inclination; not even Mr. Ricot, who had held off at a distance to windward during the whole action, and withheld by force the pilot-boat with my lieutenant and fifteen men. The Alliance, too, was in a state to pursue the fleet, not having had a single man wounded, or a single shot fired at her from the Serapis, and only three that did execution from the Countess of Scarborough, at such a distance that one stuck in the side, and the other two just touched, and then dropped into the water. The Alliance killed one man only on board the Serapis. As Captain de Cottineau charged himself with manning and securing the prisoners of the Countess of Scarborough, I think the escape of the Baltick fleet cannot so well be charged to his account.

"I should have mentioned, that the mainmast and mizzentopmast of the Serapis fell overboard, soon after the captain had come on board the Bon Homme Richard."

THE DESERTED CHILDREN.

"I WILL record in this place," says Mr. Flint, in his Travels in America, "a narrative that impressed me deeply. It was a fair example of the cases of extreme misery and desolation that are often witnessed on the Mississippi river. In the Sabbath School at New Madrid we received three children, who were introduced to that place under the following circumstances: A man was descending the river with these three children in his pirogue. He and his children had landed on a desert island, on a bitter snowy evening in December. There were but two houses, and these at Little Prairie opposite the island, within a great distance. He wanted more whiskey, although he had been drinking too freely. Against the persuasion of his children, he left them, to cross over in his pirogue to these houses, and renew his supply. The wind blew high, and the river was rough. Nothing could persuade him from this dangerous attempt. He told them that he should return to them that night, left them in tears, and exposed to the pitiless pelting of the storm, and started for his carouse. The children saw the boat sink before he had half crossed the passage; the man was drowned. These forlorn beings were left without any other covering than their own scanty ragged dress, for he had taken his blankets with him. They had neither fire nor shelter, and no other food than uncooked pork and corn. It snowed fast, and the night closed over them in this situation. The elder was a girl of six years, but remarkably shrewd and acute for her age. The next was a girl of four, and the youngest a boy of two. It was affecting to hear her describe her desolation of heart, as she set herself to examine her resources. She made them creep together, and draw their feet under her clothes. She covered them with leaves and branches, and thus they passed the first night. In the morning, the younger children wept bitterly with cold and hunger. The pork she cut into small pieces. She then persuaded them to run about by setting them the example. Then she made them return to chewing corn and pork. It would seem as if Providence had a special eye to these poor children, for in the course of the day some Indians landed on the island, found them, and as they were coming up to New Madrid, took them with them.

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PUTNAM AND THE WOLF.

It needs not that we remind the reader what is the subject of our frontispiece to the present number. Every child in the land has heard its grandmother tell the story, and we are all familiar with it.

Dr. Anderson, however, has a way peculiar to himself, in perpetuating the recollection of these familiar incidents, as will be seen by reference to the engraving opposite—and he desires that the "common version" should also be given, in order that the curious may compare notes.

To gratify him, therefore, we give the story as told by Col. Humphreys, the biographer of the intrepid Putnam.

"In the year 1799, Putnam removed from Salem, Mass., to Pomfret, an inland fertile town in Connecticut, forty miles east of Hartford; where he applied himself successfully to agriculture.

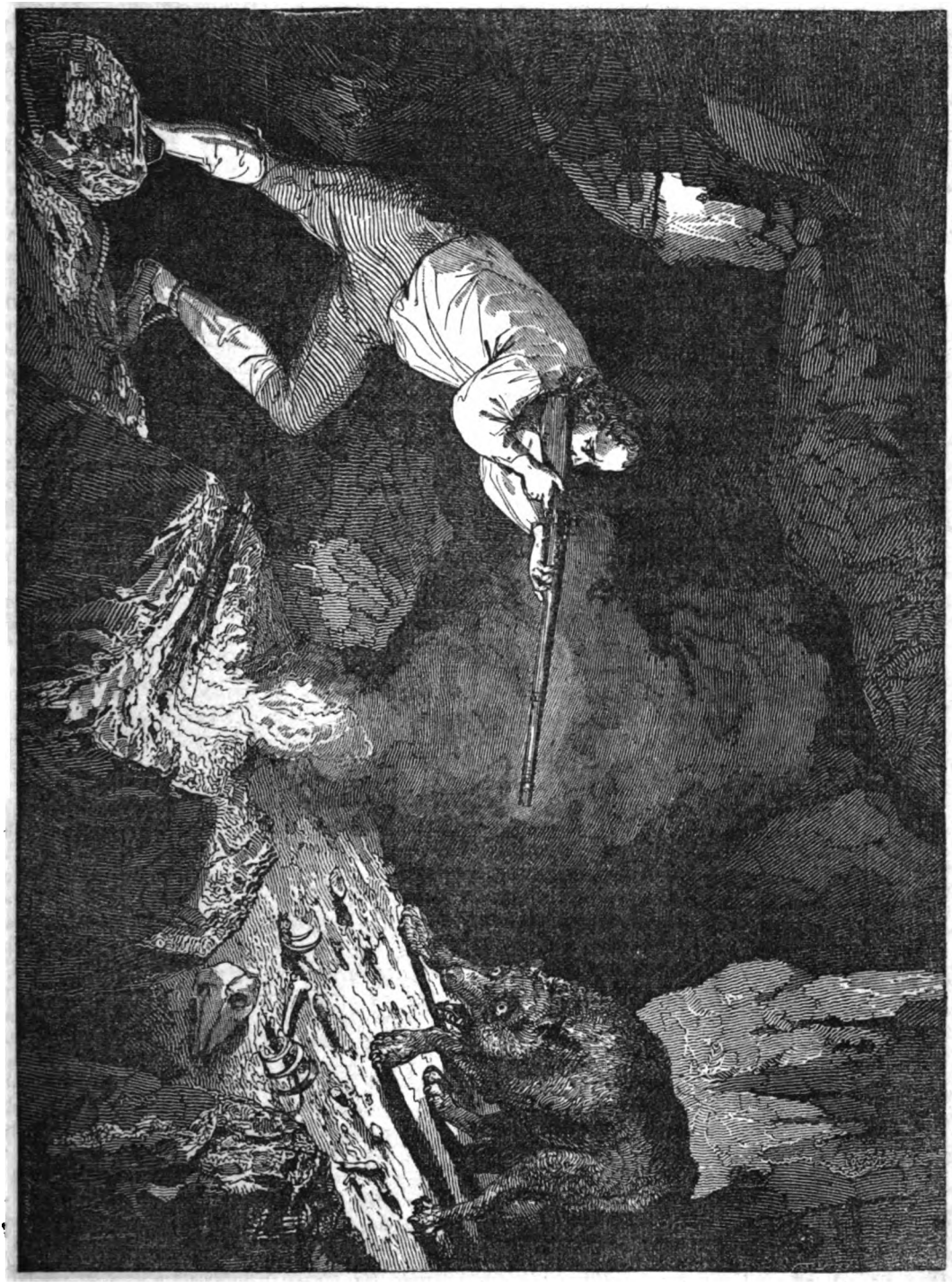
The first years on a new farm, are not, however, exempt from disasters and disappointments, which can only be remedied by stubborn and patient industry. Our farmer, sufficiently occupied in building a house and barn, felling woods, making fences, sowing grain, planting orchards and taking care of his stock, had to encounter, in turn, the calamities occasioned by drought in summer, blast in harvest, loss of cattle in winter, and the desolation of his sheepfold by wolves. In one night he had seventy fine sheep and goats killed, besides many lambs and kids wounded. This havock was committed by a she-wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for several years infested the vicinity. The young were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too sagacious to come within reach of gunshot: upon being closely pursued she would generally fly to the western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

This wolf, at length, became such an intolerable nuisance, that Mr. Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbours to hunt alternately until they could destroy her. Two, by rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit. It was known, that, having lost the toes from one foot by a steel trap, she made one track shorter than the other. By this vestige, the pursuers recognised, in a light snow, the route of this pernicious animal. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found she had turned back in a direct course toward Pomfret, they immediately returned, and by ten o'clock the next morning, the blood-hounds had driven her into a den, about three miles distant from the house of Mr. Putnam. The people soon collected with dogs, guns, straw, fire, and sulphur, to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus, several unsuccessful efforts were made to force her from the den. The hounds came back badly wounded and refused to return. The smoke of blazing straw had no effect. Nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel her to quit the retirement. Wearied with such fruitless attempts, (which had brought the time to ten o'clock at night,) Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain. He proposed to his negro-man to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf; the negro declined the hazardous service. Then it was, that their master, angry at the disappointment, and declaring that he was ashamed to have a coward in his family, resolved himself to destroy the ferocious beast, lest she should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock. His neighbours strongly remonstrated against the perilous enterprise: but he, knowing that wild animals were intimidated by fire, and having provided several strips of birch-bark, the only combustible material which he could obtain, that would afford light in this deep and darksome cave, prepared for his descent. Having, accordingly, divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and having a long rope fastened round his legs, by which he might be pulled back, at a concerted signal, he entered head foremost, with the blazing torch in his hand.

The aperture of the den, on the east side of a very high ledge of rocks, is about two feet square; from thence it descends obliquely fifteen feet, then running horizontally about ten more, it ascends gradually sixteen feet toward its termination. The sides of this subterraneous cavity are composed of smooth and solid rocks, which seem to have been divided from each other by some former earthquake. The top and bottom are also of stone, and the entrance, in winter, being covered with ice, is exceedingly slippery. It is in no place high enough for a man to raise himself upright; nor in any part more than three feet in width.

Having groped his passage to the horizontal part of the den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. It was silent as the house of death. None but monsters of the desert had ever before explored this solitary mansion of horrour. He, cautiously proceeding onward, came to the ascent, which he slowly mounted on his hands and knees, until he discovered the glaring eyeballs of the wolf, who was sitting at the extremity of the cavern. Startled at the sight of fire, she gnashed her teeth and gave a sullen growl. As soon as he had made the necessary discovery, he kicked the rope as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den, who had listened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf, and supposing their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him forth with such celerity, that his shirt was stripped over his head and his skin severely lacerated. After he had adjusted his clothes and loaded his gun with nine buck-shot, holding a torch in one hand and the musket in the other, he descended the second time. When he drew nearer than before, the wolf, assuming a still more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs, was evidently in the attitude and on the point of springing at him. At this critical instant, he levelled and fired at her head. Stunned with the shock, and suffocated with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave. But having refreshed himself, and permitted the smoke to dissipate, he went down the third time. Once more he came within sight of the wolf, who appearing very passive, he applied the torch to her nose; and perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ears, and then kicking the rope, (still tied round his legs,) the people above, with no small exultation, dragged them both out together."

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PUTNAM AND THE WOLF

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RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL PUTNAM.

"In the winter of 1757, when Col. Haviland was commandant of fort Edward, the barracks adjoining to the northwest bastion took fire. They extended within twelve feet of the magazine, which contained three hundred barrels of powder. On its first discovery, the fire raged with great violence. The commandant endeavoured, in vain, by discharging some pieces of heavy artillery against the supporters of this flight of barracks, to level them with the ground. Putnam arrived from the island where he was stationed, at the moment when the blaze approached that end which was contiguous to the magazine. Instantly, a vigorous attempt was made to extinguish the conflagration. A way was opened by a postern-gate to the river, and the soldiers were employed in bringing water; which he, having mounted on a ladder to the eaves of the building, received and threw upon the flame. It continued, notwithstanding their utmost efforts, to gain upon them. He stood, enveloped in smoke, so near the sheet of fire, that a pair of thick blanket-mittens were burnt entirely from his hands—he was supplied with another pair dipped in water. Col. Haviland, fearing that he would perish in the flames, called to him to come down. But he entreated that he might be suffered to remain, since destruction must inevitably ensue if their exertions should be remitted. The gallant commandant, not less astonished than charmed at the boldness of his conduct, forbade any more effects to be carried out of the fort, animated the men to redoubled diligence, and exclaimed, "If we must be blown up, we will all go together." At last, when the barracks were seen to be tumbling, Putnam descended, placed himself at the interval, and continued from an incessant rotation of replenished buckets to pour water upon the magazine. The outside planks were already consumed by the proximity of the fire, and as only one thickness of timber intervened, the trepidation now became general and extreme. Putnam, still undaunted, covered with a cloud of cinders, and scorched with the intensity of the heat, maintained his position until the fire subsided, and the danger was wholly over. He had contended for one hour and a half with that terrible element. His legs, his thighs, his arms, and his face were blistered; and when he pulled off his second pair of mittens, the skin from his hands and fingers followed them. It was a month before he recovered. The commandant, to whom his merits had before endeared him, could not stifle the emotions of gratitude, due to the man who had been so instrumental in preserving the magazine, the fort, and the garrison."

"A few adventures, in which the public interests were little concerned, but which, from their peculiarity, appear worthy of being preserved, happened before the conclusion of the year. As one day, Major Putnam chanced to lie, with a batteau and five men, on the eastern shore of the Hudson, near the rapids, contiguous to which fort Miller stood; his men on the opposite bank had given him to understand, that a large body of savages was in his rear, and would be upon him in a moment. To stay and be sacrificed—to attempt crossing and be shot—or to go down to the falls, with an almost absolute certainty of being drowned, were the sole alternatives that presented themselves to his choice. So instantaneously was the latter adopted, that one man who had rambled a little from the party, was, of necessity, left, and fell a miserable victim to savage barbarity. The Indians arrived on the shore soon enough to fire many balls on the batteau before it could be got under way. No sooner had our batteau-men escaped, by favour of the rapidity of the current, beyond the reach of musket-shot, than death seemed only to have been avoided in one form, to be encountered in another, not less terrible. Prominent rocks, latent shelves, absorbing eddies, and abrupt descents, for a quarter of a mile, afforded scarcely the smallest chance of escaping without a miracle. Putnam, trusting himself to a good Providence, whose kindness he had often experienced, rather than to men, whose tenderest mercies are cruelty, was now seen to place himself sedately at the helm, and afford an astonishing spectacle of serenity: his companions, with a mixture of terrour, admiration, and wonder, saw him incessantly changing the course, to avoid the jaws of ruin, that seemed expanded to swallow the whirling boat. Twice he turned it fairly round to shun the rifts of rocks. Amidst these eddies, in which there was the greatest danger of its foundering, at one moment the sides were exposed to the fury of the waves; then the stern, and next the bow, glanced obliquely onward, with inconceivable velocity. With not less amazement the savages beheld him sometimes mounting the billows, then plunging abruptly down, at other times skilfully veering from the rocks, and shooting through the only narrow passage; until, at last, they viewed the boat safely gliding on the smooth surface of the stream below. At this sight, it is asserted, that these rude sons of nature were affected with the same kind of superstitious veneration, which the Europeans in the dark ages entertained for some of their most valorous champions. They deemed the man invulnerable, whom their balls (on his pushing from shore) would not touch, and whom they had seen steering in safety down the rapids that had never before been passed. They conceived it would be an affront against the Great Spirit, to attempt to kill this favoured mortal with powder and ball, if they should ever see and know him again"

"In the battle of Princeton, Capt. M'Pherson, of the 17th British regiment, a very worthy Scotchman, was desperately wounded in the lungs and left with the dead. Upon General Putnam's arrival there, he found him languishing in extreme distress, without a surgeon, without a single accommodation, and without a friend to solace the sinking spirit in the gloomy hour of death. He visited and immediately caused every possible comfort to be administered to him. Capt. M'Pherson, who contrary to all appearances recovered, after having demonstrated to Gen. Putnam the dignified sense of obligations which a generous mind wishes not to conceal, one day in familiar conversation demanded—'Pray, sir, what countryman are you?' 'An American,' answered the latter. 'Not a Yankee!' said the other 'A full-blooded one,' replied the general. 'By G—d I am sorry for that,' rejoined M'Pherson, 'I did not think there could be so much goodness and generosity in an American, or, indeed, in anybody but a Scotchman.'"

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DANIEL MORGAN.

From the "Custis Recollections and Private Memoirs of the Life and Character of Washington."

The outposts of the two armies were very near to each other, when the American commander, desirous of obtaining particular information respecting the positions of his adversary, summoned the famed leader of the riflemen, Colonel Daniel Morgan, to headquarters.

It was night, and the chief was alone. After his usual polite, yet reserved and dignified salutation, Washington remarked, "I have sent for you, Colonel Morgan, to intrust to your courage and sagacity, a reconnoitre of the enemy's lines, with a view to your ascertaining correctly the position of their newly-constructed redoubts, also of the encampments of the British troops that have lately arrived, and those of their Hessian auxiliaries. Select, sir, an officer, a non-commissioned officer, and about twenty picked men, and, under cover of the night, proceed, but with all possible caution, get as near as you can, and learn all you can, and by day dawn retire and make your report to headquarters. But mark me, Colonel Morgan, mark me well, on no account whatever are you to bring on any skirmishing with the enemy; if discovered, make a speedy retreat; let nothing induce you to fire a single shot; I repeat, sir, that no force of circumstances will excuse the discharge of a single rifle on your part, and for the extreme preciseness of these orders, permit me to say that I have my reasons." Filling two glasses of wine, the general continued—"And now, Colonel Morgan, we will drink a good night, and success to your enterprise." Morgan quaffed the wine, smacked his lips, and assuring his excellency that his orders should be punctually obeyed, left the tent of the commander-in-chief.

Charmed at being chosen as the executive officer of a daring enterprise, the leader of the woodsmen repaired to his quarters, and calling for Gabriel Long, his favourite captain, ordered him to detach a sergeant and twenty prime fellows, who being mustered, and ordered to lay on their arms, ready at a moment's warning, Morgan and Long stretched their manly forms before the watchfire, to await the going down of the moon, the signal for departure.

A little after midnight, and while the rays of the setting moon still faintly glimmered in the western horizon, "Up, Sergeant," cried Long; "stir up your men," and twenty athletick figures were upon their feet in a moment. Indian file, march, and away all sprung, with the quick, yet light and stealthy step of the woodsmen. They reached the enemy's lines, crawled up so close to the pickets of the Hessians as to inhale the odour of their pipes, discovered, by the newly turned-up earth, the positions of the redoubts, and by the numerous tents that dotted the field for "many a rood around," and shone dimly amid the night haze, the encampments of the British and German reinforcements, and, in short, performed their perilous duty without the slightest discovery; and pleased, prepared to retire, just as chanticleer, from a neighbouring farmhouse, was "bidding salutation to the morn."

The adventurous party reached a small eminence, at some distance from the British camp, and commanding an extensive prospect over the adjoining country. Here Morgan halted to give his men a little rest, before taking up his line of march for the American outposts. Scarcely had they thrown themselves on the grass, when they perceived, issuing from the enemy's advanced pickets, a body of horse, commanded by an officer, and proceeding along the road that led directly by the spot where the riflemen had halted. No spot could be better chosen for an ambuscade, for there were rocks and ravines, and also scrubby oaks, that grew thickly on the eminence by which the road, we have just mentioned, passed, at not exceeding a hundred yards.

"Down, boys, down," cried Morgan, as the horse approached, nor did the clansmen of the Black Rhoderick, disappear more promptly amid their native heather, than did Morgan's woodsmen in the present instance, each to his tree or rock. "Lie close there, my lads, till we see what these fellows are about."

Meantime, the horsemen had gained the height, and the officer, dropping the rein on his charger's neck, with a spyglass, reconnoitred the American lines. The troopers closed up their files, and were either cherishing the noble animals they rode, adjusting their equipments, or gazing upon the surrounding scenery, now fast brightening in the beams of a rising sun.

Morgan looked at Long, and Long upon his superiour, while the riflemen, with panting chests and sparkling eyes, were only awaiting the signal from their officers "to let the ruin fly."

At length, the martial ardour of Morgan overcame his prudence and sense of military subordination Forgetful of consequences, reckless of every thing but his enemy, now within his grasp, he waved his hand, and loud and sharp rang the report of the rifles amid the surrounding echoes. A pointblank distance, the certain and deadly aim of the Hunting Shirts of the revolutionary army, is too well known to history, to need remark at this time of day. In the instance we have to record, the effects of the fire of the riflemen were tremendous. Of the horsemen, some had fallen to rise no more, while their liberated chargers rushed wildly over the adjoining plains, others wounded, but entangled with their stirrups, were dragged by the furious animals expiringly along, while the very few who were unscathed, spurred hard to regain the shelter of the British lines.

While the smoke yet canopied the scene of slaughter, and the picturesque forms of the woodsmen appeared among the foliage, as they were reloading their pieces, the colossal figure of Morgan stood apart. He seemed the very genius of war, as gloomily he contemplated the havock his order had made. He spoke not, he moved not, but looked as one absorbed in an intensity of thought. The martial shout, with which he was wont to cheer his comrades in the hour of combat, was hushed, the shell* from

* Morgan's riflemen were generally in the advance, skirmishing with the light troops of the enemy, or annoying his flanks; the regiment was thus much divided into detachments, and dispersed over a very wide field of action. Morgan was in the hab it of using a conch-shell frequently during the heat of the battle, with which he would blow a loud and warlike blast. This, he said, was to inform his boys that he was still alive, and that from many parts of the field was beholding their prowess; and like the celebrated sea-warriour of another hemisphere's last signal, was expecting that "every man would do his duty."

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which he had blown full many a note of battle and of triumph on the fields of Saratoga, hung idly by his side; no order was given to spoil the slain, the arms and equipments for which there was always a bounty from Congress, the shirts for which there was so much need in that, the sorest period of our country's privation, all, all were abandoned, as with an abstracted air, and a voice struggling for utterance, Morgan suddenly turning to his captain, exclaimed: "Long, to the camp, march." The favourite captain obeyed, the riflemen with trailed arms fell into file, and Long and his party soon disappeared, but not before the hardy fellows had exchanged opinions on the strange termination of the late affair. And they agreed nem con, that their colonel was tricked, (conjured,) or assuredly, after such a fire as they had just given the enemy, such an emptying of saddles, and such a squandering of the troopers, he would not have ordered his poor rifle boys from the field, without so much as a few shirts or pair of stockings being divided among them. "Yes," said a tall, lean, and swarthy looking fellow, an Indian hunter from the frontier, as he carefully placed his moccasined feet in the foot prints of his file leader, "Yes, my lads, it stands to reason, our colonel is tricked."

Morgan followed slowly on the trail of his men. The full force of his military guilt had rushed upon his mind, even before the reports of his rifles had ceased to echo in the neighbouring forests. He became more and more convinced of the enormity of his offence, as with dull and measured strides, he pursued his solitary way, and thus he soliloquized:

"Well, Daniel Morgan, you have done for yourself. Broke, sir, broke to a certainty. You may go home, sir, to the plough; your sword will be of no further use to you. Broke, sir, nothing can save you; and there is an end of Colonel Morgan. Fool, fool—by a single act of madness, thus to destroy the earnings of so many toils, and many a hard-fought battle. You are broke, sir, and there is an end of Colonel Morgan."

To disturb this revery, there suddenly appeared, at full speed, the aiddecamp, the Mercury of the field, who, reining up, accosted the colonel with, "I am ordered, Colonel Morgan, to ascertain, whether the firing just now heard, proceeded from your detachment."—"It did, sir," replied Morgan, sourly. "Then, Colonel," continued the aid, "I am further ordered to require your immediate attendance upon his excellency, who is approaching." Morgan bowed, and the aid, wheeling his charger, galloped back to rejoin his chief.

The gleams of the morning sun upon the sabres of the horse guard, announced the arrival of the dreaded commander—that being, who inspired with a degree of awe, every one who approached him. With a stern, yet dignified composure, Washington addressed the military culprit: "Can it be possible, Colonel Morgan, that my aiddecamp has informed me aright? Can it be possible, after the orders you received last evening, that the firing we have heard, proceeded from your detachment? Surely, sir, my orders were so explicit as not to be easily misunderstood." Morgan was brave, but it has been often, and justly too, observed, that that man never was born of a woman, who could approach the great Washington, and not feel a degree of awe and veneration for his presence. Morgan quailed for a moment, before the stern, yet just displeasure of his chief, till arousing all his energies to the effort, he uncovered and replied: "Your excellency's orders were perfectly well understood, and agreeably to the same, I proceeded with a select party to reconnoitre the enemy's lines by night. We succeeded, even beyond our expectations, and I was returning to headquarters to make my report, when, having halted a few minutes to rest the men, we discovered a party of horse coming out from the enemy's lines. They came up immediately to the spot where we lay concealed in the brushwood. There they halted, and gathered up together like a flock of partridges, affording me so tempting an opportunity of annoying my enemy, that, may it please your excellency, flesh and blood could not refrain."

On this rough, yet frank, bold, and manly explanation, a smile was observed to pass over the countenances of several of the general's suite. The chief remained unmoved; when, waving his hand, he continued: "Colonel Morgan, you will retire to your quarters, there to await further orders." Morgan bowed, and the military cortege rode on to the inspection of the outposts.

Arrived at his quarters, Morgan threw himself upon his hard couch, and gave himself up to reflections upon the events which had so lately and so rapidly succeeded each other. He was aware that he had sinned past all hopes of forgiveness. Within twenty-four hours he had fallen from the command of a regiment, and being an especial favourite with the general, to be, what—a disgraced and broken soldier. Condemned to retire from scenes of glory, the darling passions of his heart—for ever to abandon the "fair fields of fighting men," and in obscurity, to drag out the remnant of a wretched existence, neglected and forgotten. And then his rank, so hardly, so nobly won, with all his "blushing honours," acquired in the march across the frozen wilderness of the Kennebeck, the storming of the Lower town, and the gallant and glorious combats of Saratoga.

The hours dragged gloomily away, night came, but with it, no rest for the troubled spirit of poor Morgan. The drums and fifes merrily sounded the soldier's dawn, and the sun arose, giving "promise of a good day." And to many within the circuit of that widely-extended camp, did its genial beams give hope, and joy and gladness, while it cheered not with a single ray, the despairing leader of the woodsmen.

About ten o'clock, the orderly on duty reported an arrival of an officer of the staff from headquarters, and Lieutenant-col. Hamilton, the favourite aid of the commander-in-chief, entered the markee. "Be seated," said Morgan; "I know your errand, so be short, my dear fellow, and put me out of my misery at once. I know that I am arrested; 'tis a matter of course. Well, there is my sword; but surely, his excellency honours me, indeed, in these last moments of my military existence, when he sends for my sword by his favourite aid, and my most esteemed friend. Ah, my dear Hamilton, if you knew what I have suffered since the cursed horse came out to tempt me to ruin."

Hamilton, about whose strikingly-intelligent countenance, there always lurked a playful smile, now observed: "Colonel Morgan, his excellency has or

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dered me to"—"I knew it," interrupted Morgan, "to bid me prepare for trial! Guilty, sir, guilty, past all doubt. But then, (recollecting himself,) perhaps my services might plead—nonsense; against the disobedience of a positive order? no, no, it is all over with me, Hamilton, there is an end of your old friend, and of Colonel Morgan." The agonized spirit of our hero then mounted to a pitch of enthusiasm as he exclaimed: "But my country will remember my services, and the British and Hessians will remember me too, for though I may be far away, my brave comrades will do their duty, and Morgan's riflemen be, as they always have been, a terrour to the enemy."

The noble, the generous souled Hamilton could no longer bear to witness the struggles of the brave unfortunate, he called out: "Hear me, my dear colonel, only promise to hear me for one moment, and I will tell you all." "Go on, sir," replied Morgan, despairingly, "go on." "Then," continued the aiddecamp, "you must know that the commanders of regiments dine with his excellency to-day." "What of that?" again interrupted Morgan, "what has that to do with me, a prisoner and—" "No, no," exclaimed Hamilton, "no prisoner, a once-offending, but now forgiven soldier, my orders are to invite you to dine with his excellency to-day at three o'clock, precisely; yes, my brave and good friend, Colonel Morgan, you still are, and likely long to be, the valued and famed commander of the rifle regiment."

Morgan sprang from the camp-bed on which he was sitting, and seized the hand of the little great man in his giant grasp, wrung and wrung till the aiddecamp literally struggled to get free, then exclaimed: "Am I in my senses, but I know you, Hamilton, you are too noble a fellow to sport with the feelings of an old soldier." Hamilton assured his friend that all was true, and kissing his hand as he mounted his horse, bid the now delighted colonel remember three o'clock, and be careful not to disobey a second time, galloped to the headquarters.

Morgan entered the pavilion of the commander-in-chief as it was fast filling with officers, all of whom, after paying their respects to the general, filed off to give a cordial squeeze of the hand to the commander of the rifle regiment, and to whisper in his ear words of congratulation. The cloth removed, Washington bid his guests fill their glasses, and gave his only, his unvarying toast; the toast of the days of trial, the toast of the evening of his "time-honoured" life, amid the shades of Mount Vernon:—"All our friends." Then, with his usual oldfashioned politeness, he drank to each guest by name. When he came to "Colonel Morgan, your good health, sir," a thrill ran through the manly frame of the gratified and again favourite soldier, while every eye in the pavilion was turned upon him. At an early hour, the company broke up, and Morgan had a perfect escort of officers to accompany him to his quarters, all anxious to congratulate him upon his happy restoration to rank and favour, all pleased to assure him of their esteem for his person and services.

And often in his afterlife did Morgan reason upon the events which we have transmitted to the Americans and their posterity, and he would say, "What could the unusual clemency of the commander-in-chief towards so insubordinate a soldier as I was, mean? Was it that my attacking my enemy wherever I could find him, and the attack being crowned with success, should plead in bar of the disobedience of a positive order? Certainly not Was it that Washington well knew I loved, nay adored him above all human beings? That knowledge would not have weighed a feather in the scale of his military justice. In short, the whole affair is explained in five words: It was my first offence!"

The clemency of Washington to the first offence preserved to the army of the revolution one of its most valued and effective soldiers, and had its reward in little more than two years from the date of our narrative, when Brigadier-general Morgan consummated his own fame, and shed an undying lustre on the arms of his country, by the glorious and evermemorable victory of the Cowpens.

Nearly twenty years more had rolled away, and our hero, like most of his companions, had beaten his sword into a ploughshare, and was enjoying in the midst of a domestick circle, the evening of a varied and eventful life. When advanced in years, and infirm, Major-general Morgan was called to the supreme legislature of his country, as a representative from the state of Virginia. It was at this period, that the author of these memoirs had the honour and happiness of an interview with the old general, which lasted for several days. And the veteran was most kind and communicative to one, who, hailing from the immediate family of the venerated chief, found a ready and a warm welcome to the heart of Morgan. And many, and most touching reminiscences of the days of trial were related by the oncefamed leader of the woodmen, which were eagerly devoured and carefully treasured by their youthful and delighted listener, in a memory of no ordinary power.

And it was there the unlettered Morgan, a man bred amid the scenes of danger and hardihood that distinguished the frontier warfare, with little bookknowledge, but gifted by nature with a strong and discriminating mind, paid to the fame and memory of the father of our country, a more just, more magnificent tribute than, in our humble judgment, has emanated from the thousand and one efforts of the best and brightest geniuses of the age. General Morgan spoke of the necessity of Washington to the army of the revolution, and the success of the struggle for independence. He said: "We had officers of great military talents, as for instance, Greene and others; we had officers of the most consummate courage and enterprise in spirit, as, for instance, Wayne and others. One was yet necessary, to guide, direct and animate the whole, and it pleased Almighty God to send that one in the person of GEORGE WASHINGTON."

There is nothing that requires so strict an economy as our benevolence. We should husband our means as the agriculturist his manure, which if he spread over too large a superficies, produces no crop, if over too small a surface, exuberates in rankness and in weeds.

The greatest and the most amiable privilege which the rich enjoy over the poor, is that which they exercise the least—the privilege of making them happy

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EARLY HISTORY OF NEW YORK.

Upon the pages of the colonial history of the state of New York, no name appears more conspicuous as a wise and efficient magistrate, than that of Peter Stuyvesant. He was a man possessed of strong intellectual powers, refined by education, and an amenity of manners connected with firmness and decision of character, which eminently fitted him to be an actor in the exciting scenes which characterized the colonies at the commencement of his administration. When he assumed the reins of government, the colony of the New Netherlands had enemies to contend with on all sides: the Swedes on the south, the English on the east, and the aborigines on the north and west. We will take a brief view of the colony from its first settlement till the conclusion of the administration of Stuyvesant.

In 1614, a commercial company was formed, called "The Amsterdam Licensed Trading West India Company," designed for making settlements upon the river discovered by Hendrick Hudson the previous year, and for trading with the Indians. Under the auspices of this company, an exploring expedition was fitted out, which discovered Rhode Island, Connecticut river, and other places in the vicinity of Long Island Sound. The next year a small trading house was erected upon an island below Albany, and a fort built upon the island of Manahatta, (New York,) and upon Jersey City Point. The company made at this time an alliance and treaty with five powerful nations of Indians then occupying the country between Manahatta and the great lakes. Between 1617 and 1620, the company planted colonies at Bergen, New Jersey; at Esopus, on the Hudson river; and at Schenectada, on the Mohawk river, about sixteen miles from Albany. Thus, by constantly colonising, the Dutch became possessed of the whole Atlantic coast from Delaware to Cape Cod, which territory they termed New Netherlands. In 1619, a sect of Christians, called Puritans, had fled from England to the Low Countries in Holland, on account of persecution. At the head of these was the Reverend John Robinson. These the Dutch West India Company encouraged to embark for the new world, notwithstanding they avowed their intention to preserve their nationality here. Toward the close of 1620, they sailed for America, intending to settle and take possession of that portion of the country lying between New York bay and the Connecticut river; but adverse winds and currents carried them farther eastward, and they landed at a place which they called Plymouth.

In 1621, another and more powerful West India company was formed in Holland, into which the Licensed Company was merged. This was sustained by the wealth and power of the States general, and under its auspices the settlement of the country rapidly progressed. Cornelius Jacobus Mey was sent out in command of a large expedition, and soon after his arrival, Fort *Orange* was built where Albany now stands, and Fort *New Amsterdam* where the city of New York now stands.

In 1623—'4, the W. I. company fitted out two ships, in one of which was Peter Minuit, the first governor or director of New Netherlands. With him came a colony of Walloons, who settled at the Waal-bocht, (Wallabout,) a bend of the Long Island shore opposite to New Amsterdam. Governor Minuit, through Isaac de Raiser, his *opper koopman*, or chief merchant or commissary, very much extended the trade of the company with the Indians, and even attracted dealers from the St. Lawrence near Quebec, and the lakes. Commodious buildings were erected at New Amsterdam for the officers, soldiers, servants, and slaves of the company, and everything went on flourishingly. In 1625, Admiral Heyn, employed in the service of the company, captured twenty Spanish vessels in the bay of Mantanzas, by which he gained booty valued at five millions of dollars. Besides these, the company had, during that year, captured one hundred and four prizes from the Spaniards and Portuguese. All of these successes rendered the company the richest and most powerful association in the world; and the States general found it necessary to interpose some restrictions upon its foreign conquests.

In 1629, a council of nine persons was appointed by the States general, to have the general control of the colonies, with the governor at their head, who was a member of the council *ex-officio*. They also issued grants to certain individuals, and a charter of liberties and exemptions for patroons, masters and private individuals, who should plant colonies in the New Netherlands, and import neat cattle, &c. In a word, the States general took every means to create a political state in North America, subject as a dependancy to Holland. Under this charter, several directors of the company made large territorial acquisitions, under the title of patroons, among whom was Killian Van Rensselaer, whose descendants still own immense tracts of land in the vicinity of Albany, and retain also the title.

These patroons sent out Wouter Van Twiller, a clerk of the Amsterdam department, as general agent of their respective territories. David Pieterson de Vries, an experienced mariner, was admitted into the association of patroons on an equal footing, and was sent out to plant a colony on the Delaware for the purpose of cultivating grain and tobacco, and establishing whale and seal fisheries. He reached the Delaware in 1630, planted a colony, and soon after returned to Holland, leaving the colony in the care of one Osset. But Osset offended the Indians, and the Dutch were all murdered and their buildings burnt to

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ashes. Thus, not a single European was left upon the shores of the Delaware, twenty-five years after it was discovered.

In 1632, Wouter Van Twiller was appointed governor of New Netherlands, in place of Minuit, and under his administration, affairs went on very prosperously. In 1637, a colony of Swedes, under the auspices of Christina, queen of Sweden, and daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus, landed upon the shores of Delaware bay. They were under the command of Minuit, the Dutch ex-governor, and went busily to work in erecting buildings for dwellings and fortifications upon Cape Henloopen, (Henlopen,) where they first landed. They purchased the soil of the natives, from Delaware to the point where the city of Trenton, in New Jersey, now stands. This intrusion, as the Dutch deemed it, awakened their ire and jealousy; and Kieft, the Dutch governor who had succeeded Van Twiller, remonstrated with Minuit. The Swedes claimed the right of purchase, and the Dutch set about disputing the right, by erecting a fort upon the Hoeren kill, or Harlot's creek, near the Delaware.

In 1640, John Printz, a colonel of cavalry, was appointed governor of the Swedish colony, with full power to ratify the purchase of Minuit, make treaties and in case of hostilities with the Dutch, to maintain his position till the last. But such was not the case, and his whole administration was one of quiet and prosperity. Printz was succeeded by his son-in-law, John Papsego, who, after two years, was succeeded by John Risingh, who presided over the Swedes till they were subjugated by the Dutch, under Peter Stuyvesant, in 1654. This commander, then governor of New Netherlands, though engaged with his English neighbors and enemies of Connecticut, appeared in the Delaware on the ninth of September, 1654, with nearly seven hundred men, and, *without bloodshed*, reduced all the Swedish posts, and made the colony a part of the New Netherlands.

About 1640, the puritans beforementioned, purchased of the Indians, lands on the Delaware, but both the Dutch and Swedes considered them intruders, and Kieft and Risingh joined in expelling them. About this time, a colony was discovered on the Schuylkill, seated under the patent of Lord Baltimore, but their right was also disputed by Kieft, and means were used for expelling them. In 1647, Stuyvesant succeeded Kieft as governor of New Netherlands, and he at once commenced conciliatory measures with the intruders. A great deal of negotiation was carried on for several years, but to little purpose; and in 1659, Nathaniel Utie, governor of Maryland, demanded possession of the shores of the Delaware, by virtue of the patent from the English crown to Lord Baltimore. He at once prepared to use forcible means, and Stuyvesant, firm but cool, resisted all his efforts, by constant negotiations through commissioners. In the following year Lord Baltimore made a peremptory demand upon the West India Company, to order their colonists to submit to his superior authority. A peremptory refusal was instantly given, and a war seemed inevitable. But the weakness of Maryland, and the future conquests over the Dutch, contemplated by the English, probably prevented hostilities at that time.

Nor were the English and Swedes on the south, the only enemies with whom the Dutch had to contend. Those of Connecticut were constantly intruding upon the Dutch boundaries, and during the last five years of Kieft's administration, considerable blood had been shed on both sides. The English having been invited thither by the Dutch, with the avowal that they should preserve their nationality, considered themselves independent. They settled upon the banks of the Connecticut, and upon the east end of Long Island, and carried on quite an extensive trade with the Indians, without acknowledging the authority of the Dutch. Such was the case when Kieft was succeeded by the brave old officer, Peter Stuyvesant, who was commissioned governor-general of Curacoa and the Dutch West Indies.

Governor Stuyvesant at once concluded treaties of peace and trade with the Indian tribes, and after much negotiation, made an amicable settlement of the boundary question with the New England or Connecticut colony. But the efforts of the respective colonies to engross each for themselves the Indian trade, kept up a constant jealousy, and an unfounded report gained credence among the eastern colonies, that the Dutch governor had incited the Indians to massacre the English. Of this charge Stuyvesant gave an indignant denial; but the New England colonies were not satisfied, and they determined to commence a war against the Dutch. They applied to Cromwell, who was then Protector of England, for aid. Cromwell was then at war with Holland, and he at once complied with their request. An English squadron for the purpose arrived at Boston, in 1654; but peace soon after being concluded between the Protector and the States general, the orders were countermanded, and the squadron returned to England.

Although the States general, and the West India Company had openly denied the pretensions of Lord Baltimore, yet they gave Stuyvesant private instructions to retire beyond Baltimore's claimed boundary, in case of hostilities. Stuyvesant was much chagrined at this exhibition of the weakness of his superiors, and he solicited that a formal copy of the grant made by the States general to the Company, might be transmitted to him, that by it, he might efficiently assert the interests he was bound to defend. But they were too afraid of English power, to grant this request; and Stuyvesant willing to propitiate

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the English by honorable means, sent a commission to Sir William Berkley, governor of Virginia, proposing a commercial treaty. This treaty was formed, but Berkley carefully avoided the recognition of the territorial pretensions of the Dutch, which Stuyvesant hoped to obtain.

When Charles II. was restored after the downfall of Cromwell, the colonists of New Netherlands hoped for a different policy to be exercised toward them by the crown; and Stuyvesant seized every opportunity to propitiate the English court. When the pursuers of Goffe and Whalley, the judges who condemned Charles I., requested Stuyvesant not to offer them protection, he readily acquiesced, and agreed to prohibit all vessels from transporting them beyond the reach of pursuers. But this policy had no effect, for Charles, from the moment of his restoration, determined to bring the Dutch colony in America, under subjection to the British crown. Added to this determination, Charles viewed the New England colonists, the puritans, with hatred, for they seemed to him a remnant of that faction, who had murdered his unhappy predecessor, and driven himself into exile; and he determined to teach them, also, that they were not beyond his reach, even in the new world. Stuyvesant saw the storm that was gathering, and made an unsuccessful attempt to engage the New England colonies in an alliance with the Dutch, against a common enemy. While he was personally engaged in this business, an English fleet approached the coast of the New Netherlands, and the governor was obliged to return in haste to the defence of his province.

As an excuse for commencing hostilities, Charles had endeavored, but unsuccessfully, to provoke the States general. His only excuse left was, that the English *first* discovered and landed upon various parts of the American shore, and laid claim by this priority, to exclusive jurisdiction over the whole. In pursuit of his purpose, he gave to his brother, the Duke of York, a grant dated 1664, entitling him to the whole region from the Delaware to the Connecticut river, without any regard to the Dutch settlements, or the previous charter granted to the Connecticut colony. Upon this unjust ground, did the English monarch found his excuse for commencing hostilities against the New Netherlands.

As soon as Stuyvesant heard of the preparations for conquest making by England, he communicated the alarming intelligence to the States general; but the only aid they sent him, was the original grant, which they had before denied him. But this was entirely inefficient in combating an expedition so unwarrantable in all its arrangements and purposes. The command of the fleet, and the government of the province, were given to Colonel Nichols. The fleet touched at Boston, where an armed force had been ordered to join it, and immediately proceeded to New Amsterdam. Governor Winthrop of Connecticut, and others, joined the king's standard, and the armament that appeared in New York (then New Amsterdam) bay, consisted of three ships, one hundred and thirty guns, and six hundred men. Governor Stuyvesant was anxious to offer resistance, notwithstanding the force was superior to his own; but the peaceful inhabitants regarding the terms of capitulation as exceedingly favorable were disposed to surrender at once. For sometime Stuyvesant kept up a negotiation, but to no purpose; and at last an honorable surrender was made. The capitulation was signed by the Commissioners on the twenty-seventh of August, 1664, but the governor could not be brought to ratify it by his signature, until nearly two days afterward. Fort Orange surrendered to Colonel Cartright on the twenty-fourth of September, who confirmed the title of Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, to the manor of Rensselaerwicke. The name of Fort Orange was changed to Albany, and that of New Amsterdam to New York, in honor of the proprietor.

Governor Stuyvesant made a voyage to Holland, and on his return, retired to his estate in the Bowery, in the city of New York, where he spent the remainder of his life. At his death, he was interred within a chapel which he had erected upon his own land. He left behind him an untarnished reputation, and his descendants now enjoy the same honorable name and vast possessions, bequeathed by this illustrious ancestor.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

The following brief memoir of GEORGE CLINTON, Governor of New York, we copy from a late number of the New World. It is from the pen of William W. Campbell, Esq.

GEORGE CLINTON.

George Clinton was born in the precincts of the Highlands in the county of Ulster, near New Windsor, now in the county of Orange, in 1739. His father, Colonel Charles Clinton, was a gentleman of a highly cultivated mind, and by personally superintending the education of his children, supplied that defect of schools which then existed in that sparsely peopled section of country.

In early life, George Clinton evinced that spirit of enterprise and energy which characterized his

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after history. During the French war, and before he had arrived at his majority, we find him at one time on board a cruiser, and at another filling the station of Lieutenant in a regiment commanded by his father upon the extreme northwestern boundary of the state. In the latter capacity he was at the capture of Fort Frontenac. Soon after he entered as a student at law in the office of William Smith, distinguished as the historian of New York, and afterward chief-justice of Canada. In 1767 he was admitted to the bar and commenced the practice of his profession with great success in Ulster, his native county.

Public attention was drawn to him, and in 1768, after a formidable opposition from all the influence of the Crown, he was elected a member of the Colonial Assembly from that county. On the twenty-seventh day of October, he appeared and took his seat, and immediately espoused the colonial cause in that body. On the thirty-first day of December thereafter, the Assembly passed several spirited resolutions, asserting the rights of the Colonial Legislature, and that those rights could not be lawfully abridged by any other power. They were accompanied by petitions, memorials and remonstrances, and led to the dissolution of the Assembly by the Governor, Sir Henry Moore, on the second of January following.

On the fourth of April, 1769, George Clinton again appeared and took his seat as a member of the new House of Assembly, then convened; having again been returned by the inhabitants of Ulster. He continued a member of this Assembly, which was continued by various adjournments and prorogations, down to March, 1775, when on the third of that month, after a warm and animated debate upon the great questions then agitating the country, the Colonial Legislature of New York closed its existence. During all this time he was usefully and actively engaged on the side of the people, and took a large share in the bold and vehement discussions of the times. In May following he appeared as a delegate to the General Congress assembled at Philadelphia, and in January, 1776, he attended an adjourned meeting of that body, having been reappointed a member by the Provincial Convention of New York. On the memorable fourth of July, in that year, he was present and supported by his vote the Declaration of Independence; but having then recently been appointed a Brigadier-General, he was ordered to the North before that instrument was engrossed, and his name does not therefore appear among the signers.

On the twentieth of April, 1777, the State Constitution of New York was adopted, and at the first election in the summer following, he was elected its first Governor. It was a handsome and a merited tribute to his talents and patriotism, and drew forth warm congratulations from his friends and co-workers in the great cause of civil liberty. But the office, to which the partiality and confidence of his fellow-citizens had elevated him, was one of great difficulty and responsibility, and was perhaps the most arduous and important of any in the new Empire, with the exception of that of the commander-in-chief. When the first Legislature convened at Kingston, the whole of the southern part of the State was in the possession of the enemy. The people in the northeastern section, now the state of Vermont, were distracted by treasonable operations among them. A numerous army under General Burgoyne was entering the state upon the north, and large bodies of soldiers and Indians were endeavoring to force their way down the valley of the Mohawk. Under such circumstances the Legislature convened and the Supreme Court held its first regular term.

In a letter dated September the eighteenth, in that year, Governor Clinton in writing to the delegates in Congress, says—"our Legislature have been upon business for a week past—both houses are pretty full, and I have the greatest hopes that the new machine will work well. The first term of our Supreme Court ended last week, on Saturday. It was held with great order and decorum, and I have the pleasure to assure you that the people seem happy under a properly organized government."

A part only of the plan of the enemy in the campaign of 1777 had developed itself at the assembling of the Legislature. While Burgoyne was endeavoring to force his way from Canada, Sir Henry Clinton, with a strong force, left New York with a view of passing up the Hudson and forming a junction with him at or near Albany. Such a junction would have severed the Union and jeoparded the liberties of the country. It was a critical period for the state, and called for all the energy and firmness of him who had been elected its Chief Magistrate. Governor Clinton immediately, upon learning the designs of the enemy, prorogued the Legislature, and issuing orders for the assembling of the militia, threw himself with a handful of men, into the forts which commanded the passes of the Highlands. The actual as well as the nominal head of the militia, he considered the post of danger as his own. The militia had, however, been harassed and worn out with the fatigues of the summer. Many of them had gone to the north, and others had returned to their homes; so that on the sixth of October only six hundred men, continentals and militia, were in the forts Montgomery and Clinton.

On that day an attack was made upon both of these forts by the army under Sir Henry Clinton, numbering by estimate four thousand men. The attack lasted from ten o'clock until dark. About an hour before sunset Governor Clinton was summoned to surrender fort Montgomery in five minutes, "but his gallant spirit sternly refused to obey the call." An incessant fire was then kept up until dark, when as the night closed in, a violent assault was made, which was received by the Americans with undismayed courage. But their resistance was in vain. Overpowered by numbers, they were forced to yield, and the lines and redoubts were carried by the enemy, at the point of the bayonet. Many of the Americans fought their way out—others mixed with the enemy and escaped by reason of the darkness. Governor Clinton, availing himself of his knowledge of the country, succeeded in crossing the river and retiring to a place of safety.

No one regretted the loss of these important

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posts more than Governor Clinton himself. In a letter to General Washington, dated October the ninth, 1777, after adverting to the ineffectual efforts which he had made to collect the militia, and stating that he had not been properly reinforced, he concludes by saying:—"I have only to add that where great losses are sustained, however unavoidable, public censure is generally the consequence to those who are immediately concerned. If in the present instance this should be the case, I wish, so far as relates to the loss of Fort Montgomery and its dependances, it may fall on me alone, for I would be guilty of the greatest injustice, were I not to declare that the officers and men under me, of the different corps, behaved with the greatest spirit and bravery." No censure, however, rested upon him or upon the men under his command. Under all the circumstances, the defence was considered a brave and gallant one, and drew from General Gates and other officers, letters of high commendation.

Immediately after the loss of the forts, Governor Clinton collected together the scattered troops and militia and watched the movements of the enemy until their return to New York. He wrote to General Gates desiring him to order down some part of the army under his command to form a junction with him, by which he might prevent the advance of Sir Henry Clinton upon Albany. The subsequent events of the campaign rendered such a movement unnecessary.

During the remainder of the war, Governor Clinton continued at the head of the State of New York as its chief magistrate, and divided his time between the discharge of his duties to the State and to the Union. He enjoyed, in an eminent degree, the confidence and friendship of General Washington. In May, 1779, the latter in writing to him says:—"The readiness with which you comply with all my requests in prosecution of the public service, has a claim to my warmest acknowledgements."

After the war, when General Washington had retired to his seat at Mount Vernon, he continued a correspondence with Governor Clinton, in which he manifested anew his warm regard for him. In a letter, dated at Mount Vernon, December twenty-eighth, 1783, he says:—"I am now a private citizen, on the banks of the Potomac, where I shall be happy to see you if your public business would ever permit, and where, in the meantime, I shall fondly cherish the remembrance of all your former friendship. Although I scarcely need tell you how much I have been satisfied with every instance of your public conduct, yet I could not suffer Colonel Walker to depart for New York, without giving your Excellency one more testimony of the obligations I consider myself under, for the spirited and able assistance I have often derived from the state under your administration. The scene is at last closed. I feel myself eased of a load of public care. I hope to spend the remainder of my days in cultivating the affections of good men, and in the practice of the domestic virtues. Permit me still to consider you in the number of my friends, and to wish you every felicity."

In the following year, Governor Clinton, in company with General Washington, made a tour through the State of New York, and, passing up the valley of the Mohawk, visited some of the scenes which have been rendered memorable by the contests and privations and trials of the war which had then recently terminated. They were everywhere received with the attention and respect to which their eminent stations and distinguished virtues entitled them.

During that tour, the capabilities of New York for inland navigation formed a prominent subject of investigation and inquiry. They examined the carrying places between the Mohawk and Wood Creek, and between the former river and the sources of the Susquehanna. Even then may have been shadowed to their minds the dim outline of that great enterprise which has identified the illustrious nephew of Governor Clinton with the internal improvement of the state.

In 1788, George Clinton was unanimously chosen president of the convention which met to deliberate upon the new Constitution of the Union. He was six times elected Governor, and filled that office for eighteen years. In 1804 he was elected Vice-President of the United States, in which distinguished station he continued until his death, which took place on the twentieth of April, 1812, at the city of Washington. While Governor, his administration was characterized by integrity, energy, and a vigilant attention to the public interests. As Vice-President he presided with dignity and firmness, and in all his relations in life sustained the character of an excellent man and a good citizen. The few aged people who yet survive, and who shared with him the toils and trials of war, and the perplexities and difficulties attendant upon the organization of a new government, still hold him in fond remembrance. The pioneers to the western part of the State shared largely in his kindest sympathies and good wishes, and were often the objects of his benevolence and care.

In the words of De Witt Clinton, "As a public character, he will live in the veneration of posterity, and the progress of time will thicken the laurels that surround his monument. The characteristic virtues which distinguished his life appeared in full splendor in the trying hour of death, and he died, as he lived, without fear and without reproach."

ROBERT FULTON.

Mr. Fulton is acknowledged to have been among the most distinguished men of his age. His successful exertions to furnish a means of transportation which "brings the inhabitants of the world nearer each other," have shed upon his name a lustre that must be visible to the latest posterity. We do not propose here to examine how closely the efforts of his genius are connected with the happiness of mankind, even where they seem most remote, but simply to afford a brief sketch of his life as an accompaniment to his portrait.

Robert Fulton was born in the town of Little Britain, in the county of Lancaster, state of Pennsylvania, in the year 1765, of a respectable though not opulent family. He was the third child and eldest son. His peculiar genius manifested itself at

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ROBERT FULTON.

From a Painting by Inman.

an early age, in an irrepressible taste for drawing and mechanism. At the age of twenty-one he was intimate with Franklin. He had previously painted portraits and landscapes in Philadelphia, and derived considerable profit from it. Soon after he sailed for England, with the view of seeking Mr. West's assistance in the prosecution of his art. That great painter took him into his family, where he remained several years. In 1793, Mr. Fulton was actively engaged in a project to improve inland navigation. Even at that time he had conceived the idea of propelling vessels by steam. In 1804, he had acquired much valuable information upon the subject, and written it down, as well as much concerning his own life, and sent many manuscripts from Paris to this country, but the vessel was wrecked and most of the papers destroyed. About this period the subject of canals seems to have been the principal object of his attention, although he made many valuable inventions, and wrote numerous essays, characterized by strong talent and deep knowledge. His works were not indeed confined to scientifick topicks, but he furnished other essays which were greatly praised. The characteristick features of his mind were ardour and perseverance. When Napoleon held the power of France, Mr. Fulton engaged in several schemes under the auspices of the first consul, for an account of which, we refer the reader to the Memoir of Mr. Cadwallader D. Colden. In 1806, Mr. Fulton embarked at Falmouth, and arrived at New York, by way of Halifax, on the thirteenth of December. Upon his arrival in this country, he immediately commenced his arduous exertions in the cause of practical science, and among other subjects which occupied his mind, was that of steam navigation. He had been long engaged in Europe in an attempt to introduce a vessel or torpedo to be used in war, for the purposes of destroying the marine enemy. Here is a curious anecdote of him at this time :—

"He had not been landed in America a month, before he went to the seat of government, to propose to the administration to enable him to prosecute a set of experiments with his torpedoes. He found Mr. Madison, then secretary of state, and the secretary of the navy, Mr. Smith, much disposed to encourage his attempts, the success of which Mr. Fulton, by his ingenious models and drawings, with his lucid and engaging mode of lecturing upon them, made appear so probable. The government authorized a certain expenditure to be made, under the direction of Mr. Fulton, for this purpose. In the mean time, anxious to prepossess his countrymen with a good opinion of his project, he invited the magistracy of New York, and a number of citizens, to Governour's Island, where were the torpedoes and the machinery, with which his experiments were to be made; these, with the manner in which they were to be used, and were expected to operate, he explained very fully. While he was lecturing on his blank torpedoes, which were large empty copper cylinders, his numerous auditors crowded round him. At length he turned to a copper case of the same description, which was placed under the gateway of the fort, and to which was attached a clockwork lock. This, by drawing out a peg, he set in motion, and then he said to his attentive audience, 'Gentlemen, this is a charged torpedo, with which precisely in its present state, I mean to blow up a vessel; it contains one hundred and seventy pounds of gunpowder; and if I were to suffer the clockwork to run fifteen minutes, I have no doubt but that it would blow this fortification to atoms.' The circle round Mr. Fulton was very soon much enlarged, and before five of the fifteen minutes were out, there were but two or three persons remaining under the gateway; some, indeed, lost no time in getting at the greatest possible distance from the torpedo, with their best speed, and did not again appear on the ground, till they were assured it was lodged in the magazine, whence it had been taken, and did not seem to feel themselves quite safe, as long as they were on the island. The conduct of Mr. Fulton's auditors was not very extraordinary or unnatural; but his own composure indicated the confidence with which he handled these terrible instruments of destruction, and the reliance he had on the accuracy of the performance of his machinery. The apprehension of the company surprized, but amused him, and he took occasion to remark, how true it was, that fear frequently arose from ignorance."

At what time Mr. Fulton's mind was first directed to steam navigation, is not distinctly known, but even in 1793 he had matured a plan in which he reposed great confidence. No one previously to Mr. Fulton, had constructed a steam-boat in any other way than as an unsuccessful experiment. Although many dispute his right to the honour of the discovery, none have done so with any semblance of justice.

Among those of his own countrymen who had previously made unsuccessful attempts to render the force of steam subservient to practical and useful purposes, was Mr. Livingston.

"While he devoted much of his own time and talents to the advancement of science, and the promotion of the public good, he was fond of fostering the discoveries of others. The resources of his ample fortune were afforded with great liberality, whenever he could apply them, to the support and encouragement of genius.

"He entertained very clear conceptions of what

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would be the great advantages of steam-boats, on the large and extensive rivers of the United States. He had applied himself with uncommon perseverance, and at great expense, to constructing vessels and machinery for that kind of navigation. As early as seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, he believed that he had accomplished his object, and represented to the legislature of the state of New York, that he was possessed of a mode of applying the steam-engine to propel a boat on new and advantageous principles; but he was deterred from carrying it into effect, by the uncertainty and hazard of a very expensive experiment, unless he could be assured of an exclusive advantage from it, should it be found successful.

"The legislature in March, 1798, passed an act vesting Mr. Livingston with the exclusive right and privilege of navigating all kinds of boats which might be propelled by the force of fire or steam, on all the waters within the territory or jurisdiction of the state of New York, for a term of twenty years from the passing of the act; upon condition that he should within a twelvemonth build such a boat, the mean of whose progress should not be less than four miles an hour.

"The bill was introduced into the house of assembly by Dr. Mitchell, he then being a representative from this city. 'Upon this occasion,' says Dr. Mitchell, in a letter with which he has favoured me, 'the wags and the lawyers in the house were generally opposed to my bill. I had to encounter all their jokes, and the whole of their logick. One main ground of their objection was, that it was an idle and whimsical project, unworthy of legislative attention.'

"A venerable friend, who was a member of the senate at that time, has described the manner in which this application from Mr. Livingston was received by the legislature. He said it was a standing subject of ridicule throughout the session, and whenever there was a disposition in any of the younger members to indulge a little levity, they would call up the steam-boat bill, that they might divert themselves at the expense of the project and its advocates.

"Mr. Livingston, immediately after the passage of this act, built a boat of about thirty tuns' burden, which was propelled by steam; but as she was incompetent to fulfil the condition of the law, she was abandoned, and he for the time relinquished the project.

"Though Mr. Livingston, previously to his connexion with Mr. Fulton, had done more than any other person towards establishing steam-boats, and though his experiments had been more expensive, and more successful, than any we have heard of, yet he was not among those who founded, on their fruitless attempts, a claim to be the inventors of navigation by steam, and whose opposition to Mr. Fulton has been very generally in proportion to the variety and ill success of their schemes. The worst project has generally been the most expensive, and on that account the worst projector seems to have considered his claim as the highest.

"On the contrary, Mr. Livingston availed himself of every opportunity of acknowledging Mr. Fulton's merits; and when he was convinced that Mr. Fulton's experiments had evinced the justness of his principles, they entered into a contract, by which it was, among other things, agreed, that a patent should be taken out in the United States, in Mr. Fulton's name, which Mr. Livingston well knew could not be done without Mr. Fulton's taking an oath that the improvement was solely his.

"In the American Medical and Philosophical Register, there is a piece published under the title of 'An Historical Account of the Application of Steam for the Propelling of Boats.' This was drawn up by Mr. Livingston, and addressed to Doctors Hosack and Francis, the editors of that journal. He very candidly acknowledges that all his efforts had been unavailing. He explains the nature of the connexion between him and Mr. Fulton, and shows what part that gentleman performed in the experiments which led to the accomplishment of their object. As this account, from Chancellor Livingston himself, must be very satisfactory, we shall present a part of it in an extract from the learned and valuable work we have just mentioned.

"'Robert R. Livingston, Esq. when minister in France, met with Mr. Fulton, and they formed that friendship and connexion with each other, to which a similarity of pursuits generally gives birth. He communicated to Mr. Fulton the importance of steam-boats to their common country; informed him of what had been attempted in America, and of his resolution to resume the pursuit on his return, and advised him to turn his attention to the subject. It was agreed between them to embark in the enterprise, and immediately to make such experiments as would enable them to determine how far, in spite of former failures, the object was attainable: the principal direction of these experiments was left to Mr. Fulton, who united, in a very considerable degree, practical to a theoretical knowledge of mechanicks.

"'After trying a variety of experiments on a small scale, on models of his own invention, it was understood that *he* had developed the true principles upon which steam-boats should be built, and for the want of knowing which, all previous experiments had failed. But as these two gentlemen both knew, that many things which were apparently perfect when tried on a small scale, failed when reduced to practice upon a large one, they determined to go to the expense of building an operating boat upon the Seine. This was done in the year 1803, at their joint expense, under the direction of Mr. Fulton; and so fully evinced the justness of his principles, that it was immediately determined to enrich their country by the valuable discovery, as soon as they should meet there, and in the meantime to order an engine to be made in England. On the arrival at New York of Mr. Fulton, which was not till 1806, they immediately engaged in building a boat of, what was then thought, very considerable dimensions.

"'This boat began to navigate the Hudson river in 1807; its progress through the water was at the rate of five miles an hour.

"'In the course of the ensuing winter, it was enlarged to a boat of one hundred and forty feet keel, and sixteen and a half feet beam. The legislature of the state were so fully convinced of the great utility of the invention, and of the interest the state had in its encouragement, that they made a new contract with Mr. Livingston and Mr. Fulton, by which they extended the term of their exclusive right, five years to every additional boat they should

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build; provided the whole term should not exceed thirty years; in consequence of which, they have added two boats to the North river boat; (besides those that have been built by others under their license,) the Car of Neptune, which is a beautiful vessel of about three hundred tuns' burden, and the Paragon of three hundred and fifty tuns.'"

It is well known, that this great man, after having devoted his time and genius to the service of his country and of mankind, was harassed by lawsuits and controversies with those who were violating his patent rights, or intruding upon his exclusive grants. Laws had been passed by the New York legislature, for the protection of the right of Livingston and Fulton, and for the promotion of their pecuniary remuneration, but bold attempts were made for their repeal. A petition to that effect was submitted to a committee, who handed in a report, which concluded by proposing a bill containing such provisions as might in their opinion be passed consistently with the faith, honour, and justice of the state.

"The proposed bill declared that nothing in the acts passed in favour of Livingston and Fulton, should be so construed as to affect the right which any persons might have to use the invention of the steam-boat, or any improvement thereon, which had been, or might thereafter be, patented under the laws of the United States; provided, that in such use, they did not interfere with any invention, or improvement, lawfully secured by the prior acts, or any of them.

"It is to be observed that this provision is a mere nullity; none of the acts referred to by it, did secure, or even pretend to secure, any invention; so that the law proposed by the committee was in effect an entire repeal of the exclusive grants to Livingston and Fulton; and Daniel Dod, with his patented application of the engine to cranks, or any other patentee equally meritorious, might, if the law had passed, have freely navigated the waters of this state by steam.

"When Livingston and Fulton had spent an immense sum of money in the establishment of their magnificent boats—when they had not realized a cent for their enterprise—but, on the contrary, were largely in debt on that account, this law was recommended to the legislature as one that might be passed consistently with good faith, honour, and justice!

"Upon this report being made to the house, it was prevailed upon to be less precipitate than the committee had been. It gave time, which the committee would not do, for Mr. Fulton to be sent for from New York. The senate and assembly in joint session examined witnesses, and heard him, and the petitioner, by counsel. The result was, that the legislature refused to repeal the prior law, or to pass any act on the subject.

"It was upon this occasion that his friend, Mr. Emmet, who appeared as his counsel at the bar of the house, at the conclusion of his speech, made that address to Fulton, which has been so much spoken of, and which was at once such an evidence of warmth of heart, rectitude of principle, and of superiour abilities. We do not pretend to give it in the very words he made use of, nor can it now have the effect, which his oratory and circumstances produced when it was delivered; but so far as it is in our power, we will endeavour to preserve it, as a just tribute to our departed friend, and as a memorial of the abilities of his advocate.

"Mr. Emmet, having said that he had concluded the observations which he proposed to make, as well against the petition, as the report of the committee; and that he had submitted their force with respectful confidence to the deliberation of the legislature, turned towards Mr. Fulton, and addressed him as follows:—'I know and feel, and I rejoice in the conviction, that, for the present at least *your* interests, my friend, are perfectly secure; but do not, therefore, flatter yourself that you will be involved in no future difficulties on the same account. Those whom I have just addressed, will certainly decide with enlightened liberality and a scrupulous regard to publick faith; but their power and authority will pass away. Your present antagonist, I also hope, will become convinced by this discussion, of the impropriety of his application, and refrain from repeating it; but interest and avarice will still raise up against you many enemies. You rely too implicitly on the strength of your rights, and the sanctity of the obligations on which they are founded. You expect too much from your well-earned reputation, and the acknowledged utility to mankind of your life and labours. You permit your mind to be engrossed with vast and noble plans for the publick good. You are inconsiderately sinking your present income, in the extension of publick accommodation, by steam-boats. You are gratuitously giving your time and talents to the construction of that great national object, your stupendous invention for maritime defence, which in itself is calculated to effect a revolution in naval warfare. You are profusely lavishing what the intense and unremitted study of years has acquired for you, in investigations and experiments tending to the same purpose. Your knowledge and your fortune are freely bestowed upon every thing that can contribute to the advancement of science, or of the elegant and useful arts. I admire and applaud you for your readiness to devote to the service of the publick, the opulence you derive from its grateful remuneration. Let me remind you, however, that you have other and closer ties. I know the pain I am about to give, and I see the tears I make you shed—but by that love I speak—by that love, which, like the light of heaven, is refracted in rays of different strength upon your wife and children; which when collected and combined, forms the sunshine of your soul; by that love I do adjure you, provide in time for those dearest objects of your care. Think not I would instil into your generous mind a mean or sordid notion; but now, that wealth is passing through your hands, let me entreat you, hoard it while you have it. Artful speculators will assuredly arise, with patriotism on their tongues, and selfishness in their hearts, who may mislead some future legislature by false and crafty declamations against the prodigality of their predecessors—who, calumniating or concealing your merits, will talk loudly of your monopoly—who will represent it as a grievous burden on the community, and not a compensation for signal benefits; who will exaggerate your fortune, and propose, in the language of Marat to the French convention, "Let the *scythe* of *equality* move over the republick." In a moment of delusion, (unless some department of our government shall constitutionally interpose an adamantine barrier against national pe-

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fidy and injustice,) such men may give your property to the winds, and your person to your creditors. Then, indeed, those who know your worth and services, will speak of your downfall, as of that portentous omen, which marked a people's degradation, and the successful crime of an intruder:—

A falcon, towering in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.

Yes, my friend! my heart bleeds while I utter it; but I have fearful forebodings that you may hereafter find in publick faith a broken staff for your support, and receive from publick gratitude, a broken heart for your reward.'

"In January, 1815, Mr. John R. Livingston, who owned the steam-boat which plied between New York and New Jersey, but which was stopped by the operation of the Jersey laws, petitioned the legislature of that state for their repeal. After hearing witnesses and counsel for several days, the laws were rescinded. On this occasion Mr. Fulton was examined as a witness. The weather while he was at Trenton, where he was much exposed in attending the hall of the legislature, was uncommonly cold. When he was crossing the Hudson to return to his house and family, the river was very full of ice, which occasioned his being several hours on the water in a very severe day. Mr. Fulton had not a constitution to encounter such an exposure, and upon his return he found himself much indisposed from the effects of it. He had at that time great anxiety about the steam-frigate, and after confining himself for a few days, when he was convalescent, he went to give his superintendence to the artificers employed about her: he forgot his debilitated state of health in the interest he took in what was doing on the frigate, and was a long time, in a bad day, exposed to the weather on her decks. He soon found the effects of this imprudence. His indisposition returned upon him with such violence as to confine him to his bed. His disorder increased, and on the twenty-fourth day of February, 1815, terminated his valuable life."

We have already availed ourselves of the work of Mr. Colden. We shall conclude this outline biography by that gentleman's picture of Mr. Fulton's private circumstances, manners, appearance and character.

"Mr. Fulton, in contributing his proportion to the establishment of the magnificent boats on the Hudson, each of which cost from forty to sixty thousand, and the last one which has been built, upwards of a hundred thousand dollars, expended immense sums of money. The experiments he was always making, required very large disbursements, and the lawsuits in which he was incessantly engaged, from the moment his boats were seen in successful operation, were very expensive. From his patents he never derived the advantage of a single cent; but, on the contrary, in consequence of the misconduct or mistake of some of the agents he employed to construct boats to run under his patent right, and which he had contracted to furnish to some steam-boat companies, he was involved in losses to a very great amount. Owing to these circumstances, though he lived without ostentation or extravagance, he left his estate most excessively involved. His patent rights are so far expired, that if the law had afforded a protection which would ever have rendered them of any value they would now be worth nothing; and although Mr. Fulton has not lived to see the fulfilment of the anticipations of Mr. Emmet, yet, certain it is, that unless some stability be given to the exclusive grants from this state, the only patrimony of his children will be, that load of debt which their parent contracted in those pursuits that ought to command the gratitude, as they do the admiration of mankind.

"Mr. Fulton was about six feet high. His person was slender, but finely proportioned, and well formed. Nature had made him a gentleman, and bestowed upon him ease and gracefulness. He had too much good sense for the least affectation; and a modest confidence in his own worth and talents, gave him an unembarrassed deportment in all companies. His features were strong and of a manly beauty: he had large dark eyes, and a projecting brow, expressive of intelligence and thought: his temper was mild and his disposition lively: he was fond of society, which he always enlivened by cheerful, cordial manners, and instructed or pleased by his sensible conversation. He expressed himself with energy, fluency, and correctness, and as he owed more to his own experience and reflections than to books, his sentiments were often interesting from their originality.

"In all his domestick and social relations he was zealous, kind, generous, liberal, and affectionate. He knew of no use for money but as it was subservient to charity, hospitality, and the sciences. But what was most conspicuous in his character, was his calm constancy, his industry, and that indefatigable patience and perseverance, which always enabled him to overcome difficulties.

"He was decidedly a republican. The determination which he often avowed, that he would never accept an office, is an evidence of that disinterestedness of his politicks; but his zeal for his opinions or party did not extinguish his kindness for the merits of his opponents. Society will long remember and regret him; but he will be most lamented by those by whom he was best known."

STANZAS.

——————"Men toil,
And hands burn what they call their midnight taper,
To gain, when the original is dust,
A name."—*Byron.*

What is it? Fancy's glittering crown,
That lures the young aspirant on,
The laurel chaplet of renown,
That's gained at last when life is gone.

Yes, youth and hope are ever twain,
That spring and bud and die united;
For when the flower of one we gain,
Instead of bloom, we find it blighted.

Life's early dream! 'twas dazzling bright,
Fit for a poet's glowing story;
Fame open'd to my raptured sight
Her portals, honour—fortune—glory!

I toiled for all—still beams the light
That lures me onward, though each flower
Of hope, has felt cold sorrow's blight,
And wither'd lies in study's bower.

Yet so it is—to reach the goal
Of bright renown and deathless fame
Still throbs man's ardent, eager soul,
To gain when he is dust—a name

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SKETCH OF BRANT.

(From the Review of Stone's Life of Brant.)

Joseph Brant or Thayendanegea, as he delighted to write himself, was born in the year 1742, a full-blooded Mohawk of the Wolf tribe. Being the son of a chieftain, he commenced his career as a warriour at an early age, and when a lad of thirteen, was present with his elder brothers at the memorable battle of Lake George, when Baron Dieskau fell mortally wounded. Some years after this, when Sir William Johnson, having lost his first wife, took Brant's sister, 'Miss Molly,' under his protection, as is mentioned in the interesting memoir of Mrs. Grant of Laggan, the baron, in patronising the other members of the family, sent Joseph to the missionary school of Doctor Wheelock, in Connecticut; upon returning from which, at the expiration of two or three years, Sir William assigned him a share of his duties in the extensive Indian agency which he conducted. We find Brant next in the field, in the campaign of the English, with Pontiac, the celebrated Tawaw or Ottawa chief of Michigan, who at one time so nearly annihilated the British power in the Northwest. In this war, (according to the narrative of President Wheelock, *published in* 1767!) "he behaved so like the Christian and the soldier, as to give him great esteem." In the former character, we find him soon after the close of this campaign, aiding an Episcopal clergyman in translating the Book of Common Prayer in the Mohawk language, and regularly received the communion in the church. Upon the death of Sir William Johnson, who was succeeded in his title and estate by his son John, (the celebrated British partisan of the revolution,) and in his superintendency of the Indian department by his son-in-law, Col. Guy Johnson, Brant was advanced to the important post of secretary of the superintendent; thus imbodying in his own person the influence of an Indian chief, and the actual conduct of the affairs of the agency of the confederate Six Nations, and their allies.

The talents of Brant in this capacity, seem to have been of great use to his principal, in his difficult task of keeping the Indians loyal to the British crown when the revolution broke out a few years afterward. Upon the first popular commotion, Guy Johnson, who at an early day embroiled himself with his neighbours, by intruding with a band of armed retainers into an assemblage of the people, retired with his secretary from his seat of Guy Park, on the Mohawk, to Oswego, where he convened the grand council of the Six Nations, and commenced that tampering with their neutrality, which ultimately led all of the Cantons, except the Oneidas, to take up arms for the crown. From hence the superintendent crossed to Canada, with Brant and other leading chieftains, whose loyalty was further confirmed by an interview with Sir Guy Carleton, afterward Lord Dorchester.

Sir John Johnson had, in the meantime, fortified the baronial hall at Johnstown with swivels, and raised a band among his tenantry, consisting chiefly of Catholick Scotch highlanders; which force, amounting to some five hundred armed retainers, enabled him to set the country people at defiance, and insult the magistrates of the county with impunity. To break up this nest of the disaffected, General Schuyler was detached by the Continental Congress, with a force of three thousand militia. The Indians along the Mohawk seemed disposed to interfere with the summary ousting of their friends; but Col. Guy Johnson, with Brant, and their other principal leaders, being absent in Canada, they did not venture upon doing more than remonstrate with General Schuyler, who, after persuading them that his objects were entirely "peaceable," advanced upon Johnstown, and called upon the baronet to break up his band of retainers, surrender his arms, and give eight hostages for the good behaviour of the tenantry. Among the terms of surrender the following reads very quaintly at this day:—

"Secondly. General Schuyler, out of personal respect for Sir John, and from a regard to his rank, consents that Sir John shall retain for his own use, a complete set of armour, and as much powder as may be sufficient for domestick purposes."

The parley lasted for several days, Johnson evidently wishing to gain time; but was at last brought to a summary conclusion by Schuyler's sending Colonel Duer, and two other gentlemen, with his ultimatum, and enclosing a passport for Lady Johnson, desiring her instantly to leave the hall. In the last copy of terms, we find the following brief reply to one of the stipulations of Johnson:—

"General Schuyler never refused a gentleman his sidearms."

The parley commenced on the sixteenth of the month, and on the twentieth General Schuyler paraded his troops; and the Highlanders having marched out and grounded their arms, "were dismissed, with an exhortation to remain peaceable, and with an assurance of protection if they did so."

Sir John, however, did not observe the compact of neutrality nor the obligations of his parole. He soon after fled to Canada under the escort of a party of Mohawks, was immediately commissioned a colonel in the British service, and from the loyalists of Tryon county, raised a command of two battalions, being that desperate band of tories afterward so well known in the revolutionary warfare of New York, as "Johnson's Greens;" whose colours were adopted by Brant, and with whom he fought side by side upon the bloody field of Oriskany.

Brant, in the meantime, had sailed for England in company with Captain Tice, a British officer; where we find him most oddly placed as the intimate friend of James Boswell, and the Earl of Warwick. He sat for his portrait to Romney for the Earl; and "Bozzy" appears to have subsequently corresponded with him. His loyalty being strengthened by an interview with George the Third, at which he presented himself in full Indian costume, Brant reembarked again for America, where he was privately landed somewhere in the neighbourhood of New York, whence he performed a very hazardous journey to Canada; having, of course, to steal his way through a hostile population until he could hide himself in the forests beyond Albany. "He had taken the precaution, however, in England, to provide evidence of the identity of his body in case of disaster, or of his fall in any of the battles he anticipated, by procuring a gold finger-ring with his name engraved

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BRANT.

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thereon at full length." Within a few weeks after retouching his native shores, Brant, now a regular commissioned captain in the British service, had an opportunity of taking up the hatchet in earnest. He led a force of six hundred Indians in the affair of the Cedars, and in this, his first field against the patriot forces, exhibited that humanity after victory, which repeatedly distinguished him afterward. The late Colonel M'Kinstry, of Livingston's Manor, whose intimacy continued with the chief until the decease of the latter, was rescued by him from torture and death, when wounded and a prisoner in the hands of the Indians.

This was in 1776, and on the following year we find Brant, after collecting a large body of Indians at Oguaga, ascending the Susquehannah with about eighty followers of Unadilla, where he requested an interview with the clergyman of the place, and officers of militia in the neighbourhood, stating that the object of his visit was to procure provisions for his people, and that if they were not at once supplied, his Indians would take them by force. Advantage was taken of the interview to sound the chief as to his future intentions, but he refused to commit himself in his replies. "The Mohawks," he said, "were as free as the air they breathed, and were determined to remain so."

Being supplied with provisions by the country people, the forces of Brant continued to increase so rapidly, that the minds of the people were kept in a state of feverish excitement and ceaseless uncertainty:—

"Thus, on the 10th of June, Colonel Harper wrote urgently to General Herkimer for a supply of ammunition, in the expectation of an immediate hostile eruption of Brant into the valley of the Schoharie kill. On the 13th, the Cherry Valley committee wrote to the general a still more alarming letter.—Brant, according to this statement, in connection with some of the loyalists of Unadilla, had marked a path directly through the forest to Esopus, by which route the tories of Ulster and Orange counties were to join his forces at Oghkwaga; at which place the chief had vaunted that he would not fear the approach of three thousand men. On the other hand, Major Fonda wrote, on the 19th of June, that an embassy of chiefs and sachems of the Cayuga and Seneca nations, having repaired to Oghkwaga to remonstrate with Thayendanegea against farther hostilities, the latter had determined to listen to their councils, and withdraw into the Cayuga country.—In pursuance of this policy, it was added, on what was esteemed good authority, that the Mohawk chief had released a prisoner with his own hands, telling the captors that they had acted wrong."

Such was the uncertain condition of things when the expedition under consideration was commenced. Brant and Herkimer had been near neighbours and personal friends before the troubles came on, and it is possible the general still cherished a belief that he might yet detach the dusky warriour from the cause he had embraced, but nevertheless might not be disinclined to relinquish. Perhaps he designed nothing more than to drive him from his equivocal position. Perhaps, also, should opportunity be presented, it was his intention to seize his person.—But be these suppositions as they may, it will be seen that there was at least one moment in which he contemplated a more decisive course.

"It was a full week after the arrival of General Herkimer at Unadilla, before Captain Brant made his appearance. He came to the neighbourhood of the general's encampment, accompanied by five hundred warriours. Having halted, he despatched a runner to General Herkimer, with a message, desiring to be informed of the object of his visit. General Herkimer replied, that he had merely come to see and converse with his brother, Captain Brant. The quick-witted messenger inquired if all those men wished to talk to his chief too. However, he said he would carry his talk back to his chief, but he charged him that he must not cross the field upon the margin of which they were standing, and departed. But an arrangement was soon made, through the agency of messengers, by which a meeting was effected. The scene exhibited at this interview, as related by those who were present at it, was novel and imposing. The hostile parties were now encamped within the distance of two miles from each other. About midway between their encampments, a temporary shed was erected, sufficiently extensive to allow some two hundred persons to be seated. By mutual stipulation, their arms were to be left in their respective encampments. Soon after the adjustment of the preliminaries and the completion of the fixtures abovementioned, the chief of the Mohawks himself appeared in the edge of the distant forest, and approached the place designated, already in the occupation of Herkimer somewhat warily, accompanied by Captain Bull, (a tory,) William Johnson, (son of Sir William, by Brant's sister Mary,) a subordinate chief of the Mohawks, an Indian woman, and also by about forty warriours. After some little parleying, a circle was formed by General Herkimer, into which Brant and the general entered, together with the other Indian chief, and two of Herkimer's officers. After the interchange of a few remarks, the chieftain, keeping an eagle-eye upon his visiter, inquired the reason why he had been thus honoured. General Herkimer replied as he had done to the *avant-courier*, that he had come to see him on a friendly visit. "And all these have come on a friendly visit too?" replied the chief; "all want to see the poor Indians; it is very kind," he added, with a sarcastick curl of the lip. General Herkimer expressed a desire to go forward to the village, but the chief told him he was quite near enough, and that he must not proceed any farther.

"The general next endeavoured to enter into conversation with the Mohawk touching the difficulties with England, in order to ascertain his feelings and intentions. The conference now became earnest and animated, although the chief at first gave Herkimer evasive and oracular answers. To a question, however, put to him directly, he finally replied that "the Indians were in concert with the king, as their fathers had been; that the king's belts were yet lodged with them, and they could not violate their pledge; that General Herkimer and his followers had joined the Boston people against their sovereign; that although the Boston people were resolute, yet the king would humble them, that General Schuyler was very smart on the Indians at the treaty of German Flats, but at the same time was not able

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to afford the smallest article of clothing; and finally, that the Indians had formerly made war on the white people when they were all united; and as they were now divided the Indians were not frightened."

"Colonel Cox, who was in the suite of General Herkimer, then made a few remarks, the substance of which was, that if such was the fixed determination of the Indians, nothing further need be said.—But his manner, or some of the expressions uttered by the colonel, which have not been preserved, gave offence to the chief. He was exceedingly irritated; and by a signal to the warriours attending him at a short distance, they ran back to their encampment, and soon afterward appeared again with their rifles, several of which were discharged, while the shrill warwhoop rang through the forest; meantime, however, by explanation or otherwise, the chief was soothed, and his warriours were kept at a proper distance, although the demand of General Herkimer for the surrender of sundry tories was peremptorily refused. The conference ended by an agreement between the parties to meet again at nine o'clock the following morning. General Herkimer and his forces, forbidden to advance any farther, encamped as before.

"The next morning, General Herkimer called one of his most trusty men aside, Joseph Waggoner by name, for the purpose of communicating to him, in confidence, a matter of great importance, respecting which the most profound secrecy was enjoined. He then informed Waggoner that he had selected him and three others to perform a high and important duty, requiring promptness, courage and decision. His design, the general said, was to take the lives of Brant and his three attendants, on the renewal of their visit the next morning. For this purpose, he should rely upon Waggoner and his three associates, on the arrival of the chief and his friends within the circle as on the preceding day, each to select his man, and, at a concerted signal, shoot them down upon the spot. There is something so revolting—so rank and foul—in this project of meditated treachery, that it is difficult to reconcile it with the known character of General Herkimer. And yet it is given on the written authority of Waggoner himself, whose character was equally respectable. The patriotick veteran, in devising such a scheme, had probably reasoned himself into the belief that the intended victims were *only* Indians, and that in the emergency of the country, it would be justifiable to do evil that good might come. It was, however, a most reprehensible scheme. * * * Indian that he was, there is no known act of perfidy chargeable upon Brant; and he had met Herkimer on his own invitation. A betrayal of his confidence, under those circumstances, would have brought a stain upon the character of the provincials which all the waters of the Mohawk could not have washed away.

"Fortunately, however, the design was not carried into execution. Whether the wary chieftain entertained any suspicions of foul play, is not known. But, certain it is, that his precaution and his bearing, when he arrived at Herkimer's quarters, were such as to frustrate the purpose. As he entered the circle, attended as before, he drew himself up with dignity, and addressed General Herkimer as follows:—'I have five hundred warriours with me armed and ready for battle. You are in my power, but as we have been friends and neighbours, I will not take the advantage of you.' Saying which as a signal, a host of armed warriours darted forth from the contiguous forest, all painted and ready for the onslaught, as the well-known warwhoop but too clearly proclaimed. The chief continued the discourse by advising the general to go back to his own home—thanked him for his civility in coming thus far to see him, and told him that perhaps he might one day return the compliment. Meantime, he said, he would go back to his village, and for the present, the general might rest assured that no hostilities should be committed by the Indians. He then requested that the Rev. Mr. Stuart, the English missionary at Fort Hunter, might be permitted to retire into Canada, as also the wife of Colonel Butler To these requests General Herkimer assented, although the latter was not complied with. He then presented the Indians with ten or a dozen heads of cattle, which they fell upon and slaughtered incontinently. Brant himself turned proudly away, and buried himself in the forest; while General Herkimer struck his tents, and retraced his steps to the valley of the Mohawk.

"Thus terminated this most singular conference 'It was early in July and the morning was remarkably clear and beautiful. But the echo of the warwhoop had scarcely died away before the heavens became black, and a violent storm obliged each party to seek the nearest shelter. Men less superstitious than many of the unlettered yeomen, who, leaning upon their arms, were witnesses of the events of this day, could not fail in aftertimes to look back upon the tempest, if not as an omen, at least as an emblem of those bloody massacres with which these Indians and their associates afterward visited the inhabitants of this unfortunate frontier.'

"This was the last conference held with the hostile Mohawks. Their chief very soon afterward drew off his warriours from the Susquehannah, and united them to the forces of Sir John Johnson and Colonel John Butler, who were concentrating the tories and refugees at Oswego."—*Vol. I. pp.* 182–186.

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It is impossible in the few columns we can devote to any one article, even to give a sketch of so eventful a life as that of Brant. The two large octavo volumes of Col. Stone are alone sufficient for that purpose; and to them we must refer those who feel an interest in the history of the events connected with the Wars with the Six Nations, and the border warfare generally of the *Empire* state. It is truly gratifying to see the interest which the publick generally take in the publication of such works as this and Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, Bancroft's History of the United States, and Sparks' Biographies; large editions of all of which have been sold and the cry is still for more.

We trust these authors will continue to devote their time and talents to the production of works like these. They will form a lasting monument of other days, which after generations will duly appreciate.

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CAPT. JOHN SMITH.

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SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JOHN SMITH,

THE FATHER OF VIRGINIA.

[By Samuel L. Knapp, Esq.]

It must be a source of pleasure to every American to look back upon the race of men who first emigrated to this country, and laid the foundation of its future greatness. At the close of the sixteenth century and at the commencement of the seventeenth, a spirit of enterprise was abroad in Europe, which promised great advantages to mankind. The English nation, which hitherto had not done much by way of making discoveries, or forming settlements, now began to awake, and to make a struggle to place herself on the same footing with Portugal and Spain. Sir Walter Raleigh and his friend and relative Sir Humphrey Gilbert were commissioned "with viceroy authority," over all the lands they might discover. The enterprise was marked with one disaster after another until their principal ship was lost and with it a learned journalist, Budeius, a Hungarian, and soon after Sir Gilbert himself perished, with all his crew, in a storm. Distressed but not overwhelmed, Sir Walter continued his exertions for discoveries, but with no success. For a while the misfortunes of Sir Walter's expeditions discouraged the most enterprising from attempting the planting of colonies in North America. A few trading vessels came along the coast and explored some parts of it that had not been much known before, but made no settlements. In this state of apathy a champion for colonization arose, who spared no pains in the cause; this was Richard Hackluyt, a prebendary of Westminster. He preached upon the subject with great success; his views were large, and were enforced with argument and eloquence.

In 1606, a corporation was formed for a new effort. Many joined in the scheme from patriotick motives, as we now subscribe for railroads, turnpikes, or canals, not calculating upon exorbitant profits, but wishing to do something for publick good. To carry their intention into effect, a vessel of only one hundred tuns, and two small barques, were taken up; Captain Newport was commander, and Mr. Percy, a brother of the Earl of Northumberland, was in the enterprise, but the soul of it was Captain John Smith. He has justly been called the father of Virginia, and what state would not be proud of such a founder? He had in his elements the "hardihood of antiquity," the lofty daring of the enamoured crusader, and the science of the thorough bred tactician of modern days, and all united to that amenity of manners which charms every where, and every one, and in every age, in polished or in savage life. When he embarked in the cause of Virginia he was still in the prime of life, under thirty years of age, and yet his fame had reached the ears of all Europe. His life had been one continued blaze of chivalry. He received a good early classical education; but his parents dying when he was only thirteen years of age, he was left to himself. He studied the art of war by himself, and visited France and Spain as a chevalier of honour, and a soldier of fortune; at length he found himself in the Hungarian army which was at war with the Turks, and was besieging the city of Regall. The besiegers were thought slow by the besieged. The ladies of Regall prepared to have some amusement, such as the dames of Damascus and Tunis had seen in the days of the crusades. Turkish pride took fire. The Christian army was challenged to produce a champion for a single combat, "head for head." The challenge was accepted. The Hungarian chiefs cast lots for the honour of meeting the Turk. Fate, probably, a little disciplined by management, gave the honour to the English soldier of fortune. His prowess was known. The army had seen him couch his lance, and bare his blade, and their hopes beat high for his success. The warriours met; all due courtesies were strictly observed on both sides. The combat ensued—the Christian triumphed. The head of the Turk was severed from his body, and knotted to the mane of the horse which had borne the conquerer. A friend of the deceased challenged the first day's conquerour; he had this right by the laws of honour. The head of another chieftain was the prize to the valour of the Christian knight. The challenge was now made by the victor, and he was a third time equally successful. The ages of chivalry had not then gone for ever; for on his return to England, youth, beauty, taste, fashion, wealth and rank clustered around him, to see one who had rivalled the best days of martial glory. He was modest, bland, and unmoved at all his honours. His whole heart was occupied by the love of glory; no other love was there; its pulses beat with generosity, gratitude, friendship, and patriotism, but with nothing of a softer nature.

Smith's mind was full of activity and enterprise, for he had no sooner landed on these shores, than he prepared an exploring expedition, in order to give his employers a full account of the country, its soil, bays, harbours, rivers, produce, and all the statisticks which might be gathered; but Wingfield and part of his companions turned their whole attention to searching for gold, which, as Smith foresaw, ended in mortification and poverty. He forewarned them of the effects of their folly, but in vain. From his forecast he saved the colony, and by his fearlessness, good sense, and industry, he collected a greater mass of information respecting the country he with others had come to colonize, than was ever before known.

In one of his tours of survey, he, after performing miracles of valour, was taken by the Indians and carried to Powhatan, the highest sachem of the country. He was sentenced to die. His head was laid on the block of stone, and the clubs were uplifted to beat him to death, when female tenderness came to his succour. Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, rushed between the executioners and their victim, and covered his head with her own. Poetry, painting, and sculpture, have tried to give immortality to this event: but they have added nothing to the moral beauty of the scene—that is inherent in the story; no meager terms can diminish its interest; no swell of language increase its lustre; even the cold chronologist stops to say something affecting upon it, and the annalist grows eloquent as he puts it upon his record. Smith was not only saved, but in two days afterward restored to liberty, to undertake new enterprises. The next year Smith made his voyage towards the source of the Chesapeake. He sailed

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in an open boat three thousand miles. This was a much greater feat than the Argonautick expedition. The Indians, full of sagacity, soon saw that he was the master spirit of the colony, and they feared and respected him more than all the rest of the white men.

It was not until 1609 that Virginia, under a new charter, began to flourish; but still the colony had great difficulties to encounter. Powhatan had, from the imprudence of some of the white men, determined, at one blow, to extirpate the whole race. The Indian girl who was the preserver of Smith was now the tutelary angel of the whole body of the whites. She apprized the colonists of the intended massacre; she ran, after her father had retired to sleep, nine or ten miles through the woods, and returned without exciting his suspicion. Her sagacity was equal to her kindness, for she refused the valuable presents offered her for the services she had rendered, for they might have led to the suspicion of her having made the communication. The next year Smith having returned to England, his parental care and sage advice were wanting, and the whole colony came near starving. Their distress was so great, they had made arrangements to leave the soil forever: but were happily prevented by timely succours from England. In 1613, the Indian princess Pocahontas married Mr. Rolfe, and embarked for England. She met with a cordial reception there. Smith sent a memorial to the queen, detailing all the great services she had rendered him and the infant colony. It was a most eloquent appeal to her sense of justice toward one so great and good. Pocahontas did not live long to enjoy the favours of the court, or the society of her husband, for she died as she was about to embark for Virginia, leaving one child, from whom has descended several respectable and intellectual families. Smith was the soul of truth and honour, and in this memorial, he ventured to assert, that genius, virtue, and philanthropy, were not confined to civilized man, but were to be found every where, and in every age; that affectionate hearts have beat in bosoms of every hue, whether the possessor roamed the forest or clustered in the city. The eulogy made by Smith upon Pocahontas to the queen, should be preserved among those beautiful exhibitions of gratitude and affection which make up the gems of history, and attract the attention of successive generations.

New England is much indebted to John Smith, for he gave the first accurate account of that territory. In 1614 he examined the coast and made a chart of it. His keen eye saw every thing and he described it with great simplicity. He changed some of the old names, such as Cape Cod to Cape James, and gave names to places that had not been honoured with names previously. Some of his new names have since been altered, and many of the old resumed. Smith had published his voyages to Virginia in 1608, and old Purchas had put some of his marvellous adventures in Europe and Asia, into his collection. Smith made a second voyage to New England in 1615, and gave a description of the country in 1617. The "Trials of New England," was published several years after these works we have mentioned. No historian, since his day, who has written upon Virginia or New England, knew half so much of the natural advantages of these countries, and their capabilities of supporting a vigorous population as he did.

Exhausted by incessant exertions and incredible labours, this soldier, mariner, admiral, governor, this magician over hearts, this elegant author, this patriot, returned to the land of his birth, and there, in 1631, breathed his last, not having at the time of his death one acre of land in the new world, to which he had been a greater benefactor than any other mortal who had then coasted its shores, or trod upon its soil. With the spirit of just calculation he foretold the glories which were fast coming upon this country. All the visions of our growth crowded upon his soul. England has given him no monument, but America owes him a pyramid.

THE WHITE INDIANS.

It is a fact, perhaps not generally known, that there does exist in the far west, at least two small tribes or bands of white people. One of these bands is called *Mawkeys*. They reside in Mexico, on the southwest side of the Rocky mountains, and between three hundred and five hundred miles from Santa Fe, towards California; and in a valley which makes a deep notch into the mountain, surrounded by high and impassable ridges, and which can only be entered by a narrow pass from the southwest. They are represented, by trappers and hunters of the west, known to the writer of this, to be men of veracity, to be an innocent, inoffensive people, living by agriculture, and raising great numbers of horses and mules, both of which are used by them for food. They cultivate maize, pumpions, and beans, in large quantities.

These people are frequently plundered by their more warlike neighbours; to which they submit, without resorting to deadly weapons to repel the aggressors.

Not far distant from the Mawkeys, and in the same range of country, is another band of the same description, called *Nabbehoes*. A description of either of these tribes, will answer for both. They have been described to the writer, by two men in whose veracity the fullest confidence may be placed; and they say the men are of the common stature, with light flaxen hair, light blue eyes, and that their skin is of the most delicate whiteness. One of my informants who saw seven of these people at Santa Fe, in 1821, in describing the Mawkeys, says:—"They are as much whiter than I am, as I am whiter than the darkest Indian in the Creek nation;" and my informant was of as good a complexion as white men generally are.

A trapper on one occasion, in a wandering excursion, arrived at a village of the Mawkeys. He was armed with a rifle, a pair of belt-pistols, knife and tomahawk; all of which were new to them, and appeared to excite their wonder and surprise. After conversing some time, by signs, he fired one of his pistols; instantly the whole group around him fell to the earth, in the utmost consternation; they entreated him not to hurt them, and showed in several ways, that they thought him a supernatural being. He saw vast numbers of horses and mules about the village.

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Capture of Major Andre.

MAJOR ANDRE.

ANDRE appears to have been a native of Lichfield, and to have been born there in 1751. In 1769 he met at Buxton a Miss Honoria S——, and the consequence was an immediate attachment, which became one of remarkable devotedness on his part, and which would seem to have been also returned by the lady. Her friends, however, interfered, and she was induced not only to discontinue her correspondence with Andre, but some years after to give her hand to another. Meanwhile Andre had become a clerk in a commercial house in London. But on receiving intelligence of Miss S.'s marriage he determined to quit both his profession and his country, and having procured a commission in the army, he proceeded with his regiment to North America, then the seat of war between Great Britain and her colonies. In this new field of enterprise his talents and accomplishments soon raised him to distinction; and he attained the rank of major, with the appointment of adjutant-general to the North American army. In the summer of 1780 major Andre was with the troops which occupied the town of New York under the command of general Sir Henry Clinton, when the infamous Arnold, who had been entrusted by Washington with the important post of West Point on the Hudson, about 60 miles above New York, sent over to the British commander his proposals for delivering that fortress into his hands—a scheme which, if it had succeeded, might not improbably have put an end to the war. On Arnold's overtures being accepted, Andre was appointed to conduct the negociation with him. After some correspondence under feigned names, Andre and Arnold met on the banks of the Hudson on Friday the 22d of September, when everything was arranged for the execution of the plot on the following Monday, and the necessary information in writing was put into Andre's hands to be delivered to general Clinton. Unfortunately for Andre, the boatmen who had brought him on shore from the English sloop of war in which he had come up the river, having had their suspicions or fears awakened, refused, although he bore a flag of truce from general Arnold, to convey him back, and he was obliged to determine upon attempting to make his way to New York by land. Arnold, to whom he returned, insisted, in these circumstances, that he should exchange his military uniform for a plain coat; and to this Andre reluctantly consented. A person of the name of Smith was then sent away with him as a guide, and they set out together; but when they reached the next post, they found themselves obliged, in order to prevent suspicion, to follow the advice of the commanding officer, and to remain there for the night. Next morning they proceeded on their journey, and Smith having conducted his charge till they had come within view of the English lines, left him a little below Pine's Bridge, a village on the Croton. Andre rode on alone for about four leagues farther, when as he was entering the village of Tarrytown, his horse was suddenly taken hold of by three men, who turned out to belong to the New York militia. With unaccountable imprudence, Andre assumed that they were of the English party, and instead of producing his passport, desired them not to detain him, as he was a

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British officer. When he found his mistake, he endeavored to induce them to let him go by the offer of his watch and the most tempting promises; but the men were not to be bribed, and having found the important papers of which he was the bearer concealed in his boots, they immediately conducted him to the nearest station. His first anxiety now was for the safety of Arnold; and he prevailed upon the officer in command, who must have been a person of very little perspicacity, to forward a notice of his capture to that general, by which the traitor obtained the opportunity of escaping with his life. Having secured this point, Andre now stated who he was, on which he was conducted to the presence of general Washington at Tappan or Orange Town. On the 25th, his case was submitted by the American general to the consideration of a board of fourteen general officers, among whom were Rochambeau and Lafayette, who had recently arrived with the troops from France. Before this tribunal, Andre urged that he had come on shore under the sanction of a passport, or flag of truce, transmitted to him by Arnold, who was, at the time of granting it, a major-general in the American army, and of course had authority so to act. But the circumstance of his having been found disguised and bearing a false name was considered as taking from him the benefit of this plea, although he proved that in both these points he had acted in obedience to the commands of Arnold, under whose orders he was while he bore his flag of truce. The decision of the court-martial, though the members do not appear to have been unanimous, as has sometimes been asserted, was that the prisoner ought to be considered as a spy; and he was accordingly sentenced to be executed. Both entreaties and remonstrances were employed in vain by general Clinton to avert his fate; but as retaliation was not taken by the execution of any American prisoners, it may be inferred that it was felt even by the English that his sentence was according to the rules of martial law. He himself exhibited the most perfect resignation to his fate, and does not after his condemnation appear to have disputed the justice of the decision under which he was to suffer. He only begged that his death might be that of a soldier. He was kept in ignorance of the determination of the court-martial upon this point; but when upon being brought to the fatal spot, on the morning of the 2d of October, he perceived that he was to perish on a gibbet, he exclaimed, "It is but a momentary pang," and gave no further expression to his feelings. He died with the respect even of those who had found themselves obliged to execute him. "Andre," said Washington, in a letter to a friend, "has met his fate, and with that fortitude which was expected from an accomplished man and a gallant officer." A monument was erected to his memory, at the public expense, in Westminster Abbey.

Whatever the books which are considered the standard authorities upon international law may say in reference to such a case as that of Andre, there is no good apology for his conduct. To say that he acted under the orders of an officer whom he knew to be playing the part of a traitor, cannot be considered as any exculpation. There would be no security for an army or a government if it were not to be at liberty, when it had them in its power, to punish persons detected in devising such plots as this of Arnold and Andre, under whatever subterfuge they might attempt to shelter themselves. The having recourse to the use of a flag of truce, in such circumstances, must be regarded as a mere trick. General Clinton and Arnold were the great culprits, of whom the latter only has received his due share of opprobrium.

To his last moment Andre had cherished the hopeless passion which had driven him from his country and his early pursuits. In a letter written after his capture, which has been printed, he states that when he was stript of everything, he had concealed the picture of Honoria S—— in his mouth. This lady, although it does not appear that he had been informed of the event, had died of consumption only a few months before.

This unfortunate officer was a person of cultivated mind and elegant accomplishments. He excelled in painting and music, and was also no despicable writer of verse. His humorous poem, entitled the *Cow-chase*, which appeared in three successive portions at New York, in 1780, the last being published on the very day on which its author was taken prisoner, is a production of decided talent. It is in the style of Cowper's *John Gilpin*, which celebrated poem was not written till some years later.—Penny Cyclopedia.

American Mechanics.—It is stated in the New York Herald that a company in Trieste, Austria, have despatched an agent to this country to buy the entire machinery of a flouring mill, and to take it over to Trieste. Some shipments of wheat having been made to the United States from Austria in 1836–'37, it was ascertained by those who sent it, that when it was ground up in this country, better flour and more in quantity was produced than could be obtained from the same quantity of wheat in Austria. The knowledge of this fact caused the mission of a special agent for the purpose above named. The Herald adds:

"This movement is but the first of a series towards an extensive business to be done by the United States in the manufacture of mills and machinery for European nations. Already has this country sent out to France, England, Russia, Turkey, Austria, and European countries, steam-ships, sailing vessels of all kinds, locomotives, steam engines, cotton gins, printing presses, mill machines, and all kinds of improvements in every description of machinery; and Mr. Cochran has supplied the Pacha of Egypt with guns to carry on the war with the allied powers. We have steam-frigates on the stocks for Spain, and for Russia in our waters, printing presses for the continent of Europe, just finishing at Hoe's foundery; many-chambered cannon just finished for the Pacha by Cochran; rifles and guns on their way to France; American cotton gins just finished and put up by an American in Manchester; and in fact all sorts of machinery making, are to be made for the old world, by the enterprising, industrious, and ingenious artisans of the new world."

The entire population of the state of Rhode Island is 108,837, being a gain of 11,641 since 1830. The value of agricultural crops and stocks is estimated at $3,275,750. There are 1600 persons over 20 years of age who are unable to read or write.

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BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN ANDRE.

[From Knapp's American Biography.]

JOHN ANDRE, aiddecamp to Sir Henry Clinton, and adjutant-general of the British army in the Revolutionary war, was born in England, in 1749. His father was a native of Geneva, and a considerable merchant in the Levant trade; he died in 1769. Young Andre was destined to mercantile business, and attended his father's counting-house, after having spent some years for his education at Geneva. He first entered the army in January, 1771. At this time he had a strong attachment to Honoria Sneyd, who afterward married Mr. Edgeworth. In 1772 he visited the courts of Germany, and returned to England in 1773. He landed at Philadelphia in September 1774, as lieutenant of the Royal English Fusileers; and soon proceeded by way of Boston, to Canada to join his regiment. In 1775 he was taken prisoner by Montgomery, at St. John's; but was afterward exchanged, and appointed captain. In the summer of 1777 he was appointed aid to Gen. Grey, and was present at the engagements in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, in 1777 and 1778. On the return of Gen. Grey, he was appointed aid to Gen. Clinton. In 1780 he was promoted to the rank of major, and made adjutant-general of the British army.

After Arnold had intimated to the British, in 1780, his intention of delivering up West Point to them, Major Andre was selected as the person, to whom the maturing of Arnold's treason, and the arrangements for its execution should be committed. A correspondence was for some time carried on between them under a mercantile disguise and the feigned names of Gustavus and Anderson; and at length, to facilitate their communications, the Vulture sloop-of-war moved up the North river, and took a station convenient for the purpose, but not so near as to excite suspicion. An interview was agreed on, and in the night of September 21, 1780, he was taken in a boat, which was despatched for the purpose, and carried to the beach, without the posts of both armies, under a pass for John Anderson. He met General Arnold at the house of a Mr. Smith. While the conference was yet unfinished daylight approached; and to avoid the danger of discovery, it was proposed that he should remain concealed till the succeeding night. He is understood to have refused to be carried within the American posts, but the promise made him by Arnold to respect this objection was not observed. He was carried within them contrary to his wishes and against his knowledge. He continued with Arnold the succeeding day, and when on the following night, he proposed to return to the Vulture, the boatman refused to carry him, because she had during the day shifted her station, in consequence of a gun having been moved to the shore and brought to bear upon her. This embarrassing circumstance reduced him to the necessity of endeavouring to reach New York by land. Yielding with reluctance to the urgent representations of Arnold, he laid aside his regimentals, which he had hitherto worn under a surtout, and put on a suit of plain clothes; and receiving a pass from the American general, authorizing him, under the feigned name of John Anderson, to proceed on the publick service to the White Plains, or lower if he thought proper, he set out on his return in the evening of the twenty-second, accompanied by Joshua Smith, and passed the night at Crompond. The next morning he crossed the Hudson to King's ferry on the east side. A little beyond the Croton, Smith deeming him safe, bade him adieu. He had passed all the guards and posts on the road without suspicion, and was proceeding to New York in perfect security, when September twenty-third, one of the three military men, who were employed with others in scouting-parties between the lines of the two armies, springing suddenly from his covert into the road, seized the reins of his bridle and stopped his horse. Instead of producing his pass, Andre with a want of self-possession, which can be attributed only to a kind Providence, asked the man hastily where he belonged, and being answered, "to below," replied immediately, "and so do I." He then declared himself to be a British officer, on urgent business, and begged that he might not be detained. The other two militia men coming up at this moment, he discovered his mistake; but it was too late to repair it. He offered them his purse and a valuable watch, to which he added the most tempting promises of ample reward and permanent provision from the government, if they would permit him to escape; but his offers were rejected without hesitation.

The militia men, whose names were John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart, proceeded to search him. They found concealed in his boots exact returns, in Arnold's handwriting, of the state of the forces, ordnance, and defences at West Point and its dependancies; critical remarks on the works, and an estimate of the men ordinarily employed in them, with other interesting papers. Andre was carried before Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson, the officer commanding the scouting parties on the lines, and regardless of himself, and only anxious for the safety of Arnold, he still maintained the character which he had assumed, and requested Jameson to inform his commanding officer, that Anderson was taken. A letter was accordingly sent to Arnold and the traitor, thus becoming acquainted with his danger, escaped. The narrative of the bearer of this letter, Mr. Solomon Allen, is given in the sketch of his life: it differs in several respects from the account of the affair in the Encyclopædia Americana, and throws light upon circumstances which have been heretofore obscure.

A board of general officers, of which Major-General Greene was president, and the two foreign generals, Lafayette and Steuben, were members, was called to report a precise state of the case of Andre, who had acknowledged himself adjutant-general of the British army, and to determine in what character he was to be considered, and to what punishment he was liable. He received from the board every mark of indulgent attention; and from a sense of justice, as well as of delicacy, he was informed on the first opening of the examination, that he was at perfect liberty not to answer any interrogatory which might embarrass his own feelings. But he disdained every evasion, and frankly acknowledged every thing which was material to his condemnation.

"I came," said he, "to hold a communication with a general officer of the American army, by the

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order of my own commander. I entered the American lines by an unquestionable authority: when I passed from them it was by the same authority. I used no deception. I had heard that a Provincial officer had repented of the course he had taken, and that he avowed, that he never meant to go so far as he had gone in resisting the authority of his king. The British commander was willing to extend to him the king's clemency; yea, his bounty, in hopes to allure others to do the same. I made no plans; I examined no works;—I only received his communications, and was on my way to return to the army, and to make known all that I had learned from a general officer in your camp. Is this the office of a spy? I never should have acted in that light, and what I have done is not in the nature of a spy. I have noted neither your strength, nor nakedness. If there be wrong in the transaction, is it mine?

"The office of a spy, a soldier has a right to refuse; but to carry and fetch communications with another army, I never heard was criminal. The circumstances which followed after my interview with General Arnold, were not in my power to control. He alone had the management of them.

"It is said that I rode in disguise. I rode for security, incog. as far as I was able, but other than criminal deeds induce one to do this. I was not bound to wear my uniform any longer than it was expedient or politick. I scorn the name of a spy; brand my offence with some other title, if it change not the punishment, I beseech you. It is not death I fear. I am buoyed above it by a consciousness of having intended to discharge my duty in an honourable manner.

"Plans, it is said, were found with me. This is true; but they were not mine; yet I must tell you, honestly, that they would have been communicated if I had not been taken. They were sent by General Arnold to the British commander, and I should have delivered them. From the bottom of my heart I spurn the thought of attempting to screen myself by criminating another; but as far as I am concerned, the truth shall be told, whoever suffers. It was the allegiance of General Arnold that I came out to secure. It was fair to presume that many a brave officer would be glad, at this time, to have been able to retrace his steps; at least we have been so informed. Shall I, who came out to negotiate this allegiance only, be treated as one who came to spy out the weakness of a camp? If these actions are alike, I have to learn my moral code anew.

"Gentlemen officers, be it understood that I am no supplicant for mercy; that I ask only from Omnipotence, not from human beings. Justice is all I claim; that justice which is neither swayed by prejudice nor distorted by passion; but that which flows from honourable minds, directed by virtuous determinations. I hear, gentlemen, that my case is likened to that of Captain Hale, in 1776. I have heard of him and his misfortunes. I wish that in all that dignifies man, that adorns and elevates human nature, I could be named with that accomplished, but unfortunate officer. His fate was wayward and untimely he was cut off yet younger than I now am. But ours are not parallel cases. He went out knowing that he was assuming the character of a spy; he took all its liabilities on his head, at the request of his great commander. He was ready to meet what he assumed, and all its consequences. His death the law of nations sanctioned. It may be complimentary to compare me with him, still it would be unjust. He took his life in his hand when he assumed the character and the disguise. I assumed no disguise, nor took upon myself any other character than that of a British officer, who had business to transact with an American officer.

"In fine, I ask not even for justice; if you want a victim to the manes of those fallen untimely, I may as well be that victim as another. I have in the most undisguised manner given you every fact in the case. I rely only on the proper construction of these facts. Let me be called any thing but a spy. I am not a spy; I have examined nothing—learned nothing—communicated nothing but my detention to Arnold, that he might escape, if he thought proper so to do. This was, as I conceived, my duty. I hope the gallant officer, who was then unsuspicious of his general, will not be condemned for the military errour he committed.

"I further state that Smith, who was the medium of communication, did not know any part of our conference, except that there was some necessity for secrecy. He was counsel in various matters for General Arnold, and from all the intercourse I had with him—and it was Smith who lent me this dress-coat of crimson, on being told by General Arnold that my business was of that private nature that I did not wish to be known by English or Americans—I do not believe that he had even a suspicion of my errand. On me your wrath should fall if on any one; I know your affairs look gloomy, but that is no reason why I should be sacrificed. My death can do your cause no good. Millions of friends to your struggle in England, you will lose if you condemn me. I say not this by way of threat, for I know brave men are not awed by them; nor will brave men be vindictive because they are desponding. I should not have said a word had it not been for the opinion of others, which I am bound to respect.

"I have done. The sentence you this day pronounce, will go down to posterity with exceeding great distinctness on the page of history; and if humanity and honour mark this day's decision, your names, each and all of you, will be remembered by both nations, when they have grown greater and more powerful than they now are; but if misfortune befalls me, I shall, in time, have all due honours paid to my memory. The martyr is kept in remembrance when the tribunal that condemned him is forgotten. I trust this honourable court will believe me when I say, that what I have spoken, comes from no idle fears of a coward. I have done."

The court deliberated long; and at last came to the decision, *that Major Andre was a spy, and ought to suffer death.* He was calm as a philosopher, when the award of the court was read.

The morning of the second of October, 1780, dawned upon the American army. This time was fixed for the execution of the prisoner. It was some distance from the prison to the place of execution, and this the prisoner desired to walk. There had been some fog during the night, which was now settling about the surrounding mountains. Some of the leaves had begun to wear an autumnal appearance. The army was drawn out to witness the sad spectacle. He passed through files of soldiers, on

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whose pale faces sat the utmost melancholy, bowing to every one he knew.

As the prisoner came within sight of the gallows, he turned to the officers who were with him, and said, "Could not this have been otherwise?" He was answered, "No." "Well then," said he, "it is only one pang. I am reconciled to my death, but not to the manner of it. Soldiers, bear witness that I die like a brave man." His manly air—his cheek, fresh as from morning exercise—his nerves, firm as ever were in a human frame—his softened tone of voice—his sweet smile—were all witnessed by the spectators; and as he was launched into eternity, a groan involuntarily burst from the bottom of every bosom.

The greatest exertions were made by Sir Henry Clinton, to whom Andre was particularly dear, to rescue him from his fate. It was first represented, that he came on shore under the sanction of a flag; but Washington returned an answer to Clinton, in which he stated, that Andre had himself disclaimed the pretext. An interview was next proposed between Lieutenant-General Robertson, and General Greene; but no facts, which had not before been considered, were made known. When every other exertion failed, a letter from Arnold, filled with threats, was presented.

The sympathy excited among the American officers by his fate, was as universal as it is unusual on such occasions; and proclaims the merit of him who suffered, and the humanity of those who inflicted the punishment. In 1821, the bones of Andre were dug up, and carried to his native land, by royal mandate.

The following poem from the pen of Andre, was furnished me from the collection of that veteran officer, and profound statesman, Colonel Burr, whose library will, hereafter, furnish materials for the historian of the Revolutionary war; and if aided by his copious reminiscences, the assistance will be invaluable; for no man ever possessed a clearer head or a stouter heart. We have had much of prejudice and partiality; it is time to get at the truth. The satire of this poem is now harmless;—the writer and his subject are no more. He swept about him with a free, careless, and an unjust hand, but all wish to know by what machinery the mighty struggle was managed, and every scrap that was written, and every thing said or done in that time, should be recorded. It is a relick of the Revolution, and that is a sufficient apology for its preservation.

THE COW-CHASE.

CANTO I.

To drive the Kine one summer's morn,
The Tanner took his way,
The calf shall rue that is unborn
The jumbling of that day.

And Wayne descending Steers shall know
And tauntingly deride,
And call to mind in ev'ry Low
The tanning of his hide.

Yet Bergen Cows still ruminate
Unconscious in the stall,
What mighty means were used to get
And lose them after all.

For many Heroes bold and brave
From New-Bridge and Tapaan,
And those that drink Passaick's wave,
And those that eat Soupaan.

And Sons of distant Delaware
And still remoter Shannon,
And Major Lee with Horses rare
And Proctor with his cannon.

All wondrous proud in arms they came,
What hero could refuse?
To tread the rugged path to fame,
Who had a pair of shoes.

At six the Host with sweating buff,
Arrived at Freedom's Pole,
When Wayne who thought he'd time enough,
Thus speechified the whole.

O ye whom glory doth unite
Who Freedom's cause espouse,
Whether the wing that's doomed to fight
Or that to drive the Cows.

Ere yet you tempt your further way
Or into action come,
Hear, soldiers, what I have to say,
And take a pint of rum.

Intemp'rate valour then will string,
Each nervous arm the better,
So all the land shall IO sing
And read the gen'ral's letter.

Know that some paltry Refugees,
Whom I've a mind to fight,
Are playing H—l amongst the trees,
That grow on yonder height.

Their Fort and Block Houses we'll level,
And deal a horrid slaughter,
We'll drive the Scoundrels to the Devil,
And ravish wife and daughter.

I under cover of th' attack,
Whilst you are all at blows,
From English Neighb'rhood and Tinack
Will drive away the Cows.

For well you know the latter is
The serious operation,
And fighting with the Refugees
Is only demonstration.

His daring words from all the crowd,
Such great applause did gain,
That every man declared aloud
For serious work with Wayne.

Then from the cask of Rum once more
They took a heady gill,
When one and all they loudly swore,
They'd fight upon the Hill.

But here——the Muse has not a strain
Befitting such great deeds,
Huzza they cried, huzza for Wayne,
And shouting——did their Needs.

End of Canto the 1st.

CANTO II.

Near his meridian pomp, the Sun
Had journey'd from the hor'zon,
When fierce the dusky Tribe mov'd on,
Of Heroes drunk as poison.

The sounds confused of boasting Oaths,
Re-echoed thro' the Wood,
Some vow'd to sleep in dead Men's Clothes
And some to swim in blood.

At Irvines Nod 'twas fine to see,
The left prepare to fight,
The while the Drovers, Wayne and Lee,
Drew off upon the Right.

Which Irvine 'twas Fame don't relate,
Nor can the Muse assist her,
Whether 'twas he that cocks a Hat
Or he that gives a Glister.

For greatly one was signalized,
That fought at Chesnut-Hill,
And Canada immortalized,
The Vender of the Pill.

Yet the Attendance upon Proctor,
They both might have to boast of;
For there was Business for the Doctor
And hats to be disposed of.

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Let none uncandidly infer,
That Stirling wanted Spunk,
The self-made Peer had sure been there,
But that the Peer was drunk.

But turn we to the Hudson's Banks,
Where stood the modest Train,
With Purpose firm tho' slender Ranks,
Nor car'd a Pin for Wayne.

For then the unrelenting hand
Of rebel Fury drove
And tore from ev'ry genial Band,
Of Friendship and of Love.

And some within a Dungeon's gloom,
By mock Tribunals laid,
Had waited long a cruel Doom,
Impending o'er their Heads.

Here one bewails a Brother's Fate
There one a Sire demands,
Cut off, alas! before their Date,
By ignominious Hands.

And silver'd Grandsires here appear'd
In deep Distress serene,
Of reverend mannors that declared,
The better days they'd seen.

Oh cursed Rebellion these are thine,
Thine are these Tales of Wo,
Shall at thy dire insatiate Shrine
Blood never cease to flow?

And now the Foe began to lead
His Forces to th' Attack:
Balls whistling unto Balls succeed,
And make the Block-House crack.

No shot could pass, if you will take
The Gen'ral's word for true;
But 'tis a d——ble Mistake,
For ev'ry shot went thro'.

The firmer as the Rebels pressed,
The loyal Heroes stand;
Virtue had nerv'd each honest Breast,
And Industry each Hand.

"In* Valour's Phrensy, Hamilton
Rode like a soldier big,
And Secretary Harrison,
With Pen stuck in his Wig.

"But least their Chieftain Washington,
Should mourn them in the Mumps,†
The Fate of Withrington to shun,
They fought behind the stumps.

But ah, Thaddæus Posset, why
Should thy Poor Soul elope?
And why should Titus Hooper die
Ah die—without a Rope?

Apostate Murphy, thou to whom
Fair Shela ne'er was cruel;
In death shalt hear her mourn thy Doom
Ouch wou'd ye die my Jewel?

Thee Nathan Pumpkin, I lament,
Of melancholy Fate,
The Gray Goose stolen as he went,
In his Heart's Blood was wet.

Now as the Fight was further fought
And Balls began to thicken,
The Fray assum'd the Gen'rals thought
The Colour of a licking.

Yet undismay'd the Chiefs Command,
And to redeem the day,
Cry, Soldiers, CHARGE! they hear, they stand,
They turn and run away.

End of Canto the IId.

CANTO III.

Nor all delights the bloody spear,
Or horrid din of battle,
There are, I'm sure, who'd like to hear
A word about the cattle.

The Chief whom we beheld of late,
Near Schralenberg haranguing,

At Yan Van Poop, unconscious sat
Of Irving's hearty banging.

Whilst valiant Lee, with courage wild,
Most bravely did oppose
The tears of women and of child,
Who begg'd he'd leave the cows.

But Wayne, of sympathizing heart,
Required a relief,
Not all the blessings could impart
Of battle or of beef.

For now a prey to female charms,
His soul took more delight in
A lovely‡ Hamadryad's arms,
Than cow driving or fighting:

A nymph, the Refugees had drove
Far from her native tree,
Just happen'd to be on the move,
When up came Wayne and Lee.

She in mad Anthony's fierce eye
The Hero saw portray'd,
And all in tears she took him by
——The bridle of his Jade.

Hear, said the nymph, O great Commander!
No human lamentations;
The trees you see them cutting yonder,
Are all my near relations.

And I, forlorn! implore thine aid,
To free the sacred grove:
So shall thy prowess be repaid
With an immortal's love.

Now some, to prove she was a Goddess.
Said this enchanting fair
Had late retired from the *Bodies*,§
In all the pomp of War.

That drums and merry fifes had play'd
To honour her retreat,
And Cunningham himself convey'd
The Lady thro' the street.

Great Wayne, by soft compassion sway'd,
To no inquiry stoops,
But takes the fair afflicted maid
Right into Yan Van Poop's.

So Roman Anthony, they say,
Disgraced th' imperial banner,
And for a gipsy lost a day,
Like Anthony the Tanner.

The hamadryad had but half
Received redress from Wayne,
When drums and colours, cow and calf,
Came down the road amain.

All in a cloud of dust were seen
The sheep, the horse, the goat,
The gentle heifer, ass obscene,
The yearling and the shoat.

And pack-horses with fowls came by,
Befeathered on each side,
Like Pegasus, the horse that I
And other poets ride.

Sublime upon his stirrups rose
The mighty Lee behind,
And drove the terrour-smitten cows,
Like chaff before the wind.

But sudden see the woods above
Pour down another corps,
All helter skelter in a drove,
Like that I sung before.

Irving and terrour in the van,
Came flying all abroad,
And cannon, colours, horse and man,
Ran tumbling to the road.

Still as he fled, 'twas Irving's cry,
And his example too,
Run on, my merry men all—for why?"
"The shot will not go thro'.

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* Vide Lee's Trial.

† "A disorder prevalent in the Rebel lines. The merit of these lines, which is doubtless very great, can only be felt by true Connoisseurs, conversant in ancient song."

‡ A Deity of the woods.

§ A cant appellation given among the soldiery, to the corps, that has the honour to guard his majesty's person.

‖ Five Refugees ('tis true) were found
Stiff on the block-house floor,
But then 'tis thought the shot went round,
And in at the back-door.

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As when two kennels in the street,
Swell'd with a recent rain,
In gushing streams together meet,
And seek the neighbouring drain.

So met these dung-born tribes in one,
As swift in their career,
And so to Newbridge they ran on—
But all the cows got clear.

Poor Parson Caldwell, all in wonder
Saw the returning train,
And mourn'd to Wayne the lack of plunder,
For them to steal again.

For 'twas his right to seize the spoil, and
To share with each commander,
As he had done at Staten Island
With frost-bit Alexander.

In his dismay the frantick priest
Began to grow prophetick,
You had swore, to see his lab'ring breast,
He'd taken an emetick.

I view a future day, said he,
Brighter than this day dark is,
And you shall see what you shall see,
Ha ha! one pretty Marquis;

And he shall come to Paules Hook,
And great achievements think on,
And make a bow and take a look,
Like Satan over Lincoln.

And all the land around shall glory
To see the Frenchmen caper,
And pretty Susan tell the story
In the next Chatham paper.

This solemn prophecy, of course,
Gave all much consolation,
Except to Wayne, who lost his horse
Upon the great occasion.

His horse that carried all his prog,
His military speeches,
His corn-stalk whiskey for his grog,
Blue stockings and brown breeches.

And now I've closed my epick strain,
I tremble as I show it,
Lest this same warrio-drover, Wayne,
Should ever catch the poet.

BIOGRAPHY.

Biographical Sketch of CADWALLADER COLDEN, Formerly Lieutenant-Governour of New York.

This truly eminent and worthy character, who united in himself the several qualities we are accustomed to admire in the physician, philanthropist, and philosopher, was the son of the Reverend Alexander Colden, of Dunse, in Scotland, and was born on the seventeenth day of February, 1688. After he had laid the foundation of a liberal education under the immediate inspection of his father, he went to the university of Edinburgh, where in 1705 he completed his course of collegiate studies. He now devoted his attention to medicine and mathematical science until the year 1708, when being allured by the fame of William Penn's colony, he came over to Pennsylvania about two years after, where he practised physick with no small share of reputation until 1715, when he returned to England. While he was in London, he was introduced to that eminent philosopher, Dr. Edmund Halley, who formed so favourable an opinion of a paper on animal secretion, written by Dr. Colden some years before, that he read it at the Royal society, the notice of which it greatly attracted. At this time he formed an acquaintance with some of the most distinguished literary and scientifick characters, with whom he ever after maintained a regular correspondence. From London he went to Scotland and married a young lady of a respectable Scotch family, by the name of Alice Christie, with whom he returned to America in 1716.

In 1718 he settled in the city of New York; but soon after relinquished the practice of physick and became a publick character: he held in succession the office of surveyor-general of the province, master in chancery, member of the council at the instance of Governour Burnet, and lieutenant-governour. Previously to his acceptance of this last station he obtained a patent for a tract of land by the name of Coldenham, near Newburgh, on the Hudson, at which place he retired about the year 1756, where he spent a great part of his life. Here he appears to have been occupied, (with occasional interruption on account of publick affairs connected with his station of lieutenant-governour,) in the pursuit of general knowledge, but particularly in botanical and mathematical studies, at the same time that he continued his correspondence with learned men in Europe and America.

In July 1760, upon the death of James De Lancy, Mr. Colden was appointed lieutenant-governour of New York, which commission he held until the time of his decease, the administration of the government repeatedly falling on him by the death or absence of several governours-in-chief. His political character, ardent in the cause of the king, was rendered very conspicuous by the firmness of his conduct during the violent commotions which preceded the revolution. His administration is also memorable, among other circumstances, for several charters of incorporation for useful and benevolent purposes. Among these may be stated the act of incorporation for the relief of distressed seamen, called the Marine Society; that of the Chamber of Commerce, which has lately been revived by John Pintard, and is now prominent among the most effective organizations for commercial purposes in the city of New York, and one for the relief of widows and children of clergymen. After the return of Governour Tryon in 1775 he was relieved from the care of government. He then retired to a seat on Long Island, where a recollection of his former studies and a few select friends ever welcomed by a

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social and hospitable disposition, cheered him in his last days. He died in the eighty-ninth year of his age, on the memorable 28th of September, 1776, a few hours before the city of New York was in flames, retaining his senses to the last, and expiring without a groan.

Dr. Colden began at an early period of his life to pay great attention to the vegetable productions of America, in which delightful study his daughter afterward became distinguished; and it has generally been asserted that this eminent female botanist received from Linnæus the high compliment of having a plant of the tetrandous class named Coldenia, in honour of her merits. The Linnæan correspondence, however, recently published by Sir James Edward Smith, removes all doubt on the subject; the genus was so denominated as a tribute due to Dr. Colden himself. For it deserves to be recollected that Dr. Colden was the first American expositor of the Linnæan system in the new world. This he taught on the banks of the Hudson almost immediately after its announcement by the illustrious Swede.* That Linnæus contemplated a like honour to the distinguished daughter of Colden, there is little doubt. His correspondent Peter Collinson, repeatedly referred in his letters to Miss Colden's botanical disquisitions. In a letter of May, 1756, he remarks: "I have lately heard from Dr. Colden. He is well: but what is marvellous, his daughter is perhaps the first lady that has so perfectly studied your system. She deserves to be celebrated:" and in another letter of April, 1757, Collinson again writes to Linnæus: "In the second volume of Edinburgh Essays, is published a botanick dissertation by Miss Colden: perhaps the only lady that makes profession of the Linnæan system, of which you may be proud." Other testimonials in behalf of the high botanical attainments of Dr. Colden and his daughter, are recorded in the same work.

Dr. Colden was attentive to the physical constitution of the country, in which as a physician, he had for some time held a conspicuous rank, and he has left a long course of diurnal observations on the thermometer, barometer, and winds. He wrote a history of the prevalent diseases of the climate, which appeared many years after his death in Hosack's and Francis's American Medical and Philosophical Register, Vol. I.; and if he was not the first to recommend the cooling regimen in the cure of fevers, he was certainly one of its earliest and warmest advocates; and opposed, with earnestness, the then prevalent mode of treatment in the small-pox.

In the year 1743, a fever which occasioned great mortality, prevailed in the city of New York, and created much alarm. From the slight evidence in Smith's New York and other sources, it seems to have been similar to the malignant pestilence which has occurred of latter years. Two hundred and seventeen persons died of a population of seven or eight thousand. He communicated his thoughts to the publick on the most probable method of treating the disease, in a small treatise on the occasion, enriched with much learning, in which he enlarged on the pernicious effects of marshy exhalations, moist air, damp cellars, filthy stores, and dirty streets. showed how much these nuisances prevailed in many parts of the city, and pointed out the remedies. The corporation of the city presented him their thanks and established a plan for draining and clearing the city, which was attended with the most salutary effects. This important paper may also be found in the Register just referred to, as well as his Observations on the Climate and Diseases of New York. An opinion of Dr. Colden, set forth in this last-named essay, that the climate of the city of New York, he doubts not, will in time become one of the most agreeable and healthy on the face of the earth, has created some animadversion. He published a short treatise on the cure of cancer, and another on the virtues of the "Great Water Dock;" this last production was the occasion of the commencement of his Linnæan correspondence; though in one of his letters to the great botanist, bearing date 1748–9, it seems evident he had already made himself favourably known to him by other studies in the classification of plants according to the method of the sexual system. In 1753, he published some observations on the epidemical sore throat which appeared in Massachusetts in 1735, and had spread over a great part of North America. These observations are to be seen in Carey's American Museum.

Upon his becoming acquainted with the Linnæan system of botany he applied himself with new delight to that study, as might be inferred from the progress he made in the science, but we have the further evidence of his zeal in that pursuit from one of his own letters to Linnæus: "When I came into this part of the world, near forty years since,' says he, "I understood only the rudiments of botany, and I found so much difficulty in applying them to the many unknown plants I met with everywhere, that I was quite discouraged, and laid aside all attempts in that way near thirty years, till I casually met with your books, which gave me such new lights that I resolved again to try what could be done with *your* assistance." His slight personal interviews with Kalm, the traveller, and a pupil of Linnæus, may also have given him still further aid. He felt justified, however, in attempting a scientifick de-

* Dr. Francis's Discourse.

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scription of American plants, and published an account of between three and four hundred which was printed in the Acta Upsaliensia. Of this number about two hundred were for the first time noticed as new species. He published the "History of the Five Indian Nations," in two volumes, 12mo, and dedicated it to Gov. Burnet, who had distinguished himself by his wisdom and success in the management of Indian affairs. This history may be pronounced a work of great historical value, and indispensable to every writer on the important subject of our Indian tribes. Much of his knowledge was derived from actual observation and experience. But the subject which drew Dr. Colden, at one time of his life from every other pursuit, was what he first published under the title of the "Cause of Gravitation," but which being afterward much enlarged, was published in 1751, by Dodsley, of London, in one volume, 4to, entitled the "Principles of Action in Matter," to which is annexed a "Treatise on Fluxions." His friend Peter Collinson, in a letter to Linnæus, thus writes of the first edition in 1747. "The treatise on gravitation by our friend Dr. Colden, is a new system which he desires may be thoroughly examined. I wish it had been wrote in Latin, to have been more universally read. But as a great many of your learned men read English, I hope it will be acceptable to some of them." That this book cost him many years of severe study, is apparent from the nature of the subject and the extent of his researches. His desire to free it of all objections urged against it, caused him to prepare a new edition with further elucidations of particular parts, which he transmitted to Dr. Whytte, a professor in the university of Edinburgh: the fate of the volume was never known.

In the American Medical and Philosophical Register, a work which has already been referred to in this article, a paper of singular value may be found, entitled a "New Method of Printing discovered by Dr. Colden, together with an Original Letter from Dr. Franklin on the same subject." To this document is added by the editors some account of stereotyping, as now practised in Europe. From the correspondence with Colden and Franklin, the curious fact is deduced, that the stereotype process, said to have been invented by M. Herhan in Paris, and now practised by him (1810) in that city under letters patent of Napoleon, is precisely the same as that spoken of by Dr. Colden more than sixty years ago. How far this great improvement in the typographick art is an American invention, becomes from the testimony thus furnished, an enquiry well worth investigation. The claims of Dr. Colden to this high honour, seem to be of a no ordinary character.

Though his principal attention after the year 1760, was necessarily directed from philosophical to political matters, yet he maintained with great punctuality his literary correspondence, particularly with Linnæus of Upsal, Gronovius of Leyden, Dr. Porterfield and Whytte of Edinburgh, Dr. Fothergill and Mr. Collinson, F. R. S. of London There were also several communications on mathematical and astronomical subjects between him and the Earl of Macclesfield. With most of the eminent men of America he held an almost uninterrupted correspondence. Among them may be mentioned the names of Dr. Garden, J. Bartram, Dr. Douglass, Dr. John Bard, Dr. Samuel Bard, James Alexander, Esq. and Dr. Franklin. With Dr. Franklin in particular, he was a constant and intimate correspondent, and they regularly communicated to each other their philosophical and physical discoveries, especially on electricity. In these letters are to be observed the first dawnings of many of those discoveries which Dr. Franklin has communicated to the world, and which so much astonished and enlightened mankind. In one of his letters Dr. Franklin gives an account of the organization of the American Philosophical Society, in which he mentions that Dr. Colden first suggested the idea and plan of that institution;* and in another letter addressed to Dr. Colden, he details the circumstances connected with his making with his own hands a cylindrical-electrical machine, probably the first apparatus of such a construction ever formed.

That Dr. Colden was a man of varied and extensive learning, of deep research and extensive observation, is fully evinced by his various writings: that in industry he had few to equal him, and that his devotion to science arose from the impulse of a generous and disinterested feeling, will be conceded by all who reflect upon the nature and amount of his philosophical lucubrations, and the circumstances of the country and the times in which he lived.

The numerous manuscript papers left by Dr. Colden at the time of his death, are now in the possession of his great grandson, David C. Colden Esq., of New York, who has kindly permitted the Franklin correspondence to be delivered to Jared Sparks Esq., in order, more effectually to enable this enlightened and able editor to complete his ample edition of Dr. Franklin's life and works now publishing at Boston. From that work we extract the following, in reference to the American Philosophical Society:

* This curious paper, the only existing document making known the origin of this society, may be seen in Hosack and Francis' American Medical and Philosophical Register, already referred to in this article.

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"Mr. Colden suggested to Franklin, that he should print, by subscription, a selection from the papers that might be furnished by the members. It is probable that this project was not encouraged; for, nearly a year afterwards, Nov. 28, 1745, Franklin writes to him as follows: 'I am now determined to publish an *American Philosophical Miscellany*, monthly or quarterly. I shall begin with next January, and proceed as I find encouragement and assistance, &c. I shall be glad of your advice in any particulars, that occurred to you in thinking of this scheme.' Franklin's design was not executed, perhaps for the want of encouragement; nor indeed is there any evidence that the Society was even in a flourishing state. Nothing is known of its transactions: the records of its proceedings are lost; and, if any papers were contributed by the members, they were destroyed, along with the records of the Society."

Mr. Colden reared a family of two daughters and three sons. His daughters were Alice, married to Mr. Willet; and Elizabeth, married to Mr. Delancy. His sons were Alexander, Cadwallader and David, each of whom at different times, acted as surveyor-general. They were all prominent men in the colony of New York—David, the youngest son, and father of Cadwallader, whose career it is purposed carefully to set forth on this occasion, was a native of the city of New York, and born in 1735. He received a good education, excelled in mathematicks and natural philosophy, and was a correspondent of Dr. Franklin, in whose works some of his letters appear. He died in London, in 1784, leaving one son and four daughters, and the reputation of an excellent character.

Cadwallader D. Colden, whose publick services his native state will long remember with high consideration, was born at Spring-hill, near Flushing, in Queen's county, Long Island, on the 4th of April, 1769. He was educated in part at home, by a private tutor, and attended a school at Jamaica, Long Island. In the spring of 1784, he embarked in company with his father for England, where he attended a classical school in the neighbourhood of London until the autumn of 1785, when he returned to New York. He then commenced the study of the law with the eminent counsellor Richard Harrison, but family business making it necessary for him to visit the British province of New Brunswick, and continue there for some time, he pursued his legal studies there: and in 1789, returned to the state of New York, and completed his professional education with the late Mr. Van Schaick of Kinderhook. This distinguished civilian was preceptor of many of our most eminent professional men in jurisprudence.



In the January court-term 1791, Mr. Colden was licensed as an attorney; and from Governour George Clinton he received a commission as a publick notary. Mr. Colden had practised law in the city of New York but a short time, when he removed to Poughkeepsie, in the county of Dutchess. He remained there pursuing his profession with great industry and success, until the year 1796, when he again returned to the city of New York, and resumed his station at the bar.

He about this time received the appointment of district-attorney, and by his zeal, talents and industry, laid the foundation of his future fame and success. His excellent biographer in the New York Mirror, remarking on this period of his life, observes, "Mr. Colden's intense application to business, in the course of a few years, most seriously impaired his health, and he embarked for France in the spring of 1803, as his friends supposed in the last stage of consumption. A residence of about eighteen months in France and Switzerland, and other places on the continent, restored him to health; and he returned home at the close of the year 1804, and found his clients and friends already waiting to give him their business and offer their congratulations." The same candid writer farther very honestly and frankly remarks: "For a young man to attain distinction at the New York bar, when his competitors were such men as Richard Harrison, Samuel Jones, sen., Alexander Hamilton and Brockholst Livingston, was no easy task. Mr. Colden, however, thoroughly disciplined his vigorous and active mind, grappled with difficulties which beset him, and overcame them. His success was flatter-

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ity in the extreme; for it was not many years before he stood as a commercial lawyer at the head of his profession, while in other branches of it he always ranked among the first." As an evidence among many others which might be cited, of the great amount of business which poured in upon him, it has been stated, that he has argued every cause on one side or the other, that was heard in the supreme court for a week: he also had at some of the New York circuits, sixty or more causes.

It deserves to be recorded to his high honour, that his system of law-ethicks to which he rigidly adhered, was of the purest kind. His intercourse with his professional brethren was courteous and fraternal. He treated his juniors with urbanity and kindness, and never evinced toward his compeers or seniors, the feeling of envy or uncharitableness. His professional fame, therefore, was a brilliant one, and such as few comparatively ever obtain. Soon after he began to practice in New York, he became connected with the Manumission Society, and was for a long time its President. On every requisite occasion, he lent to it his powerful professional services, with a total disregard of all sordid results. As a friend to the young aspirants to professional distinction, to genius in the arts or sciences, and to all who were governed by a laudable impulse, he always liberally imparted his councils, his hospitalities, and if requisite, pecuniary aid. What he has said of his intimate friend Fulton, in his biography of this eminent man, may with the strictest truth be said of himself. "In all his domestick and social relations, he was zealous, generous, liberal and affectionate. He knew of no use for money but as it was subservient for charity, hospitality and the sciences."

His biographer, to whom we are so largely indebted for the materials of this sketch, thus adverts to the labours of Mr. Colden, which were more particularly of a publick nature. During the late war with Great Britain, Mr. Colden's professional engagements (says he) were so numerous, that it was conceded by every one conversant with the subject, that his business was worth more than that of any other member of the profession in the state. He relinquished the most of it, however, that he might devote a portion of every day to military service. He commanded a regiment of volunteers, and was extremely active and useful in helping in the erection of fortifications for the defence of the city. His time, his influence, his pen and his money, were tendered to his country. His example was of signal benefit: so much so, that the patriot Tompkins spoke of it with a warmth of feeling, and an earnestness of manner, that showed that he considered Mr. Colden as one of his most efficient coadjutors during that critical and alarming crisis in our affairs. In 1818, he was elected to the House of Assembly, and during that year was also appointed mayor of the city of New York. It was then part of the duties of the mayor to preside in the municipal courts, and although he was the immediate successor of De Witt Clinton in that office, his opinions and conduct as a judge, fully sustained the high reputation of the court. In 1822, Mr. Colden was elected to Congress, and proved himself a useful and distinguished member of that body.

In 1824, he was elected to the Senate of the state of New York, which office he held for three years, when a regard to other paramount duties led him to resign. As a debater in that very respectable body, he was always listened to with attention, and his opinions as a member of the court for the Correction of Errours, are characterized by a vigour, clearness and legal discrimination, that entitle them to peculiar consideration. Untiring industry and patient research, marked him in all his proceedings, equally in the several legislative bodies of which he was a member, as in the severest responsibilities of his private professional business.

The subject of education was one on which Mr. Colden bestowed much reflection, and he lent through his whole life his aid to all those institutions, which had for their object the moral and intellectual culture of youth. The publick-schools in the city of New York, can number him among their most active and efficient founders. He was conspicuous among the most active in devising a plan for the *reformation of juvenile delinquents*, and was afterward president of the society incorporated for that important object. He reflected much on the subject of prison discipline, and was instrumental in making many valuable suggestions for the reformation of convicts. For many years he was one of the governours of the New York hospital.

Various and serviceable as his efforts for the benefit of his native state and country thus appear, he challenges our approbation for his performance of still more important acts. He is recognised as one of the earliest and most efficient promoters of that great system of internal improvement which is now the pride and boast of the state of New York.

We find his name recorded in the list of names affixed to the celebrated memorial on the subject bearing date February, 1816. The great meeting on that occasion was held in the city of New York, and Mr. Colden was on the committee of correspondence. In the history of the Erie canal, published by order of the Legislature, we find his name often recorded as associated with measures eminently conducive to the accomplishment of that vast undertaking. After the completion of the canal, he

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wrote as is well known, the Memoir on the subject, which was published by the common council of the city.

His publick services after he withdrew from the Senate, in 1827, were next devoted to superintending the construction of the Morris canal, which connects the waters of the Delaware river with the waters of the bay of New York. It would require a large space to detail the many discouraging and formidable difficulties he had to encounter in the work: suffice it to say, he on this occasion, as on every other of his life, was not intimidated, but steadily persevered to the satisfactory completion of the great task: it is familiarly known that the Morris canal has demonstrated the practicability of using planes for locks.

The records of jurisprudence must be consulted in order to ascertain the nature of his legal opinions and decisions. His Life of his friend, Robert Fulton, is his most extensive literary enterprise. In this volume, which was read by him before the New York Literary and Philosophical Society, and published by that association with the laudable intention of erecting some memorial in honour of this eminent and successful experimental philosopher, Mr. Colden has evinced the warmth of his affection, and treated with a judicious consideration the generous and patriotick services of that illustrious man.

The elaborate document which he drew up at the request of the corporation of New York, embracing the origin, progress, and completion of the great canal which connects Lake Erie with the Hudson river, will ever be consulted by the historian who seeks for authentick knowledge on matters of that nature. The last effort of his pen, was a letter on a singularly interesting subject, the insanity of the late famous orator of France, Count St. Jean D'Angelly, an exile in America, in 1817. This paper of peculiar importance to the medical jurist, may be found in the life of the late Thomas Eddy, recently published by Col. Knapp. Mr. Colden contemplated the publication of the writings of the late Lieutenant-governour Cadwallader Colden, in a series of volumes, with an original life drawn from materials in his possession: but he made only partial advances in the undertaking.

Mr. Colden died on the 7th of February, 1834, at his house in Jersey city, which he had made his residence for several years. He was married to Miss Maria Provoost, second daughter of the Right Rev. Samuel Provoost, D. D., the first protestant bishop of New York. By this lady, who died in 1837, he had one son, David C. Colden.

The writer of Mr. Colden's life, to which we have already more than once referred, and to whom we are so largely indebted for this account, thus justly sums up his character: "The ruling, paramount, and impelling motive seemed to be, to make himself useful to his fellow-men. An allusion has already been made to the ardour and fidelity with which he discharged his professional duties; and these were also the characteristicks of all his other labours. Whether he was in the service of his friends, his clients, or his country, he evinced a disinterestedness and devotion, rarely if ever surpassed. The prominent traits in his character, cannot, perhaps be better designated, than by applying to him what has recently been said of another, that he possessed an 'energy, activity, and philanthropy, which led him to regard none of the great concerns of mankind as foreign to himself!'

"He never condemned anything because it was new, for he disclaimed all connexion with the paradoxical set of men, who seem to hold, that an old errour is better than a new truth. If he were sometimes called a projector, let it be borne in mind, that all his projects had for their object the benefiting of others rather than himself. As a jurist and civilian, he ranked with men whose professional fame we justly prize as a part of the moral property of the state. As a theoretical mechanick and engineer, his enjoyment of the confidence, and sharing in the consultations of Fulton, attest his powers. The numerous institutions he was instrumental in forming and sustaining, added to his deeds of charity, give full proof of his claims to the character of a philanthropist. In the domestick and social relations of life, he ever evinced an affection and kindness that rendered him a safe pattern for imitation. As a publick speaker, he infused into his discourses a pathos and force that seized and held the deep attention of his auditors."

A beautiful marble monument has lately been erected in Grace church, New York, to the memory of this distinguished and lamented citizen. It is placed under the south gallery, and nearly opposite to one of Frazee's earliest works of the same kind, the monument of Mr. Colden's friend and rival at the bar, the eloquent and noble-minded John Wells.

The inscription was written by the Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck; it is as follows:—

"TO THE MEMORY OF CADWALLADER D. COLDEN.

For several years Mayor of this City, a Senator of this State,
and one of its representatives in the Congress of the U. S.
His talents and publick services added lustre
To these and many other
Honours and trusts bestowed upon him by his native city.
He was alike eminent for legal learning and eloquence,
For ardent love and pursuit of general science,
And for the successful application of all his acquirements
To the best interests of his country.
As his Philanthropy and Patriotism
Commanded the confidence and attachment of his fellow-citizens
So his Kindness, Frankness, and Generosity
Won the warm affections of his family and of numerous friends
By one of whom, who had witnessed most nearly,
And, therefore, best estimated his worth,
This monument is erected."

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JAMES BOWDOIN, ESQ.

Mr. Bowdoin was one of the greatest philosophers, and one of the most distinguished men of the ancient and respectable state of Massachusetts. He was born in Boston, in 1726, and died in 1790, in his sixty-fifth year. His grandfather was a native of Rochelle, in France, of a respectable and honourable family, and in his religion a protestant; in that kingdom then usually called Huguenots. Soon after the edict of Nantz (which had passed in 1598, in favour of the protestants) was repealed in 1685, and persecutions raged against them with great severity, the grandfather left France and landed at Casco Bay, near Portland, with his family. The father of Mr. Bowdoin was with him, then about twenty years old. The grandfather spelt his name Baudouin, as appears by one of his letters, which was formerly in possession of the writer. The history and sufferings of the French protestants are well known. They were persecuted with even greater severity than English dissenters were in Great Britain. On the revocation of the edict of Nantz, many thousand were butchered, by the unfeeling bigots of the Roman Catholick faith. Dexter, Sigourney, Brimmer, Laurens, Boudinot, Jay, Huger, and others, left France, and came to America, at this period of persecution. Before the edict of Nantz in 1598 and after 1572, 70,000 protestants were slaughtered for refusing submission to the papal power.—From Casco, the elder Mr. Bowdoin soon removed to Boston, and there took up his permanent abode. He devoted himself to mercantile pursuits, and acquired a good estate. His son, the father of our Mr. Bowdoin, was held in high reputation, and was sometime one of the council for advising the governour. He also left a large property, and two sons, James and William; who thus received a large inheritance at his decease. Mr. Bowdoin was educated in Harvard college, and received the honours of that Seminary in 1745, when eighteen. While a member of the college, he was not distinguished by that rare brilliancy of genius which excites astonishment; but he was, even at that early age, remarkable for discernment, application and good sense. Good moral habits were also formed by him in early life, so that when he came into possession of a large patrimonial estate, he was not corrupted, nor led astray, into the paths of dissipation or extravagance. In his youth, he courted the muses occasionally, and some of his poetical compositions have been preserved. But he did not devote much time to such pursuits. He early studied ethicks, natural philosophy, jurisprudence and politicks. At the age of twenty-seven or eight, he was returned a member of the General Court from the metropolis. And at this time he corresponded with Professor Winthrop of the university, with Franklin, Otis, Pratt, Mayhew, and Cooper. With the two first on philosophical subjects; and with the others, on theology, and politicks, which even in 1750, engrossed the attention of the enlightened friends of civil liberty.

In 1757, Mr. Bowdoin was transferred to the Executive Council: and continued in that station, and in the House of Representatives, till the war of the revolution. He was disapproved, when chosen by the General Court into the council, by Governour Bernard, and Governour Hutchinson, on several occasions for his firm and inflexible opposition to the arbitrary measures of the British ministry, which the royal governours were instructed to support and enforce. Afterward, Hutchinson consented to his election into the council, believing his opposition would be less injurious than in the House of Representatives. That statesman was compelled to bear testimony to the zeal and decision of Mr. Bowdoin in the cause of liberty, and acknowledged that he was the ablest man at the council board.

The volume of Massachusetts State Papers contains several resolves and reports of the council, and answers to the governour's speeches of that period, well known to have been prepared by him. "His heart was warm, and his tongue and pen were employed in the service of his country."

During this period, as leisure from publick duties permitted, Mr. Bowdoin devoted himself to literary and philosophical pursuits. He had a good private library, and his correspondence was extensive with the learned men of his time.

In 1774, Mr. Bowdoin was appointed one of the five delegates from Massachusetts, to attend a continental congress in Philadelphia: but his health was then so delicate, that he was unable to bear the fatigues of the journey. In 1775, however, after the battle of Concord, and the crisis had arrived, we find him true to the liberties of the country. He was chosen President of the Executive council of Massachusetts, at that period, when the authority of Governour Gage and his council was denied, and a House of Representatives and council were appointed, to make laws, and to exercise the powers of government. When a convention was formed in 1780, to prepare a civil constitution in Massachusetts, Mr. Bowdoin was elected the President; his patriotism, intelligence and discretion pointing him out for that important station. The same year, and chiefly through his influence, the academy of arts and sciences was established in Massachusetts, of which he was unanimously chosen the first president; and he presided over this learned body till his death. In 1785, he was elected governour of the commonwealth; and again for the year 1786. It was his lot to be chief magistrate when the insurrection took place, headed by Daniel Shays. On the critical occasion he conducted with great firmness and moderation. And the crisis demanded the exercise of these political virtues. The insurrection was put down, with very little bloodshed; and even that was provoked by the rashness of the insurgents. While Mr. Bowdoin was in the chair, the debt of the state was immense; he did much to provide for its payment, and to restore the publick credit. He also, in 1785, and again in 1786, recommended the enlarging of the powers of Congress, for the purpose of regulating commerce, collecting a revenue, and paying off the debt of the United States. And his recommendation, no doubt, led to the general convention, in 1787, for amending the articles of the confederation, though a distinct proposition was also made by the Assembly of Virginia, in 1786, for that object. When President Washington made a tour through the New England states in 1789, and visited Boston, Mr. Bowdoin showed him great attention, and appeared highly gratified in the opportunity of manifesting his respect and admiration of his exalted character. It was the opinion of those who well knew Washington and Bowdoin, that they possessed

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similar virtues and qualities, to entitle them to the high regard and gratitude of our favoured republick. Mr. Bowdoin furnished several articles for the volumes of the learned academy of which he was president; the chief was that on light, in which he advocated the theory of Newton. He left a handsome legacy and his valuable library to the institution. He was a member of the royal societies of Dublin and London; and received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, in the University of Edinburgh. To all his others honours, we may justly add that derived from a publick profession of the faith, and an exemplary display of the virtues of Christianity.

FIRST AMERICAN NAVAL ACHIEVEMENT.

Mr. Cooper's "History of the Navy of the United States," just published, brings to notice some early deeds of valor by the Fathers of the Revolution on the water, that are not eclipsed by the glory of their achievements on the land, and which will now deservedly rank with the noblest exploits of after times. The first volume furnishes the following account of an action which is well called the "Lexington of the seas:"

The first nautical enterprise that succeeded the battle of Lexington, was one purely of private adventure. The intelligence of this conflict was brought to Machias, in Maine, on Saturday, the ninth of May, 1775. An armed schooner called the Margaretta, in the service of the crown, was lying in port, with two sloops under her convoy, that were loading with lumber on behalf of the King's Government. Those who brought the news were enjoined to be silent, a plan to capture the Margaretta having been immediately projected among some of the more spirited of the inhabitants. The next day being Sunday, it was hoped that the officers of the latter might be seized while in church, but the scheme failed in consequence of the precipitation of those engaged. Captain Moore, who commanded the Margaretta, saw the assailants, and, with his officers, escaped through the windows of the church to the shore, where they were protected by the guns of the schooner. The alarm was now taken, springs were got on the Margaretta's cables, and a few harmless shot were fired over the town, by way of intimidation. After a little delay, however, the schooner dropped down below the town, to a distance exceeding a league. Here she was followed, summoned to surrender, and fired on from a high bank, which her own shot could not reach. The Margaretta again weighed and running into the bay at the confluence of the two rivers, anchored.

The following morning, which was Monday, the eleventh of May, four young men took possession of one of the lumber sloops, and bringing her alongside of a wharf, they gave three cheers as a signal for volunteers. On explaining that their intentions were to make an attack on the Margaretta, a party of about thirty-five athletic men was soon collected. Arming themselves with fire arms, pitchforks, and axes, and throwing a small stock of provisions into the sloop, these spirited freemen made sail on their craft, with a light breeze at northwest. When the Margaretta observed the approach of the sloop she weighed and crowded sail to avoid a conflict, that was every way undesirable, as her commander was not apprized of all the facts that had occurred near Boston. In jibbing, the schooner carried away her main-boom, but continuing to stand on, she ran into Holmes' bay, and took a spar out of a vessel that was then lying there. While these repairs were making, the sloop hove in sight, and the Margaretta stood out to sea, in the hope of avoiding her. The wind now freshened, and the sloop proved to be the better sailer, with the wind on the quarter. So anxious was the Margaretta to avoid a collision, that Captain Moore now cut away his boats; but finding this ineffectual, and that his assailants were fast closing with him, he opened a fire, the schooner having an armament of four light guns, and thirteen swivels A man was killed on board the sloop, which immediately returned the fire with a wall piece. This discharge killed the man at the Margaretta's helm, and cleared her quarter-deck. The schooner broached to, when the sloop gave a general discharge. Almost at the instant the two vessels came foul of each other. A short conflict now took place with musketry. Captain Moore throwing hand-grenades with considerable effect, in person. This officer was immediately afterward shot down, however, when the people of the sloop boarded and took possession of the Margaretta.

The loss of life in this affair was not very great, though twenty men on both sides, are said to have been killed and wounded. The force of the Margaretta, even in men, was much the most considerable, though the crew of no regular can ever equal in spirit and energy, a body of volunteers assembled on an occasion like this. There was originally no commander in the sloop, but previously to engaging the schooner, Jeremiah O'Brien was selected for that station. This affair was the Lexington of the seas, for, like that celebrated land conflict, it was the rising of a people against a regular force, was characterized by a long chase, a bloody struggle, and a triumph. It was also the first blow struck on the water, after the war of the American Revolution had actually commenced.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

Washington was born February 22, 1732, inaugurated 1789; his term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

John Adams was born October 19, 1735, inaugurated 1797; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

Jefferson born April 2, 1743, inaugurated 1801; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

Madison born March 5, 1751, inaugurated 1809; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

Monroe born April 2, 1759, inaugurated 1817; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

The above is a list of five of the Presidents of the United States, (all men of the Revolution,) who ended their term of service in the 66th year of their age!

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EXTRACT FROM THE REVIEW OF THE LIFE OF FATHER MARQUETTE BY JARED SPARKS.

From the North American Review.

We need say nothing here of the services which Mr. Sparks has rendered to American history. His Lives of Ledyard and Morris and Washington; his editions of the writings of Washington and Franklin, and of the Diplomatic Correspondence; and his collection of American Biographies, are all known through this country and in Europe. He has done more than any other one man to preserve for posterity the undoubted records of our early history; and we trust a long life may be granted him, wherein to pursue his labors; for, with the advance already gained in a knowledge of the details of past times, his labors are becoming every year more and more valuable.

Among his various publications, the series of American Biographies ranks high in interest and utility; through it, many have been made known to the world, who might otherwise have found no historian; and we hope he may be able to continue it through many more volumes. Among those persons, who but for this work might have remained without their deserved celebrity, is Father Marquette, whose brief story is now before us. His Journal, giving an account of the discovery of the great Mississippi Valley, was published in France in 1681, and a poor translation of it was given in the Appendix to Hennepin's volumes, printed in London in 1698; but all knowledge of his doings slept in these dusty works, and in a few pages of Charlevoix's "New France," until Mr. Sparks drew up an abstract of the original Journal, for the second edition of Butler's "History of Kentucky." This abstract he has now somewhat altered and enlarged, and put into a wider circulation, through his "Biography." It is curious and interesting; and as Marquette's discovery is but little known, and the labours of those that followed him but slightly appreciated, we have thought it worth while to give our readers a sketch of the progress of the French in the knowledge and settlement of the Mississippi valley.

The advantages of water communication were never more perfectly shown, than in the rapid progress of the French in Canada when first settled. During the years in which John Eliot was preaching to the savages of Natick and Concord, the Jesuits were lifting their voices upon the furthest shores of Lake Superiour; while a journey from Boston to the Connecticut was still a journey through the heart of the wilderness, Allouez and Dablon had borne the cross through that very "Mellioki" (Milwaukie) region, to which our speculators have just reached. With strong hearts those old monks went through their labours; sleeping, in midwinter under the bark of trees for blankets, and seasoning their only food, "Indian corn, grinded small," with "little frogs, gathered in the meadows." They were very different men from "the apostle" of the Puritans; but, to all appearance, were as pure, and as true, and as loving; the Miamis were "so greedy to hear Father Allouez when he taught them," says Marquette, "that they gave him little rest, even in the night."

Among those who were foremost in courage and kindness, was Marquette himself; a modest, quiet man, who went forward into unknown countries, not as a discoverer, but as God's messenger; who thought all his sufferings and labour fruitful, because among "the Illinois of Peroumeca," he was able to baptize one dying child; and who took such a hold of the hearts of those wild men, through the inspiration of love, that for years after his death, when the storms of Lake Michigan swept over the Indian's frail canoe, he called upon the name of Marquette, and the wind ceased and the waves were still.

In the year 1671, this Jesuit missionary led a party of Hurons to the point of land which projects from the North, at the strait between Lakes Michigan and Huron, and there founded the old settlement of Michillimackinac. Here, and along the neighbouring shores, he laboured with noiseless diligence, until 1673, when the intendant-general of the colony, M. Talon, a man of great activity and enterprise, and who was upon the point of closing his career in Canada, determined that the close should be worthy of his character, and called upon Marquette to be the leader of a small party, which was to seek for that great river in the West, of which the Indians had so often spoken. The representative of the government in this undertaking was M. Joliet, a substantial citizen of Quebec, and with them went five other Frenchmen.

Upon the thirteenth of May, 1673, this little band of seven left Michillimackinac in two bark canoes, with a small store of Indian corn and jerked meat wherewith to keep soul and body in company, bound they knew not whither.

The first nation they visited, one with which our reverend Father had been long acquainted, being told of their venturous plan, begged them to desist. There were Indians, they said, on that great river, who would cut off their heads without the least cause; warrioura who would seize them; monsters who would swallow them, canoes and all; even a demon, who shut the way, and buried in the waters that boiled about him all who dared draw nigh; and, if these dangers were passed, there were heats there that would infallibly kill them. "I thanked them for their good advice," says Marquette, "but I told them that I could not follow it; since the salvation of souls was at stake, for which I should be overjoyed to give my life."

Passing through Green Bay, from the mud of which, says our voyager, rise "mischievous vapours, which cause the most grand and perpetual thunders that I have ever heard," they entered Fox River, and toiling over stones which cut their feet, as they dragged their canoes through its strong rapids, reached a village where lived in union the Miamis, Mascoutens, and "Kikabeux" (Kickapoos.) Here Allouez had preached, and behold! in the midst of the town, a cross, (*une belle croix*,) on which hung skins, and belts, and bows, and arrows, which "these good people had offered to the great Manitou, to thank him because he had taken pity on them during the winter, and had given them an abundant chase."

Beyond this point no Frenchman had gone; here was the bound of discovery; and much did the savages wonder at the hardihood of these seven men, who, alone, in two bark canoes, were thus fearlessly passing into unknown dangers.

On the tenth of June, they left this wondering and well-wishing crowd, and, with two guides to lead them through the lakes and marshes of that region, started for the river, which, as they heard, rose but about three leagues distant, and fell into the Mississippi. Without ill-luck these guides conducted them

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to the portage, and helped them carry their canoes across it; then, returning, left them "alone amid that unknown country, in the hand of God."

With prayers to the mother of Jesus they strengthened their souls, and then committed themselves, in all hope, to the current of the westward-flowing river, the "Mescousin" (Wisconsin;) a sand-barred stream, hard to navigate, but full of islands covered with vines, and bordered by meadows, and groves, and pleasant slopes. Down this they floated with open eyes, until, upon the seventeenth of June, they entered the Mississippi, "with a joy," says Marquette, "that I cannot express."

Quietly floating down the great river, they remarked the deer, the buffaloes, the swans—"wingless, for they lose their feathers in that country,"—the great fish, one of which had nearly knocked their canoe into atoms, and other creatures of air, earth, and water, but no men. At last, however, upon the twenty-first of June, they discovered upon the bank of the river the foot-prints of some fellow-mortals, and a little path leading into a pleasant meadow. Leaving the canoes in charge of their followers, Joliet and Father Marquette boldly advanced upon this path toward, as they supposed, an Indian village. Nor were they mistaken; for they soon came to a little town, toward which, recommending themselves to God's care, they went so nigh as to hear the savages talking. Having made their presence known by a loud cry, they were graciously received by an embassy of four old men, who presented them the pipe of peace, and told them that this was a village of the "Illinois." The voyagers were then conducted into the town, where all received them as friends, and treated them to a great smoking. After much complimenting and present-making, a grand feast was given to the Europeans, consisting of four courses. The first was of hominy, the second of fish, the third of a dog, which the Frenchmen declined, and the whole concluded with roast buffalo. After the feast they were marched through the town with great ceremony and much speechmaking; and, having spent the night, pleasantly and quietly, amid the Indians, they returned to their canoes with an escort of six hundred people. The Illinois, Marquette, like all the early travellers, describes as remarkably handsome, well-mannered, and kindly, even somewhat effeminate. The reverend Father tells us, that they used guns, and were much feared by the people of the South and West, where they made many prisoners, whom they sold as slaves.

Leaving the Illinois, the adventurers passed the rocks upon which were painted those monsters of whose existence they had heard on Lake Michigan, and soon found themselves at the mouth of the Pekitanoni, or Missouri of our day; the character of which is well described; muddy, rushing, and noisy. "Through this," says Marquette, "I hope to reach the Gulf of California, and thence the East Indies." This hope was based upon certain rumours among the natives, which represented the Pekitanoni as passing by a meadow, five or six days' journey from its mouth, on the opposite side of which meadow was a stream running westward, which led, beyond doubt, to the South Sea. "If God give me health," says our Jesuit, "I do not despair of one day making the discovery." Leaving the Missouri, they passed the demon, that had been portrayed to them, which was indeed a dangerous rock in the river, and came to the Ouabouskigou, or Ohio, a stream which makes but a small figure in Father Marquette's map, being but a trifling watercourse compared to the Illinois. From the Ohio, our voyagers passed with safety, except from the moschetoes, into the neighbourhood of the "Akamscas," or Arkansas. Here they were attacked by a crowd of warriours, and had nearly lost their lives; but Marquette resolutely presented the peace-pipe, until some of the old men of the attacking party were softened, and saved them from harm. "God touched their hearts," says the pious narrator.

The next day the Frenchmen went on to "Akamsca," where they were received most kindly, and feasted on corn and dog till they could eat no more. These Indians cooked in and eat from earthenware, and were amiable and unceremonious, each man helping himself from the dish, and passing it to his neighbour.

From this point Joliet and our writer determined to return to the North, as dangers increased toward the sea, and no doubt could exist as to the point where the Mississippi emptied, to ascertain which point was the great object of their expedition. Accordingly, on the seventeenth of July, our voyagers left Akamsca; retraced their path, with much labour, to the Illinois, through which they soon reached the Lake; and "nowhere," says Marquette, "did we see such grounds, meadows, woods, buffaloes, stags, deer, wildcats, bustards, swans, ducks, parrakeets, and even beavers," as on the Illinois river.

In September the party, without loss or injury reached Green Bay, and reported their discovery; one of the most important of that age, but of which we have now no record left except the narrative of Marquette, Joliet (as we learn from an abstract of his account, given in Hennepin's second volume, London, 1698) having lost all his papers while returning to Quebec, by the upsetting of his canoe. Marquette's unpretending account, we have in a collection of voyages by Thevenot, printed in Paris in 1681. Its general correctness is unquestionable; and, as no European had claimed to have made any such discovery at the time this volume was published, but the persons therein named, we may consider the account as genuine.

Afterward, Marquette returned to the Illinois, by their request, and ministered to them until 1675. On the eighteenth of May, in that year, as he was passing with his boatmen up Lake Michigan, he proposed to land at the mouth of a little stream running from the peninsula, and perform mass. Leaving his men with the canoe, he went a little way apart to pray they waiting for him. As much time passed, and he did not return, they called to mind, that he had said something of his death being at hand, and anxiously went to seek him. They found him dead; where he had been praying, he had died. The canoemen dug a grave near the mouth of the stream, and buried him in the sand. Here his body was liable to be exposed by a rise of water; and would have been so, had not the river retired, and left the missionary's grave in peace. Charlevoix, who visited the spot some fifty years afterward, found that the waters had forced a passage at the most difficult point; had cut through a bluff, rather than cross the lowland where that grave was. The river is called Marquette.

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From the Louisville Literary News-Letter.

ISAAC SHELBY.

This distinguished man, whose name is so intimately associated with the history of Kentucky, was a native of Maryland. His father was an immigrant from Wales near the middle of the last century, at which period, the section of country in which he settled, was annoyed by incessant inroads of the hostile Indian tribes. Under circumstances like these, only the elements of an ordinary English education could be obtained by the subject of this sketch. In all the arts of sylvan warfare, however, he was amply instructed; and a firm constitution enabled him to undergo privation and hardship almost with indifference. While yet a young man, he was engaged as a drover in the extensive pasture lands of Western Virginia, beyond the Alleghany Ridge, and thither has repaired. During the Indian hostilities of 1774, two years subsequent to his removal, the father of Shelby was appointed commander of a company of rangers, in the campaign of Lewis and Dunmore against the savages on the Scioto. As lieutenant of this company, Shelby was engaged in the memorable and sanguinary conflict of the 10th of October, at the mouth of the Kenhawa. The result of this battle gave peace to the frontier, and deterred the Indians from uniting with the British in the eventful contest of the Revolution. Such was the gallant conduct of Shelby in this action that, after the close of the campaign, he was appointed by Lord Dunmore to the second place in command of a garrison erected on the spot of the battle. This is considered the most sanguinary and severely contested conflict ever sustained against the north-western tribes, continuing from sunrise to sunset, and occupying about half a mile along the bank of the Ohio. In the garrison to which he had been appointed, Shelby continued until the ensuing July, when the peace appearing to be firmly established, he proceeded to Kentucky, and was employed as a surveyor under the firm of Henderson & Co., which then claimed proprietorship of all the region, and had established a land office under their purchase from the Cherokees. For about a year the young surveyor performed his duties, when his health becoming impaired from exposure, and privation, and the inclemency of the wilderness, he returned to Virginia. On his arrival he was appointed by Gov. Henry, commissary of supplies, for a large body of militia, posted at the various frontier garrisons. These supplies could be obtained no nearer than at a distance of three hundred miles, but his perseverance overcame all obstacles, and the office was satisfactorily discharged. During the succeeding year, he was engaged in the commissary department for the continental army, and for an expedition against the north-western Indians; and in '79 he furnished supplies for a campaign against the Chicamauga Indians, *on his own credit.* In the spring of the same year, he was elected a member of the Virginia Legislature, and in the fall was appointed a major, and shortly after a colonel.

In '80 Shelby returned to Kentucky for the purpose of securing and locating the lands surveyed and improved five years before by himself. While thus engaged, intelligence reached him of the surrender of Charleston to the British, and the loss of the southern army; upon which he immediately started for Virginia, to fight for his country's independence. On his arrival, he was desired to furnish all the aid in his power to check the enemy then holding possession of the South, and in a few days he had assembled three hundred mounted riflemen, with whom he took up his march across the Alleghanies. Shortly after his arrival at the camp, on Broad river, Shelby, with two other officers, was detached with six hundred men to surprise a strong post of the enemy, on the waters of the Pacolet river, fortified by abatis, and commanded by Capt. Moore, a distinguished loyalist. The post was surrounded, and at the second summons, was surrendered, although furnished with a force sufficient to have repulsed double that of the besiegers. Immediately after this affair, Shelby was detached with another officer and six hundred mounted men, to hover on the flank of the enemy, and cut off his foragers. The enemy's force was at that time twenty-five hundred strong, commanded by Major Ferguson, a very distinguished partisan officer in the British army. After various unsuccessful attempts to attack Col. Shelby at disadvantage, his advance, consisting of seven hundred men, at length, on the first of August, came up with the Americans at a spot called Cedar Spring, where, after a sharp conflict of half an hour, Ferguson arrived with all his force. Shelby ordered a retreat, but succeeded in carrying off fifty prisoners, among whom were two officers; and, though great efforts were made for five miles, to regain them, succeeded in placing them beyond the reach of rescue. His own loss was only ten or twelve killed and wounded. Not long after this affair, Shelby, with several other officers, was detached with seven hundred horsemen, to disperse a body of several hundred tories encamped about forty miles distant, at Musgrove's Mills, immediately upon the route to which place lay the whole force of Major Ferguson. At sunset, Shelby took up his line of march from the camp: leaving Ferguson's entrenchment three miles to his left, he rode hard all night, and at dawn met a patrol party about half a mile from the tory camp, with which a skirmish ensued and several were killed. At this crisis, a countryman residing near the spot, came up with the intelligence, that a reinforcement of six hundred troops destined to join Ferguson's army, had the evening previous, entered the hostile camp. Escape was now impossible, and attack with exhausted men and horses, under such circumstances, would have been madness. Entrenchment upon the spot, was the only resource, and a breast-work of logs and brush was immediately thrown up, while Capt. Inman was sent out with twenty-five men to meet and skirmish with the enemy, so soon as they crossed the river, with orders to fire upon the foe, and retreat at discretion. These orders were obeyed, and, as was anticipated, the enemy supposing themselves attacked by the whole force, were thrown into confusion, so that when within seventy yards of the entrenchment, they were exposed to a most destructive fire from the American riflemen. An hour passed away before the detachment could be driven from the feeble breast-work, and, just as it began to give way, the commander of the enemy was wounded, and, all the British officers having been previously killed or disabled, the whole line commenced a retreat. The Americans pursued and drove them across the river, but in this pursuit Capt. Inman was killed, gallantly

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fighting to the last. The British loss was sixty-three killed, and one hundred and sixty wounded and taken, while that of the Americans was but *four* killed, and nine wounded. After the action, Shelby ordered his men immediately to horse, with the determination of attacking before night a British post about thirty miles distant, when an express came up in great haste, dated on the battle ground, and giving intelligence of the defeat of the American grand army under Gates, near Camden, and ordering an immediate retreat, as the victorious foe would undoubtedly endeavor to improve their victory by destroying all the minor corps of the Americans. This retreat was no easy task for Shelby, encumbered as he was with prisoners, and his troops and horses fatigued. But there was no alternative, and he accordingly took up the line of march immediately for the mountains, and continued it all that day and night, and the next day until late in the evening, without halt or refreshment. This forced march was the salvation of the detachment, as it was pursued until late in the afternoon of the second day, by a strong body of Ferguson's troops. Shelby, after retreating beyond the reach of danger, sent on his prisoners for security, to Virginia—there being then no fragment of an army south of that state. Ferguson made several daring attempts to regain the prisoners, but all in vain; he also sent out, by prisoners on parole, the most threatening messages to Shelby to cease his opposition to the British government with his mountaineers.

At this crisis in the American Revolution, some of its best friends despairing of success, sought safety under the British standard; but Shelby remained firm and undaunted, and at length proposed to raise a force, and, marching hastily through the mountains, attack and surprise Ferguson at night. This proposition was acceded to, and, about one thousand men having been assembled, were ready to march, when it was discovered that three men had deserted to the enemy. This circumstance somewhat disconcerted the design, but did not defeat it. Setting forth on their expedition, through mountains almost inaccessible to horsemen, they fell in with a body of three hundred men, which was added to their force. Their strength was now about one thousand expert marksmen, and they pursued Ferguson with all possible despatch, regardless of any other collection of troops or tories on their route. For thirty-six hours they continued the pursuit, without intermission, alighting but once for one hour, although the rain was constantly falling in such quantities, that they could keep their guns ready for engagement, only by wrapping their clothing around the locks, which exposed themselves to the inclemency of the weather, throughout the march. At length they came up with Ferguson securely encamped on King's Mountain, from which spot he impiously declared that "God Almighty could not drive him!" The action was commenced, and soon became severe, continuing for three fourths of an hour, when the enemy being totally discomfited, surrendered at discretion. Ferguson was killed, together with three hundred and seventy-five of his men, and seven or eight hundred were taken prisoners: the assailants had but sixty killed or wounded.

Such was the first link to a chain of brilliant achievements, which secured the independence of our country. It was a victory achieved by raw militia, levied by no official authority, with no expectance of reward, and with no pay, supplies, or ammunition. Its effect was wonderful. It completely crushed the spirit of toryism then so rife, and so alarmed Cornwallis, who with the British grand army was but thirty miles distant, that on receiving the intelligence, he ordered an immediate retreat, and forced a march all night, for eighty miles, nor did he again attempt to advance, until reinforced, three months afterwards, by two thousand men. Meanwhile the militia of North Carolina assembled in force—that of Maryland did the same, and Gen. Gates with the fragments of his army, and new levies from Virginia to the amount of one thousand men coming up, enabled Gen. Greene to assume command in the early part of the succeeding December, and hold Cornwallis in check. For this gallant achievement at King's Mountain, the Legislature of North Carolina passed a vote of thanks to Shelby, and his brothers in command, and presented an elegant sword to each in testimony of their patriotic conduct on the memorable 7th of October. Shelby's claim to this distinguished honor is not to be doubted. The expedition originated with him, and his sagacity and judgment contributed as fully to improve the advantages resulting from its success, as did his valor in producing it.

In the fall of '81 Shelby served a campaign under the distinguished partisan, Francis Marion. In September he was called on for five hundred mounted riflemen, by General Greene, to aid in intercepting Cornwallis, at that time blockaded by the French fleet in the Chesapeake; but on the surrender of that commander, Shelby was attached to Marion's regiment on the Santee, and was second in command of a squadron of dragoons ordered to carry a British post at Fairlawn, some eight or ten miles from the enemy's main army. The rumor had been rife, that there were five hundred Hessians in the fort, in a state of mutiny, who would readily surrender to a superior force; but the rebels had been suspected, and marched off to Charleston the day before the siege commenced. Nevertheless, the post was surrendered with one hundred and fifty prisoners. Great exertions were subsequently made to regain these prisoners, but unsuccessfully, and immediately after, the whole British force retreated to Charleston. Shelby's period of service having now expired and no further active operations being in contemplation, he obtained leave to attend the Assembly of North Carolina, of which he was a member, which commenced its session in December, and left the army with the most flattering testimonials of regard from Marion.

In '82 Shelby was appointed one of the commissioners to settle the pre-emption claims of settlers on the Cumberland, and to lay off the military bounty lands south of the spot where Nashville now stands. This service he performed during the ensuing winter, and in the spring he returned to Boonsborough, Kentucky, where he married a daughter of Capt. Hart, one of the settlers of the state, and one of the firm of Henderson & Co., original purchasers from the Cherokees. Settling upon the soil under the earliest pre-emption granted in Kentucky, Shelby pursued peacefully the honorable occupation of a farmer; and, it is mentioned as a remarkable fact in his biography, that at the period of his death, forty-three years afterwards, he was the only man in Kentucky residing on his own original settlement and pre-emption right

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In '92, Shelby was a member of the early conventions held at Danville for the purpose of obtaining a separation from Virginia; and a member, also, of that convention which formed the first constitution of the state. Subsequently, he was elected to the gubernatorial chair, and fulfilled his duties in that responsible station, with signal success. At the expiration of four years he retired to private life, leaving Kentucky, for the first time since his childhood, entirely at peace with the savages.

In 1812, when hostilities commenced with Great Britain, and our entire western frontier was menaced by the savages, Shelby was again called to the executive chair. The emergency was one which demanded the exercise of all his powers, and, by the authority of the legislature he organized a force of four thousand volunteers, which, in the fall of 1813, he led in person, though then sixty-three years of age, under Harrison, to Canada. To his unauthorised but judicious step in drafting a corps of mounted volunteers at the crisis of this campaign, is said to have been owing its success, and the favorable results to the victory of the Thames. His gallant conduct on the memorable occasion won for him the most flattering acknowledgments from his general officer and from President Madison, as well as from the Legislature of his own state, and subsequently a vote of thanks and a gold medal from Congress.

In 1817, Shelby was invited by Monroe to the department of War; but his advanced age and his love of private life induced him to decline acceptance.—The ensuing year he acted as a commissioner, with Gen. Jackson, in obtaining a cession of all the Chickasaw lands within the boundaries of Kentucky and Tennessee; and this proved his last public act.

In the spring of 1820 his right arm was disabled by paralysis, but his faculties remained unshaken until his decease, which was occasioned by apoplexy in the summer of '26, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. For many years previous to this event, he had been a conscientious and consistent member of the Presbyterian church, and had contributed liberally to the erection of a house of worship on his own land.

In summing up the character of Isaac Shelby, we may emphatically say—*he was a good and a gallant man.* His life, like that of all the leading spirits of his day, was an eventful one; and, in bravery and patriotism, he was, perhaps, surpassed by none of his cotemporaries. And Shelby's memory is safe. He will not be forgotten—at least by the sons of Kentucky; for his name on their lips, is a "household word."

YAZOO.

It is a fact, of which few are aware, that at Satartia, on the Yazoo river, moulder the ruins of a dilapidated fort, which, during French ascendancy in this country, was the abode and asylum of civilized man. Though the fact that the French, a long time anterior to the revolution, had a fort upon the Yazoo river, is incidentally mentioned in connection with the early history of General Washington, yet little, even at that period, seems to have been known of its locality, its object, or its destiny; and its mention has faded from the page of American history, and its recollection from the mind of man. But it is on that account encircled with unusual interest, and clothed in imaginary grandeur; as fancy unrestrained by fact, must weave its history, rear again its splendid but fallen walls—people its silent arcades—string anew the lute by which the lover softened and civilized the dusky forest maiden; and mount the deep-mouthed cannon, whose thunders were heard far along the sluggish waters of the Yazoo.

The ditch, which surrounded this once secure and majestic fort, is one mile in circumference, and notwithstanding a flood of years have poured their obliterating waters upon it, the depth is yet about three and a half feet. The dirt which was thrown from it, rises about the same distance above the surface of the surrounding country—making the distance at present, from the bottom of the ditch to the top of the embankment, from six to seven feet. This ditch is perfectly circular, and must have been of a great depth at the time of its completion—otherwise its every vestige would have long since disappeared; for such is its age, that the trees which have grown up, both in the ditch and upon the embankment, equal in size, and have in every particular the resemblance of those of the neighbouring forests. The surface of the earth, on the inside, is perfectly level, with the exception of here and there a mound, seemingly designed to give the inmates a view and command of the river, which meanders at a distance of two hundred yards from its north-western boundary. The ruins indicate nothing of the character and construction of the fort, further than the embankment and circular ditch already described. This fort must have been constructed as early, or nearly so, as the settlement of New Orleans, and have astonished the wild Indian, before he learned the name of the far-famed "NATCHEZ." Of the history of this desolate home of the soldier, the Indians themselves know but little, having left its tradition behind them, in their chase after the wild deer of the wilderness. The only information in relation to it was derived from an Indian, who bore some visible traces of his French ancestry, and claimed to be a descendant of a princess of Yazoos and the French commandant at the fort. He lived upon the spot at the time the country was settled by the whites, and the tradition, as it had reached him, represented the French as once having an extensive and lordly possession there, of which the fort was the centre. They traded with the Indians, and attempted to possess themselves of the Yazoo valley. After years of labour and suffering, when they believed themselves nearest the accomplishment of their object, and the surrounding Indians most peaceful and friendly, the Yazoos suddenly made a descent upon them, and surprised and massacred the inhabitants of the fort. This, he says, originated in the maltreatment of the princess, his maternal ancestor, by the French; but most probably from a desire of plunder in the Indians.

If some lover of fiction would visit this spot, he might lay a foundation for some of fancy's brightest and loveliest creations—a theme which would render romantic the mention of the wilds of Mississippi.—Canton Herald.

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GEORGE ROGERS CLARKE.

There have been men in the history of every nation, the lives and characters of whom are so intimately identified with its annals, that to award their biographers full justice, it is indispensable to detail the events of the era in which they flourished. Such a man was Washington, and such a man, as truly, was George Rogers Clarke, though in a less extended sphere. The biography of Clarke and the early history of this western valley are identical; and should a life of this remarkable man, at all wor hy of its subject, ever be given to the public—and we have reason to believe such will shortly be the case—we shall, at the same time, receive a more complete and interesting view of the primitive settlement of the West, and the perils and privations attending it, than has yet appeared.

These suggestions being premised, it is quite evident, that, in our present notice of this distinguished man, we lay pretensions to nothing but an imperfect sketch of the leading incidents of his life, and the leading features of his character, as illustrated by them. We had hoped to have presented our readers with a more complete narrative of Clarke, from the pen of a member of the family, than our own exceedingly limited sources of information will permit us to prepare; but, in the absence of this, we avail ourselves of those circumstances, dates and events, which, with more or less accuracy, have been detailed by antecedent writers. We may thus, in some degree, supply that signal deficiency, which the absence of this distinguished name from our sketches of early western characters, would not fail to occasion.

The subject of our present narrative, was a native of Virginia, and was born in Albermarle in November, 1752. When about twenty-four years of age, he forsook his native village, and like most of the enterprising young men of the period, started off for the recent settlements of Kentucky, then a county of the parent state. At this era, Great Britain, then at war with us, held possession of that immense tract of country extending north and east of the Mississippi, from the Gulf of Mexico, to the extreme frozen regions of the Arctic circle; and, to some extent, maintained authority over it, by means of widely scattered and well-fortified military posts. To learn the location of those posts—to examine their defences as far as practicable—to render himself intimately familiar with forest-life and privation—to make himself acquainted with every subject of interest in the country—to investigate the character of its settlers, its soil, and topography, were among the objects which the young Virginian entered upon soon after his emigration to the West. His success was signal, while, at the same time, he gained the confidence and friendship of the inhabitants. Through the influence of British agents, the entire frontier was at that time a scene of Indian atrocities; and so deep was the impression which the recital made upon the mind of Clarke, that he at once devised a scheme to capture those British posts, from which the savages received their supplies of arms and ammunition, and by which they were urged on to their shocking barbarities. Such an enterprise was eminently calculated for the bold and daring genius of the young adventurer, and he engaged in it with all the fervidness of his ardent nature. He returned to Virginia, and made such a report of the western frontier to the Legislature of the state, that in the early part of '78, the celebrated Patrick Henry, then governor, yielded to his solicitations—a regiment was voted for the defence of the West, and two or three hundred men assembled without delay. The destination of this enterprise was preserved a profound secret. The force shortly started off, and crossing the Alleghanies, to the Monongahela river, descended by water to the falls of the Ohio. At this point were left several families of emigrants, who had availed themselves of a safe conduct; and being landed on Corn Island, a portion of the land was cleared and planted with corn. The names of the heads of these families, so far as we have been enabled to learn, were James Patton, Richard Chenoweth, John Tuel, and William Faith.

After settling these families, and being joined by a party of volunteers from Kentucky, Clarke, with four companies, under the command of Bowman, Harrod, Helm, and Montgomery, on June 24th, during a total eclipse of the sun, started in boats down the Ohio, for a French post, called Fort Massac, about sixty miles from the mouth, and about one hundred and thirty miles from Kaskaskia. This village was now, for the first time, announced as the destination of the enterprise. Concealing his boats at the old fort among the cane-brakes, to prevent discovery by the savages, he now commenced his march through a low, flat, marshy meadow, intersected by innumerable streams, and, in fact, impassable to any one but a backwood's ranger. At the head of his gallant band, rifle in hand, knapsack on his shoulders, marched the intrepid Clarke; encountering every hardship, and enduring, without a murmur, every privation, like the meanest private in the regiment.

After a march incredibly short, all things considered, the hardy rangers arrived on the banks of the Kaskaskia, a river opposite the village, in the night, having pursued their route two days after the exhaustion of their provisions. Game, it is true, was abundant in the forests through which they passed, but the discharge of a gun, it was thought, might warn some solitary hunter, and so they preferred to endure the pangs of hunger, rather than frustrate an enterprise, in which they had already suffered so much, and in which secrecy was so essential to success. Notwithstanding all their precautions, however, it is stated that a hunter discovered the party, and apprised the inhabitants of Kaskaskia of its approach; but, that such a tale was considered utterly improbable, and obtained not the slightest credence.—So unexpected, therefore, was the attack, that the sleeping town and garrison were captured without a blow being struck—not even a show of resistance being made. Of Clarke, in this affair, it is strikingly characteristic of his resolute and unshrinking nature, that, after he had formed his men for the assault, the only remark he made to them was 'The town is to be taken at all events;' a sentiment quite as pithy as Stark's memorable speech previous to the battle of Bennington.

After the capture of Kaskaskia, not an individual was suffered to escape to convey the intelligence to the posts higher up the Mississippi; and, the next day, after refreshment, a detachment mounted on the Indian ponies of the American Bottom, hastened

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to Fort Chartres—then a most formidable fortress of stone—and took possession of it without resistance. The fate of Cahokia, a fortified village a few miles above, was the same; and thus the British power in that section was completely humbled; and the French villagers, swearing allegiance to our government, the fort at Kaskaskia became the head quarters of Clarke. At the next session of the Virginia Legislature, the district became a county, and was styled *Illinois*.

The brief account of the capture of Fort Chartres we have presented, is that given by history; but there is a tradition which we have heard from the lips of the old people now residing upon the spot, which is, perhaps, of sufficient interest to be given in this connection: When the little band of Clarke arrived beneath the walls of Fort Chartres, the numbers of the garrison far exceeding those of the besiegers, the latter, as if in despair of success, shortly took up the line of march and disappeared behind the distant bluffs. Days passed on; diligent examination of the heights was kept up with glasses from the walls, but no enemy returned. At length, when apprehension had begun to die away, early one morning a troop of cavalry appeared winding over the bluffs, their arms glittering in the sunlight, and descended from view, apparently in the plain beneath. Hour after hour the march continued; troop after troop, battalion upon battalion, regiment after regiment, with their various ensigns and habiliments of warfare, appeared in lengthened files, wound over the bluffs, and disappeared. Alarmed and astonished at the countless swarms of the invaders, the garrison hastily evacuated the fortress, and for dear life and liberty, soon placed the Mississippi between themselves and the clouds of locusts! Hardly was this precipitate manœuvre well accomplished when the alarm of drum and fife was heard, and the identical force, which but a few days before had raised the siege, and in despair had retreated from beneath the wall, now paraded through the open sally ports, their rags and tatters fluttering by way of "pomp and circumstance" in the evening breeze. This fortunate *ruse de guerre* had been accomplished through the favourable nature of the ground, a few extra stand of colours manufactured for the occasion, and a variety of uniforms and arms of like character. After winding over the bluffs into the plain beneath, they again ascended through a defile unobserved by the garrison, and once more appeared in different guise and order, in rear of their comrades. "Distance," too, cast doubtless not a little "enchantment" over the "view;" and then the fear and trepidation of the worthy garrison probably sharpened their optics to detect all the peril in store for them, and, perchance, somewhat more. Whether there is reason to consider this tradition worthy of credence or not, we cannot say; but in pursuing a further investigation of the incidents of Clarke's life, we shall find those which will abundantly demonstrate, that he was not deficient in military strategy requisite for a manœuvre of the kind. Viewing the expedition as a whole, it is not unworthy to be cherished as the most brilliant page of military renown.

When Clarke had secured possession of his conquest, he unfolded to his men another feature in his expedition westward, which was the capture of Vincennes, a strongly fortified post. To ascertain the feelings of the French inhabitants of the village relative to their subservience to British will, Clarke dispatched to it M. Gibault, the Roman Catholic priest of Vincennes, who happened to be at Kaskaskia at the time of its capture, and was friendly to the Americans. On his arrival he immediately gathered all of his flock in their church, and, such was his influence with them, that they at once took the oath of allegiance to Virginia. Upon the announcement of this surrender to Clarke, he appointed a commandant to the post; but, no reinforcements arriving from Virginia, he was unable to take possession, and soon intelligence was brought him by Col. Vigo, that it had been garrisoned by Gov. Hamilton with British troops and several hundred Indians. Col. Vigo was sent back to Vincennes, and again returned with the intelligence, that the commandant had detached his Indians to the frontiers of Kentucky; and among other extensive operations, designed, in a few months, to recapture the villages on the Mississippi, suspecting no attack himself.

This information at once determined the movements of Clarke. Leaving Kaskaskia on the 5th February, '79, he commenced, with one hundred and thirty men, partly Creoles, a march of one hundred and sixty miles, through a region almost impassable at any season, but at the present intersected by swollen creeks and rivers without name or number—abounding in marshes affording no firm footing, and mostly covered with forests and fallen timber. With their rifles on their heads and their provisions on their backs—without tents or wagons—almost without food or ammunition, for sixteen days did they toil onward. The five days were occupied in traversing the swamps and submerged bottom of the Wabash, within six miles of the Fort, sometimes wading breast high in mud and water. The season was, of course, an unusual one; or every man would have perished.

On the 23d of February, the gallant corps arrived at the Wabash, and high on its eastern banks, beyond the rolling flood, stood Fort Vincent, the British fortress. Crossing the river in the night, Clarke began to approach the town over the inundated bottom, and at the moment his troops were discovered by the enemy, Clarke found himself near a small ancient mound, which concealed part of his force from the foe. Under this covert he countermarched his men in so skilful a manner, that the leading files, which had been seen from the town, were transferred undiscovered to the rear, and made to pass again in sight of the enemy, until his whole force had several times been displayed, and his little detachment of jaded troops assumed the appearance of an extended column greatly superior to its actual strength. A man shooting ducks was here discovered, who informed Clarke that no one expected his approach at that season of the year. The town was now peremptorily summoned to surrender, which it soon did. That night, after the moon had set, an entrenchment was thrown up, in front of the Fort, within rifle shot, and on the morning of the 24th, a flag of truce was sent to Gov. Hamilton, accompanying the most daring message to surrender, we venture to affirm, under such circumstances, ever sent by besiegers. This being disregarded, the attack

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commenced, and for eighteen hours the assailants poured such a shower of rifle balls into the port-holes of a strong battery, that at length its artillery was silenced, and the Fort given up, after some negotiation, upon Clarke's own terms. On the morning of the 25th, a garrison of twice the number of his own force, were surrendered prisoners of war, and the victor took quiet possession of the post, containing a large quantity of military stores. In the heat of the assault, a war-party of savages appeared on the prairie with two French prisoners; battle was instantly given them, and nine Indians with the prisoners were secured.

Such was the termination of an enterprise, which, in the language of a late interesting writer,* "for bravery, for hardships endured, for skill and consummate tact and pure discipline, and love of country on the part of his followers; for the immense benefits acquired, and signal advantages obtained by it for the whole nation, was second to no enterprise undertaken during the revolutionary struggle; I might add, second to no undertaking in ancient or modern warfare." It was these brilliant achievements of this expedition which gave to Clarke the highly honourable title, by which he will go down in history to other generations—'The Hannibal of the West.'

The effect of Clarke's expedition was most extensive and powerful. It relieved the frontier from Indian atrocities—it struck terror into the hearts of the savages—it destroyed a matured plan to sweep off every vestige of American civilization in the West, and it consequentially brought about the purchase of Louisiana, years afterwards. It had the effect, also, to found our own city sooner than it would otherwise have been founded; for, by breaking up the powerful posts of the enemy in the vicinity, it enabled the settlers who had previously been forced for safety to inhabit and cultivate Corn Island, to remove, in the autumn of '78, to the southern shore, and carry on their improvements in peace. The town rapidly increased and became the head quarters of Clarke.

Immediately after the capture of Vincennes, information reaching Clarke that a convoy of goods from Detroit was descending the Wabash, he despatched sixty men, in boats well armed with swivels, to intercept it. Forty leagues up the river they met the convoy, and made prize of goods and provisions to the amount of ten thousand pounds sterling, and the mail from Canada, capturing also forty prisoners, who were discharged on parole. Gov. Hamilton was sent to Virginia, and Clarke returned to Kaskaskia, leaving a garrison to retain Vincennes. Could he now have mustered a force of but three hundred men, he would have marched at once to Detroit; but he received neither troops nor advices from Virginia; and, although his men, animated by a vote of thanks from the Legislature of that state for their capture of the posts on the Mississippi, would most willingly have marched against this important fortification, prudence forbade the undertaking.

Not long after this, Clarke was directed to select a position on the Mississippi, near the southern boundary of the territory claimed by Virginia, and to commence a line of posts advancing towards the northern lakes. This was done, and Fort Jefferson was erected. By this circumstance a difficulty almost immediately arose with the Chickasaw Indians upon whose territory the fort was built; but explanations being made, they soon became pacified, and subsequently assisted in driving off a band of hostile Indians, by whom the garrison was assailed. The spot was afterwards restored to the Chickasaws.

Clarke's influence with the northern Indians had now become very great. Assembling four or five thousand of them at Vincennes, he proposed to march to Detroit; but, disappointed in the strength of his force, and being unwilling to rely entirely upon the savages, the design was given up.—Nor were the enemy meanwhile idle. In the early part of June, 1780, the British commander at Detroit, with six hundred Canadians and Indians, suddenly appeared, with two field pieces, at Ruddle's Station, in Kentucky, and, having captured and plundered that, together with Martin's Station, hastened off towards Canada with the spoils. Clarke immediately collected a band of volunteers, and without delay made an attack on the Shawnees of the Great Miami. The Indians were put to flight—one of their principal villages was consumed, and all their provisions destroyed, so that being forced to hunt for a subsistence, they gave Kentucky no further trouble that season. During the same year, Clarke passed several months in Virginia, urging upon the government the reduction of Detroit. He at length obtained a force of two thousand men for the enterprise, which force was ordered to rendezvous in March of '81, at the falls of the Ohio. But difficulties and obstacles arising, the expedition was finally abandoned. Clarke was, however, raised to the rank of Brigadier General.

In September of the same year, a thousand mounted riflemen were assembled on the Ohio, and led on by Clarke against the Indian towns on the Miami and Scioto. The Indians fled—only twelve being killed or taken—five of their villages were burned—all their provisions destroyed, and the effect was, that never afterwards did any considerable band invade Kentucky.

In '84, Clarke was appointed by Congress, with four other gentlemen, to negotiate friendly treaties with the Indians, and several were effected. Among these was one made at Fort Washington in January of '76, which is thus described—'The Indians came to the treaty in the most friendly manner, except the Shawnees, the most conceited and warlike of all the savage tribes; the first in battle, the last at a treaty. Three hundred of their finest warriors, set off in their paint and feathers, filed into the council-house. Their numbers and demeanor, so unusual at an occasion of this sort, was altogether unexpected and suspicious. The U. States' stockade mustered seventy men. In the centre of the hall, at a table, sat General Clarke—the indefatigable scourge of these marauders—General Butler, and Mr. Parsons. On the part of the Indians, an old council sachem and a war-chief took the lead. The latter, a tall, raw-boned fellow, with an impudent and villainous look, made a threatening speech, which operated effectually on the Indians, who set up a whoop at every pause. He concluded by presenting a white and black wampum, to signify their readiness for peace or war. General Clarke retained an un

* Judge Law.

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altered and careless countenance throughout, and with his cane pushed the wampum off the table. Every Indian started from his seat with one of those sudden sounds which express their indignation. Gen. Clarke also arose, and casting upon the savage group a scornful glance, put his foot upon the insulted symbol, and ordered them to leave the hall. They did so, and all night they were heard debating near the fort. In the morning they came back, and sued for peace.

In the same year, an army of a thousand men was led by Clarke against the Indians on the Wabash. When near Vincennes, a halt of nine days was ordered, in order that the provisions and stores might come up by the river. The boats were delayed—the provisions were spoiled—discontent broke out among the troops—rumours unfavourable to Clarke were circulated, and, at length, when within ten days' march of the Indian town, three hundred of the men mutinied and left the camp. All attempts at conciliation failed, and the expedition was ruined.

Several years afterwards, Clarke was commissioned Major General by France, in a clandestine expedition from Kentucky, which he was to organise and conduct against the Spanish possessions on the Mississippi; but this enterprise was abandoned—General Clarke's commission recalled, and thus closed his public career.

Upon the latter days of this great man it is not pleasant to dwell. There were many things to render him a discontented and unhappy man, and he was so in the most bitter meaning of the terms. His health too became impaired, and for some years, he was afflicted with a rheumatic affection, which, at length terminating in paralysis, deprived him of a limb, and finally in 1818 caused his death. The last years of his life were passed at a beautiful spot called Locust Grove, the residence of Dr. Croghan, a few miles east of Louisville. Here he died, and here repose his remains. Clarke was never married, but his collateral descendants are numerous and respectable. He was well known to many of our citizens, and his funeral was attended by a large assemblage, on which occasion a highly eloquent address on the character of the deceased, was pronounced by Judge Rowan.

The biography of Clarke is one of melancholy interest. In his early years, he was a bold, ambitious, enterprising man; and he served his country long and faithfully in the front rank of danger. In his age, these services were forgotten by that country, and he was left to pine away a disappointed, discontented, unhappy being, in obscurity and neglect. If, under a bitter sense of such injustice, he sought to drown his misery in the oblivious draught, it is almost to be forgiven, and to be considered rather a failing than a failure. Yet the name of Clarke will live for ages on the page of his country's chronicles; and with it will be coupled the proud distinction—'The Hannibal of the West.'

Louisville ———.

Disappointments in love, in those of deep and imaginative feeling, are like the tornadoes that sweep over southern regions. The heavens may again assume their serenity, but the wide spread desolation remains; and even in after years as the traces of the whirlwind may be discovered amid the exuberant growth and profusion of flowers.

BIOGRAPHY

BENJAMIN WEST.—Born 1738—Died 1820.

Benjamin West, one of the most distinguished artists America has yet produced, was born near Springfield, Penn., Oct. 10th, 1738. His first essay in the arts was made when he was seven years old; for being left in charge of a sleeping child, he attempted to represent its features on paper, with pen and ink. His success was such as to call forth the admiration of his parents. Soon after this he procured from some Indians the red and yellow earths used by them for decorating their persons; and these with blue from his mother's pad of indigo, he was enabled to give the colours of the objects pictured.

The first money received by young West for his labours as an artist, was from Mr. Wayne, for drawings on poplar boards; and Dr. Morris made him a present of a "few dollars to buy paints with." His first effort at portrait-painting was at Lancaster. A gunsmith, named Henry, employed him to paint the death of Socrates, and loaned him the book to make him acquainted with the event. A workman stood as a model for one of the figures. This led to the study of the human form, and showed the youth the importance of anatomy as connected with the arts of design.

In 1756, West's mother died; and in that year our painter left his birthplace, and came to Philadelphia. Here he pursued his professional avocations as a portrait-painter for some time and with marked success. After a while he visited New York, where he remained eleven months, constantly occupied; at this time a favourable opportunity occurring to visit Europe, West embarked for Italy, being then twenty-one years of age. At that time, the sight of an American artist, and that one too a quaker, was by no means common in Italy, and West was every where received with the attention to which his talents entitled him. At Rome, he met with the distinguished artist, Mengs, who treated him with great kindness, and even advised him as to the proper course to be pursued for his improvement. "See," said he, "and examine every thing deserving of your attention here, and after making a few drawings of about half a dozen of the best statues, go to Florence, and observe what has been done for art in the collections there. Then proceed to Bologna, and study the works of the Caracci. afterward visit Parma, and examine attentively the pictures of Corregio; and then go to Venice, and view the productions of Tintoretto, Titian, and Paul Veronese. When you have made this tour, come back to Rome, and paint an historical composition to be exhibited to the Roman publick."

After a severe illness of eleven months, West proceeded on the tour recommended by Mengs, and returning to Rome, painted his pictures of Cimon and Iphigenia, and Angelica and Medona. These procured for him academical honours. He now determined to visit England, and on the 20th of June, 1763, we find him at London. The commencement of his career in that city, is thus stated by Mr. Leslie: "When Mr. West arrived in London, the general opinion was so unfavourable to modern art, that it was scarcely thought possible for an artist to paint an historical or fancy picture worthy to hang up be-

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[Benjamin West.]

side the old masters. Hogarth had produced his matchless pictures in vain. The connoisseur who would have ventured to place the inimitable scenes of the "Marriage a la mode," on his walls, (I mean the pictures, the prints were in great request,) would have hazarded most fearfully his reputation for taste. This prejudice against living genius continued until the arrival of West, and it must have required some courage in a young man at that time to make his appearance in England, in the character of an historical painter. One of the first pictures, if not the very first he produced, was from the story of Pylades and Orestes, (there is an admirable copy of it in this country, painted by Mr. Sully.) This picture attracted so much attention, that Mr. West's servant was employed from morning till night in opening the door to visiters, and the man received a considerable sum of money by showing it, while the master was obliged to content himself with empty praise. All admired, but no one dared to buy it. It was curious enough, however, that the reputation of this picture raised him into high favour as a portrait-painter.

West's talents thus becoming known, soon made him acquainted, among others, with the archbishop of York, for whom he painted his Agrippina. His success in the management of this subject, procured his presentation to George III. "The king received West with easy frankness, assisted him to place the Agrippina in a favourable light, removed the attendants, and brought in the queen, to whom he presented our quaker. He related to her majesty the history of the picture, and bade her notice the simplicity of the design and the beauty of the colouring. 'There is another noble Roman subject,' observed his majesty, 'the departure of Regulus from Rome—would it not make a fine picture?' 'It is a magnificent subject,' said the painter. 'Then,' replied the king, 'you shall paint it for me.' He turned with a smile to the queen, and said, 'The archbishop made one of his sons read Tacitus to Mr. West, but I will read Livy to him myself—that part where he describes the departure of Regulus.' So saying, he read the passage very gracefully, and then repeated his command that the picture should be painted."

The Regulus was successful, and was followed by the "Death of Wolfe," in which he substituted the costume of the day for the classick dress. Mr. West now suggested to the king a series of pictures on the progress of revealed religion, which were ordered. He divided his subject "into four dispensations; the Antediluvian, the Patriarchal, the Mosaical, and the Prophetical. They contained in all thirty-six subjects, eighteen of which belonged to the Old Testament, the rest to the New. They were all sketched, and twenty-eight were executed, for which West received in all twenty-one thousand seven hundred and five pounds. A work so varied, so extensive, and so noble in its nature, was never before undertaken by any painter."

Another extensive series of historical pictures painted by West, was drawn from the reign of Edward III.; they were—"1. Edward III. embracing the black prince, after the battle of Cressy. 2. The Installation and order of the Garter. 3. The black prince receiving the king of France and his son prisoners, at Poictiers. 4. St. George vanquishing the Dragon. 5. Queen Phillipa defeating David of Scotland, in the battle of Neville's cross. 6. Queen Phillipa interceding with Edward for the Burgesses of Calais. 7. King Edward forcing the passage of the Somme. 8 King Edward crowning Sir

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Eustace de Ribaumont at Calais. These works are very large. They were the fruit of long study and much labour, and with the exception of the death of Wolfe and the battle of la Hogue, they were the best of all the numerous works of this artist."

On the death of Reynolds, West was chosen President of the Royal Academy, and delivered his inaugural address in March, 1792. In 1802, West was dismissed from employment by the successor of George III. "This extraordinary proceeding," says Galt, "rendered the studies of the best part of the artist's life useless, and deprived him of that honourable provision, the fruit of his talents and industry, on which he had counted for the repose of his declining years. For some time it affected him deeply, and he was at a loss what steps to take." But he, however, still continued his professional pursuits, and painted the "healing in the temple," a copy of which he presented to the Pennsylvania hospital; this was followed by the "descent of the Holy Ghost and Christ at the Jordan," ten feet by fourteen; the "Crucifixion," sixteen feet by twenty-eight; the "Ascension," twelve feet by eighteen; and the "Inspiration of St. Peter," of nearly the same size. Nor must we omit to mention his "Christ rejected," or his 'Death on the pale horse," which is exhibiting at the present time in the United States. West's health now began to decline. "Domestick sorrow mingled with professional disappointment. Elizabeth Shewell—for more than fifty years his kind and tender companion—died on the 6th of December, 1817, and West, seventy-nine years old, felt that he was soon to follow. His wife and he had loved each other some sixty years—had seen their children's children—and the world had no compensation to offer. He began to sink, and though still to be found at his easel, his hand had lost its early alacrity. It was evident that all this was to cease soon; that he was suffering a slow, and a general and easy decay. The venerable old man sat in his study among his favourite pictures, a breathing image of piety and contentment, awaiting calmly the hour of his dissolution. Without any fixed complaint, his mental faculties unimpaired, his cheerfulness uneclipsed, and with looks serene and benevolent, he expired 11th March, 1820, in the eighty-second year of his age. He was buried beside Reynolds, Opie, and Barry, in St. Paul's cathedral. The pall was borne by noblemen, ambassadors, and academicians; His two sons and grandson were chief mourners; and sixty coaches brought up the splendid procession."

In speaking of West's character, the present president of the royal academy, Sir Martin Shee, re-



["Moses."—B. West.]

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marks. "Well grounded in the elementary principles of his profession, he was as conversant with the theory, as he was dexterous in the practice of his art. It is no exaggeration to say of him, that in the exercise of those powers of the pencil, to the attainment of which his ambition more particularly directed him, he was unrivalled in his day. Such, indeed, was the facility of his hand, and with so much certainty did he proceed in his operations, that he rarely failed to achieve whatever he proposed to accomplish, and within the time which he had allotted for its performance.

"Indefatigible application and irrepressible ardour in his pursuit, succeeded in obtaining for him that general knowledge of his subject, which seldom fails to reward the toils of resolute and well-directed study. No artist of his time, perhaps, was better acquainted with the powers and the expedients, the exigences and the resources of his art. No man could more sagaciously estimate the qualities of a fine picture, or more skilfully analyze the merits combined in its production.

"The ambition of West directed him to the highest department of his art. In *his* hands the pencil was always employed for the noblest purposes—on subjects the moral interest of which outweighs their mechanical execution. He delighted to commemorate heroick deeds, to illustrate the annals of sacred history, and perpetuate the triumphs of patriotism and publick virtue.

"The degree of success with which the honourable exertions of West were attended, may, I conceive, be fairly determined by this test; let the most prejudiced of those who are inclined to question his claim to the rank of a great artist examine the series of prints engraved from his works. I would, in particular, entreat them to view with some attention, the death of General Wolfe—the battles of la Hogue and the Boyne—the return of Regulus to Carthage—Agrippina bearing the ashes of Germanicus—the young Hannibal swearing eternal enmity to the Romans—the death of Epaminondas—the death of Chevalier Bayard—Pyrrhus, when a boy, brought to Glaucus, king of Illyria, for protection—and Penn's treaty with the Indians; not to mention many others, perhaps equally deserving of enumeration. Let these well-known examples of his ability be candidly considered, and where is the artist, whose mind is enlarged beyond the narrow sphere of his own peculiar practice; where is the connoisseur, whose taste has not been formed by a catalogue raisonnè, or in the atmosphere of an auction-room; who will hesitate to acknowledge that the author of such noble compositions may justly claim a higher station in his professsion than has been hitherto assigned to him, and well merits to be considered, in his peculiar department, the most distinguished artist of the age in which he lived?"

For many anecdotes, and for further information in regard to Benjamin West, we refer our readers to Dunlap's valuable "*History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States*," a work which has been used freely in compiling this brief sketch, and which contains more information in regard to American artists, and the history of their interesting efforts in the pursuit of the art to which they have devoted themselves, than can be found in any other book.

INDIAN MANNERS.

The Indian men, when *young*, are hunters and warriours; when *old*, counsellors; for all their government is by counsel of the sages. There is no force, there are no prisons, no officers to compel obedience, or inflict punishment. Hence, they generally study oratory, the best speaker having the most influence. The Indian women till the ground, dress the food, nurse and bring up the children, and preserve and hand down to posterity the memory of publick transactions. These employments of men and women are accounted natural and honourable. Having few artificial wants, they have abundance of time and leisure for improvement by conversation. Our laborious manner of life, compared with theirs, they deem slavish and base; and the learning on which we value ourselves, they regard as frivolous and useless. An instance of this occurred at the treaty of Lancaster in Pennsylvania, A. D. 1744, between the government of Virginia and the *Six Nations*. After the principal business was settled, the commissioners from Virginia acquainted the Indians by a speech, that there was, at Williamsburgh, a college, with a fund for educating Indian youth; and that if the Six Nations would send down half a dozen of their young lads to that college, the government would take care that they should be well provided for, and instructed in all the learning of the white people. It is one of the Indian rules of politeness not to answer a publick proposition the same day that it is made; they think that it would be treating it as a light matter, and that they show it respect by taking time to consider it, as of a matter that is important. They therefore deferred their answer till the day following, when their speaker began by expressing their deep sense of the kindness of the Virginia government in making them that offer; "for we know," says he, "that you highly esteem the kind of learning taught in those colleges, and that the maintenance of our young men while with you would be very expensive to you. We are convinced, therefore, that you mean to do us good by your proposal, and we thank you heartily. But you, who are wise, must know that different nations have different conceptions of things; and you will therefore not take it amiss if our ideas of this kind of education happen not to be the same with yours. We have had some experience of it; several of our young people were formerly brought up at the colleges of the northern provinces—they were instructed in all your sciences; but when they came back to us, they were bad runners—ignorant of every means of living in the woods—unable to bear either cold or hunger—knew neither how to build a cabin, take a deer, or kill an enemy—spoke our language imperfectly, and were therefore neither fit for hunters, warriours, nor counsellors; they were, in short, *good for nothing*. We are, however, not the less obliged by your kind offer, though we decline accepting it; and, to show our grateful sense of it, if the gentlemen of Virginia will send us a dozen of their sons, we will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know, and *make* MEN *of them*."

Having frequent occasions to hold publick councils, they have acquired great order and decency in conducting them. The old men sit in the foremost ranks, the warriours in the next, and the women and children in the hindmost. The business of the

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women is to take exact notice of what passes, imprint it in their memories, and communicate it to their children. They are the records of the publick council, and they preserve traditions of the stipulations in treaties one hundred years back; which, when we compare them with our writings, we always find exact. He that would speak, rises; the rest observe a profound silence. When he has finished and sits down, they leave him five or six minutes to recollect; that if he has omitted any thing he intended to say, or has any thing to add, he may rise again and deliver it. To interrupt another even in common conversation, is reckoned highly indecent. How different this is from the conduct of one of our legislative assemblies, where scarcely a day passes without some confusion, that makes the speaker hoarse in calling to order; and how different from the mode of conversation in many polite circles, where, if you do not deliver your sentence with great rapidity, you are cut off in the middle of it by the impatient loquacity of those with whom you converse.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN MARSHALL, CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE U. S.

This venerable and distinguished man died at Philadelphia on the 6th. July 1837. In ill health, emaciated, and full of years, the event was not unexpected either to his friends or to himself. He had lived eighty years, and his valuable life has been identified with the most important events in our history. It cannot be denied, that as a soldier, a lawyer, a legislator, a historian, and lastly as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Mr. Marshall has exhibited pre-eminent talents, and sustained himself with enduring honour. His elevated qualifications for the Chief Justiceship, indeed his seeming natural-adaptedness to that precise situation at the peculiar and important period when he was called to it, can be fully appreciated only by those who can understand the difficulties of framing a new, and indeed almost original system of National Jurisprudence adapted to an experimental government, and that government a Republic, and who can perceive the success of his labours in that undertaking, and understand the importance of their results. The office of Chief Justice of the United States is most difficult, most important, most responsible, and second only to the Presidency in every point of view. That Mr. Marshall has acquitted himself with distinguished honour in that station, the expressions of the Bar in the different parts of the country abundantly indicate.

"The Chief Justice," says the Philadelphia Inquirer, "was born in Virginia, on the 24th of September, 1755; and, as early as the summer of 1775, received a commission as lieutenant of a company of minute-men, and was shortly after engaged in the battle of the Great Bridge, where the British troops, under Lord Dunmore, were repulsed with great gallantry. He was subsequently engaged in the memorable battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth, and, in 1780 obtained a license to practice law. He returned to the army shortly after, and continued in the service until the termination of Arnold's invasion.

"In the spring of 1782 he was elected a member of the State Legislature, and in the autumn of the same year, a member of the Executive Council, and married in 1783. In 1788 he was elected as representative of the city of Richmond in the Legislature of Virginia, and continued to occupy that station for the years 1789, 1790, 1791, and upon the recall of Mr. Monroe, as Minister, from France, President Washington solicited Mr. Marshall to accept the appointment as his successor, but he respectfully declined. In 1799 he was elected and took his seat in Congress, and in 1800 he was appointed Secretary of War.

"On the 31st of January, 1801, he became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, which distinguished station he continued to fill with unsullied dignity and pre-eminent ability, until the close of his mortal career. His biographer eloquently observes:—'What indeed strikes us as the most remarkable in his whole character, even more than his splendid talents, is the entire consistency of his public life and principles. There is nothing in either which calls for apology or concealment. Ambition never seduced him from his principles—popular clamour never deterred him from the strict performance of his duty. Amid the extravagances of party spirit, he stood with a calm and steady inflexibility—neither bending to the pressure of adversity, nor bounding with the elasticity of success. He lived as such a man should live, by and with his principles. If we were tempted to say in one word in what he excelled all other men, we should say, in wisdom; in the union of that virtue, which ripened under the hardy discipline of principles, with that of knowledge, which constantly sifted and refined its old treasures, and as constantly gathered new. The Constitution, since its adoption, owes more to him than to any other single mind, for its true interpretation and vindication. Whether it lives or perishes, his exposition of its principles will be an enduring monument to his fame, so long as solid reasoning, profound analy-

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sis, and sober views of government shall invite the leisure, or command the attention of statesmen and jurists.'"

The following portrait of Chief Justice Marshall was drawn by a distinguished jurist, since deceased:

He was in his person tall, meagre, emaciated, his muscles relaxed, and his joints so loosely connected as not only to disqualify him, apparently, for any vigorous exertions of the body, but to destroy every thing like elegance and harmony in his air and movements. Indeed, in his whole appearance and demeanour—dress, attiude, and gestures—sitting, standing, or walking—he was as far removed from the idolizing graces of Lord Chesterfield, as any other gentleman on earth. To continue the portrait: his head and face were small in proportion to his height; his complexion swarthy; the muscles of his face being relaxed, gave him the appearance of a man of eighty years of age. His countenance had a faithful expression of great good humour and hilarity; while his black eyes—the unerring index—possessed an irradiating spirit, which proclaimed the imperial powers of the mind that sat enthroned within.

This extraordinary man, without the aid of fancy, without the advantage of person, voice, attitude, gesture, or any of the ornaments of an orator, deserves to be considered as one of the most eloquent men in the world; if eloquence may be said to consist in the power of seizing the attention with irresistible force, and never permitting it to elude the grasp until the hearer has received the conviction which the speaker intends.

As to his person, it has already been described. His voice was dry and hard, his attitude in his most effective orations was extremely awkward; as it was not unusual for him to stand with his gestures proceeding from his right arm, and consisting merely in a vehement perpendicular swing of it from above the elevation of his head to the bar, behind which he was accustomed to stand.

As to fancy, if she held a seat in his mind at all, which I very much doubt, his gigantic genius trampled with disdain on all her flower-decked plants and blooming parterres. How, then, will you ask with a look of incredulous curiosity—how is it possible that such a man could hold the attention of an audience enchained through a speech of ordinary length? I will tell you.

He possessed an original and almost supernatural faculty, of developing the subject by a single glance of his mind, and detecting at once the very point on which the controversy depended. No matter what the question, though ten times more knotty than the "gnarled oak," the lightning of heaven is not more resistless than was his astonishing penetration. Nor did the exercise of it seem to cost him an effort. On the contrary, it was as easy as a vision. I am persuaded that his eyes did not fly over a landscape and take in its various objects with more promptitude and facility than his mind embraced and analyzed the most complex objects.

Possessing while at the bar this intellectual elevation, which enabled him to look down and comprehend the whole ground at once, he determined immediately, and without difficulty, which side the question might be most advantageously approached and assailed; in a bad cause, his art consisted in laying his premises so remotely from the point directly in debate, or else in terms so generous and specious, that the hearer, seeing no consequences which could be drawn from them, was just as willing to admit them as not: but his premises once admitted, the demonstration, however distant, followed as certainly, as cogently, and as inevitably, as any demonstration in Euclid.

All his eloquence consisted in the apparently deep self-conviction, and emphatic earnestness of his manner: the correspondent simplicity and energy of his style, the close logical connection of his thoughts, and the easy gradations by which he opened his lights on the attentive minds of his hearers.

THE BELVIDERE APOLLO.

Heard ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?
Heard ye the dragon-monster's deathful cry?
In settled majesty of fierce disdain,
Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,
The heavenly archer stands—no human birth,
No perishable denizon of earth!
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
A god in strength, with more than godlike grace!
All, all divine—no struggling muscle glows,
Through heaving vein no mantling life-blood flows;
But animate with deity alone,
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.

Bright-kindling with a conqueror's stern delight,
His keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful flight;
Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
And his lip quivers with insulting ire;
Firm-fix'd his tread, yet light as when on high,
He walks the impalpable and pathless sky;
The rich luxuriance of his hair confined
In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,
That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold,
Proud to display that form of faultless mould.

Mighty Ephesian! with an eagle's flight,
Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of light,
Viewed the bright conclave of Heaven's blest abode,
And the cold marble leapt to life a God:
Contagious awe through breathless myriads ran,
And nations bowed before the work of man.
For mild he seemed as in Elysian bowers,
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours;
Haughty as bards have sung, with princely sway
Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of day;
Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
By holy maid on Delphi's haunted steep;
'Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

Yet on that form in wild delirious trance,
With more than reverence gazed the maid of France:
Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood
With him alone, nor thought it solitude;
To cherish grief, her task, her dearest care,
Her one fond hope—to perish—or despair.
Oft as the shining light her sight beguiled,
Blushing she shrunk, and thought the marble smiled,
Oft, breathless listening, heard, or seemed to hear
A voice of music melt upon the ear.
Slowly she wan'd, and cold and senseless grown,
Closed her dim eyes, herself benumbed to stone;
Yet love in death a sickly strength supplied,
Once more she gazed, then feebly smiled, and died.

In water sound passes 4708 feet in a second; in air from 1130 to 1142.

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BIOGRAPHY.

WILLIAM PRESCOTT.

[From Knapp's American Biography.]

WILLIAM PRESCOTT, was born in 1726, at Groton, in Massachusetts, and was an officer of the Provincial troops at the capture of Cape Breton in 1758. He was distinguished in the campaign and was offered a commission in the regular army, which he declined. He was engaged in agricultural and civil employments until near the commencement of the Revolutionary war. He was a member of the Provincial Congress, in 1774 and when the militia was organized, by that body, he was appointed to the command of a regiment. He marched to Concord as soon as he heard that Gage had sent Pitcairn with forces to destroy the stores at Concord; before he knew one drop of blood had been spilled. The share he had in the memorable battle of the seventeenth of June, 1775, should not be forgotten. He proved himself worthy of command by his prowess on that day.

The American army had been quartered at Cambridge nearly two months, and no blow had been struck to rid the country of the British troops or to encourage the natives; some uneasiness seemed to show itself in the camp, and more abroad, that greater energy was not shown; but the wise thought to conquer by *Fabian wisdom*, while others were for decisive measures. The army at Cambridge was known to be large enough to demolish the British, if they could be got at. In this state of feeling, it was thought proper to make some demonstrations of courage and intention of acting *offensively* and *fearlessly*. Col. Prescott was sent with the fragments, or rather, the skeletons of three regiments, on the night of the sixteenth of June, to occupy a station on Bunker's Hill. On viewing that eminence he found it an ineligible spot; and he looked along to the right, and found that a spur of that hill which was now called Breed's Hill, was the most proper situation, in every respect for a battle-ground. Considering that they were within the limits of their orders, Prescott and Col. Gridley, the engineers, began a redoubt on the right of Breed's Hill. It was about one hundred and forty feet square, with two open passages for ingress and egress. On the left of the redoubt, running northeasterly, was a breastwork of sods, not much over four feet high; but not, as has been stated, extending to Mystick river; it did not extend one quarter of the way to it. The line from this breastwork was made of two post-and-rail fences, placed about four feet apart in parallel lines, and between them was trod the newly-mown grass, making quite as good a screen for the militia as the redoubt or the breastwork.

General Ward, concluding from the firing from the summit of Copp's Hill in Boston, that the British would make a struggle to get possession of the works, offered to relieve Prescott and his men, but they unanimously declined the offer, but earnestly insisted on reinforcements. These were reluctantly given, as the commander-in-chief thought that an attack on his camp was contemplated, and in such case his fortified camp, indifferently fortified as it was, was a better place for a general action than Boston.

Early in the morning, from the battery on Copp's Hill, one of the men in or near the redoubt was shot and was instantly buried on the spot; but although the roar of the cannon from Copp's Hill was incessant, no further damage was done by their shots: and in aid of this battery, the Lively, man-of-war, was brought to bear, and in fact she began to cannonade at early dawn.

General Gage wishing to drive the Provincials from the hill, sent Major-General Howe, and Brigadier-General Pigot, with ten companies of grenadiers and ten of light infantry, with some artillery to perform this service. These generals reconnoitring the American forces, on their arrival at Morton's Point, thought best to wait for reinforcements from Boston. For these, Howe waited from noon to about three o'clock, before the battle was commenced.

The British began a slow march up the hill in two lines, stopping at times to give the artillery a chance to play. But the angle of elevation was such that it did but little execution. The Provincials wasted no ammunition; they had but a scanty supply. They were ordered to put four buckshot to a bullet, and to reserve their fire until the enemy were at blankshot distance. At this moment they poured in upon the approaching foe a most destructive volley. The effect was not more destructive than appalling. The British soldiery, expecting nothing but random shots from undisciplined militia, were astounded at such deadly fires, and their line was broken in confusion. Some companies had not twenty soldiers fit for duty when they were about to rally. The British officers had the greatest difficulty to bring their troops into line again. At length they came up a second time toward the works, but with some wavering; and in less than fifteen minutes their line broke in still greater confusion than before. Clinton saw this from Boston, and hastened over to assist Howe. Both the generals addressed the soldiers; called to mind their former wreaths of glory, and the everlasting disgrace of being beaten by raw militia. Howe swore to them that he would never survive the disgrace, if they were beaten that day. By this time, Charlestown, consisting of four hundred houses, was in a blaze. This Clinton had done to terrify the neighbouring army. On the third attack they were under the necessity of resorting to skill, not daring to put it on the the score of bravery a third time. Pigot, with a considerable force, took a circuitous route around the south side of the hill, and came upon the southwestern angle of the redoubt, and instantly scaled the slight works. Pitcairn was with him, and was shot through the body, as he was about to leap into the redoubt. Pigot, being a short man, was lifted by his soldiers on the sods, and jumped into the area without harm. The Provincials were now attacked on the east and on the west; their ammunition was exhausted; and they had few or no bayonets; and after beating their assailants a while with the butts of their guns, Prescott ordered a retreat. Those at the breastwork retreated, and those at the rail-fence followed, over Charlestown neck, northward.

Until the commencement of the retreat, but few of the Americans had been killed. Their unwillingness to leave the ground at the proper time, was

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the cause of the considerable number of killed and wounded. Capt. Knowlton having a fine large company near Mystick river, moved up in good order, and covered the retreat of those from the redoubt and breastwork. The battle ended between five and six o'clock. The wind during the fight was brisk and westerly, and blew the smoke directly into the face of the enemy; but as the smoke arose over the heads of the British, the Americans, as it were, looking under the cloud, saw where to fire. Prescott was in all the fight in the redoubt; the other portion of the Massachusetts militia at the breastworks. The New Hampshire troops, under Stark, Dearborn, and others, were at the rail-fence. They were marching from their native state towards Cambridge, and went on to the battle-ground by their own impulses, not having received any orders from the commander-in-chief.

The British had between three and four thousand in the fight. They acknowledged ten hundred and fifty-four killed and wounded, with a great proportion of officers. Their number was most unquestionably larger; for they brought between three and four hundred corpses of the slain and buried them in the corner of a new burying-ground at the bottom of the Common in Boston. The others were buried on Breed's Hill, where they fell.

The Americans had fifteen hundred in the fight, but perhaps there were a few more at times, for volunteers came on to the ground, expended their powder, and retreated, when they could do no more service to the cause. The Provincials had one hundred and thirty-nine killed, and three hundred and fourteen wounded and missing. The officers who fell on our side, were Col. Gardner, of Cambridge, Lt. Col. Parker, of Chelmsford, and Majors Moore and M'Cleary—all men of distinction and value, and heroes in the cause—with Major-General Joseph Warren.

Warren assumed no command on that day. He had been commissioned as a major-general by the Provincial Congress but four days previous, and had not taken any command; nor had he, in fact, been sworn into office, except as every one had an oath in heaven to live free or die. Warren was, at the moment of his fall, president of the Provincial Congress, and Chairman of the Committee of Safety. He had put some one in the chair, and mounted his horse at Watertown, where the legislature was in session, to come and encourage his fellow-citizens in the fight. When he entered the redoubt, Prescott offered him the command, but he declined it, saying, "I come to *learn war* under an experienced soldier, not to take any command." He was the martyr of that day's glory. His death was felt as a calamity to the *cause*, and to the *nation*. He was in the prime of life, being only thirty-five years of age, a spirit as bold and dauntless as ever was blazoned in legends, or recorded in history. He was a prudent, cautious, but fearless statesman; made to govern men, and to breathe into them a portion of his own heroick soul. His eloquence was of a high order; his voice was fine, and of great compass, and he modulated it at will. His appearance had the air of a soldier—graceful and commanding, united to the manners of a finished gentleman. The British thought that his life was of the utmost importance to the American army;—of so much importance that they would no longer hold together after his fall. They sadly mistook the men they had to deal with. His blood was not shed in vain; *it cried from the ground* for vengeance; and his name will become a watch-word in the hour of peril and glory.

The name of the humblest individual who perished in that fight will be remembered by the town or parish from whence he came, and be generally enrolled on the books of the corporation. Young, substantial yeomen, or industrious mechanicks, they were owners of the soil for which they fought.

The battle-scene was imposing; the ground was in the immediate neighbourhood of a city, whose inhabitants were watching the progress of events anxious for the nearest friends, while the roar of cannon from ships-of-war, and from floating and stationary batteries, was followed or commingled with incessant volleys of musketry; a well-built, compact town, was seen in one mass of flames—and all this but the commencement of troubles—was a sight which was appalling to every American, and seemed to shake even the enemy, mind and body, together The British troops, in considerable numbers, occupied the hill that night, and enlarged the redoubt to nearly twice the original extent; but they did not venture to light their fires—they labored by the sinking, flickering lights which shot up from the smouldering ruins of Charlestown.

For those struggling for liberty, the event of this battle was most fortunate. The American troops had done enough for honour; enough to produce an impression of their prowess, on the minds of their enemies; enough to give them confidence in themselves; and to show that they had learned something in the way of preparing themselves to correct the errours of judgement in planning a fight. They suffered enough to feel their loss deeply, and yet not sufficiently, in any way, to weaken their forces. The wound received was too deep to be healed at once; the sight was too awful to be soon forgotten.

If the army had come down from Cambridge and Roxbury to the succour, the British would have been destroyed altogether; but with the disposition of the king of England at this period, and the spirit of the ministry, the whole force of the British nation would have been brought to crush us at once.

Col. Prescott was a noble, bold, brave, country-gentleman, whose heart was patriotick to the very core. Where danger was, there he was to be found. The good of his country was his chief, his sole desire. He was again found in arms at the capture of Burgoyne. At this event he considered the freedom of the country secure, though there might be much hard fighting to come. He resigned his commission and retired to his farm in Pepperill, a new town taken from Groton the place of his nativity. He was several times sent to the legislature and was an efficient member of this body. He suffered with others of that band of freemen who achieved our independence, by the depreciation of paper money. What they received as a representation of specie became worthless as rags, an eyesore to the possessor, and a stain on the page of our country's history. Col. Prescott died in 1795, in the seventieth year of his age; leaving an only son, Judge William Prescott, a statesman and jurist, who has ably sustained the rights and principles for which his father fought and bled.

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SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE HON. NATHANIEL BOWDITCH.

[From the Boston Daily Advertiser of March 17, 1838.]

It gives us pain to announce the decease of our distinguished townsman, Dr. Bowditch; which took place yesterday, at one o'clock, after an illness of several weeks.

The death of this eminent man will be felt in America as a national loss. His name was identified with the science of his native country; and our national character with men of science abroad, is indebted to no one individual—with the exception, perhaps, of Dr. Franklin—so much, as to him.

Dr. Bowditch was born on the twenty-sixth of March, 1773, at Salem, in the state of Massachusetts. In his education, he had no other advantages than those afforded by the common town-schools, which at that period, were comparatively meager, and inadequate to the great purposes of disciplining and storing the mind with knowledge.

At the usual age, he was placed as a clerk, or apprentice, in the store of a merchant, in Salem; and, while in that situation, it is said, he used to employ his leisure time in his favourite science of mathematicks, and various practical subjects connected with it.

His attention was directed, at an early age, to the *Principia* of his great master, Newton. But, as this work was published in the Latin language, which he had not then learned, he was obliged to begin his reading of it, by asking some of the Cambridge students during their vacations at Salem, to explain it to him in English. He soon discovered, however, that his own knowledge of the subject, with the aid of the mathematical processes and diagrams on the pages of the Principia, enabled him to comprehend the reasoning contained in the modern and technical Latin of the work, more readily than he could do with the help of the superiour knowledge which the university students possessed of the Latin of Cicero and Virgil; and he was soon convinced that his shortest course would be to acquire a knowledge of the language for himself; which by great perseverance he accomplished, and was enabled to read any work of science in it. And thus he was another instance, like that of the ancient Greek writer, who relates of himself, that during his residence at Rome, he obtained a knowledge of the *language* of the Romans, by his knowledge of the *subjects* which they discussed in it. He afterward learned French, for the purpose of having access to the treasures of French mathematical science; and, at a late period of his life, he acquired some knowledge of the German language.

A little circumstance connected with his study of Newton's Principia, will not be uninteresting to the learned and the unlearned. The Latin copy of it, which Dr. Bowditch used, was presented to him by a mercantile friend in Salem, who made no pretension to science, and would never have thought of opening the work; but he had preserved it in his little library of popular works, as a book that possibly might one day be of use to some person. By a remarkable coincidence of circumstances, the volume came to the knowledge of Dr. Bowditch; and his friend, upon being requested to lend it, with great liberality presented it to him—the man who, above all others in the country, was the best able to make the most advantageous use of it. So far as great effects may be said to flow from small causes, what important consequences may have followed from the preservation of this single and apparently worthless volume, by an individual who could make no use of it! Dr. Bowditch sometimes alluded to this occurrence; and, on the occasion of presenting a copy of his La Place to a friend—who declined taking it because he was no better able to read it, than his mercantile friend could the Principia—delicately insisted upon its acceptance; and, in the last resort, reminded his friend, that if not useful to him personally, it might, perhaps, be placed in the hands of some one, to whom it might be valuable, as the copy of the Principia had been to himself.

Dr. Bowditch did not remain long in the situation of a merchant's clerk. His mathematical talent, in a town eminently distinguished for nautical enterprise, could not fail of being called into exercise, in connexion with the art of navigation; and a large portion of the well-known skill of the navigators of Salem may justly be considered as the fruits of the instruction which may be traced, directly or indirectly, to his scientifick acquirements. He was, besides, a practical navigator himself for a few years; principally, if not exclusively, in the East India voyages, which gave him the most favourable opportunities of rendering his mathematical studies practically useful to the nautical interest of his country.

At that period, the common treatise on navigation was the well-known work of Hamilton Moore; which has occasioned many a shipwreck, but which Dr. Bowditch, like other navigators, was obliged to use. But, upon examining it in his daily operations, he found it abounding with blunders and overrun with typographical errours, particularly in the nautical tables, in which, above all parts of the work, great accuracy was indispensable; of these last errours, many thousands, of more or less importance, were corrected in his early revisions of the work. He published several editions of Moore's work under that author's name; but the whole fabrick at length underwent so many changes and radical improvements by the addition of new, and the rejection of old and worthless matter, as to warrant his publishing it under his own name; and the work of Moore is now only remembered from its having been superseded by "Bowditch's Navigator."

It may be added, that he was enabled to give the greater accuracy to his work by means of a collection of manuscript journals of his seafaring townsmen, preserved in the valuable East India Society's museum, in Salem. By a rule of that association—which is believed to have been proposed by Dr. Bowditch—each member was required to carry with him on every voyage, a blank-book, methodically arranged, for the purpose of keeping a journal of observations and remarkable occurrences; the journals, (now amounting to many volumes,) at the end of the voyage were returned to the museum, and they form a repository of innumerable observations in nautical and geographical science not to be found in any other sources.

In connexion with this part of the subject, it should be further observed, that Dr. Bowditch also employed himself during several seasons (1805, '6, '7,) in making an elaborate hydrographical survey of

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the harbour of Salem, with the adjacent harbours of Marblehead, Beverly, and Manchester; of which he published an admirable chart of surpassing beauty and accuracy. With such extraordinary exactness was this laborious work performed, that the pilots of the port discovered, and were the first to observe to the author, that many of their landmarks —which, however, Dr. Bowditch did not know to be such—were in fact laid down with such perfect accuracy in the survey, that the various ranges on the chart corresponded with the utmost possible precision to those of the natural objects themselves.

The ardour and perseverance which distinguished Dr. Bowditch through life, were very early conspicuous in the prosecution of his mathematical and philosophical studies. While his pecuniary means were very limited, he used to make copious abstracts of the scientifick papers in that immense repository, the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London; this labour was continued through many years; and the numerous large volumes of these manuscript abstracts in his library, embracing a great portion of that whole work, still remain the testimonials of his untiring industry and zeal in the cause of science.

During a large part of his life he was a principal contributor to the Memoirs of the American Academy; and it is unnecessary to add, that his communications are among the most important in that work. He is also author of a few reviews in the leading journals of the time.

In the year 1806, at the particular instance, as it was said, of the late Chief Justice Parsons—whose extraordinary attainments include a knowledge of the higher branches of mathematicks—Dr. Bowditch was elected professor of mathematicks and natural philosophy in the university of Cambridge. He could not, however, be persuaded to accept the office; principally, it is believed, if not wholly, from an apprehension, that the circumstance of his not having been educated at that university might render the discharge of his duties less satisfactory to himself than he could wish. Those who knew him best, however, often remarked upon his extraordinary power of communicating instruction in the clearest manner. And Chief Justice Parsons, as competent a judge in the case as could be found in any country, has said to the writer of this notice, that of all the men he had known, he had never found one who could make any mathematical proposition so transparently clear and intelligible by mere oral statement, without a diagram or figures, as Dr. Bowditch could. It may also here be added, that Dr. Bowditch had the highest respect for the great mathematical attainments of Chief Justice Parsons; and it may be interesting to many persons to know, that under the Rules of Lunar Observations in the "Practical Navigator," Dr. Bowditch has introduced an improved method of correcting the apparent distance of the moon from the sun or a star, which was suggested by that great man: whom he justly characterizes as "eminently distinguished for his mathematical acquirements."

It should have been before stated, that after quitting the life of a navigator, Dr. Bowditch held the office of president of a marine insurance company in his native town for several years; until, upon the establishment of that well-known and invaluable institution, the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, in Boston, his talents were deemed indispensable in its organization and management; and he was invited to take charge of it, under the title of its Actuary. The great exactness of calculation and the order and precision introduced by him into that institution, will long attest the comprehensiveness of his views and his facility in the practical management of its affairs.

On the occasion of leaving his native town to enter upon this new office, his townsmen spontaneously united in a publick dinner, as a testimonial of their respect and grateful recollection of his eminent services to his country and of his great private worth.

While he resided in Salem he undertook his well known translation of La Place's *Mecanique Celeste*, accompanied with his invaluable commentary upon it. This truly gigantick task was begun in the year 1815, and has been the steady occupation of his leisure hours to the time of his death. His elucidations and commentaries, while they show him to have been as thoroughly master of that mighty subject as La Place himself, will make that great work —the most profound of modern times—accessible to innumerable students, who without such aid would be compelled to forego the use of it.

The labour of translating and commenting on the whole of that work had defied the zeal and industry of the scientifick men of Great Britain; and one of their leading journals gives due credit to America for this extraordinary and honourable achievement in the cause of science, which had not been accomplished by any individual among the numerous scientifick associations of Great Britain.

"The idea," says the journal alluded to, "of undertaking a translation of the whole *Mecanique Celeste*, accompanied throughout with a copious running commentary, is one which savours, at first sight, of the *gigantesque*; and is certainly one which, from what we have hitherto had reason to conceive of the popularity and diffusion of mathematical knowledge on the opposite shores of the Atlantick, we should never have expected to have found originated—or, at least, carried into execution, in that quarter. The part actually completed (the first volume) is, with few and slight exceptions, just what we could have wished to see—an exact and careful translation into very good English—exceedingly well printed, and accompanied with notes appended to each page; which leave no step in the text, of moment unsupplied, and hardly any material difficulty either of conception or reasoning unelucidated."

The progress of Dr. Bowditch's last illness was so unremitting, that he was not able to complete the final revision of the whole of this great work. He had, however, corrected the last sheets of the fourth volume a few days before his death, and while his physical powers were scarcely capable of executing what his clear and unclouded intellect dictated. The fifth, and only remaining volume is, comparatively, of little importance, and it would probably have had but slight revisions, even if he had survived.

On this great work, Dr. Bowditch's fame throughout the scientifick world will ultimately rest. And surely, the most lofty ambition could not desire a more solid and lasting monument—a monument, which will endure until that day of desolation shall

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arrive, when no one of the human family shall remain to contemplate the mighty fabrick of those heavenly systems, whose structure and laws are inscribed upon it.

The long study of the French mathematicians, in connexion with Dr. Bowditch's labours on La Place's work, had given him a partiality for the French, or Continental mathematical school, so far as that may be said to differ from the English. And on one great question, which in the age of Newton raised such a furious tempest of altercation between the English and Continental mathematicians—the quarrel between Newton and Leibnitz for the immortal invention of the differential calculus—Dr. Bowditch did not consider Newton as the exclusive discoverer, but, as the more candid of all parties now generally agree, that he and Leibnitz were both original discoverers of that wonderful method of analysis, and that neither of them was a plagiarist from the other, as each had been illiberally called while the controversy was raging.

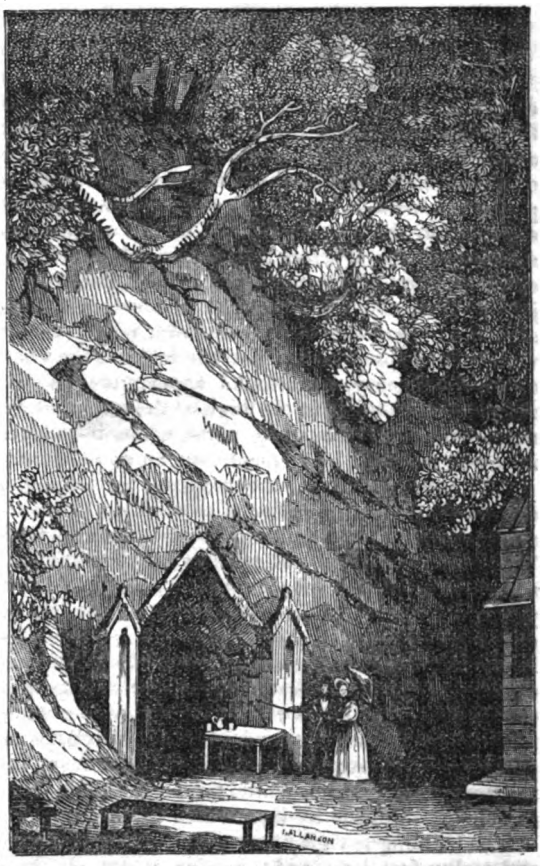
The reputation of Dr. Bowditch was such, that he had for many years been a member of various learned societies in Europe and America; and he was one of the few Americans who have been Fellows of the Royal Society of London. In his native state he has for some years been the President of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, which is indebted to him for a large share of the reputation it has enjoyed.

Such is a brief outline of the intellectual character and scientifick labours of this eminent man. It need only be added, that in social life he was distinguished for rigid integrity, extraordinary energy of character, and unremitting zeal and perseverance in whatever he undertook to accomplish; his manner was ardent and indicative of that warm heart which has now ceased to throb for those friends who enjoyed the happiness of his society; his deportment was, in an extraordinary degree, unaffected and simple; and he had a frankness in expressing his opinions, which an age of artificial civility would feel to be a standing reproof of its own heartlessness, and would hardly consent to rank among the virtues.

How saddening is the reflection, that these high intellectual and moral endowments, from which we had fondly, perhaps unreasonably, hoped for still further benefits to the world, should now lie powerless, prostrate, and in ruins before us! Never has there been an individual in our country, solely devoted to the pursuits of science, and the tranquil walks of private life, and shunning the allurements of that political notoriety which is the distempered and all-absorbing passion of the day, whose death has been more generally and deeply lamented—

> Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit—
> We read his history in a nation's eyes:

and the demonstrations of sorrow in every face are at once a spontaneous homage to science, and a heartfelt tribute to eminent private worth.



THE SYBIL'S CAVE—HOBOKEN.

The above engraving represents one of the curiosities of the far-famed Hoboken, opposite the city of New York, denominated the "Sybil's Cave."

It is an excavation into the solid rock of about thirty feet. The front is fashioned in the Gothick style, as will be seen by reference to the engraving. A short distance inside the cave, is a spring of water slightly impregnated with magnesia.

Two years ago, Hoboken was one of the most romantick places in the country. Situated on the banks, and overlooking the mighty Hudson, the bay and harbour, and city of New York, and laid out in beautiful and shaded walks, varied by nature and by art—it had become the favourite resort both of the citizens and visiters to the "commercial emporium."

It still retains some of its beauties and ornaments, but the hand of the spoiler has been there. *One thousand dirt-carts* are employed, in destroying its verdant lawns—turning them into "city lots." And its quiet and romantick retreats are soon to give way to the sound of the hammer and the axe.

It may be that these improvements are much needed, and that the island of Manhattan, is not large enough for all the stores that may be wanted, but we could have wished the speculators had chosen some other place than Hoboken, for these *improvements.*

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CAPITOL OF INDIANA

THIS edifice is situated in an open square in the city of Indianapolis, the capital of Indiana. It is of the robust, or ancient Dorick order, octastyle, of the amphi-prostyle, pseudo-peripteral species, and admitting, from its insulated position, of a peribolus, or platform around it, may be considered the nearest approach to the classical spirit of the antique *yet instanced in the Western hemisphere*, while the novel introduction of antae upon its flank, boldly projecting from the wall, serve to conceal, in a foreshortened view, the many windows, which would, without such projections, give the building the character of a factory, as also an appearance, and the reality of instability, in the highest degree inharmonious with the surrounding parts, when introduced in a wall crowned by so ponderous an entablature.

As a matter of taste, the propriety of adding a dome or cupola to an edifice of so simple a character as the Grecian temple, is with some reason doubted. This addition might be allowed to interfere with the sober dignity which should reign in a *sacred* edifice, yet, in the church of the French Protestants, N. Y., *no one* can wish the dome omitted; and, in the capitol of Indiana, this appendage gives the impress of a *character* suiting its destination, and receding from the front, the pediment retains its full value, while to the distant observer, the dome and lanthorn, rising proudly above surrounding objects enhances the richness of the scene, while the more simple form is perhaps shrouded by intervening objects.

The building is eighty feet wide, and one hundred and eighty feet long, and contains rooms on three floors: a basement below the level of the portico and peribolus, and two stories above. The great halls of legislation, chambers of the Senate and Representatives, are on the upper floor, which renders them lofty in the ceilings, and the committee rooms, which are on the first floor, more accessible by the free passage from end to end of the building, which passage could not be admitted were the great rooms below. The Senate chamber is thirty-six feet by seventy feet, and the hall of Representatives, forty-eight by seventy, or near these dimensions, and the Rotunda, thirty-six feet, with dome and skylight. The halls are rectangular oblongs on the plan, but have a semi-hemispherical concavity, or half dome in the ceiling, resting on a semicircular colonnade, which forms the "*bar of the house*," (so termed,) within which the members' seats are placed, all facing inward, fronting the focal point, and speaker's chair. This general arrangement, (according to the laws of Phonics,) is favourable to the extension and inflection of sound, which, here made sonorous, is yet found free from reverberation, distinct and clear. It also affords variety, with an architectural character to the apartment, while the columns contribute an additional support to the roof.

As an exhibition of classical architecture, we have in the capitol of Indiana, each of the three orders appropriated by Greece: the Dorick, Ionick, and Corinthian;—the robust, chaste, and magnificent. In the body of the edifice, we have a resemblance to the Parthenon of Athens; in the interiour, the rich Ionick of the Erectheion; in the dome, the circular temple of Vesta, at Tivoli; and the lanthorn is a model of the Corinthian monument of Lysicrates.

Nothing tends more to refine the taste, and to divest it of all taint of vulgarity than early familiarizing both the eye and the mind with those exquisite forms of beauty transmitted to us in the remains of ancient art; and nothing is better calculated to elevate our ideas, than frequent contemplation of structures distinguished either by the sublimity of their dimensions or the harmony of their proportions.

The buildings of the ancients are in architecture, what the works of nature are with respect to the other arts; they serve as models which we should imitate, and as standards by which we ought to judge: and sufficient field is open to the man of genius for original design, and the display of science and taste in the judicious *arrangement* and *application* of ancient members, and in the composition of interiours; and, according to Reynolds, "true genius is seen as much in singling out and adapting approved examples in the practice of the arts, as in the display of original thoughts, or unprecedented invention:" and we may safely say more so, unless such new associations of ideas should prove upon mature investigation, to be equal or superiour to what has been accomplished, as it is much better to be an imitator of good things, than an inventor of bad.

The capitol of Indiana was commenced in 1832, and finished in 1835, from the designs of Ithiel Town, and Alexander J. Davis, Architects. It cost seventy thousand dollars.

THE HUDSON.

PROUD stream! the birchen barks that wont of old,
From cove to cove, to shoot athwart thy tide,
The quivered nations, eloquent and bold,
Whose simple fare thy shores and depths supplied,
Are passed away; and men of other mould
Now o'er thy bosom their wing'd fabricks guide,
All white with sails thy keel-thronged waters fice,
Through one rich lapse of plenty, to the sea.

Beauty and Majesty on either hand
Have shored thy waters with their common realm;
Here, pasture, grove, and harvest-field expand,
There, the rough boatman veers his yielding helm
From the sheer cliff, whose shadow broad and grand
Darkens his sail, and seems his path to whelm
With doubt and gloom; 'till, through some wild ravine,
A gush of sunlight leaps upon the scene!

I love thy tempests, when the broad-winged blast
Rouses thy billows with its battle-call,
When gath'ring clouds in phalanx black and vast,
Like armed shadows gird thy rocky wall,
And from their leaguring legions thick and fast
The galling hail-shot in fierce volleys fall.
While quick, from cloud to cloud darts o'er the levin
The flash that fires the batteries of heaven!

How beauteous art thou, when at rosy dawn,
Up from thy glittering breast its robe of mist
Into the azure depths is gently drawn,
Or softly settles o'er thy bluffs, just kissed
By the first slanting beams of golden morn;
Gorgeous—when ruby, gold, and amethyst
Upon thy tesselated surface lie—
The wave glassed splendours of the sunset sky!

And when the moon through wreaths of curdled snow,
Upon thee pours a flood of silver sheen,
While the tall headlands vaster seem to grow
As on thy breast their giant shadows lean;
There is a mournful musick in thy flow.
And I have listened mid the hallowed scene,
Until loved voices seemed, in murmurs bland,
Hailing me softly from the spirit-land.

The deep Missouri hath a fiercer song,
The Mississippi pours a bolder wave,
And with a deaf'ning crash the torrent strong,
From the linked lakes, leaps to Niagara's grave;
Yet when the Storm-king smites his thunder-gong,
Thy hills reply from a bellowing cave;
And when with smiles the sun o'erlooks their brow,
He sees no stream more beautiful than thou! KNICKERBOCKER.

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CAPITOL OF INDIANA

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THE
NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Astor, Lenox and Tilden
Foundations.

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AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON, LL.D.

From Knapp's American Biography.

ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON, chancellor of the state of New York, was a man who filled a great space in the eyes of the American people. We made no small effort to get a pretty full account of this great statesman, but could find none so ample as that given by Dr. John W. Francis, a gentleman well known in the literary world as well as in the annals of medicine. This memoir of Mr. Livingston is contained in an address delivered before the Philolexian Society of Columbia College at their anniversary, June 3, 1831, and the extract is made by permission. The sketch is historical, discriminating, neat, and beautiful.

Robert R. Livingston was descended from a family of historical celebrity in the annals of Scotland. Kings, regents, and nobles appear in the line of his ancestors, and probably no individual ever emigrated to the new world who could boast more numerous or more distinguished evidences of rank and title. Without dwelling with unnecessary minuteness on this portion of his history, I may be permitted to observe that James Livingston, in the middle of the fifteenth century, was appointed Regent of Scotland during the minority of James I.; that his granddaughter married Donald, king of the Hebrides, one of whose descendants is celebrated by the immortal pen of Sir Walter Scott, in his poem, the Lord of the Isles.

The title of the Earl of Nowburgh, Earl of Linlithgow, Earl of Callander, and Earl of Livingstone, given to several distinct members of this family, attest its standing and importance in the state, and adds lustre to the honours of its name. Nor were they undistinguished in the early literature of their native country; and the name of Rollock, of kindred origin, occurs at the close of the sixteenth century as first principal of the celebrated University of Edinburgh.

Lord Livingstone was the common ancestor of of that branch of the Livingstons which emigrated to this country in the middle of the seventeenth century. He was hereditary governour of Linlithgow Castle, in which Mary, Queen of Scots was born, and in which she was placed for safety during the invasion of Scotland by the Duke of Somerset. His daughter was one of the four ladies who attended this princess to France as her companion. His great grandson, John Livingston, an eminent, learned and pious minister of the Gospel, emigrated to Rotterdam in 1663, the victim of religious persecution, and was one of the commissioners of Scotland in the negotiations which eventuated in a general peace, and in the transfer of the colony of New York from the states of Holland to England.

Robert Livingston, his son, about the period of his father's death in 1678, emigrated to America; and in 1686 obtained a patent for the Manor of Livingston. The banks of that noble river on which it is situate attest in its ornaments their taste and opulence. He was a member of the convention at Albany in 1689, which threw off, on the part of New York, the oppressive government of James II. In a visit to England, he held a conference with King William, Lord Chancellor Somers, and others, and prompted the enterprise against the pirates who then infested various parts of the American coast. The agent employed to effect this purpose proved treacherous to the trust, and, as is supposed, with the connivance of Robert Fletcher, the governour of the state. This agent afterward became chief among the pirates, and is known in the popular traditions of the country by the name of Captain Kidd. The grandsons of Robert were, Philip Livingston, one of the signers of the declaration of independence, on the part of the state of New York; William Livingston, governour of New Jersey, known as a poet of high order, and still more estimable for his vigorous defence of the civil and religious rights of the colonies in council and by the pen. Robert Livingston's great grandsons were, John H. Livingston, the father of the Reformed Dutch Church in America, and president of Queen's College, New Jersey, Brockholst Livingston, late one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, Edward Livingston, formerly Mayor of this city, a member of the House of Representatives from the district of New York, member from Louisiania, in the United States Senate, and recently appointed secretary of the department of state, and Robert R. Livingston, the subject of our present discourse. It is in our own country that the talents of this highly-gifted family have had an ample field for their display and exertion. The colonial history of our state records, their elevated standing in its political affairs, and their noble resistance to those measures of oppression which arrived at their height during the early reign of George III. and which resulted in the independent sovereignty of America.

Chancellor Livingston was born in the city of New York, in 1747, and was educated in King's now Columbia College, where he was graduated in 1764. At this time the college was in its infancy, having been founded only ten years before, by a munificent grant of land, on which it is now situate, from the corporation of Trinity Church; by the donations of pious individuals, and by funds from the venerable society for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts. Even at this early day, and at the commencement of its career, its faculty held at least an equal rank in ability and learning with the highest and best-endowed seminaries in America. To Cutting, a scholar of Cambridge, England, and to Cochran, an alumnus of Trinity College, Dublin, she is largely indebted even at this time for the superiority which she may justly claim in the cultivation of classical literature. Nor have the fruits of this endowment been buried or lost to the world. The genius and accomplishments of her sons have amply justified the foresight and liberality of her founders. Numbers considered, no institution has more just reason to boast of the glory reflected upon her by services rendered to the publick. In justice to this assertion, let me advert to the names of Hamilton, the infant asserter of his country's rights, the chief framer of your national constitution, and the founder of your funding system; Jay, the first chief justice of the United States, the negociator of the treaty of peace by which Great Britain assented to the independence of her former colonies: Morris, the eloquent orator, and one of the founders of your state

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constitution; Harrison, the able jurist and scholar; Jones, formerly chancellor of the state, at present chief justice of the superiour court; Provoost, the first bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church of the state of New York; Moore, his eminently learned and pious successor, and the fourth president of Columbia College; the present eminent and excellent diocesan in the Episcopal office, whom I am proud to call my classmate at college, and my associate in our Philolexian exercises; Washington Irving, who so ably represents American genius in the republick one and indivisible of English literature; and who has recently entwined his own reputation with that of the daring discoverer of his native country. Mason, long the acknowledged head of the Presbyterian divines of this country; Clinton, the intrepid projector of your canal policy. I might add a host of others, whose characters are at once the pride and property of their countrymen. "Draw at a venture," says the venerable Dr. Cochran, formerly a professor in this institution, "from the oldest and illustrious seminaries of England and Ireland, the same number of names as we had on our books, and I will venture to affirm that they would not be superiour to such men as Governour Clinton, Chancellor Jones, Rev. Dr. John M. Mason, and some others." These, gentlemen, are the rich and enduring rewards of the legislative wisdom of that assembly, which in 1753, gave birth to Columbia College.

The present list of the graduates of this school records one thousand names, distinguished in every variety of service to the church and state.

Robert R. Livingston entered upon the study of the law in this city in 1765, under the direction of William Smith, the historian of New York, at that time an eminent counsellor of law, and subsequently chief justice of Canada. Shortly after having obtained his license in that profession, he was appointed recorder of his native city. The trying question of the rights of the British parliament, in which we were unrepresented, to impose exactions on our citizens, then first began to be agitated, and the subject of our memoir as well as his illustrious father were both ejected from their official stations, the latter as one of the justices of the court of Oyer and Terminer, for adherence to the rights of their countrymen. It was early predicted that these rights could be successfully asserted only by the sword; but, remonstrance after remonstrance, petition after petition, was presented to a ministry, attentive only to their passions, and heedless of the rights of others. The colonies, separated from one another by a thousand feelings and prejudices, soon exhibited a united resolution to resist these pretensions with manly effort. The official stations of Mr. Livingston and his son did not prevent them from joining with the great body of their countrymen in resisting claims so unjust and oppressive. In the same year, the gallant Montgomery, recently connected by marriage to a sister of the chancellor, fell on the plains of Abraham, fighting with the valour of his native, in defence of his adopted country.

In return for royal persecution, Chancellor Livingston was rewarded by popular favour and the confidence of his country. In this war of principle, now commencing, Massachusetts, New York, and Virginia represented not imperfectly, the entire population of the American colonies. The first was settled by emigrants chiefly from England, puritans in religion and in politicks. Virginia was colonized by an adventurous population who transferred with them the rights and feelings of Englishmen. The central colonies, of which New York was the fairest representative, had emigrated from the states of Holland which preceded even the English in the assertion and vindication of the rights of conscience, and even during a struggle of eighty years wafted their commerce to every region of the earth.

This various population united for the most part in one spontaneous spirit of opposition to the claims of parliament; yet in New York, her magnificent but unprotected harbour and frontier exposed to the depredations of the ruthless savage, laid her open to the naval force of Great Britain, and paralyzed for a time the efforts of her patriots. Virginia was foremost in resisting the odious stamp act, which under a deceitful vizor concealed the arrow of destruction. In Boston, the fatal poison lurked in the tea-chest. In the vicinity of this town, the blood of Englishmen and Americans first mingled in hostile conflict. The names of George Clinton, John Jay, Philip Schuyler, and Robert R. Livingston, are sufficient evidence that this state was not behind her elder sisters in devoted ardour and patriotism. These noble champions of our cause justly deemed their power and influence pledges of fidelity to the people, which it required their highest efforts to redeem.

In the immortal Congress of 1776, Mr. Livingston represented the feelings and interests of the people of the state of New York. At length the persevering efforts of the crown against the rights of the colonies, produced that memorable resolution of their representatives, to dissolve for ever all political connexion with the parent country: the committee appointed to justify to the world the reason of our conduct, and claim to its good feelings, consisted of Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and Robert R. Livingston. In this consecrated assembly, the zeal and patriotism of Mr. Livingston were universally acknowledged.

I need not dwell for a moment on the awful responsibility assumed by your representatives. Suffice it to say, that, as when the elder Brutus announced to the Roman people the outrage committed by Tarquin, and invoked their bravery and patriotism, our virtuous ancestors responded to the call, and with their hearts and votes united in pledging their lives and fortunes to maintain their sacred rights. When, at the recommendation of congress, each state proceeded to frame a constitution of government, Mr. Livingston was elected a member of the convention of New York, and was the chairman of the committee who presented the draft of that instrument which, as subsequently adopted, formed an era in legislation, and may be fairly pronounced the most judicious scheme of polity then known to the world.

On the formation of the Department of Foreign Affairs, in 1781, under the articles of confederation, he accepted the appointment of Secretary, and served in that capacity with great diligence, promptness, and impartiality, until 1783, when, on retiring from office he received the thanks of Congress, and an assurance of the high sense they entertained of the ability, zeal, and fidelity with which he had discharged the important trusts reposed in him. The

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diplomatick correspondence of the revolutionary war, which has just appeared, may be here referred to, as documentary testimony to his cabinet services in our great contest.

Mr. Livingston was appointed chancellor of the state of New York in 1783, being the first who held that office under the state constitution; and he continued in this highest legal distinction in the state until his mission to France in 1801. For his ability and fidelity in the discharge of his judicial duties, I appeal to the learned members of the profession. No published documents record the evidences of his laborious research and accurate discrimination. But I am authorized to assert, on the testimony of a most distinguished successor to his office, that the august tribunal, whose justice he dispensed, though since covered with a halo of glory, never boasted a more prompt, more able, or more faithful officer.

When at length the valour of our ancestors had borne them successfully through the revolutionary contest, and redeemed those pledges which had been offered on the altar of their country, another and a still more arduous task remained. In vain had our patriots moistened the soil with their blood, had our countrymen been left the victims to their own tormenting feuds and passions. The bond of union which united us during the period that tried men's souls, was almost rent asunder during the trials of peace. The legislature of Virginia, so early as in 1785, at the instance of Mr. Madison, who then first gave presages of his future greatness, had appointed commissioners, with a view to form commercial regulations for the general control of the states. Commissioners from several states met accordingly at Annapolis, the following year. From the want of adequate powers they separated without effecting the object for which they were delegated. In 1787, on the recommendation of the Massachusetts delegation, composed of Francis Dana and Rufus King, was convened, at Philadelphia, that memorable assemblage of heroes and statesmen, who met to devise a plan of government which should convey the blessings of liberty to, I trust, the latest generations.

From New York emanated the plan of that national compact which now binds these states together. Hamilton and Madison were its principal authors. To the former is chiefly due the honour of projecting that happy compromise between the rights of sovereignty and of individuals, so ably expounded on a recent occasion, by a successor to his reputation and glory.* The good sense of our people ratified it by their suffrages. Let it not be deemed irrelevant on this occasion, if I advert to that excellent series of papers written in defence and in illustration of the constitution. These papers were first presented to the publick from the press, in this city: in all human probability they were among the most efficient causes of its adoption. The Federalist may be equally consulted by the classical scholar, for the elegance of its language, and by the statesman, for its profound exposition or polity. It is the best vindication extant, of the principles of a republican government, and ought to be thoroughly understood by all who exercise the privileges secured to us by the great constitutional charter of which it is the luminous interpreter.

* Webster, in the senate.

Of the convention, which assembled at Poughkeepsie, in 1788, Chancellor Livingston was one of the most efficient members, and prevailed in effecting its ratification by his native state; thus securing its adoption by the United States. We are now in the full enjoyment of its blessings. May no vaulting ambition on the part of our statesmen, or madness on the part of our people, ever put it into jeopardy for a moment. May it never be rendered oppressive by too liberal a construction of its powers: may it never be nullified by metaphysical refinement.

In April, 1789, this city was the scene of one of the most solemn ceremonies recorded in the annals of America. The great Washington having conducted, to a successful issue, the momentous contest for independence, and the sages of our nation having elaborated a constitutional code of government, all eyes were directed to the illustrious hero, whose wise and sagacious counsels, no less than his valour, pointed him out as the most competent, under Providence, to guide the vessel of state in safety. When that venerated patriot, agreeably to our wishes, was about to enter upon the duties of the highest office known to freemen, Chancellor Livingston became the witness of his solemn appeal to Heaven, that the laws should be faithfully administered.

The appointment of Chancellor Livingston to the court of France, was one of the first acts of the new administration of Jefferson. Napoleon Bonaparte, the youthful conqueror of Italy, was at this time First Consul of the French republick. At his court, which rivalled in magnificence and splendour the most august courts of Europe, the chancellor at once conciliated the good feelings of that extraordinary man, by the amenity of his manners, and promoted the best interests of his country, by persevering and enlightened exertions. During the short-lived peace of Amiens, Paris was visited by the refined and intelligent from every part of the civilized world; and here the chancellor found leisure, amid the duties of official station, to cultivate those ornate studies, for which that capital furnishes every facility. On the day of a great levee, which assembled at the Tuilleries, says the biographer of Fox, the numerous representatives of nations and strangers from every country, to pay their respects to the First Consul of France, now established as the sole head of the government, the American ambassador, Mr. Livingston, plain and simple in manners and dress, represented his republick with propriety and dignity.

In that important negociation with the government of France, which resulted in the acquisition of Louisiana, Chancellor Livingston was the prominent and efficient agent. Its transfer by the Spanish government to France, in 1802, had excited the most lively feelings of the American republick. By this unexpected measure, they were made the neighbours to a power, which, under the giant energies of the First Consul, threatened, in case of rupture, the very existence of our republick. Immediately preceding the entrance into it of the French authorities, the Spanish powers prohibited the inhabitants of the western country the use of New Orleans as a place of depositе for their productions, contrary to the treaty with his Catholick majesty. A universal spirit of indignation animated the American people; and there were not wanting those who recommended an immediate recourse to arms. The discussions on this question

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in the congress of the United States elicited debates, in which De Witt Clinton and Governeur Morris, representatives of this state in the American Senate, sustained the different views of the rival parties of this country. In pursuance of the sounder counsels of those who urged the propriety of negociation and peace, the executive of the United States deputed, as minister to the court of France, the late President Monroe; but previous to his arrival Mr. Livingston, in an elaborate and interesting memoir, addressed to the French government, had prepared them for the cession of the greater part of Louisiana. To further this great object, he had also personally importuned the First Consul.

The result of Chancellor Livingston's efforts was prompt and successful. On the fifth of April, the First Consul announced to his bureau of state, his determination to sell whatever of American territory he had obtained from Spain. Seven days afterward, Mr. Monroe arrived in Paris, and gave the consent of the American government to this negociation. The menacing posture of affairs between France and England facilitated the objects of these arrangements, and resulted in the transfer of the entire country to the American republick, for a sum less than was adequate for the preparation of a single campaign.

By this important treaty, contrary to the anticipations of the timid or interested, the confederacy of our states was placed on an invulnerable basis; territory was added to our country, nearly equal in extent to that of the original states of our union; and the blessings of free government secured to millions, who had otherwise groaned under the vassalage of foreign dominion. The vast deserts of Louisiana are daily becoming the cheerful residence of an intelligent and Christian population, with American blood flowing in their veins, and beating responsive to republican feelings; and the field of New Orleans is now added to those of Bunker's Hill, Stillwater, and Chippeway, as trophies of American valour and patriotism.

After the signing of this eventful treaty, the three ministers arose, says one of them, the Count Marbois, when Mr. Livingston, expressing the general satisfaction, said, with prophetic sagacity, "We have lived long, but this is the noblest work of our whole lives. The treaty which we have just signed has not been obtained by art, or dictated by force; equally advantageous to the two contracting parties, it will change vast solitudes into flourishing districts. From this day, the United States take their place among the powers of the first rank; the English lose all exclusive influence in the affairs of America. Thus one of the principal causes of European rivalries and animosities is about to cease. The United States will re-establish the maritime rights of all the world, which are now usurped by a single nation. These treaties will thus be a guarantee of peace and concord among commercial states. The instruments which we have just signed, will cause no tears to be shed; they prepare ages of happiness for innumerable generations of human creatures. The Mississippi and Missouri will see them succeed one another, and multiply, truly worthy of the regard of Providence, in the bosom of equality, under just laws, freed from the errours of superstition and the scourges of bad government."

The consequences of this act did not escape the penetration of the First Consul. "This accession of territory," said he, "strengthens for ever the power of the United States, and I have just given to England a maritime rival that will sooner or later humble her pride."

The official duties of Resident Minister at Paris, did not prevent Chancellor Livingston from bestowing his attention to those objects of taste congenial to his feelings, and beneficial to his country. To the American Academy of Fine Arts, established in New York, in 1801, he added the excellent collection of busts and statues which are now the boast of that institution, and was instrumental in procuring, from the liberality of the First Consul, its rich paintings and prints. He continued through life devoted to its interests, and was for many years its chief officer. To the transactions of the Society for the Promotion of Useful Arts, established in 1793, chiefly through his exertions, he contributed many appropriate papers, and during his residence abroad, enriched our agriculture with the improvements of French husbandry.

The last effort of his pen was his Paper on Agriculture, written but a few days before his fatal illness. In this spirited essay, he vindicates the climate, soil, and capabilities, of his native country. He shows the value of horticultural labour, and demonstrates the reciprocal connexions between agriculture and manufactures. The inherent fertility and the indigenous resource of the country, are the themes of his admiration and eulogy. He was among the earliest, with Judge Peters, to employ gypsum, as the means of fertilizing soils; and the introduction of clover, and a better breed of domestick cattle, attest his vigilant and enlightened zeal.

One other benefit conferred on mankind will, of itself, convey the name of Chancellor Livingston to the remotest posterity; his co-operation with Robert Fulton in effecting the successful application of steam to navigation, the most important improvement since the invention of printing, and only inferiour in lasting consequences to mankind. By it the great community of nations is bound together by commercial and social intercourse; the arts of war are made to yield to the profitable pursuits of peace; universal civilization, universal education, and the benign influence of religion conveyed to every land.

"The connexion between Livingston and Fulton," says the lamented Clinton, "realized to a great degree, the vision of the poet. All former experiments had failed, and the genius of Fulton, aided and fostered by the publick spirit and discernment of Livingston, created one of the greatest accommodations for the benefit of mankind. These illustrious men will be considered, through all time, as the benefactors of the world."

The leisure hours of Chancellor Livingston were devoted to every variety of science, arts, and literature. The heroick authors of antiquity, Homer and Virgil, Demosthenes and Cicero, were among those which contributed to improve his taste, and expand his thought and feeling. His historical researches were various and extensive. All this was not effected without unremiting industry. Every interval of time afforded from the duties and cares of publick life, was devoted, with scrupulous fidelity, to add to his stores of knowledge. Like the Chancellor

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D'Agueseau, in variety of pursuit, he found that relaxation which others seek in pleasure and amusement.

The style of his oratory was chaste and classical, and of that persuasive kind which the father of poetry ascribes to Nestor. All who were witnesses, testify to the mute attention with which he rivoted his auditors. But he chiefly delighted in the pathetick, and often, by his appeals to the sympathies of his hearers, counteracted the most powerful prejudices. His acknowledged integrity and patriotism doubtless added force to all he uttered. Franklin termed him the American Cicero: in him were united all those qualities which according to that illustrious Roman, are necessary in the perfect orator.

After a life, every portion of which was devoted to the benefit of his fellow-man, he paid the last debt to nature, at his seat, at Clermont, on the twenty-sixth of February, 1813.

Thus it appears, from this imperfect tribute, that the late Chancellor Livingston was an active agent in the most momentous events that have influenced the destinies of mankind. Of the congress of 1776, which resolved that these states were free and independent, he was a distinguished member, and belonged to that committee which framed the declaration of our grievances and rights—and which will transmit their names to the latest posterity: of the convention of New York which formed the constitution of our state—the best-devised scheme of polity known to the world; of a subsequent convention, which ratified the constitution of the United States, devised by the wisdom of Hamilton and Madison. The important actor in a negociation, which doubled our country in extent, and, I trust, has rendered it for ever secure from foreign intrusion; the coadjutor in that noblest of all improvements in mechanicks, by which time and space are annihilated—the invention of steam navigation.

In Mr. Livingston, to the proud character of integrity, honour, and disinterestedness, were added the mild, yet ennobling features of religion. An inquiring believer in its truth, an exemplar of its gentle effects on the character, he daily sought its consolations, and strengthened his pious resolutions in the rich inheritance it promises. He was devoted to the Protestant Episcopal church, from an enlightened preference of its doctrines and discipline, without hostile feelings to those who trust to other guides in religion than Chillingworth and Hooker.

Chancellor Livingston, at the time of his death, was in the 66th year of his age. His person was tall and commanding, and of patrician dignity. Gentle and courteous in his manners, pure and upright in his morals. His benefactions to the poor were numerous and unostentatious. In his life without reproach, victorious in death over its terrours.

WHAT IS TRUTH?—It must be plain that what is true in one country is not true in another. Monsieur Souchard, a late French teacher in New York, used to tell his pupils that unless they cultivated their minds, they were not so good as a swine—for the flesh of the latter was good to eat; while their bodies were worthless after death. An inhabitant of Patagonia would have denied the soundness of this corollary.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

SAMUEL PROVOOST, D. D.

From Knapp's American Biography.

SAMUEL PROVOOST, D. D., a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, was descended from a family originally French, whose ancestors may be traced back as far as the year 1550. The orthography of the name with the double O seems of comparatively modern date. The first of the family, of whom a particular trace can be found, was a William Provost, who resided in Paris at the time of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The family were Huguenots. A part of them fled to Geneva, where their descendants are yet to be found in respectable stations. William escaped to Amsterdam, where he married a French lady, also a fugitive from Paris. Of this marriage there were five sons; the eldest was Johannes, who married a Dutch lady, and had by her three sons: the younger of whom came to this country, then the New Netherlands, in 1624. He soon after returned to Amsterdam, and there married a lady by the name of Tam Waart. In 1634, this David Provoost with his wife, came back to New York, (then New Amsterdam,) and soon after was commissioned by the Dutch governour to command a military expedition against the English, who had made encroachments at Fresh river, (the Connecticut,) on what their high mightinesses claimed as their territory. He was successful in driving away the intruders, and built a fort at what is now called Saybrook, to which place he removed his family, and continued to command and reside in the fort a number of years. There was another brother Elias, who also came to this country and settled at Albany, then Fort Orange. From this Elias Provoost, sprang the Provoosts of that quarter. David Provoost had a number of children, and died in 1657. His third son, David, was born at Saybrook, in 1642, and in 1668, married Catharine Lawrence, who was born in Holland, in 1650. They had a number of children—the fourth son, Samuel was born in New York, in 1687. He married Maria Bousfield, daughter of Thomas Bousfield, of Cork, Ireland. Her brother Benjamin Bousfield, was sometime sheriff of Cork, and distinguished himself as an earnest political writer. Samuel Provoost had many children. His son John was born in New York, in 1713, and became so wealthy as to be able to give his son Samuel, afterward the bishop, a collegiate education in England.

John Provoost married Eve Rutgers, by whom he had several children, the eldest of whom the abovementioned Samuel, was born in the city of New York, on the twenty-sixth of February, 1742. It is mentioned that this child was christened in the Dutch church. It seems that the family, from the beginning, belonged to that sect. When Mr. Provoost joined the Episcopalians, does not appear. It is probable that his education in an English University had its influence in this respect. It would appear that upon his receiving the rudiments of ordinary classical instruction, he first entered King's (now Columbia) college, at a very early age, and that he there made great proficiency and graduated A. B. He repaired to Europe previously to his arriving at

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his nineteenth year. When he was admitted to deacon's orders, he was styled S. P. A. B. of St. Peter's college, Cambridge. In 1761, he left New York, arrived at Falmouth in September, and in November, he entered fellow commoner of St. Peter's College, England. It is reported that while he partook of the gayety which was then the fashion of the English universities, he prosecuted his studies with great assiduity. His father allowed him a private tutor who was the celebrated Dr. John Jebb, a man of distinguished talents, with whom Mr. Provoost formed an ardent friendship, and was in correspondence so long as Dr. Jebb lived. Soon after the commencement of his studies at Cambridge he seems to have decided on the church as his profession, and it is evident from the letters between him and his father that this was his own unbiased choice. Mr. Provoost acquired a knowledge not only of the Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages, but he made himself master of the French and Italian. In a letter to his father dated the thirteenth of April, 1765, he says, "I can get my degree and commendamus here whenever I please: nothing but my being too young in orders could prevent my returning home next summer."

On the twenty-third of February, 1766, Samuel Provoost, A. B., of St. Peter's College in Cambridge, was admitted into the order of deacon at the Chapel Royal of St. James Place, Westminster, by the bishop of London, and on the twenty-fifth of March following, to priest's orders, at the King's Chapel, in White Hall, by Dr. Edmond Keen, bishop of Chester.

Benjamin Bousfield was a fellow student of Mr. Provoost, at the University at Cambridge. They were intimate friends. Mr. Bousfield was the only son of Thomas Bousfield, a man of large estate, and then the only banker of the city of Cork, Ireland. The son was afterward a conspicuous character in the Irish House of Commons, and sheriff of the county of Cork, during the great political contentions of that country. He was so far a literary man, that he ventured to enter the field with the great Edmund Burke, and wrote a pamphlet in answer to Mr. Burke's celebrated book on the French revolution.

At about the period last mentioned the widowed mother of Mr. Bousfield and her daughter Maria, paid a visit to Cambridge. The acquaintance between Mr. Provoost, and the sister of his friend, soon ripened into a mutual attachment, and on the eighth of June, 1766, they were married in St. Mary's Church, Cambridge, by one of the senior fellows of Trinity College.

Perhaps Mr. Provoost was induced to take this step the sooner, by the prospect which was then held out to him of an immediate and elegible settlement in his own country. The Episcopalians were then building a new church, (probably St. Paul's,) and he was informed by his correspondents that there was an intention to offer him the pastoral charge of it.

Soon after his marriage he returned to New York, with his bride, and in December, 1766, he accepted a call to be one of the assistant ministers of Trinity church, for a salary of two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

In 1768, he was prevailed on by his wife, to pay a visit with her to her relations in Ireland. He seems to have had the permission of the vestry, to absent himself for this purpose, under an understanding, on his part, at least, that when he returned he should resume his station in the church, on the same terms as when he went to Ireland. But the vestry appear to have thought themselves at liberty to make his continuance in his office depend on conditions which they thought proper to propose.

Soon after his return, it was proposed in the vestry, (October the twenty-sixth, 1769,) to dismiss Mr. Provoost, on account of the insufficiency of the corporate funds to support him. This proposition was not adopted. But on the sixth of the next month it was resolved that he should be continued as an assistant minister, if he would be content, instead of a salary, to receive such compensation as could be raised by subscription.

While this matter was pending, Mr. Provoost remonstrated against what he considered as the bad faith of the attempt to place him on any other footing in the church than that on which he stood when he left it, with the consent of the vestry, to make his visit to Ireland. How he treated the offer of the vestry, that he should be supported by subscription, does not appear. It is very certain, however, that it was not accepted, and that about this time his connection with Trinity church was dissolved.

But it is probable that the insufficiency of funds was not so much the cause of the proceedings of the vestry, as a discontent with Mr. Provoost. For it is evident that some part of his congregation were dissatisfied with him. He was not sufficiently high church to please them—of this he was not unconscious. In a letter written soon after his return from Ireland, to his Cambridge tutor, Dr. Jebb, he says, "I am now returned to my native country—we have a fine son and daughter, and I should think my situation perfectly agreeable if it were not for the bigotry and enthusiasm that generally prevails among people here of all denominations. Even the church—particularly the lower members of it, are not free from the general infection. As I found this to be the case, I made it a point to preach the plain doctrines of morality in the manner I found them enforced by the most eminent divines of the church of England. This brought an accusation against me by these people that I was endeavouring to sap the foundation of Christianity, which they imagined to consist in the doctrines of absolute predestination and reprobation—placing such an unbounded confidence in the merits of Christ, as to think their own endeavours quite unnecessary, and not in the least available to salvation, and consigning to everlasting destruction all who happen to differ from them in the most trivial matters. I was however happy enough to be supported by many of the principal people of New York."

There were many too of the disciples of the school of election and eternal damnation, who called upon him by anonymous letters to preach their doctrine, and reprobated his sermons because they were too moral. No doubt these saints would have been better pleased if he had preached what neither he or they could understand.

Another complaint against him was, that he was too restrained in his visits to the members of his church—not that he was not generous to the poor, and kind to the sick—or that he did not discharge all the duties of a Christian pastor; but he would not, indeed he could not, court popularity.

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It is extremely probable also that the discontent of the vestry and the congregation with Mr. Provoost grew out of the political questions which then agitated the country and bred discord in every society. Though the church and state were not united in the colony of New York exactly as it was, and is, in England, yet the church was very dependant on the king and his government, and it cannot be denied that the Episcopalians of the city of New York very generally took part with the mother country. It is believed that the members of the vestry who passed the resolution which obliged Mr. Provoost to leave the church, with the exception of two or three, were tories—Mr. Provoost was entirely on the side of those who were opposed to the British Government, and took no pains to conceal his sentiments. He avows them very explicitly, in the abovementioned letter to Dr. Jebb.

Soon after he left Trinity church he determined to seek in the country that quiet which the perturbed state of the city did not permit. He purchased a small farm at East Camp, which was then in Dutchess county. In the selection of this spot, he was no doubt, in some measure, influenced by its being in the neighbourhood of the Livingston families. Mr. Walter and Robert Cambridge Livingston had been fellow students with him at the English University.

In the earlier part of 1770, or beginning of 1771, Mr. Provoost removed with his family to East Camp. From this time till the close of the revolutionary war, Mr. Provoost seems to have lived in perfect retirement, occupying himself with literary pursuits, for which he had a great taste. His political sentiments however, were so well known and his character and abilities were so much respected that his name was put by the leading politicians of the day, at the head of a list of persons who were to be delegates to the provincial congress. But he declined accepting this office.

When the convention which formed the first constitution of the state of New York met at Kingston, in 1777, they elected Mr. Provoost their chaplain, but he refused to accept the appointment and gave the following reasons to one of his friends for doing so: "In the beginning of the present war, when each province was endeavouring to unite the more effectually to oppose the tyranny of the British court, I remarked with great concern that all the church clergy in these northern states, who received salaries from the society, or emoluments from England, were unanimous in opposing the salutary measures of a vast majority of their countrymen—so great a harmony among people in their particular circumstances pretty clearly convinced me that some at least, were biased by interested motives. As I entertained political opinions diametrically opposed to those of my brethren, I was apprehensive that a profession of these opinions might be imputed to mercenary views, and an ungenerous desire of rising on their ruin. To obviate any suspicions of this kind, I formed a resolution never to accept of any preferment during the present contest; though as a private person, I have been, and shall always be ready to encounter any danger that may be incurred in the defence of our invaluable rights and liberties."

Governed by this determination he refused an offer which was made in 1777, to be Rector of St. Michael's church in Charleston, S. C., with a very handsome salary, and another call which he received in 1782, to take the pastoral charge of a church called the King's Chapel, in Boston. In his answer to these calls he reiterated as reasons for his not accepting them, the same which he had given when he declined the offer of the chaplaincy, to the convention.

The merit of Mr. Provoost's adherence to this resolution will be the more appreciated when his circumstances at the time, are considered. The situation in which he was placed, by the revolution, he describes thus: "I have no salary, or income, of any kind; the estate which formerly supported me, having been in the hands of the enemy ever since they took possession of New York. The place in which I live is so far from maintaining my family, that I am now in debt for the greatest part of the wheat they have consumed since the beginning of the war. Besides selling part of my furniture, &c., and running in debt for various necessaries, I have from time to time, borrowed money of my friends to considerable amount. My mother and family are refugees from the city, and nearly in the same situation with myself—and I am prevented by the constitution of the state and the canons of the church, from entering into any secular employment."

A curious anecdote of Bishop Provoost, belongs to this period. When the British fleet ascended the Hudson river, at the time that they burnt Esopus, after they had set fire to Judge Livingston's house, which was but a little way below Mr. Provoost's farm, a detachment of soldiers from the fleet was observed approaching the shore not far from Mr. Provoost's dwelling. Mr. Provoost and a number of his neighbours armed themselves, with a hope that they might defend their property. The soldiers were seen to land, and leave their boat in charge of a guard of two or three men. It was immediately proposed by the armed citizens to surprise the guard and destroy the boat, which would insure, with the force that could be raised in the country, the capture of the whole detachment. With this design, Mr. Provoost and his party crept along the river, concealed by the rocks and bushes, till they had got so near the boat as to be on the point of executing their design; when to their great disappointment, the soldiers, who had left the shore, met with something which hastened their return, and the reverend gentleman and his associates, were glad to keep themselves hid, not without fears that they would be discovered. If this had happened they certainly would have been the captured, instead of the captors—and very probably, he would not have been very easily exchanged—as the British officers might have chosen to exhibit in England, a rebel fighting-parson as a curiosity.

But after the termination of the revolutionary war, Mr. Provoost's prospects very soon changed—a few days before the British troops finally evacuated the city of New York, the persons who then claimed to be the vestry of Trinity church, elected a rector in the place of Dr. Inglis, who had left the country. This, when the Americans took possession of the city, excited great discontent among the members of the church who had been driven from their houses during the war, and who disputed the validity of any election of vestrymen, made while the city was in possession of the enemy. The whig members of the church refused to attend publick worship and the

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excitement against the proceedings of the vestry and the new rector, was so great that there was a design to take the property of the church from them by force. To prevent this some of the more temperate Episcopalians, who were whigs, called a meeting of the members of the church, with a view to adopt such a course as might prevent violence. This meeting appointed a committee to confer with the vestry, and to endeavour to induce them to adopt such measures as might produce an amicable arrangement. It was proposed to the vestry by the committee, that the new rector should resign, and that a whig should be chosen in his place. After a deliberation of some days, the vestry refused to accede to this proposition. The committee then applied to the council which declared that the vestry was not legally constituted, and that their appointment of a rector was, of course, void. The council vested the temporalities of the church in nine trustees, who on the thirteenth of January, 1784, took possession of the church. Soon after a general meeting of the members of the church was called, at which meeting Mr. Provoost was unanimously elected Rector of Trinity church. A deputation was sent to him to request that he would accept the office. To this he consented. He shortly removed to the city with his family and was forthwith inducted.

This change must have been agreeable to Mr. Provoost on many accounts: among others, it could not have been the least satisfactory, that it restored him to his property.

No sooner had the country established its political independence, than the members of the church thought not only of freeing it also, from all foreign ecclesiastical jurisdiction, but of establishing for it, as far as circumstances would permit, a republican government; that is, an elective and representative government, in the true formation of which the members of the church seem also to have had in mind as a model, the federative constitution of the country. The state conventions would be in the place of the state legislatures, and the general convention would be the church congress.

The first decisive movement toward the organization of this government, was a meeting of clergymen and laymen in Philadelphia, on the twenty-fourth of May, 1784. They appointed a committee to confer with members of the church in other states. This committee on the sixth and seventh of October, in the same year, met in the city of New York, clergymen and lay deputies, from several parts of the union.

Mr. Provoost was one of the representatives of the clergy from New York. This body convoked the general convention which met at Philadelphia in October, 1785, of which Mr. Provoost was of course, a member.

In the proceedings of every assembly which contemplated the foundation of a church government the necessity of having an independent order of bishops was recognised. But great difficulties seemed to present themselves in obtaining a due consecration of persons to this holy office. The English bishops could not confer it without the candidate would take certain oaths, and could produce certain documents, entirely inconsistent with the new relations between Great Britain and the United States—besides, it was feared, that it was too soon to expect that the animosities which are always generated by civil wars, would have so far subsided as to render the mother country disposed to be indulgent to her rebellious children.

Under these circumstances an application to the Episcopacy of some of the European continental powers was contemplated. As early as the year 1784, Mr. John Adams, then our ambassador at the court of St. James, applied, on the suggestion he says of an American correspondent, to the Danish minister to the same court to know whether consecration might be obtained in Denmark.—This the Danish minister sent to his court, by which it was referred to the theological faculty of Denmark, and their answer was communicated by Count Rosencrone, prior counsellor of the King of Denmark, to his minister Mr. de St. Saphorin, and by him to Mr. Adams, in a letter dated April the twenty-first, 1784.—Count Rosencrone's letter to Mr. de St. Saphorin is as follows: "The opinion of the theological faculty having been taken in the question made to your excellency by Mr. Adams, if the American ministers of the church of England can be consecrated here by bishops of the Danish church—I am ordered by the king to authorize you to answer, that such an act can take place according to the Danish rules.—But for the convenience of the Americans, who are supposed not to know the Danish language, the Latin tongue will be made use of on the occasion. For the rest, nothing will be exacted from the candidates, but a profession conformable to the articles of the English church, omitting the oath called *test*, which prevents their being ordained by the English bishops."

This answer was transmitted by Mr. Adams to the United States office of foreign affairs, and by the secretary of state to Governour George Clinton, and by him it was sent to Mr. Provoost.

But the friends of the church in the United States were not satisfied to accept this offer of the Danish Government any more than they were content with some kind of consecration which it had been found could be obtained in Scotland. They therefore exerted themselves with success, to obtain an act of the British parliament, authorizing the archbishop of Canterbury, or York, to consecrate foreign Bishops, and removing the objections which persons not in allegiance to the king of Great Britain, must have had, to the English forms.

In their efforts in this respect the friends of the church seem to have been very fortunate in obtaining the co-operation of the high officers of the government of the United States, who appear to have taken more interest in the subject than perhaps, in these times of jealousy of a connexion between the church and state, our political functionaries would now dare to manifest.

While these things were depending probably with an expectation that Mr. Provoost would be one, if candidates were sent to England for consecration, and perhaps, with a design that he should not appear abroad without having received all the marks of respect and honour his own country could bestow, the University of Pennsylvania on the third of July, 1786, conferred on him the degree of doctor of theology, in virtue of which, it is presumed, he is in his letters of consecration recognised by the bishops of England, as being a doctor of divinity.

Mr. Provoost having obtained the necessary recommendations and testimonials from the several

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state conventions for his consecration as bishop of the diocess of New York, he, with the Rev. William White of Pennsylvania who had the like documents as to that state, sailed from New York for England on the tenth day of October, 1786, and on the fourth day of February, 1787, they were consecrated by Dr. John Moore, archbishop of Canterbury in the chapel of Lamberth Palace.

Bishop Provoost used to state among his particular friends that when the ceremony of consecration was about to be performed a question arose as to which of the candidates was entitled to precedence and it having been ascertained that Mr. Provoost, though the younger man, was the older clergyman, he was first consecrated and thus became the first duly consecrated American bishop. This circumstance is mentioned because it may be thought of some importance as respects the history of the church.

In the recommendations of Mr. Provoost for consecration by the state conventions he is described as being chaplain to congress. Evidence exists of his having been appointed to that office several times as well under the old confederation, as the present constitution, and it is supposed he always filled it, when congress sat in the city of New York.

Soon after their consecration Bishop Provoost, and Bishop White, sailed from England, and after a very tedious and boisterous passage, during which Bishop Provoost was so ill that it was feared he would not live, they arrived in New York on Easter Sunday, 1787.

Mr. Provoost had every reason to be satisfied with his reception on his return. He was cordially greeted not only by the members of his own church, but by citizens of all denominations, and the state convention which was in session two days after his arrival, offered him their congratulations in an address which could not have been but very acceptable to his feelings. In this the convention was followed not only by congregations in his own diocess, but by many in other states.

Bishop Provoost continued to exercise the Episcopal office, and to be Rector of Trinity church, until the third of September, 1801, when he unexpectedly, as it would appear to the members of the state convention which was then in session in this city, and over which he presided till the moment he made his resignation verbally, from the presidential chair and left the convention. His resignation was immediately accepted by a resolution more full of piety, and prayers, that it was expressive of kind feelings, or satisfaction.

On the seventh of the same month, he addressed a letter to Bishop White as President of the house of bishops, to be presented to a general convention which was to be held at Trenton next day. In this letter he requested the presiding bishop to inform the convention that "induced by ill health and some melancholy occurrences in his family, and an ardent wish to retire from all publick employment, he had resigned at the then late meeting of the church convention of this state, his jurisdiction as bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church in the state of New York."

When this letter was considered by the house of Bishops they resolved among other things, that they judged it to be "inconsistent with the sacred trust committed to them to recognise the bishop's act as an effectual resignation of his episcopal jurisdiction,' and though the bishops were, as they say, in the same resolution, ready to consecrate a person to render him competent in point of character, to all the episcopal duties; "this house," they say, "must be understood to be explicit in this declaration that they shall consider such person as assistant or coadjutor bishop during Bishop Provoost's life."

It does not appear that any notice of this proceeding was ever officially communicated to Bishop Provoost. There is no resolution of the house of bishops that he should be made acquainted with it.

The melancholy occurrences in his family to which the bishop refers in his letter to the house of bishops, were the loss of his wife, who died after a long illness, in August, 1799. In July following, he lost his youngest and favourite son, by a very distressing death, and was made very unhappy by the conduct of his only surviving son.

The truth is that Bishop Provoost's ardent wish to retire from all publick employment, was in part at least, induced by his finding his situation in the church in the latter years of his ministration, less agreeable than it had been. There were the most unfortunate dissensions among the clergy of his diocess, and particularly among those of the city of New York, and besides, power in the vestry of Trinity Church very soon reverted to those who had been opposed to the revolution, and as was very natural, they preferred their brethren in political principles, to one whose sentiments had been, and probably were, so opposite to theirs. This not only related to the past—but, unfortunately for Mr. Provoost's peace, he, and a great majority of the vestry, and most of the Episcopalians in the city, had different sentiments, on the questions which from time to time, while he was connected with the church, excited the warmest animosity between the political parties of our country. The feelings which such circumstances very naturally engender, seem on the part of those who differed with him in politics, to have survived him—otherwise we should not look in vain among the monuments with which Trinity Church is so lavishly decorated, for some mark of respect to one who was so long its pastor. Nor would the grave of the first American bishop remain undistinguished even by a head-stone.

In October, 1812, Bishop Provoost addressed a letter to the state convention which was in session in the city of New York, declaring that he had but lately became acquainted with the proceedings of the house of bishops on his offer to resign—that he was ready to act in deference to their resolution, and to concur in any regulations which expediency might dictate to the church; without which concurrence, he was, as he said, after the resolution of the house of bishops, bound to consider every episcopal act as unauthorized.

This resumption by Bishop Provoost of his spiritual jurisdiction proceeded from no diminution of his desire for retirement, nor from any other wish to exercise the power of the prelacy than that he might be enabled to interpose to arrest proceedings of the vestry of Trinity Church and state convention which he disapproved against the Rev. Mr. Jones, who was an assistant minister of the church and an old and particular friend of Bishop Provoost.

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It cannot be necessary at this time, to notice further these proceedings or the measures consequent upon them, which for a long time distracted the church.

That he might entirely indulge his disposition to be without publick employment, he retired from the rectorship, under an agreement with the vestry that they would make him a certain allowance a year during his life.

He was now advanced in years, and suffered occasional attacks of an apoplectick character. He died very suddenly of one of these fits, on the sixth day of September, 1815. A funeral service was performed in Trinity Church. The psalms and hymns were read by the Rev. Dr. How—a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Harris—and the sentences at the interment were read by the Rev. Mr. Jones.

His remains were deposited in a vault belonging to the family in Trinity churchyard.

His funeral was numerously and respectably attended, but his family were compelled to pay the expense down to a pound of candles for lighting the church.—Bishop Provoost left two daughters and one son, all of whom are married and living.

There is a period in the concerns of the church in this state which might be very much amplified—At the conclusion of the revolutionary war, there was a design to take the property of Trinity Church for the state. Very severe movements were made in the legislature for this purpose, and it was only prevented by the active interposition of Mr. Provoost and his political friends, the Livingstons and particularly the late chancellor, Mr. Duane, then mayor of the city, Colonel Willett, and the then governour, George Clinton, who though not an Episcopalian, opposed himself to this measure.

We have thus given the prominent circumstances of the life of Bishop Provoost with as much brevity as the nature of our materials allowed. He is identified with the history of Episcopacy in the United States, and it was due to his neglected memory to dwell somewhat in relation to the agency he maintained in the origin of the church. It remains to add but a few words: the character of Bishop Provoost is one which the enlightened Christian will estimate at no ordinary standard: the principles which he professed were an additional stimulus with him in the discharge of its responsible duties; the generous sympathies of his nature created in him a cordial concern in whatever affected the interests of his fellow-creatures. Hence his philanthropy was of the most extensive order and his beneficence was called into almost daily exercise. His private charities were often beyond what his actual means justified. As a patriot he was exceeded by none, and his sensibilities to the honour and interests of his country were of the liveliest nature. In the relations of husband and parent he exhibited all the kindly and endearing affections, which enoble our species. As a scholar he was deeply versed in classical lore and in the records of ecclesiastical history and church polity: to a very entire knowledge of the Hebrew he added a profound acquaintance with the Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian and other languages. It is affirmed that as a literary recreation he made a new poetical version of Tasso. In a knowledge of the natural and physical sciences he also made considerable progress Of these pursuits botany was his favourite. He had attended while at Cambridge studies the lectures on this last-named branch of physical investigation: and became conversant with the classifications of plants from Cœsalpinus to Linnæus, whose system was then taught by the Cambridge professor. So great was his delight in botanical pursuits that he formed an extensive index to the elaborate *Historia Plantarum* of John Baushin whom he calls the Prince of Botanists, in a written leaf affixed to the first volume of the work, and which manuscript bears date 1766, with his name, Sam Provoost D. D. St. Petr. Cantab. et Lugd. Bativ. Of his ample library an appropriate portion was given by his son-in-law Hon. C. D. Colden, to the New York Hospital, and a part to the New York Historical Society Library. For a further account of his life and services in the church, see Bishop White's Memoirs of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

THE CHILD IN SEARCH OF HER FATHER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

[From the Christian Register.]

They say I was but four years old,
When father went away,
Yet I have never seen his face,
Since that sad, parting day.
He went, where brighter flowrets grow,
Beneath Virginia skies,
Dear teacher, show me on your map
Where that far country lies.

I begg'd him, "Father, do not go!
For since my mother died
I love no one so well as you"—
And clinging to his side,
The tears came gushing down my cheeks
Until my eyes were dim;
Some were in sorrow for the dead,
And some in love for him.

He knelt and pray'd of God above,
"My little daughter spare,
And till we both shall meet again,
Oh, keep her in thy care."
He does not come!—I watch for him,
At evening twilight gray,
Till every shadow wears his shape,
Along the grassy way.

I muse and listen all alone,
When stormy winds are high,
And think I hear his tender tone,
And call, but no reply;
And so I've done these four long years,
Within a lonely home,
Yet every dream of hope is vain—
Why don't my father come?—

Father—dear father, are you sick
Upon a stranger's shore?—
Grandmother says it must be so—
O write to us once more.
And let your little daughter come,
To smooth your restless bed,
And hold the cordial to your lips
And press your aching head.

Alas!—I fear that he is dead—
Who will my trouble share?
Or tell me where his form is laid,
And let me travel there.
By mother's tomb I love to sit
Where the green branches wave.
Good people!—help an orphan child
To find her father's grave.

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ARTHUR ST. CLAIR,

OR, THE UNCERTAINTY OF TEMPORAL PROSPERITY.

No man in American history affords a more striking illustration of the fickleness of fortune, in the direction of human affairs, than Arthur St. Clair. He was a native of Scotland. His family was reputable, and he received a good education. In 1755, he came to America, and was afterwards a subaltern officer in the army, which, under the brave Gen. Wolfe, undertook the subjugation of Canada. He acquitted himself with reputation and credit. At the commencement of the American Revolution he espoused the cause of independence; and received from Congress the appointment, first, of Brigadier, and afterwards of Major General in the Continental Army. In one or the other of these characters, he continued in the service of the Colonies during the whole period of the war. He gained for himself the reputation of a brave and talented officer, and had the entire confidence and friendship of the commander-in-chief—the venerated father of his country. After the conclusion of the war, he was chosen a delegate to the Continental Congress which sat under the old Articles of Confederation, and was several times called to preside over that body. A short time anterior to the adoption of the present Federal Constitution, he was appointed Governor of the North Western Territory. This Territory then comprised the vast extent of country, now included within the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan; and Iowa and Wisconsin Territories. The population of this extensive region was then exceedingly limited. There was a French settlement at Detroit; another at Vincennes, on the Wabash; and another at Kaskaskia, within the present limits of Illinois. But the inhabitants of these settlements, as far as the essential elements of civilization were concerned, were but little in advance of their neighbors and associates, the Indian savages.

In July, 1788, the Governor arrived at Marietta, a new colony of emigrants from New England, on the Ohio river, and then the only white settlement within the present limits of the state of Ohio. He there organized a government. The Governor and Judges were appointed by Congress; and in them was vested the whole government, legislative, judicial, and executive. The people had no voice—and *their* only duty was to *obey*. Afterwards, as the population increased, the form of government was somewhat modified. A Legislature was established, consisting of representatives chosen by the freeholders, and a council of five selected by Congress from ten persons nominated by the representatives. These two branches had concurrent authority, but over their *joint acts*, the Governor possessed an absolute negative. But, before the period of this modification in the form of the territorial government, St. Clair, hitherto a successful commander, in an expedition against the Indians, had suffered a total defeat. He was placed in the command of a fine army of selected troops, together with a considerable body of militia: at that time, he labored under bodily affliction. He, however, engaged with the Indians; and, after the loss of more than 600 men, and nearly the whole body of his officers, he saved himself, and the remnant of his men, by a precipitate retreat. Nothing could exceed the mortification of the American people on hearing of the loss of this fine body of soldiers. Washington, then Chief Magistrate of the United States, though generally capable of a complete mastery over his feelings, became almost frantic; and, full of perturbation and grief, he paced the hall of his residence, backward and forward, with hurried steps, wringing his hands, and giving utterance to deep lamentation. But yet Washington had not lost confidence in the integrity of St. Clair, and did not desert him. Not so with the mass of the people. Too much inclined to be hasty in their decisions, on matters of moment, they made but little allowance for the untoward circumstances by which the General was surrounded,—his own bodily infirmity, the desertion of a large number of the militia, the surprise in which he was taken, and the impetuosity of the savages, contending for their own homes, and what to them was as sacred, the graves of their fathers. The people formed *their* judgment from the *result*—and it was the judgment of unqualified condemnation. The Indians had set a special mark upon the *officers*—and they were nearly all killed, or made prisoners. The people, in their comments on *this* circumstance, would exclaim: Why was it that the commanding General was the *only* exception?—why did *he* not fall in battle, or why was *he* not made a prisoner, to suffer the cruel tortures inflicted by the merciless and *incensed* savages? And then the circumstance that he was a Briton, would be urged, with suggestions that he might have acted under British influence—that he might have received British gold, or that he was indebted for the immunity which he experienced, to the protecting influence of British emissaries among the Indians! Such was the state of public feeling against St. Clair, as the population of the country over which he presided increased, and the *people* began to acquire importance in the government. Long in the army, and arbitrary in his disposition, he had acquired habits but little suited to the station which he occupied, possessing as he did almost regal authority—and many of his measures were represented by his contemporaries as proscriptive, high-handed, and tyrannical. And to affix to them this character, his military misfortune had doubtless a considerable agency, for success affords its possessor an impunity which is withheld from the victim of adversity. His administration became so odious, that to get rid of it, as soon as there was a sufficient population within the present limits of Ohio, the people hastened to form a state constitution, and to apply for and obtain admission into the Union. To retard a measure of this kind, the friends of the Governor urged the policy of making two states out of the same territory, and thereby increasing the power and political influence of the western country. For a measure of this kind, they had example of the New England, and some of the middle states; but so anxious were the people to get rid of what they were pleased to call the tyranny of the territorial government, that the temptations of prospective political power, weighed but little in the balance: Ohio became a member of the confederacy; and the *promoters* of that measure were rewarded with the first and highest honors under the state government. With this event terminated the prosperity of Gov. St. Clair. Washington, who had been his fast friend, was reposing in the tomb; and the sceptre had departed from the friends who had sustained him. While in the service of the public, his private fortune had suffered an entire wreck. St. Clair retired into obscurity. He claimed to have made large sacrifices for the coun-

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try, in the hour of her utmost need—and for which he had never been remunerated. His claim was very probably just. In his adversity he applied to Congress for redress. But so low had he sunk in public estimation, that but few of the members of that body were found willing to put their popularity to the test of standing up as his advocates. Worn down with mortification and disappointment, St. Clair was still too proud to accept pecuniary aid from his friends. He retired to the mountainous regions of Western Pennsylvania, where, erecting a little log hut, near a road side, with the aid of his rifle, and through the means afforded by a little shop in which he kept cakes, and other primary comforts, for the lowly wayfarer, he obtained a scanty subsistence. His mode of replenishing his little stock of commodities, was by gathering and buying chestnuts, and exposing them for sale at the Pittsburgh market. While on this part of his history, the writer will add, that it has been his lot to be acquainted with more than one individual, who, for a few cents, has received refreshments at the hand of the venerable statesman and veteran. In his old age, when the acerbity of bitter feeling, which had existed against him in the public mind, had considerably abated—when enfeebled by the weight of years—he left his humble home, and pursued his weary way to Washington city on foot, again to urge his claim on Congress. But *he* who, for a series of years, had presided over the body which had preceded *that*, under another organization, and who had been on terms of intimacy and friendship with the fathers of the republic, one of which he was, found himself a stranger among the representatives of the people. He was forgotten; and could not gain the ear of the National Legislature, until a man, high in power, and as magnanimous as he was powerful—(it was the late William H. Crawford)—took him to his house, provided for him, and became his friend and successful advocate. Congress did not admit his claim—for, perhaps in the absence of encouragement, and in the instability of his affairs, he had lost his proofs—but that body granted him a pension for life. He did not long live to enjoy this tardy boon; for the very same year, worn down with infirmity, death came to his relief, and removed him from the scene of his misfortunes. He died in the year 1818. The fate of St. Clair has, at this early period, become the theme of fiction and of song. It has been urged by those who deny the gratitude of republics, to sustain their theory. A parallel has been drawn between him and Belisarius—and, it cannot be denied, that the cases are not without their resemblances.

WILLIAM PENN.

William Penn, an illustrious person among the Quakers, and founder of the colony of Pennsylvania in North America, was the son of Sir William Penn, knight, admiral of England, and one of the commanders at the taking of Jamaica. To give some little account of Sir William, before we proceed to his son: we find from his epitaph in Redcliffe church in Bristol, that he was born in Bristol in 1621, of an ancient family; addicted from his youth to maritime affairs; made a captain at the age of twenty-one; rear admiral of Ireland at twenty-three; vice admiral of Ireland at twenty-five; admiral to the Straits at twenty-nine; vice-admiral of England at thirty-one; and general in the Dutch war at thirty-two. Whence returning in 1655, he was made a parliament-man for the town of Weymouth; in 1660, commissioner of the admiralty and navy, governour of the fort and town of Kinsale, vice-admiral of Munster, and a member of that provincial council; in 1664, chief commander under the duke of York, in that signal and successful fight with the Dutch fleet. Then he took leave of the sea, but continued still his other employs till 1669; when through bodily infirmities he withdrew to Wanstead in Essex, and there died in 1670. In Thurloe's state papers, there are minutes of his proceedings in America, not mentioned on his monument, which he delivered to Oliver Cromwell's council in Sept. 1655. He arrived at Portsmouth in August, and thence wrote to Cromwell, who returned him no answer: and, upon his first appearing before the council he was committed to the Tower, for leaving his command without leave, to the hazard of the army; but soon after discharged.

His son William, the subject of the present article, was born in the parish of St. Catherine near the Tower of London, Oct. 14, 1644, and educated at the school of Chigwell in Essex; "where, at eleven years of age," says Mr. Wood, "being retired in a chamber alone, he was so suddenly surprised with an inward comfort, and (as he thought) an external glory in the room, that he has said many times, how from that time he had the seal of divinity and immortality; that there was also a God, and that the soul of man was capable of enjoying his divine communications." Penn says himself, in his Travels, that "the Lord first appeared to him about the twelfth year of his age, anno 1656; and that, betwixt that and the fifteenth, the Lord visited him, and gave him divine impressions of himself." Afterward he went to a private school on Tower-Hill, and had likewise the advantage of a domestick tutor. In 1660, he was entered a gentleman commoner of Christ Church in Oxford, where he continued two years, and delighted much in manly sport at times of recreation: but meanwhile, being influenced by the preaching of one Thomas Loe, a Quaker, he and other students withdrew from the national form of worship, and held private meeting, where they prayed and preached among themselves. This giving great offence to the governours of the university, Penn was fined for nonconformity; and, continuing still zealous in his religious exercises, was at length expelled his college.

Upon his return home, he was severely treated by his father on the same account: he says, that "he was whipped, beaten and turned out of doors by him, in 1662." The father's passion however abating, he was sent to France, in company with some persons of quality, where he continued a considerable time, and returned well skilled in the French language, and with a very polite and courtly behaviour. Then he was admitted of Lincoln's Inn, with a view of studying the law, and there continued till the plague broke out in 1665. In 1666 his father committed to his care a considerable estate in Ireland, which occasioned his residence in that kingdom: where, instead of frequenting the amusements of the place, he fell into a serious and retired way of living; and, by the preaching of the above mentioned Thomas Loe at Cork, was prevailed on to profess himself publickly a Quaker. Other reasons, as we learn from

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Wood, were then assigned for his profession; as, the loss of his mistress, a fine young lady at Dublin: or, as some said, because he refused to fight a duel; but he was doubtless riveted in it thoroughly, before his journey to Ireland. He now attended their meetings constantly: in one of which, at Cork, Nov. 1667, he, with many others, was apprehended and imprisoned; but, upon writing a letter to the Earl of Orrery, was soon after discharged. His father, hearing of his having embraced Quakerism, sent for him to England; and, finding him too much fixed to be brought to a compliance with the fashion of the times, seemed inclinable to have borne with him in other respects, provided he would be uncovered in the presence of the king, the duke, and himself. Penn betook himself to supplication and fasting, to know the divine will and pleasure upon his head; after which, refusing to comply, he was by his father turned out of doors a second time; who yet retained so much affection for him, as secretly to endeavour his discharge, whenever he was imprisoned for frequenting the Quakers' meetings.

In 1668, he became a preacher among the Quakers; and the same year published his first piece, with this title, "Truth exalted: in a short but sure testimony against all those religions, faiths, and worships, that have been formed and followed in the darkness of apostacy; and for that glorious light, which is now risen and shines forth in the life and doctrine of the despised Quakers, as the alone good old way of life and salvation. Presented to princes, priests, and people, that they may repent, believe and obey. By William Penn, whom divine love constrains in an holy contempt to trample on Egypt's glory, not fearing the king's wrath, having beheld the majesty of Him who is invisible." The same year he was committed close prisoner to the Tower of London, where he wrote several pieces; and, being discharged after seven months' imprisonment, went in 1669 to Ireland, where he preached among the Quakers, and continued to write in defence of his new religion. Returning to England, and the conventicle act prohibiting the meetings of dissenters under severe penalties, he was committed to Newgate, Aug. 1670, for preaching in Grace Church-street; but, being tried for that offence at the Old Bailey, was acquitted by the jury. September 16th, the same year, his father died; and, being perfectly reconciled to him, left him an estate of 1500*l.* per annum, in England and Ireland. About this time he held a publick dispute, concerning the university of the divine light, with Ives, an anabaptist teacher, at West-Wicomb in Buckinghamshire. February, 1670-71, he was committed again to Newgate for preaching publickly, where he continued six months. After his discharge, he went to Holland and Germany, but seems not to have made any stay.

In 1672, he married the daughter of Sir William Springett, formerly of Darling, in Sussex, who had been killed during the civil wars at the siege of Bamber; and, soon after his marriage, settled with his family at Rickmersworth in Hertfordshire. He continued from time to time to publish variety of tracts, as he found it necessary to support the cause of Quakerism. In 1677, he travelled again into Holland and Germany, in order to propagate the new light; and had frequent conversations with the princess Elizabeth, daughter of the queen of Bohemia, and sister to the princess Sophia, grandmother to George II. The princess Elizabeth was a great admirer of philosophy and poetry, and wrote several letters to Penn, which he inserted in his "Travels," published in 1694, 8vo.

In 1681, Charles II. in consideration of the services of Sir William Penn, and sundry debts due to him from the crown at the time of his decease, granted Mr. Penn and his heirs, by letters patent, the province lying on the west side of the river Delaware in North America, and made them absolute proprietors and governours of that country. The name too was changed, in honour of Penn, from the New Netherlands to Pennsylvania: it having been a sylva or country overgrown with woods. Upon this he published "A brief account of the province of Pennsylvania, 1681," folio; with the king's patent, and other papers, describing the country and its produce, proposing an easy purchase of lands, and good terms of settlement for such as were inclined to remove thither. He drew up likewise, "the fundamental constitutions of Pennsylvania," in twenty-four articles; and also, "the frame of the government of the province of Pennsylvania." Many single persons, and some families out of England and Wales, went over; and, having made and improved their plantations to good advantage, the governour, in order to secure the new planters from the native Indians, appointed commissioners to confer with them about land, and to confirm a league of peace, which they accordingly did. Aug. 1682, he embarked for Pennsylvania, accompanied by many persons, especially Quakers; and during his abode there, took all proper measures to cause his infant colony to thrive and flourish. He planned his new town of Philadelphia in the most elegant manner. It consists of eight streets of two miles, and sixteen streets of one mile, cutting each other at right angles, with proper spaces for publick buildings. Penn caused "An account of the city of Philadelphia in the province of Pennsylvania, newly laid out, with a portraiture or platform thereof," to be printed at the end of his "Letter to the committee of the Free Society of Traders of the province of Pennsylvania, residing in London, containing a general description of the said province, its soil, air, water, &c. London, 1682." The year before, he had been elected fellow of the Royal Society.

He returned to England in 1684; and, James II. coming soon after to the throne, he was taken into a very great degree of favour with his majesty. He had indeed enjoyed the same, while the king was duke of York; and this exposed him so strongly to the imputation of being secretly a Papist, that even Tillotson suspected him. They had a correspondence upon this head, which is printed in "Penn's Life;" the result of which was, that Tillotson owned himself "fully satisfied, that there was no just ground for the suspicion, and therefore did heartily beg his pardon for it." Notwithstanding this, throughout King James's reign, "many suspected," says Burnet, "that William Penn was a concealed Papist. It is certain he was much with Father Petre, and was particularly trusted by the earl of Sunderland. In 1686, he went over to Holland, to persuade the prince of Orange to come into King James's measures, and had two or three long audiences of him upon that subject:—but his negotiation with the prince had no effect. He was," adds Burnet, "a talking, vain man, who had been long in the king's favour. He had such

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an opinion of his own faculty of pretending, that he thought none could stand before it; though he was singular in that opinion; for he had a tedious, luscious way, that was not apt to overcome a man's reason, though it might tire his patience."

At the Revolution, being suspected of disaffection to the government, and looked upon as a Papist or Jesuit under the mask of a Quaker, he was examined before the privy-council, Dec. 1688; and obliged to give security for his appearance the first day of the next term, which was then continued to Easter term, on the last day of which he was discharged. In 1690, when the French fleet threatened a descent on England, he was again examined before the council, upon an accusation of corresponding with the late king James; and was held upon bail for some time, but discharged in Trinity term. He was attacked a third time the same year, and Burnet represents him as deeply involved in the plot with Lord Preston and others; insomuch that he was deprived of the privilege of appointing a governour for Pennsylvania, till, upon his vindication of himself, he was restored to his right of government. He designed now to go over a second time to Pennsylvania, and published proposals in print for another settlement there; when a fresh accusation appeared against him, backed with the oath of one William Fuller, who was afterward declared by the Parliament a notorious impostor, a cheat, a false accuser. A warrant was granted for Penn's apprehension, which he narrowly escaped at his return from George Fox's funeral, 16th Jan. 1690; upon which he concealed himself for two or three years, and during his recess wrote several pieces. At the end of 1693, through the interest of Lord Somers and others, he was admitted to appear before the king and council, when he represented his innocence so effectually, that he was acquitted.

His wife dying in Feb. 1693-4 he married another, the daughter of a Bristol merchant, in March, 1695-6, by whom he had four sons and one daughter; and, the month after his eldest son by his former wife died of a consumption, in his twenty-first year. In 1697, there being a bill depending in the house of lords against blasphemy, he presented to the house, "A Caution requisite in the consideration of that Bill:" in which he advised, that the word blasphemy might be so explained, as that no ambiguous interpretation might give occasion to malicious persons to prosecute, under that name, whatever they should be pleased to call so: but the bill was dropped. April, 1698, he set out from Bristol, where he then lived, for Ireland; and, the winter following, resided at Bristol. Aug. 1699, he embarked with his family for Pennsylvania; but, during his absence, some persons endeavoured to undermine both his and other proprietary governments, under pretence of advancing the prerogative of the crown; and a bill for that purpose was brought into the house of lords. His friends, the proprietors and adventurers then in England, immediately represented the hardship of their case to the Parliament; soliciting time for his return to answer for himself, and accordingly pressing him to come over as soon as possible. He, seeing it necessary to comply, summoned an assembly at Philadelphia; to whom on the 15th September, 1701, he made a speech, declaring the reasons of his leaving them; and the next day took shipping for England, where he arrived about the middle of December. After his return, the bill, which, through the solicitations of his friends had been postponed the last session of Parliament, was wholly laid aside.



Statue of William Penn.

Upon the accession of Queen Anne, he was in great favour with her, and often at court: and for his convenience took lodgings, first at Kensington, afterward at Knightsbridge, where he resided till 1706; and then removed with his family to a convenient house, about a mile from Brentford. In 1707, he was involved in a law-suit with the executors of a person who had formerly been his steward; but his cause, though many thought him aggrieved, was attended with such circumstances, that the court of chancery did not think proper to relieve him; upon which account he was obliged to live in the Old Bailey, within the rules of the Fleet, till the matter in dispute was accommodated. Then it seems to have been, that he mortgaged the province of Pennsylvania for 6,600*l*. In 1701, the air of London not agreeing with his declining constitution, he took a seat at Ruscomb near Twyford in Buckinghamshire, where he spent the remainder of his life. In 1712, he was seized at distant times with three several fits, supposed to be apoplectick; by the last of which his un

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understanding and memory were so impaired, as to render him incapable of publick action for the future. He did not die, however, till July 30, 1718, in his seventy-fourth year, when he was buried at Jordan's in Buckinghamshire, where his former wife, and several of his family, lay.

He wrote a vast number of things. Dr. Henry More has said, that our author, in his piece, entitled, "No Cross no Crown," has treated the subject of a future life, and the immortality of the soul, with a force and spirit equal to most writers: and, in a letter to Mr. Penn, concerning baptism and the Lord's Supper, and some usages of the Quakers, he remarks, that "he had perused some of Mr. Penn's writings, and met with excellent passages in them, that are very expressive of a vigorous resentment and experience of what appertains to life and holiness." All his works were collected together, and printed in 1726, in two volumes, folio, with an account of his life prefixed. One of the hardest adversaries he had was George Keith, once of his persuasion; who published "The Deism of William Penn and his brethren, destructive to the Christian religion, exposed and plainly laid open, 1699," 8vo.

The statue of William Penn, stands in front of the buildings for publick charitable purposes, which occupy one entire square in the city of Philadelphia. It was presented to the hospital in 1801, by John Penn, of London. It is a colossal statue, bronzed, on a marble pedestal, representing Penn holding a scroll, which is the charter of privileges.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

Near the cove at the mouth of West river, in Vt. are what are termed the "Marked Rocks." They are so called from being covered with curious and antique hieroglyphicks. In this vicinity, two human skeletons were lately found by Mr. Hollan Pettes, while he was ploughing. One was considerably decayed, and the other in a remarkable state of preservation.—The latter is now in the possession of Dr. Gilbert, of Brattleboro'. The beautiful valley of Connecticut was a favourite haunt of the Indians—the rich meadows yielding a crop of corn with little labour, and the river and its tributaries, and the woods which skirted them, furnishing him with plenty of fish and game, and many Indian implements have been found in that neighborhood, particularly upon what is called the "Dummer farm." It was there that the first settlement was made in Vermont, and near there still stands Fort Dummer, one of the most interesting relicks of Indian days, now extant in that region. From this fort Mrs. How was carried captive by the savages, to Canada. The story is familiar to most readers, and especially to all those who received the rudiments of their education while the old "American Preceptor" was the principal reading book in the New England schools, in which the account is given at length. A worthy descendant and namesake of the heroine of the story occupies the fort as a dwelling. The fort is fast decaying, and all the interesting and venerable relicks of days of yore will soon fall away and the only memento of the hardships and sufferings which our forefathers endured will be the page of history. But this can never so vividly realize to our minds the thrilling scenes of Indian days through which they passed, as to look on the very buildings in which they defended themselves from the attacks, and to see the very prints of the tomahawks of the savage foe. We therefore hope that measures may be taken to preserve this old fort from ruin, that we may still point to it as a relick of the first settlement.

All that relates to the first settlement of the country is interesting, and still more so the facts connected with the history of the aborigines before the discovery, a race that inhabited this land, hundreds and thousands of years ago. It is stated that an old burying ground has been found in White county Tennessee, near the town of Sparta, in which numerous skeletons are found from seven to nine feet long, deposited in coffins of stone. These coffins too, are covered with various hieroglyphicks and inscriptions, which the learned have not yet been able to translate. They are generally very imperfect, and the lines can scarcely be decyphered. In the same neighbourhood are said to be found also three burying grounds, containing skeletons buried in the same manner, only nineteen inches long. One of them had ninety-four pearl beads around the neck. The graves are about two feet deep. Of these last, Jefferson speaks, in his "Notes on Virginia," which state, at the time he wrote, enclosed in its boundaries all the territory of what is now Tennessee. Mr. Jefferson does not however, say "stone coffins," but that the graves themselves were enclosed with slabs of stone, two at the sides, about twenty-four inches in length; two at each end about one foot long, and one at the bottom and top. The skeletons are found about two feet below the surface of the ground and their remarkable preservation is attributed to the saline qualities of the earth in which they are deposited, being near the salt works of that state.

THE NOBLE SAILOR.—Mrs. Sigourney.

[The occurrence here related took place during the great conflagration in New York, December, 16th 1835.]

It was a fearful night,
The strong flame fiercely sped,
From street to street, from spire to spire,
And on their treasures fed;
Hark! 'tis a mother's cry,
High o'er the tumult wild,
As rushing toward her flame-wrapt home,
She shriek'd—"My child! my child!"

A wanderer from the sea,
A stranger mark'd her wo,
And in his generous bosom woke
The sympathetick glow.
Swift up the burning stairs
With darting feet he flew,
While sable clouds of stifling smoke
Concealed him from the view.

Fast fell the blazing beams
Across his dangerous road,
Till the far chamber where he grop'd
Like fiery oven glow'd.
But what a pealing shout!
When from the wreck he came
And in his arms a smiling babe,
Still toying with the flame.

The mother's raptur'd tears
Forth like a torrent sped
Yet ere the throng could learn his name,
That noble tar had fled.
Not for the praise of man
Did he this deed of love,
But on a bright, unfading page,
'Tis register'd above.

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WM. PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

The cut opposite represents one of the most remarkable and interesting events in the life of William Penn, and in the history of the world. It is a copy of the late Benjamin West's picture of the meeting of Penn and the Indian chiefs, for the ratification of the sale of the territory of Pennsylvania, by the latter to the former, and the conclusion of a treaty of peace and amity between the two parties.

Penn had received the property of the vast tract of land constituting the present state of Pennsylvania, by patent from Charles II., in March, 1681; but he did not deem the royal grant to be sufficient authority for his taking possession of the country, until he had obtained the consent of those by whom it was actually inhabited. Accordingly, very soon after his patent had been signed, he deputed commissioners to proceed to America, and to enter into a negotiation with the Indians for the fair purchase of so much of the territory as they claimed a right to. The desired arrangement was made with little difficulty; and the following year, Penn having himself come over to view his acquisition, it was resolved that the compact which had been made should be solemnly confirmed.

The principles and regulations which Penn had laid down from the first, for the treatment of the native inhabitants, and the management of the intercourse between them and the European colonists, were characterized by a spirit of liberality exceedingly remarkable for that age. It was made part of the conditions on which grants of land were made to adventurers, that all mercantile transactions with the Indians should take place in the public market; that any wrong done to an Indian should be punished in the same manner as if a white man had been the person injured; and that all differences between planters and Indians should be settled by the verdict of twelve men, six of the one class and six of the other. And in a letter addressed to the Indians themselves, after mentioning the existence of a great God, or Power, the Creator of the world, who hath commanded us all to love, to help, and to do good to one another, he continued;—"I would have you well observe that I am very sensible of the unkindness and injustice which have been too much exercised toward you by the people of these parts of the world, who have sought themselves to make great advantages by you, rather than to be examples of goodness and patience unto you. This, I hear, hath been a matter of trouble to you, and caused great grudging and animosities, sometimes to the shedding of blood, which hath made the great God angry. But I am not such a man, as is well known in my own country. I have great love and regard toward you, and desire to win and gain your love and friendship by a kind, just, and peaceable life; and the people I send are of the same mind, and shall in all things behave themselves accordingly; and if, in anything, any shall offend you or your people, you shall have a full and speedy satisfaction for the same, by an equal number of just men on both sides, that by no means you may have just occasion of being offended against them."

By the Europeans who first landed on [illegible] new continent, and by almost all who had [illegible]wed them till then, the unhappy natives [illegible] been treated as if they had possessed no more rights of any kind, than the lower animals that occupied the wilderness along with them. Penn was the first who really recognised them as belonging to the family of man.

It had been agreed that the meeting for the ratification of the compact should take place at Coaquannoe, the name given by the Indians to the spot on which Philadelphia now stands. The parties, however, after assembling, proceeded a little higher up the Delaware, to a place then called Shackamaxen, on which the adjoining village of Kensington has been since built, and where there grew an immense elm, under the spreading branches of which the leaders on both sides took their station. Mr. Clarkson, in his "Life of Penn," (2 vols. 8vo., Lon. 1813,) expresses his regret that in no historian has he been able to find any detailed account of the circumstances of this meeting, though the event itself is so famous. He gives, however, some interesting particulars, principally derived from the traditions preserved in Quaker families, descended from those who were present on the occasion. "William Penn," he says, "appeared in his usual clothes. He had no crown, sceptre, mace, sword, halbert, or any insignia of eminence. He was distinguished only by wearing a sky-blue sash around his waist, which was made of silk network, and which was of no larger apparent dimensions than an officer's military sash, and much like it except in color. On his right hand was Colonel Markham, his relation and secretary, and on his left his friend Pearson; after whom followed a train of Quakers. Before him were carried various articles of merchandise, which, when they came near the sachems, (or kings,) were spread upon the ground. He held a roll of parchment, containing the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity, in his hand. One of the sachems, who was the chief of them, then put upon his head a kind of chaplet, in which appeared a small horn. This, as among the primitive eastern nations, and according to Scripture language, was an emblem of kingly power; and whenever the chief, who had a right to wear it, put it on, it was understood that the place was made sacred, and the persons of all present inviolable. Upon putting on this horn, the Indians threw down their bows and arrows, and seated themselves round their chiefs, in the form of a half-moon, upon the ground. The chief sachem then announced to William Penn, by means of an interpreter, that the nations were ready to hear him."

Penn's speech appears to have embraced nearly the same topics as his letter already quoted. After its delivery he unrolled the parchment, and, by means of the interpreter, explained it article by article. The compact was based upon the principle that the land was to be common to the Indians and to the English; and that the natives were to have the same liberty to do what was

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TREATY OF WILLIAM PENN WITH THE INDIANS.

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necessary for the improvement of their grounds, and the providing of sustenance for their families which the settlers had. "He then," says Mr. Clarkson, "paid them for the land, and made them many presents besides, from the merchandise which had been spread before them. Having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again, that the ground should be common to both people. He then added, that he would not do as the Marylanders did, that is, call them children or brothers only; for often parents were apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes would differ;—neither would he compare the friendship between him and them to a chain, for the rain might sometimes rust it, or a tree might fall and break it;—but he should consider them as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. He then took up the parchment, and presented it to the sachem, who wore the horn in the chaplet, and desired him and the other sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he had remained himself with them to repeat it." The solemn pledges of the Indians to perform faithfully their part in the contract followed his harangue.

Every thing connected with this treaty—the only one, as Voltaire has remarked, ever made with the native inhabitants of America and the Christians that was not ratified by an oath, and that was never broken—was long held in reverential remembrance by both the English and the Indians. The parchment roll was carefully preserved by the latter, and was exhibited by them in various conferences which they had with the English authorities, down nearly to the era of the independence of the colonies. The sash which Penn wore, Mr. Clarkson states, was, when he wrote, in the possession of Thomas Kett, Esq., of Seething Hall, near Norwich. The elm especially, which had shaded the assembled negotiators, became celebrated from that day. With such general veneration and affection was it regarded, that even the British General Simcoe, when he was quartered in the neighborhood, during the Revolutionary war, placed a sentinel under it to protect it from being injured by his men when they went out to collect firewood. It was, at last, however, blown down in 1811, when its trunk and branches were cut into various articles, to be preserved as memorials of the honored tree.

Penn, as he intimates in the passage we have just quoted, concluded several other treaties or bargains with the Indians after this, which may be called the foundation compact between the two parties. All these negotiations appear to have been conducted in a spirit of amity and mutual accommodation, which no attempt to obtain undue advantages, or any suspicion of such an attempt, on either side, ever disturbed. The state which Penn founded, although consisting of comparatively a mere handful of people, subsisted for several generations, as has been remarked, "in the midst of six Indian nations, without so much as a militia for its defence." Mr. Clarkson affirms, that, "as far as the Indians and Quakers (who may be considered as the descendants of William Penn) were concerned, the great treaty *was never violated*, a good understanding subsisting at this moment between them and the descendants of the original tribes.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

After the battle of Lexington, General Gage, having succeeded the notorious Governour Hutchinson in the command of the king's troops in Boston, and being reinforced by Generals Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne, issued his celebrated proclamation, offering pardon to all who would return to their allegiance. John Hancock and Samuel Adams, both members of Congress from Massachusetts, were excepted from this "lying act of Grace," having by their zeal and abilities made themselves especially obnoxious to the ministry. Of Mr. Adams, it was said by Galloway, in his examination before the House of Commons, that "he eats little, drinks little, sleeps little, thinks much, and is most indefatigable in the pursuit of his object. That by his superiour abilities he managed the factions of Congress and the factions in New England." The following parody on the proclamation (which the Whigs treated with great contempt and ridicule) appeared in the prints of the day.

"Tom. Gage's Proclamation,
And denunciation,
Against the New England nation.
Who should his pious way shun.

Whereas, the rebels, hereabout,
Are stubborn still, and still bold out,
Refusing still to drink their tea,
In spite of Parliament and me;
And to maintain their bubble right,
Prognosticate a real fight;
Preparing flint, and steel, and ball,
My armies and my fleet to maul;
Rebelling so, a graceless pack,
As to let fly at soldier's back.
All this, though long obliged to bear,
From want of men, but not from fear,
I'm able now, by *augmentation*,
To give a proper castigation,
But first, I do my grace extend,
And hereby promise to befriend
All those who do their sins confess,
And meekly own they have transgressed;
Who will for pardon plead with me,
Lead godly lives and drink their tea:
Such future conduct and behaviour,
Restores them to my gracious favour:
But then, I must out of this plan lock
Both *Samuel Adams* and *John Hancock*;
For such vile traitors, like debentures,
Must be tucked up, at all adventures,
As any proffer of a pardon,
Will only tend such rogues to harden.
But every other mother's son,
As soon as he lays down his gun,
And on surrendering his toledo,
May go to and fro, unhurt, as we do.
And so doth run the king's command,
That all who please may kiss my hand.

By command of Mother Carey,
Thomas Flucker, Secretary.

The name of the secretary, it is believed, is truly given, while that of a female friend of the general is inserted in the place of that officer's.

National Gazette.

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AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

NOTICE OF J. LANGDON.—BY JACOB B. MOORE.

The circumstances attending the early settlement of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, though generally supposed to be similar, were in some respects widely different. The planters of the old bay-state left their native country for the sake of enjoying here a degree of freedom in religion, of which they were deprived in the land of their fathers. The settlers of Piscataqua, were actuated by a very different purpose. The pursuit of gain was uppermost in their thoughts, and they embarked at once in the fisheries and trade, which they followed with success, until many of the first settlers became men of opulence in the new country. The great importance of the fisheries, seems not to have escaped the attention of Captain Smith, the discoverer of New Hampshire, for in his account of New England, he thus addresses his countrymen: "Therefore, honorable and worthy countrymen, let not the meanness of the word *fish* distaste you, for it will afford you as good gold as the mines of Potosi and Guiana, with less hazard and change, and more certainty and facility."

A reverend divine, in 1690, was preaching in Portsmouth, on the depravity of the times, and said: "You have forsaken the pious habits of your forefathers, who left the ease and comfort which they possessed in their native land, and came to this howling wilderness to enjoy without molestation, the exercise of their pure principles of religion." One of the congregation immediately rose, and interrupted him thus: "Sir, you entirely mistake the matter; our ancestors did not come here on account of their religion, *but to fish and trade.*" A better illustration of the pursuits of the early settlers of New Hampshire, perhaps, it would be difficult to give. The people of Portsmouth, wealthy and enterprising as they are, have followed the advice of Captain Smith, and have never suffered "the word *fish* to distaste them," but have made it indeed "a mine of gold" to that ancient and flourishing town.

Among the citizens of New Hampshire, educated as merchants, who have risen to public distinction, no one, perhaps, occupied a wider space than JOHN LANGDON, of Portsmouth. He was born in 1740, and received his early education in the celebrated grammar-school of Major Samuel Hale. The father of young Langdon, who was a thrifty farmer, intended his son should engage in the same occupation; but the latter, looking upon commerce as the grand highway to wealth, set his heart upon becoming a merchant, and accordingly made the necessary preparations to enter a counting-house.

One of the most extensive and successful mercantile houses at that time in Portsmouth, was that of Daniel Rindge, a counsellor under the provincial government, and to him young Langdon made application and was admitted to his counting-house, and soon became thoroughly versed in commercial transactions. After completing his apprenticeship with Rindge, he made several successful and very profitable trading voyages, with the view of ultimately establishing a commercial house of his own, in his native town. But the dark clouds that preceded the Revolution, began to skirt the horizon, and his mind was suddenly turned in a new direction. Naturally of a bold and fearless disposition, he entered at once into the feeling of the colonists; and possessing in a remarkable degree the power to win over multitudes, he became the acknowledged leader of the "sons of liberty" in that little province, as much so as Samuel Adams and John Hancock, in Massachusetts.

Langdon was a leader exactly suited to the crisis. He took a conspicuous and active part in the struggle, and soon became obnoxious to the government and many of the loyal citizens, who feared the total annihilation of their trade, and looked upon disloyalty as a crime of the deepest die. In the fall of 1774, after it had become apparent that the crisis must come, Langdon gathered around him a band of choice spirits, and together they proceeded in silence to the king's fort at New Castle, seized upon all the powder and military stores, and removed their booty to a place of concealment, whence it could be called into use in case of emergency. This bold act produced at once an intense excitement. Gov. Wentworth stormed, and issued proclamations, but not a voice uttered, or a thought whispered the secret. This was in December, four months before the battle of Lexington.

In the spring of the year 1775, John Langdon was chosen a delegate to Congress, and attended the session which commenced in May, at Philadelphia. In January, 1776, he was re-appointed a delegate, but was not present on the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. He commanded a company of cadets soon after the commencement of the war, and at the time of the surrender of the British army under Burgoyne, he was a volunteer at Bennington. He was also at Rhode Island with a detachment of his company, at the time the British troops had possession of the island, and when General Sullivan brought off the American troops. No man had a higher popularity with the people at this time, than John Langdon. He was elected repeatedly to the legislature, and was several years speaker of assembly.

When the news of the fall of Ticonderoga reached New Hampshire, the provincial legislature was in session at Exeter. It was a period when the resources of the patriots were almost exhausted, the public credit was gone, and the members of the assembly were disheartened. The men of New Hampshire had already exerted themselves for the good of the cause. John Langdon was speaker of the assembly at the time. He rose in his place, on the morning after the intelligence was received, and addressed the house to the following effect: "My friends and fellow-citizens—I have three thousand dollars in hard money; I will pledge my plate for three thousand more. I have seventy hogsheads of Tobago rum, which shall be sold for the most it will bring. These are at the service of the state. If we succeed in defending our firesides and homes, I may be remunerated; if we do not, the property will be of no value to me."

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This noble proposal infused new life into the assembly: and in the course of a few days, by means of the funds advanced by John Langdon, a brigade was assembled, and on its march to the frontiers, and to victory, under the gallant Stark. During the whole of the revolutionary struggle, Langdon was ever active and constant in his labors for the good cause. A man of the people, in the emphatic sense of the term, he was always popular with the great mass, whose interests he made it a point to sustain on all occasions. Possessing a handsome address, and being open, obliging, and generous in his general conduct, he was calculated to gain the public esteem, and was among the few who were fortunate enough to retain it through life. He was honored with the highest offices the people could bestow. He was twice President of the State, under its first constitution; was a member of the convention which formed the federal constitution; was twelve years Senator in Congress, and subsequently for six years governor of the state. In 1811, he retired from public life, although urgently pressed to accept the nomination of the Vice-Presidency, an office to which he might have been elected, had he not preferred the quiet and repose of private life. In the enjoyment of domestic relations, in his family, and a wide circle of friends, he chose to pass the evening of his days, remote from the cares and bustle of public life. He was religious, without being obnoxious to the charge of bigotry, and was liberal of his ample means, for charitable and benevolent purposes. He died at Portsmouth, in September, 1819, universally lamented by a people, in whose service he had spent the greater portion of his active life. Merchants' Magazine.

THE LAKE FISHERIES.

Few persons except those engaged in or connected with the business, are aware of the extent and value of the Lake fisheries. They are a source of production which ought not to be overlooked, in estimating the resources of the country bordering upon the lakes. There are no published statisticks of this trade, so far as we know, nor any records, from which the quantities of fish put up for market can be accurately estimated. Estimates only can be given, and these may be more or less correct, according to the accuracy of the information on which they are based.

Lake fisheries form a staple article of provisions at all the lake ports. The principal kinds are White fish and Mackinaw trout. The latter, a delicious fish, resembles the Salmon trout, and are possibly the same. They vary in size, from five pounds or under, to fifty or sixty pounds in weight. Besides these, are pike, pickerel, and different kinds of bass, the *cisquet* or *cisquevet* of Lake Superiour, a fine fish, like the mackerel in appearance and flavour, but larger; and the *muscalonge*, also a delicious fish, weighing sometimes fifty or sixty pounds. The *cisquet* is scarcely known in market, as they are caught only in Lake Superiour, and few have been put up. The muscalonge is not, in Lake Erie at least, caught in very large quantities, and is generally sold fresh. There may be other kinds of fish, but those named are the chief, and the most valuable.

Very few white fish are taken in Lake Erie, and we believe no trout. Pike, pickerel, and bass, are caught in abundance about the islands in the upper part of the lake, and in the Maumee bay and river. These are salted in considerable quantities. In Detroit river the same kinds are found as in Lake Erie, and white fish are caught to some extent.

In Lakes Huron and Michigan, and the straits of Mackinaw, trout, white fish, and other kinds are caught in abundance. The Thunder Bay islands, a group near Thunder bay, in Lake Huron, the Beaver, Fox, and Manitou islands, near the fort of Lake Michigan, and Twin rivers, on the western shore, are the principal fisheries of those two lakes. Fish are caught, however, at other places in the lakes. They are also caught in the vicinity of Mackinaw in abundance; about the small islands in the straits, and at Point St. Ignace.

It is supposed that these fish might be taken in Green bay. A year or two since, some persons caught a very large quantity of trout at Sturgeon bay in winter, fishing with a hook through the ice. They piled up their fish, intending to carry them, frozen, to Navarino, to be salted; but a sudden thaw spoiled the speculation.

Immense quantities have been taken upon Lake Superiour for two or three years past; it is said that these are mostly caught about the group of islands known as the "Twelve Apostles," near the head of the lake. But little is known about this, however, as the trade of Superiour is, in fact, monopolized by the American Fur Company. There is no mode of going up this lake except in vessels of one of these companies; and the American Fur Company does not permit adventurers a passage in its vessels.

Two schooners have been heretofore employed upon Lake Superiour; one belonging to each of these companies. A new one was built the last spring by the American Fur Company, so that there are now three. When the canal around the Sault de St. Marie shall be finished, it is likely there will be a rush of competition for the business of Lake Superiour. Whether the expectation of those who are sanguine will be realized, as to the extent and value of the trade thus to be opened, time will determine. Furs are growing scarce upon the shore, it is said; fish are abundant, and whether there are minerals upon the shore worth digging for, is disputed. But when that ship canal is completed, Lake Superiour and the country around it, will be minutely explored, and its resources, whatever they may be, ascertained.

But to return to fish; a gentleman, who has good means of judging, estimates the quantity put up for market upon the lake in 1837 at 12,000 barrels, and of these he judges 7000 barrels were brought from Lake Superiour. At nine dollars the barrel, which may be taken as a fair price, the whole would amount to $108,000.

If any cotemporary upon the Lake has the means, we shall be glad to see a fuller and more minute account of the fisheries than this—which is such as our imperfect information on the subject enables us to give. Cleveland Herald and Gazette.

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BIOGRAPHY.

RUFUS KING.

[From Knapp's American Biography.]

Rufus King, a distinguished statesman, and minister to the Court of St. James, from the United States, was the eldest son of a merchant of Scarborough, Maine. He was born in 1755. He was fitted for college by Master Moody, an eminent instructer of youth, and at that time preceptor of Dummer Academy, at Byfield, in the county of Essex, and state of Massachusetts. Master Moody was a thorough classical scholar, and inspired his pupils with a high veneration for the learned languages. Mr. King graduated at the commencement of 1777, with the first honours of the class, which was considered an excellent one. Gore and Dawes were in this class, and others of distinction. They considered King the first in their time, for all things; —in every study—for languages, mathematicks, and oratory; and in every athletick sport, he took the lead—he ran faster, jumped higher, swam better, than any of his companions. Every eye was on him as a young man of high promise. The next year after he left college, he was made an aid to General Sullivan, when that commander marched with his force to attack the British on Rhode Island. On returning from this campaign he went to Newburyport and resumed the study of the law with Mr. Parsons, then, as during life, the first lawyer in the commonwealth. Mr. King was admitted to the bar in 1780; and on his appearance fulfilled the expectation of his friends. There are now many living who frequently mention one of his first cases. A litigious citizen, of no inconsiderable wealth, had refused to pay one of his female servants, alleging that while she was in his house, some property had disappeared, and pretended that she was answerable for it. She sued, and engaged Mr. King as her attorney and counsel in the case. On the trial, he was severe, and justly so, upon the litigious character of the defendant. The plaintiff was, of course, made everything honest and fair, and the verdict was given in her favour, and all the bystanders took such an interest in the cause that Mr. King was at once engaged in almost every cause to be argued at the court of common pleas. Such was his reputation at the bar, and so many were desirous of his services, that the supreme court admitted him as an attorney and counsellor long before the ordinary course. He became, from his ready elocution, and courteous manners, at once the idol of the people, and was soon sent a representative from the town of Newburyport to the legislature of the commonwealth. In this body, he soon became a leader. His eloquence and his general information, peculiarly fitted him for distinction in such a body of patriots as that house was then composed of. In 1784, he was sent to Congress, and took a high stand there as he had done in the legislature of Massachusetts. While a member of the old Congress he introduced a bill, which was drawn with prescient sagacity by that profound lawyer, Nathan Dane of Massachusetts, who is now living—prohibiting slavery northwest of the Ohio. Mr King enforced this bill with a fine speech full of the true doctrines of liberty. This was before these doctrines were hackneyed by every demagogue in the land. In 1787 he was selected as a delegate from Massachusetts to the convention, called for devising a constitution for the United States; the old confederation being found miserably defective, giving little more than advisatory power to Congress in all matters of revenue and defence. As soon as he returned from this duty, he was sent to a convention held in Massachusetts, for the adoption of the proposed constitution. Here he was efficient and active, if not so forward as he might have been had he not had a share in forming the instrument under consideration. This was the most important moment in our national history. In former times these were topicks in which all could agree—all felt oppression; all had grievances, real or imaginary, to redress;—changes might be rung on a thousand subjects to rouse the people to resistance; but when independence was achieved, and no foe at our doors, it was a task, indeed, to make men yield a particle of what they considered their dear-bought rights, to establish a permanent government. A majority of those who fought the battles of the revolution, and of those who made great sacrifices of property to sustain us in the perilous contest, were opposed to the proposed constitution;—they were fearful of entrusting power to any man, or body of men, and probably, if the great idol of the nation, Washington, had not given the sanction of his revered name to the instrument, it would never have been adopted. This was a time that called out the sagacity, the integrity, the light of the mind of the people, to meet the honest fears, and patriotick forebodings of a good and substantial class in the community, a class that was not to be met by sarcasm or contumely, but was to be reasoned with in every form of argument, or they could not be moved an inch; they were not the vulgar, to be despised; not the noisy to be out-clamoured. Parsons, King, Gore, and others of high intellectual powers, became all things, like the Apostle Paul, to all men, to save some; and like the great theological teacher, succeeded. The courteous manner, the universal intelligence, and the ready colloquial powers of Mr. King, made him conspicuous among the apostles of rational liberty, as he had been before among the representatives of the people.

He had married in New York in 1786, and soon after this effort in the convention of Massachusetts, went to settle in that state, having relinquished his practice at the bar. When the constitution was carried into effect, he was returned with General Schuyler, a senator from that state. In this august body, as it certainly then was, he became at once conspicuous. In the great agitation respecting the British treaty, he was on the side of Washington and Hamilton, and bore his part with them like a man of equal mind and fearless patriotism. There was a boldness in the character of Mr. King, that at times drew forth the admiration of his opponents. There were many instances which called forth his eloquence in the senate of the United States. On his second term, he was often pitched against his colleague, Aaron Burr, one of the most subtle and ingenious of the great American orators; and particularly against him, and Mr. Monroe, in the case of Albert Gallatin, who was returned a senator from Pennsylvania to the United States senate, when he was not eligi-

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ble by the constitution. Mr. King was aided by Ellsworth and Strong, and the fight was powerfully carried on, and ended in victory on his side.

In 1796, Mr. King was nominated by Washington as Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain. He remained in this capacity until the second year of Jefferson's administration. He was considered one of the first diplomatists of the age—full of dignity and ease—attentive to the rights of American citizens, and always maintaining the character of a gentleman in every rank of society. While in England, he negotiated for a convention to settle the boundary lines between the United States and Canada, as he knew that this would, if not settled, become a subject not only of discussion and contention, but perhaps of war. Mr. Jefferson did not at this time feel disposed to touch the subject, it has since been settled.

Mr. King acted with Hamilton in restoring and establishing publick credit, then fallen to a low state, and a great debt was remaining as a foul blot on the escutcheon of the country without any means devised for paying it off. After his return in 1803, he visited the state of Massachusetts. At Newburyport, where he had studied law, and commenced his practice, he was greeted with enthusiasm and invited to partake of a publick dinner. He accepted the invitation. It was a joyous occasion and he exerted himself to make all happy. The friends of his youth were around him—a thousand reminiscences were awakened, and never did a dinner—the modern pledge of affection and admiration—go off better—at every step he found old friends glad to see him, and the young who had grown up since his time were familiar with the history of his life, and were eager to catch a glimpse at the man their fathers had delighted to honour. He made a sort of triumphal tour through his own country, an occurrence that seldom happens to any one whether prophet or statesman. For several years after his return, he retired to private life and enjoyed the *otium cum dignitate* on his farm, with his books and children around him.

After the declaration of war in 1812, he took sides with the government on all the main points of the controversy, and for this was sent by the legislature of New York a senator to Congress. His speeches at this time gave him great celebrity with the democratick party, but abated some of the fervour of affection which existed in the breasts of his old friends; but most of them retained their first love, if they did not come into his opinions in politicks. In 1816, he was a candidate for the gubernatorial chair of the state of New York; but did not succeed in the election. In 1820, he was again elected to the senate of the United States, and took an active part in that body. In 1825, he was nominated by Mr. Adams a minister to Great Britain, and proceeded to that court, but his health was such, that he did not do much in the way of negotiation. Mr. King returned in 1826, and retired to his farm on Long Island, where he lingered until April 29, 1827, when he died, aged 72 years. There are some things attributed to his pen of high merit. It is said he wrote, with Hamilton, the papers on the British treaty, signed Camillus. Hamilton wrote the ten first, and King the remainder. These papers had an extensive circulation, and great celebrity, and deservedly so; but it may, perhaps, be said, that no man who said so many wise things, ever wrote so few for posterity. For many years he was considered the first orator in the country, and yet no one can put his finger on a speech of his that will sustain that reputation; but no man could be in company with Mr. King an hour, without fully believing every word that had been said of his great powers as an orator, and of his sagacity as a statesman. His style of conversation was admirable. His language was pure, good old English. He took hold of passing occurrences, and lavished upon them the affluence of intellectual wealth, from an inexhaustible storehouse; without effort, he threw a beam of light upon every subject in his way, and illustrated, adorned, and glorified, everything he touched. The great men of his day did not think enough of the time to come. His friend, classmate, and rival—if friends can be rivals, and if we go back to the origin of the word, they can be; opposite sides of the same river, whose waters flowed harmoniously on together, gave rise to the term—Christopher Gore, had the same powers of the imagination, and the same depth of thought. These friends, like Castor and Pollux, shared their immortality together, without any heart-rending alternations of supremacy. They died within two little months of each other, with nearly the same views of this and of another world, and no one will object to their being placed among the constellations of worthies, in our Zodiack of American statesmen and patriots. Gore died childless, but King left several sons to perpetuate his name and fame.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.

In the autumn of 1777, when Lord Howe had possession of Philadelphia, the situation of the Americans who could not follow their beloved commander, was truly distressing, subject to the every day insults of cruel and oppressive foes. Bound to pay obedience to laws predicated on the momentary power of a proud and vindictive commander, it can be better pictured than described. To obtain the common necessaries of life, particularly flour, they had to go as far as Bristol, a distance of eighteen or twenty miles, and even this indulgence was not granted them, until a pass was procured from Lord Howe, as guards were placed along Vine-street, extending from the Delaware to the Schuylkill, forming a complete barrier; beyond these, through the woods, extending as far as Frankford, were stationed the piquet guards—thus rendering it in a manner impossible to reach the Bristol mills unless first obtaining a pass.

The commander-in-chief of the American forces was then encamped at the Valley Forge, suffering from cold, hunger and the inclemency of the season. The British rolled in plenty, and spent their days in feastings, their nights in balls, riots, and dissipation; thus resting in supposed security, while the American chieftain was planning a mode for their final extirpation. A poor woman with six small children, whose husband was at the

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Valley Forge, had made frequent applications for a pass. Engagements rendered it impossible for her cruel tormentors to give her one. Rendered desperate from disappointment, and the cries of her children, she started alone without a pass, and by good luck eluded the guards and reached Bristol.

It will be remembered by many now living, that six brothers by the name of Loale, or Doale, about this time committed many acts of heroic bravery, but more in the character of marauders than soldiers. They were men full six feet high, stout and active, a fearless intrepidity characterized their deeds, and they always succeeded in making their escape. A marked partiality to the Americans rendered them obnoxious to the British, and always welcome to the former, to whom they conveyed what information they could glean in their adventures.

Our adventurous female, having procured her flour in a pillowcase holding about twenty pounds, was returning with a light heart to her anxious and lonely babes. She had passed the piquet guards at Frankford, and was just entering the woods a little this side, when a tall, stout man stepped from behind a tree, and putting a letter in her hand, requested her to read it. She grasped with eager joy the letter bearing the character of her husband's hand writing. After a pause he said, "your husband is well, madam, and requested me to say, that in a short time he will be with you; money is a scarce article among us—I mean among them; but on account of your husband's partiality to the cause of liberty, I am willing to become his banker." So saying, he handed her a purse of money, "My means, madam, are adequate, or I would not be thus lavish," seeing she was about to refuse it.

"You said, sir, my husband would see me shortly; how do you know that which seems so impossible? and how did you know me, who never"—

"Hush, madam, we are now approaching the British guard; suffice it to say, the American commander has that in his head, which like an earthquake, will shake the whole American continent, and expunge these miscreants; but, hark, take the road to the left—farewell." So saying, he departed. She gave one look, but vacancy filled the spot where he stood. With slow and cautious step she approached Vine-street. Already her fire burned beneath her bread, when the awful word halt! struck her to the soul. She started, and found herself in the custody of a British sentinel. "Your pass, woman." I have none, sir; my children are"—"D—n the rebel crew, why do you breed enemies to your king—this flour is mine—off, woman, and die with your babes." A groan was her only answer. The ruffian was about departing, when the former messenger appeared—his whole demeanor was changed; humble simplicity marked his gait—he approached the guard with a seeming fearfulness, and begged him in a suppliant voice to give the poor woman her flour. "Fool! idiot!" exclaimed the guard, "who are you? see yonder guard-house—if you interfere here you shall soon be its inmate." "May be so, sir; but won't you give the poor woman the means of supporting her little family one week longer? recollect the distance she has walked, the weight of the bag, and recollect"—

"Hell and fury, sirrah! Why bid me recollect, you plead in vain—begone, or I'll seize you as a spy."

"You wont give the poor woman her flour."

"No."

"Then by my country's faith and hopes of freedom, you shall!" and with a powerful arm, he seized the guard by the throat and hurled him to the ground. "Run, madam, run—see the guard-house is alive—seize your flour, pass Vine-street, and you are safe." 'Twas done. The guard made an attempt to rise, when the stranger drew a pistol and shot him dead. The unfortunate man gazed around him with a fearless intrepidity There was but one way of escape, and that through the wood. Seizing the dead man's musket, he started like a deer pursued by the hounds. "Shoot him down! down with him!" was echoed from one line to another. The desperado was lost in the wood, and a general search commenced; the object of their pursuit in the mean time flew like lightning; the main guard was left behind, but the whole piquet line would soon be alarmed—one course alone presented itself, and that was to mount his horse, which was concealed among the bushes, and gallop down to the Delaware; a boat was already there for him. The thought was no sooner suggested than it was put in execution. He mounted his horse, and, eluding the alarmed guards, had nearly reached the Delaware.

Here he found himself headed, and hemmed in by at least fifty exasperated soldiers. One sprang from behind a tree, and demanded immediate surrender. "'Tis useless to prevaricate—you are now our prisoner, and your boat, which before excited suspicion, is now in our possession." "Son of a slave! slave to a king! how dare you to address a freeman! Surrender yourself—a Doale never surrendered himself to any man, far less to a blinded poltroon—away, or die;" and he attempted to pass. The guard levelled his gun; but himself was levelled to the dust; the ball of Doale's pistol had been swifter than his own. His case was now truly desperate; behind him was the whole line of guards—on the north of him the Frankford piquets, and on the left of him the city of Philadelphia filled with British troops.

One way and only one presented itself, and that was to cross the river. He knew his horse; he plunged in—a shout succeeded, and ere he reached half the distance, twenty armed boats were in swift pursuit. His noble horse dashed through the Delaware, his master spurred him on with double interest while the balls whistled around him. The tide was running down, when he reached the Jersey shore, he found himself immediately opposite the old slip at Market-street. On reaching the shore he turned round, took out a pistol, and with steady aim, fired at the first boat; a man fell over the side and sunk to rise no more. He then disappeared in the wood. The angry, harassed and disappointed pursuers gave one look, one curse, and returned to the Pennsylvania shore, fully believing, that, if he was not the devil, he was at least one of his principal agents.

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DEFEAT OF GENERAL BRADDOCK.

On the opposite page we present the reader with an engraved representation of the defeat of General Braddock. The artist, Mr. J. G. Chapman, has selected for the subject of his design, the moment that General Braddock is carried from the field mortally wounded; Lieutenant Washington assuming the command, and with his Virginia troops, covering the retreat of the British, and saving the corps from utter annihilation. The best narrative of the action that we can present, is contained in the interesting Life of Washington, by that distinguished author, J. K. Paulding, from which we quote as follows:—

General Braddock had landed at the capes of Virginia, and proceeded to Williamsburgh, the seat of government, where he consulted with Governour Dinwiddie. He inquired for Colonel Washington, with whose character he was well acquainted, and expressed a wish to see him. On being informed of his resignation, and the cause, he is said to have exclaimed, that "he was a lad of sense and spirit, and had acted as became a soldier and a man of honour." He immediately wrote him a pressing invitation to assume the situation of volunteer aiddecamp, which involved no question of rank, and which, after consultation with his family, was accepted. Washington once more resumed his military career, by joining the British forces at Belhaven.

These were shortly after reinforced by three companies of Virginia riflemen, raised by an act of the legislature, and consisting of as brave hardy spirits as ever drew a trigger. This accession made the army about two thousand strong, and with these, in the month of June, 1755, Braddock set forth in his march through the wilderness, from whence he and many others of his companions never returned.

The troops under Braddock marched in two divisions to the old station at the Little meadows. On the way, Washington was attacked by a fever, and became so ill, that the commanding officer insisted upon his remaining until the rear of the army came up under Colonel Dunbar. He consented, much against his will; but the instant he was able, pushed on and joined Braddock the evening before he fell into that fatal ambuscade, where he perished with many other gallant spirits, not in a blaze of glory, but in the obscurity of the dismal forests.

Washington, on rejoining the army, urged upon General Braddock the necessity of increasing and incessant caution. He dwelt much on the silent, unseen motions of the warriours of the woods, who come like birds on the wing, without being preceded by any indications of their approach, or leaving a trace behind them. But the fate of Braddock was decreed; or rather, his own conduct sealed that destiny which ever follows at the heels of folly and imprudence. He despised the advice of wisdom and experience, and bitterly did he suffer the penalty. The silly pride of a British officer disdained the lessons of a provincial youth, who had never fought on the bloody plains of Flanders. There can be no doubt that the superiority affected by the natives of England over those of the American colonies, was one of the silent yet effective causes of the Revolution.

The army halted at Cumberland, for some days, and then proceeded to its ruin. Contrary to the advice of Washington, who wished to lead with his Virginians, the British grenadiers marched in front, about half a mile ahead; the Virginia troops followed; and the rest of the army brought up the rear. The ground was covered with whortleberry bushes reaching to the horses' bellies, until they gained the top of a hill, which commanded an extensive prospect far ahead. Here a council was held, during which, the traditionary authority I follow describes Braddock as standing with a fusee in his right hand, the breech on the ground, and rubbing the leaves with his toe, as if in great perplexity, without saying a word.

The consultation over, they proceeded onward through the deep woods, the order of march being changed, and the infantry in advance. When within about seven miles of Fort Duquesne, and passing through a narrow defile, a fire from some ambushed enemy arrested their march, and laid many a soldier dead on the ground. Nothing was seen but the smoke of the unerring rifle rising above the tops of the woods, and nothing heard but the report of the fatal weapons. There was a dead silence among the savages and their allies, who, masked behind the trees, were equally invisible with the great king of terrours, whose work they were performing.

The army of Braddock, and the general himself, were both taken by surprise, and the consequence was, a total neglect or forgetfulness of the proper mode of defence or attack.

The army of Braddock suffered a total defeat. The survivors retreated across the Monongahela, where they rested, and the general breathed his last. His gallant behaviour during the trying situation in which he was placed, and his death, which in some measure paid the penalty of his foolhardihood, have preserved to his memory some little respect, and for his fate perhaps more sympathy than it merited. He was one of those military men of little character and desperate fortune, which mother-countries are accustomed to send out, for the purpose of foraging in the rich fields of their colonies. He was succeeded in his command by Colonel Dunbar, who ordered all the stores, except such as were indispensably necessary, to be destroyed, and sought safety, with the remainder of his European troops, in the distant repose of the city of Philadelphia, where he placed the army in winter-quarters in the dog-days, leaving Virginia to the protection of her gallant rangers.

The conduct of the British troops on this occasion, was, though perhaps natural in the terrible and untried situation in which they were placed, such as to excite the contempt of Washington and his provincials, to whom the escape of the surviving regulars was entirely owing. It was he and they that exclusively made head against the invisible enemy, and finally so checked his proceedings, as to secure a quiet retreat to a place of security. But for them, in all probability, scarce a man would have escaped. The British officers behaved with great gallantry, and upward of sixty of them were either killed or wounded; but the privates exhibited nothing but cowardice, confusion, and disobedience; and it seems quite probable that Washington here learned a secret which was of infinite service in his future career, by teaching him that British grenadiers were not invincible.

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The provincial troops, on the contrary, according to the testimony of Washington, "behaved like men," to use his own language. Out of three companies that were in the action, but thirty survived. The regulars, on the contrary, "ran away like sheep before hounds," leaving every thing to the mercy of the enemy. "When we endeavoured to rally them," continues Washington, in his letter to the governour of Virginia, "in hopes of regaining the ground we had lost, and what was left on it, it was with as little success, as if we had attempted to have stopped the wild bears of the mountain, or the rivulets with our feet."

To Preserve Specimens in Natural History To preserve the skins of animals for exhibition, arsenical soap has been found to be the most perfect guard against vermin, and is prepared in the following manner, viz. camphor 5 oz.; arsenic in powder, 2 lbs.; white soap, 2 lbs.; salt of tartar, 12 oz.; chalk in powder, 4 oz. Rub this thoroughly over the inner surface, and afterward stuff the animal for the case.

THE PRAIRIES.

The most remarkable feature of the Western world is the prairies. There are districts both in South America and in Asia, the pampas and the steppes, to which they have been compared, but perhaps without sufficient reason. In Europe I am not aware that any part of the surface assumes the form and exhibits the same phenomena.

Some hold, that the whole of the vast region over which they extend, was once submerged, and there is much to be said in support of this theory. They appear, however, under various forms, and from observation I should divide them into three great divisions: the "oak-openings," the rich level or rolling prairie interspersed with belts and points of timber, and the vast steril prairies of the Far West.

And first, the "oak-openings," so termed from their distinctive feature of the varieties of oak which are seen scattered over them, interspersed at times with pine, black-walnut, and other forest-trees, which spring from a rich vegetable soil, generally adapted to the purpose of agriculture. The surface is ordinarily dry and rolling. The trees are of medium growth, and rise from a grassy turf seldom encumbered with brushwood, but not unfrequently broken by jungles of rich and gaudy flowering plants and of dwarf sumach. Among the "oak-openings," you find some of the most lovely landscape of the West, and travel for miles and miles through varied park scenery of natural growth, with all the diversity of gently swelling hill and dale—here, trees grouped, or standing single—and there, arranged in long avenues, as though by human hands, with slips of open meadow between. Sometimes, the openings are interspersed with numerous clear lakes, and with this addition become enchantingly beautiful. But few of these reservoirs have any apparent inlet. They are fed by subterraneous springs or the rains, and lose their surplus waters by evaporation. Many lie in singularly-formed hollows, reflecting in their clear bosoms the varied scenery of the swelling banks, and the alternation of wood and meadow Michigan and Illinois abound with these "oak-openings." Beyond the Mississippi they also occur; but there they hardly form a distinct feature, while on this side they would appear to form a transition from the dense American forest to the wider "rolling prairie," which further west ordinarily bounds the thick forest without any such character of country intervening.

The rich "rolling prairie," which would form the second division, presents other features, and in a great degree another vegetation. These prairies abound with the thickest and most luxuriant belts of forest, or as they are called "timbers;" appearing interspersed over the open face of the country in bands or patches of every possible form and size; sometimes checkering the landscape at short intervals, and at other times miles and miles apart. They present wide and slightly undulating tracts of the rankest herbage and flowers—many ridges and hollows filled with purple thistles—ponds covered with aquatick plants; and in Missouri, I always observed that these "rolling prairies," occupied the higher portions of the country, the descent to the forested bottoms, being invariably over steep and stony declivities. The depth and richness of the soil on these lands are almost incredible, and the edges of the bands of forest are consequently a favourite haunt of the emigrant settler and backwoodsman. The game is usually abundant. Over this class of prairie the fire commonly passes in the autumn, and to this cause alone the open state of the country is ascribed by many; as, whenever a few years elapse without the conflagration touching a district, the thick-sown seeds of the slumbering forest, with which the rich vegetable mould seems to be laden, spring up from the green sod of the country. The surface is first covered with brushwood composed of sumach, hazel, wild-cherry, and oak; and if the fire be still kept out, other forest-trees follow.

From those we pass to the vast boundless prairies of the far West—such as we skirted beyond Fort Gibson, unbroken, save by the forest rising on the alluvium of some river shore below their level, or by the skirts of knotted and harsh oak-wood of stunted growth—thick without luxuriance, such as the Cross Timbers of disagreeable memory. These prairies seem to occupy the highest parts of the table-land toward the courses of the great rivers and their tributaries. Here the soil is poor in the extreme, and charged with iron and salt; the water is scarce and bad, and the grass is luxuriant. They abound with abrupt and peculiarly-shaped flinty hills, swelling up from the general level—great salt plains—rock salt—and occasionally with isolated rocks rising from the surface, with steep perpendicular sides, as though cut by the hand of man, standing alone in the midst of the desert, a wonder to the Indian and the trapper.

The outline of these prairies is grand and majestick in the extreme. They are rarely perfectly level. As you advance, one immense sea of grass swells to the horizon after another, unbroken for leagues by rock or tree. They are the home of the bison, and the hunting-ground of the unfettered Indian of the North and West.

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REVOLUTIONARY BATTLES.

THE BATTLE OF LONG-ISLAND

BY SAMUEL WARD, JR. ESQ.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine, for April, 1839.

ALL knowledge is but history. Each fragment of the material world reveals a story of time and change, remote and endless. The principle is derived from facts which symbolize the histories of observation and experiment, and these, in turn, involve those of the sage and philosopher, of their predecessors, and of by-gone ages. Upon each visible object is written, in familiar or in unknown characters, its history; and if we but knew the physiognomy of inanimate as well as of living creations, earth, stone, and plant would exhibit, as indeed they often do, to the naturalist, expressions as indicative of their past, as is man's countenance, with its furrow of care, or smile of joy, with passion's glow or its ashes, of his life and actions. The face of the globe, with the living imprint of God's hand upon it, unfolds a chapter in the history of the display of omnipotence, and we personify the history of our race, imbodying its undying passions and imperfections, and reproducing its mortal and perishable beauty. The variegated cheek and scented breath of the flower, fade and expire in autumn; the vegetative life abides until the coming spring. All these proclaim the insignificance of time, the majesty of eternity.

While the history of human nature is indelibly traced in each successive family of men, that of human creations has to be recorded in the archive, and rescued from the crumbling column. The work of the Almighty, the living principle and its attendants, dies not; the traces of men's labour are washed away by the succeeding tide. But here and there, where the forms have been preserved, they seem, when compared to the divine productions, not unlike the precise diagram, beside the harmonious and waving outlines of external natural beauty. The history we cultivate, is the natural history of society, of the joint efforts of bodies of men, to render the earth habitable for its increasing populations, and these, in turn, worthy the dwelling's protection, and grateful for its nourishment. Do not the nations of antiquity appear to have lived, and flourished, and toiled, that we might succeed to their power, inherit their experience, and reap the fruits of their labours? So also are we the servants of posterity. The road is an emblem of the destiny of those who made it; built for the use of a generation, passed over as the path to some near or distant land, succeeding races inquire not whose hands constructed it. They, too, are travelling toward their journey's end.

History and times are ours; the index and dial-plate which measure our span, the foundations of our knowledge, and the standard of our computation, the instruments of spiritual and material comparison. But the one sits, like a queen, upon a throne, robed in purple, a sceptre in her hand, and on her brow a diadem, wherein each race of men enshrine a new jewel. Heroes and statesmen are her courtiers, and the brightest shapes of human intelligence hover around her. The other is creation's slave, fate's executioner; unerringly reckoning the debt of man and of nature, the minutes of life, the seasons of the year. He reaps, with a pitiless scythe,

"Harvests of souls by Hope matured,
Garlands of self-devoted flowers;
The spirit bright to life scarce lured,
The heart that mourns its saddened hours."

Had authentick records preserved for us the whole experience of nations, the precious inheritance would have permanently advanced our material progress; and in a still greater degree will the heritage of accurate memorials of the men and events of modern civilization, of the motives of the one, and the causes of the other, enlighten posterity in the path of human improvement. The traces of early society are proofs of material and sensual progress; as for instance, the pyramid, and the bracelet upon the arm of the lonely king entombed within its giant walls. These are points of departure; for the distance accomplished may be measured; not so the route beyond. It is true, we know the virtues or the crimes of a few, in those days, when nations rose and fell, even as they now expand, and when the *many* felt not. *They* are now the lords of the earth. But only since the *fiat lux* of Guttemberg, have "the people" begun to realize their long-withheld inheritance; and events are now chronicled less to gratify the pride of the living, or the curiosity of the unborn, less for purposes of narration and romance, than to show the increased capabilities of man, and swell the page of his moral experience.

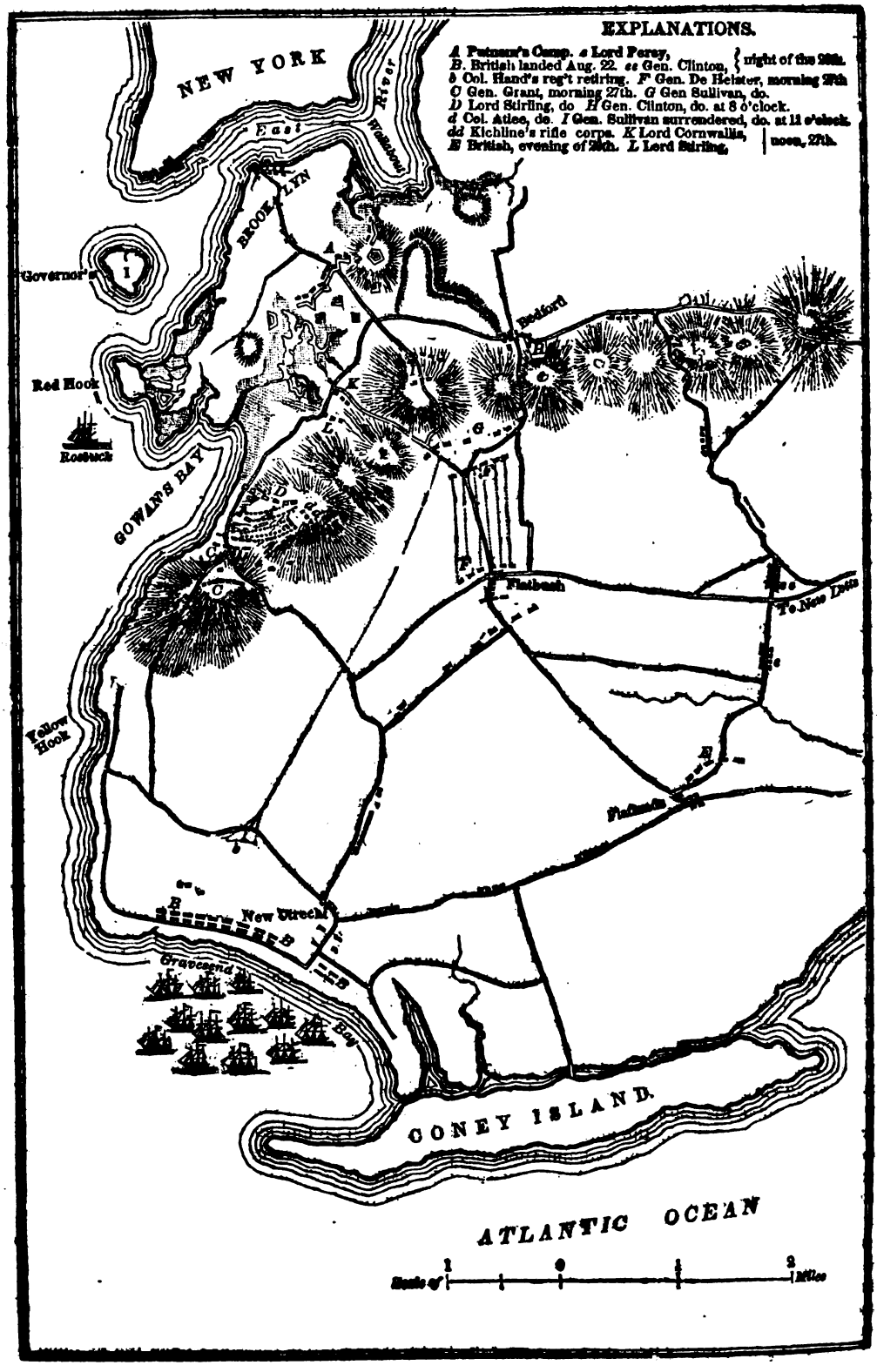
Apart from the higher, the epochal incidents in the life of humanity, the epitomes of years, deeds, and nations, there are events which do not claim to be inscribed upon the page of general history; and yet, from the deep local influence they once exercised, still preserve a commemorative interest, and convey an impressive lesson. The great war of our independence is rife with such illustrations. Its memories and heroes crowd so thickly near us, that its history cannot yet be written. But as each day adds to the legendary store, and we draw nigh the hour when it *may* be traced, time silently distils the mass of events, and the mingled vapours which ascend from the alembick, will be condensed by impartiality into truth.

The events we are about to recall, occurred in New York and its vicinity, between the months of September, 1775, and September, 1776. I am aware that these varying scenes and imperfect sketches may resemble a phantasmagoria, rather than pencillings of men and of actions. But they will be exhibited upon a curtain, stained with as noble blood as was ever shed in the cause of freedom; and though the hand that holds the transparent glass, be a feeble one; though faint the colours, and indistinct the outlines; the personages and scenes are not fictitious or fanciful; but once stood gallantly forth, with drawn sword or levelled musket, relieved by a battle-cloud rising from ground so near, that a cannon fired there at this moment, would startle with its reverberations the peaceful echoes around us.

The revolution was hardly three months old. But already from the cradle of liberty it had strangled its serpents at Lexington and Bunker's Hill. The American army, encamped around Boston, owned WASHINGTON'S command, and held at bay the beleagured British. In the oppressed colonies, a spirit of resistance had organized the resolute yeomanry; and with the victories inscribed upon the national escutcheon, the patriotick chord was vibrating in every

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PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND.



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heart. War had not yet disturbed our goodly city, which lay in unconscious repose, on the mellow night of the twenty-third of August, 1775. One or two riots, the result of political faction, rather than of unadulterated rebellion, alone gave tokens of a turbulent spirit. The English governeur, Tryon, still dwelt here, an object of courtesy, though of mistrust. In the North river, off the fort, lay the Asia, a British man-of-war, with whose presence people had become familiar. The publick mind was in a state of vague apprehension. It remained for its hopes and fears to assume a definite shape.

Toward midnight, our forefathers were aroused from their first slumbers by the thunder of artillery. At that silent hour, the ominous sounds were unwelcome visitants. The cannon peals were relieved by the sharp discharge of musketry; and the stillness that ensued, was occasionally broken by the hasty footsteps of one summoned to his duty, with unbuckled sabre trailing on the ground, or by the agitated cry of a helpless woman, fleeing from the audible danger. Drums beat to arms, volley after volley announced the continuation of strife; and the half-wakened dreamer no longer mistook these cries of war for echoes of the eastern battles. As the night advanced, one body of men succeeding another was revealed by the blaze of torches, and the cumbrous wheels of the field-piece they were dragging, seemed to leave reluctantly the scene of conflict. By-and-by, troops of dwellers in the lower part of the town, escaped through the streets, from their menaced or shattered abodes, in confusion and fear. Was the enemy in the city? the Battery taken? Were the troops forced to retreat before a victorious foe? These interrogatories were breathed rather than spoken, or if put, were not answered. It was a memorable night, and something seemed to have delayed the approach of morning.

The town was early astir. At break of day, many inhabitants were seen issuing from their dwellings, and wending their way to the Battery. To those already assembled there, when night unrolled her curtain of clouds, the glowing dawn that shot over our noble bay, disclosed traces of disorder, and ravages of cannon-ball, on the one hand, and on the other, the smoke still ascending from the angry artillery to the powder-stained rigging of the Asia. Moreover, the field-pieces, which but yesterday guarded the Battery, were gone. These the timid accepted as tokens of danger, and prepared to depart; the intrepid hailed them as auspicious omens of future victories.

The twenty-one pieces of ordnance had been removed, by order of the provincial Congress. Captain John Lamb's artillery corps, and the "Sons of Liberty," headed by "King Sears," were the heroes of the adventure. The efforts of the enemy to protect these royal stores, had proved unavailing. Warned of the intended movement, Captain Vandegut, of the Asia, detached an armed barge to watch, and if needful, interfere with, its execution. A musket discharged from this boat, drew Captain Lamb's volley, and a man on board was killed. The Asia fired three cannon. The drum beat to arms in the city. The man-of-war sustained the cannonade. Three citizens were wounded, and the upper parts of various houses near Whitehall and the Fort, received much injury. A son of Captain Lamb, whose regiment covered the cannon's retreat, is now living in this city, and in the rooms of the "Historical Society" may be seen one of the very balls fired into New York that night.

Captain Sears, the other leader of this exploit was one of our earliest patriots. As far back as the fifth of March, 1775, in an encounter between the Whigs and the Tories, the latter, being worsted, were said to have dispersed, lest King Sears, as he was called in ridicule, in his fury should head a mob, and do them some capital injury. He had been a member of the New York Provincial Congress, had acted a conspicuous part in the excitements occasioned by the Boston Port Bill, and was in after months warmly recommended by General Washington to Major General Lee, for his zeal and fidelity. Immediately after this affair, he disappeared from our city, and sought, in Connecticut, livelier sympathies than were *then* to be encountered here.

A detailed account of the Asia affair, and of its consequences, may be found in the columns of the "New York Gazette," a newspaper issued in those days from the southeast corner of Wall and Pearl streets, by one James Rivington, a loud-voiced royalist. It is almost impossible to turn over its time-stained leaves, filled with the records of frivolity and faction, of benevolence and crime, of the current opinions and absurdities, and of the wants and supplies of an olden day, without reflecting on that strangest feature of modern times, the press, or imagining how different would be our views of remote ages, had the nations we admire, possessed so authentick a source of history. The Romans have been shown by a recent French writer,* to have had their journals; but these did not, like ours, chronicle the wishes and feelings, the hopes and the vices, of the many; else we should not eternally deplore lost decades, or incur danger of having our early faith controverted by the ingenuity of a Niebuhr.

James Rivington was, then, the editorial and proprietary publisher of the "New York Gazette," and as the opposite party subsided in the expression of its political sentiments, and loyalism was no longer in terrour of a Sears, he not only gave free vent to his own views, but so far forgot himself, as sadly to abuse those of his radical neighbours. Emboldened by their quiet reception of his denunciations, he expressed these in still more forcible tones, and doubtless exulted in this victory over whig opinions.

It was high noon, on Thursday the twenty-third of November. The Gazette had been issued that morning, and the worthy editor was seated in his cabinet, examining the new-born sheet, just like any gentleman of the press of our day, when the sound of hoofs on the pavement beneath, drew his attention to the window. Looking out into the street, he beheld with dismay, his old enemy, King Sears, at the head of an armed troop of horsemen, drawn up before his door. The men and their leader dismounted with the utmost deliberation, and a part of them entered the printer's abode. A few moments after, he saw his beloved printing-press cast into the street, and heard the tumult raised in the compositors' room above him, by those engaged in the work of demolition. To his despair, the materials thrown upon the pavement were speedily transferred to the dock, and

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* M. Victor Leclerc.

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he invaders sallied forth with many a pound of precious types in their pockets and handkerchiefs. A large crowd, collected by so unusual an event, stood aloof, quiet spectators of the scene. The cavaliers remounted their steeds, and rode off toward Connecticut, whence they came, and where, as was subsequently ascertained, the offending types were melted down to bullets. Thus liberty assailed the freedom of the press, and the balls whilome cast with joy into types reassumed their pristine shape and destination; the ploughshare was reconverted to the sword.

Although no opposition was offered to these proceedings, by the body of citizens assembled near Rivington's door, there stood upon a neighbouring stoop, a lad of eighteen years of age, with an eye of fire, and an angry arm, haranguing the multitude in a tone of earnest eloquence. He urged that order should be preserved; appealing warmly to the dignity of citizenship, "which," said he, "should not brook an encroachment of unlicensed troops from another colony," and offering to join in checking the intruders' progress. The sins of Rivington could not be forgiven; but the youthful orator was listened to with respectful deference by that crowd which already recognised the genius and fervour of Alexander Hamilton.

On the following Thursday, no Gazette appeared, whether on this account, or because the town dignitaries were *really* incensed, this typographical execution created much sensation in the province. Fancying it a trampling on their authority, and a reproach to their vigilance, the New York Congress complained to Governour Trumbull of Connecticut; and, demanding a restitution of the abducted types, they observed that the present contest ought not to be sullied by an attempt to restrain the liberty of the press. We shall not pause to weigh the political considerations involved in this inter-colonial dispute, which may have been the first respecting state rights. While New York and Connecticut were at issue, poor Rivington went off to England, and there the matter ended. This event was deemed worthy the attention of Congress, and seemed of sufficient importance to be laid before the reader. It is, moreover, the only remarkable incident which preceded the arrival of General Charles Lee in New York.

Early in 1776, this brave but headstrong officer, begged to be despatched from Boston to Connecticut for the purpose of raising volunteers, and of reinforcing the New Jersey and New York battalions under his command. With Governour Trumbull's aid, General Lee succeeded in levying twelve hundred men among the zealous inhabitants of that spirited province, and reached New York with his recruits on the fourth of February. He was met on the frontier by the earnest entreaty of the committee of safety, who exercised the powers of government during the recess of our Provincial Congress, that he should pause upon the borders of Connecticut. Captain Parker, of the Asia man-of-war, had menaced the town with destruction, should it be entered by any large body of provincials. Undismayed by these threats, and disregarding the prayer of the timid corporation, Lee crossed the confines. Immediately after his arrival, conscious of the designs of the British in this vital quarter, and of the need of entire harmony between himself and the local authorities, he induced Congress to take its jurisdiction out of the hands of these officers, and to detach from their own body, a committee of three, who, with the council and himself, were to confer upon a plan of defence. His orders were to fortify the town, to disarm all persons unfriendly to the American cause, and especially to watch and counteract the movements of a band of tories, assembled on Long Island "serpents," says he, in his characteristick manner, "which it would be ruinous not to crush before their rattles are grown." This duty we may fancy him to have undertaken with peculiar satisfaction. The operations of these tories and of Governour Tryon, their Coryphæus, would prove an interesting theme of research. It may be remarked, *en passant*, that though the city of New York was stained in those days by strong imputations of toryism, the stigma was unjust. In mixtures of colours, it requires but little of a darker hue to deepen the brightest teints; and General Lee found the majority "as well affected as any on the continent."

During the short period of his stay, this officer's proceedings were extremely active. His intended fortifications were projected on a comprehensive scale. With an intelligent eye, he embraced the extensive localities to be defended, and detected their vulnerable points. A redoubt and battery at Hellgate were destined to prevent the passage of the enemy's ships to and fro in the Sound. Similar works were contemplated on the North river, and the oppugnable portions of the town were reformed and strengthened. Long Island was too important a field to escape his vigilance; and he fixed, for the location of an entrenched camp, upon the very spot which subsequently became the scene of conflict.

It were presumptuous, nay, useless, to attempt to picture New York as she then was, when so many readers, far more vividly than the writer, realize from memory the vast alterations less than half a century has produced in the metropolis of the new world. On the walls of the New York Historical Society rooms, hang various interesting maps, whereby some idea may be formed of those ancient features and dimensions, from which, to the present magnitude of our city, the transition is as unparalleled as it seems incredible. The old Knickerbocker town is laid down on one map as it existed under the Stuyvesant dominion. In another may be found the English city, before and after that disastrous fire, of which the ravages are delineated in a separate drawing, by an ancient eye-witness. General Lee's letters represent military operations not easily traced upon the transformed surface. Broadway was barricaded two hundred yards in the rear of the dismantled fort, and all the streets leading to it were to be defended by barriers. He speaks, too, of erecting batteries on an eminence, behind Trinity church, to picture which to one's self, at the present day, requires no little stretch of the imagination.

I know not whether these local changes may interest the reader, but to me they seem truthful illustrations of our fleeting destiny. Cities are the theatres of nations, where the busy throng enact an endless and varying drama, full of life and of reality. And, let me ask, what object can fill with a lonelier sense of desolation the wanderer beneath the sunny skies of Greece, or moon-illumined heaven of Italy, than the crumbling walls, the deserted benches, the

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voiceless echoes of the theatre, where the living impersonations of the poet's fancy were once deified by the enthusiasm of the crowd? When the ruins of an old city become in turn the foundations of a new one, the pilgrim vainly seeks the traces of the past, and the lesson becomes still more impressive.

Monuments commemorate the peaceful traditions, and ruins the wars, of the old world. Surrounded by the vestiges of the past, its memories dwell in the European's thoughts. A tutored fancy evokes at will, from the tower and the column, the shades of the departed, and history may be realized, not in its events only, but in all its pomp and studied detail, its costume and its court. An unbroken chain, now of golden now of iron links; here bright, there rusted; here jeweled, and there blood-stained; connects to-day with distant centuries. In Cologne, the mind is transported back a thousand years, in Rome, two thousand. The edifices which time hallows, in lieu of destroying, are the only monuments of this new-born land.

The British General Clinton entered New York simultaneously with General Lee. Unaccompanied by any force, he declared to the latter that he had only come to pay his friend Tryon a visit; of which Lee remarks, in a letter to the commander-in-chief, "if really the case, it was the most whimsical piece of civility he ever heard of." It was the subsequent fortune of these generals to meet in Virginia and in North Carolina.

The American officer's turn for the humorous, was displayed by his giving our old friend King Sears, when sent into Connecticut to beat up recruits, the title of "adjutant-general;" a promotion with which, he jocosely wrote Washington, the rough patriot "was much tickled; it added spurs to his hat." For all nominal distinctions, General Lee entertained unequivocal contempt, and declared that ratsbane were far pleasanter to his mouth, than the appellation of "Excellency" he was daily compelled to swallow. On the seventh of March, he departed for the South, where laurels awaited him among the orange flowers of spring. Lord Stirling was left in command, and the contemplated works were afterward but slowly and partially completed.

The town of Boston was evacuated on the seventeenth of March, by the British, who put to sea for Halifax. Crowned with this signal triumph, General Washington arrived at New York on the fourteenth of April, with the American army, which, to use his own expression, "had maintained their ground against the enemy, under a want of powder; had disbanded one army, and recruited another, within musket-shot of two-and-twenty regiments, the flower of the British force; and at last beaten them into a shameful and precipitate retreat, out of the strongest place on the continent, fortified at an enormous expense."

On the twenty-third of May, the commander-in-chief found himself at Philadelphia, in conference with congress, who had summoned him thither, to devise remedies for the disastrous state of affairs in Canada. It was there determined to defend New York, and the requisite men and supplies were placed at his disposal. Returning to the city, after an absence of fifteen days, he found great disaffection among certain of the inhabitants. This was nourished by Governour Tryon, who, from his vessel at the Hook, despatched emissaries in every direction. A deep plot, of his contriving, was only defeated by a timely discovery. His agents had so far pushed their temerity, as to corrupt not only many in the American camp, but even some of the general's guard, a soldier in which, was found guilty, and shot. The object of this conspiracy was to make Washington a prisoner.

To secure Quebec, and redeem Canada, on the one hand, to make a powerful impression in the South on the other, and finally, to possess themselves of New York, proved to be the designs of the British, during this campaign. A part of their fleet from Halifax arrived off Sandy Hook on the twenty-eighth of June. The remainder followed within a week, and General Howe established his headquarters at Staten Island. In presence of a powerful enemy, gathering forces at the very door of the city, the troops were summoned to parade at six o'clock, one bright afternoon in early July. The British fleet lay in sight, and the assembled regiments knew not whether they were called together to attack or to repel. It was a fitting time and place for the proclamation of that glorious document, each word of which, well befitting a great nation speaking for itself, found an echo in every heart that beat there—the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. I can conceive the beams of that setting sun to have met a rival glow in the ruddy cheeks to which the warm blood mantled, under the inspiring words of liberty, drank in by willing ears. As the address ended, a shout of approbation rent the air. It was not the wild cry of a senseless mob on a holyday, but the voice of determination, which, to the close of that war, was the key-note of freedom.

This event, which transmuted into free states, the dependant colony and province, rolls up the curtain from before the dramatick portion of my story. The arrival of Lord Howe from England, on the twelfth of July, and the daily reinforcements of the British fleet, from that period, justified expectations of a sudden assault. Preparations were continued under General Putnam, for the defence of the city, and General Greene was on Long Island, superintending the erection of a chain of works, to fortify it against the enemy's approach. About this time, several of the British vessels, under a favourable breeze, ran by the New York batteries, uninjured by their fire, and much to the surprise of the Americans.

On the eighth of August, General Washington wrote, that for the several posts on New York, Long Island, Governour's Island, and Paulus Hook, he had but thirteen thousand five hundred and fifty-seven effective men, and that to repel an immediate attack, he could count upon no other addition to his numbers, than a battalion from Maryland, under Colonel Smallwood. Opposed to him was the entire British force, united at Sandy Hook, by the middle of the month, consisting of twenty-four thousand men, combined with a fleet of more than one hundred and thirty vessels, ninety-six of which came in from the twelfth to the thirteenth. Let the reader remember, that this armada was afloat off Sandy Hook, between the Heights of Neversink and Staten Island. And who, on calling to mind this event, and reflecting that, but yesterday, after a lapse of sixty-two years, a proud steamer was sent from England to this very

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city, then doomed to the fate of Carthage, now the inalienable ally of her former enemy, will deny that the growth of events maturing nations, is a wondrous characteristick of the age; a token that in measure as it learns to ameliorate its condition, humanity is destined to cover the earth like the forest tree; and that we do not, mayhap, sufficiently regard these intimations of a mighty future.

The details of war were rapidly advancing in the city, on which the eyes of the nation were intensely fixed. Lead being scarce, the zealous burghers gave the troops their window-weights for bullets. Of these, one house alone contributed twelve hundred and another one thousand pounds weight; and I doubt not, had bow-strings been in request, our patriotick countrywomen would have hastened, like the Carthaginians of old, to offer up their longest tresses in the service of freedom. As the crisis drew near, the unseen anxiety of the commander-in-chief became redoubled beneath his clear eye and serene brow. He was everywhere, knowing no repose, the indefatigable guardian of the spirit of liberty.

Already was the army in possession of that memorable address, so fervently breathed by the great commander, while awaiting the attack: "The time is now near at hand, which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and they confined to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will probably deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. We have therefore to resolve to conquer or die!"

At this juncture, General Greene unhappily fell sick of a fever, and the important station on Long Island was intrusted to General Sullivan. It is impossible to compare the aims and prospects of the rival forces, at this period, without feeling how daring was the gallantry of the Americans, in venturing so fearlessly upon the unequal contest.

The long-expected hour of attack arrived on the twenty-second of August, when intelligence was received of the landing of the British on Long Island. The report of their signal repulse at Fort Moultrie, by the Americans under General Lee, reached our camp on the preceding night, and was urged by Washington as an incentive to as proud exertions on the coming occasion.

By the twenty-sixth, the British troops extended from the coast between Gravesend and Utrecht, to Flatbush and Flatlands; Colonel Hand's regiment retiring before them. General Sullivan was superseded in his command on the Island by General Putnam, and matters rapidly approached a *denouement*.

The accompanying engraving is a sketch of the American lines at Brooklyn, and of the adjacent grounds on which the battle was fought. On reaching the encampment, of which he was so hastily placed in command, General Putnam found the American position secured by an inner and an outer line of entrenchments. The former was protected by a strong position upon an eminence, near the Wallabout bay, now called Fort Greene. The only approach to it was across an isthmus, formed on one side by the bay and contiguous swamp, and on the other, by a creek, running in from Gowanus Cove, with an impassable marsh on either side of it. This neck of land had been skilfully taken advantage of by General Greene, and was perfectly defended by the entrenchments in its rear. The enemy were expected in three directions; along the coast, by the Flatbush road, and by the road which led from Flatbush to Bedford. To face them in these quarters, an outer line of works had been organized. A chain of picquets, extending from Yellow Hook round to Flatbush, were stationed from eminence to eminence, to give timely warning of their approach; and the avenues were guarded by temporary breast-works, defending the main passes. Thus far, General Putnam adopted the defensive measures of General Greene, and these precautions proved successful, in the points they were designed to protect.

From an attack of the enemy's ships at the Narrows, the American rear was also guarded by efficient batteries at Red Hook, and on Governour's Island. General Sullivan had in charge the whole line of outer works, and was joined by Col. Hand, on his withdrawal from the coast, at the landing of the British, and by Colonels Williams and Miles, with their respective regiments.

Such was the position of the Americans; their numbers not exceeding eight thousand eight hundred men. Their adversaries, after landing on the twenty-second, parted in three divisions. The right wing, under Lord Cornwallis and Earl Percy, extended, on the twenty-sixth instant, from Flatbush, toward Flatlands, about two miles in the rear. The centre, composed of the Hessians under General de Heister, was posted at Flatbush, and the left wing, on the coast, was commanded by General Grant. The centre was about four, and the right and left wings nearly six miles distant each from the American camp. A chain of thickly-wooded hills, called the Heights of Gowanus, and extending eastward to the extremity of the island, lay between the two armies.

The commander-in-chief passed the whole day of the twenty-sixth at Brooklyn, preparing for the expected assault. On the eve of this the first pitched battle of the war, his heart was full of anxiety. Consoled by the conviction that everything in his power had been done to strengthen the American forces, he relied now upon Providence, upon the justice of the cause, and upon their bravery. Toward the close of the day, he returned to New York.

On that afternoon, a spectator, to whom the interiour of both camps could have been revealed, might have drawn a touching and interesting comparison. On one side, the hardened veteran; opposed to him, the ingenuous recruit; contrasted with the martial costume of the British, the worn and homely garments of the continentals: with the park of burnished artillery, a few cannon bought with blood; with polished arms and accoutrements, the long-rusted gun and sabre, torn down from the chimney-piece to answer a country's call. Among the British, a proud and conscious discipline; among the Americans, a tie of brotherhood, the feeling of men who would die for each other, in defence of an injured mother. Here the proud oppressor; there the patriot, resolved to do or die.

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Our troops were, then, securely encamped for the night, the watchfires lighted, the sentinels posted, the hum of preparation over; a challenge was now and then received and answered, and a guard relieved. The wolf hero had been late in the trenches. It was a still August night; a few soldiers lay within the tents; many slept in the open air:

——"Their knapsacks spread,
A pillow for the resting head:"

arms and ammunition had been cleaned and inspected, and the sword loosed in its scabbard. Beneath the precipitous bank, flowed the ebbing waters of the unconscious bay, and the eye that looked on the city where Washington slept, found protection in the glance. In the ears of the hopeful American still resounded those stirring words of the orderly book, and many a heart beat as the hand grasped the gun, the blade. In the direction of the enemy, all was hushed; this silence, mayhap, was ominous. Did none within that camp gaze with mistrust upon the dark and wood-capped hills of Gowanus?

At half past two o'clock, passing clouds obscured the harvest moon; the night waxed gloomy, and the air chill. Suddenly, a sharp report of musketry, in the direction of Yellow Hook, alarmed the American camp. It was a startling sound, in the stillness of the morning, and the troops sprang to their arms, as the *reveillé* summoned each man to his duty. Many a brave lad awoke from dreams of peaceful home, of the father-house, and its loved inmates, where, in presence of the glad crops, the warlike sounds that lulled him to sleep seemed but as dream-notes, and the danger he anticipated one that was passed. He had obeyed the watchword of liberty, which called him to the hardships of war; but his heart told him life was sweet, and his cottage-home a paradise. The drum rattled in his ear, and aroused him to the stern reality he feared not, courted not.

Ere the alarm ceased beating, the men had seized their muskets. Word had been passed from the remote picquets on the coast, that the enemy were approaching. Lord Stirling was instantly directed by General Putnam to march with the two nearest regiments to their rencounter. These proved to be the Pennsylvania and Maryland troops, under Colonels Haslet and Smallwood; with whom, proceeding over the uneven ground in the direction of the attack, he found himself on the road to the Narrows, toward daybreak, and soon met Colonel Atlee with his Delaware regiment, retiring before the British, with the picquets to whose aid they had advanced. Stationing this officer on the left of the road by which the enemy were approaching, Lord Stirling formed his two regiments along an advantageous ridge, ascending from the road to a piece of wood on the top of a hill. The British were received with two or three warm rounds by the Delawares, who, as their ground became untenable, withdrew to a wood on Lord Stirling's left, where they formed.

The assailants, now in sight, proved to be two brigades, of four regiments each, under the command of General Grant. They proceeded to occupy the elevation opposite Lord Stirling, at a distance of three hundred yards. Their light troops came one hundred and fifty yards nearer, with a view to gain possession of a superior eminence on his left. As they marched up this hill, they were met by the deadly fire of Kichline's rifle corps, who had just reached the ground in time to protect this important point, and who, as I was recently informed by an old man, then and yet living near the spot, mowed them down as fast as they appeared. The Americans brought up two field-pieces to oppose the *ten* of their opponents. A sharp cannonade ensued, and was vigorously sustained on both sides, to a late hour; until when, let us shift the scene.

While the Americans were occupied, as we have seen, on the previous evening, there was, toward dusk, an unusual stir among the troops in the British right wing. The regiments already at Flatlands, under Earl Percy, were joined at nightfall by those under Lord Cornwallis and General Clinton, who left the Hessians masters at Flatbush. The dark forms of the tall soldiery, the play of their muskets in the moonlight, the whispered order and firm tread of discipline, all announced some sudden or adventurous movement. One by one, the companies filed off in the direction of New-Lots, and before night was far advanced, Flatlands was deserted. As they moved farther and farther away from the American lines, the furrows became relaxed on the brows of the British commanders, and toward daybreak, half a triumph already gleamed in the eye of Clinton who led the van.

Shortly after daylight, the Hessians at Flatbush opened a moderate cannonade upon General Sullivan, who, with a strong detachment, had advanced on the direct road from Brooklyn thither, and now occupied the breastworks thrown up by General Greene, for the defence of this important pass. Colonels Miles and Williams were strongly posted on the Bedford road. At half past eight, Count Donop was detached to attack the hill, by General De Heister, who soon followed with the centre of the army.

With levelled pieces and eyes fixed on the enemy, the Americans stood firm on their vantage ground, nerved for the assault, and prepared to enact a second drama of Bunker's Hill. From behind breastwork and tree, soldier and rifleman looked down upon the ascending foe, with a feeling of conscious security; when lo! a report of artillery, in the rear of their left, flew with its own velocity along the line. A second volley revealed to them, with fearful truth, that the enemy had turned their left flank, and placed them between two fires. Horror, dismay, confusion, ensued! The advancing Hessians were no longer faced by the whole band stationed to oppose them; and vain the efforts of General Sullivan to rally the

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dispersing continentals, who hastened to regain the camp, while there yet was time. It was, alas, too late! As regiment after regiment emerged from the wood, they encountered the bayonets of the British, and all retreat was cut off. Driven back into the forest, after desperate efforts to cleave their way through the close ranks of the enemy, they were met by the Hessians, a part of whom were at the same time detached toward Bedford, in which quarter the cannon of Clinton announced that he also was attacking the American rear. The British pushed their line beyond the Flatbush road, and when our brave troops found their only outlet was through the enemy, skirmish after skirmish ensued, in which they displayed signal bravery. Many forced their way through the camp, some escaped into the woods, and many were slain. Colonel Parry was shot through the head, while encouraging his men.

I leave the reader to imagine the disastrous consequences of this surprise to the Americans, when, hemmed in by the surpassing numbers, and co-operating wings of the British, they saw inevitable death or capture, on every side. Here, striking again through the wood, and lured by an enticing path, which promised safety, they rushed from its shelter upon the drawn sabres of the enemy; there, retiring to its recesses before a superior force, they fell upon the levelled muskets of the Hessians; bullets and balls sought victims in every direction; and many a brave soldier sank to die beneath the tall forest tree, offering up with his parting breath, a prayer for his country, consecrated by his life-blood.

Against the hottest of the enemy's fire, General Sullivan, on the heights above Flatbush, made a brave resistance for three hours. Here the slaughter was thickest on the side of the assailants. Fairly covered by the imperfect entrenchment, the Americans poured many a deadly volley upon the approaching foe. The old man, already mentioned, well remembers seeing a pit wherein large numbers of the Hessians, who fell here, were buried; and from another source, I learn, that, to stimulate the commander of these foreign mercenaries, he had been offered a golden substitute for every missing man.

Leaving Generals Clinton and Percy to intercept the Americans in this quarter, Lord Cornwallis proceeded toward the scene of General Grant's engagement with Lord Stirling. We left this gallant officer bravely opposing a superior force. He continued the resistance until eleven o'clock, when, hearing a sharp firing in the direction of Brooklyn, it flashed upon him that the British were getting between him and the American lines. Discovering the position of Lord Cornwallis, he instantly saw, that unless they forded the creek near the Yellow Mills, the troops under him must all become prisoners. The reader will see that he had some distance to gain, before this could be effected. Hastening back, he found the enemy much stronger than he anticipated; and, that his main body might escape, he determined in person to attack Lord Cornwallis, who was posted at a house near the upper mill. This movement he performed with the utmost gallantry, leading half of Smallwood's regiment five or six several times to the charge, and nearly dislodging the British commander, who, but for the arrival of large reinforcements, would have been driven from his station. This band of four hundred, composed, say the British accounts, of youths, the flower of the best families in Maryland, sustained severe loss. But the object was attained, and the regiments, whose retreat it was designed to favour, effected their escape over marsh and creek, with the loss of a single man drowned. In his official report, Lord Howe speaks of numbers who perished in crossing the inlet. But this, I am convinced, is incorrect. The self-devoted heroes of this exploit were surrounded, and made prisoners of war.

We may readily conceive with what feelings their brethren in the camp beheld the undeserved ill fortune of the troops engaged in the action. General Putnam, a warrior of the true stamp, constrained to remain within the fortifications, and so little prepared for the events of the day, as to be only able, where the enemy appeared, to detach troops to meet them, saw with dismay the manœuvre which made them masters of the field. His efforts had all along been directed to General Grant's motions. For the defence in front, he relied on General Sullivan to provide, and great was his surprise, on seeing the enemy turn that officer's flank. As the engagement between Lord Stirling and General Grant grew warmer, his attention was attracted by the broadside which the British frigate Roebuck opened upon the Red-hook battery in his rear. Too late aware of his mistake, he was compelled to await the issue.

At this juncture, General Washington reached the lines, and beheld, with infinite grief, the discomfiture of his beloved troops. Wringing his hands, he is said, when he saw no aid could reach them, to have given vent to the keenest anguish. From the height he stood upon, the movements of both parties were revealed to him. Here, was seen Lord Stirling, gallantly attacking Cornwallis; there, a troop of Americans, escaping with thinned numbers through the British ranks, were pursued to the very entrenchments. By the creek, soldiers plunging into the unknown depths of its waters, or struggling through the miry bog, were fired upon by the foe; toward Flatbush, the Hessians and British were combining to enfold, in a still narrower circle, the few and undaunted continentals.

Lest the foregoing imperfect description should have left obscure some of the details of this affair, let me briefly recapitulate its successive disasters. I have supposed the reader to be, where all would have chosen to stand on that occasion, on the American side. A glance at the motions of the British, will show how admirably their manœuvres were planned and executed. The success of the concerted movement was insured by the unforeseen malady of General Greene. All the passes to Brooklyn were defended, save one; and it was by this that the troops, which decided the fortunes of the day, and were the same we left filing off from Flatland to New-Lots, on the previous night, turned the American flank. The road from Jamaica to Bedford was left unprotected; the enemy early ascertained this fact; and,

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o enable them to profit by our neglect, General Grant's advance, which was a diversion, had been devised. The fleet and General de Heister co-operated with him in this manœuvre. General Putnam, taking this feint for a *bona fide* attack, was deceived; and the Americans were entrapped by forces superior in discipline, in tactics, in numbers, in good fortune, but not in courage; for though eleven hundred were either killed or taken, near four thousand fought their way back to the camp.

To the absence of General Greene, who had studied, and would doubtless have guarded, all the approaches to the camp, and to the want of a general commanding officer throughout the day, may this disaster be attributed. General Putnam could not leave his lines, and the double care of New York and Long Island devolved upon the commander-in-chief. General Woodhull, who had been ordered to guard the road from Bedford to Jamaica, with the Long Island militia, remained at Jamaica. The neglect which lost us the day, cost him his life. Riding home, after disbanding the volunteers under his command, he was captured by the British, and infamously cut to pieces, on his refusing to say, "God save the king."

Impartiality must award high praise, on this occasion, to the bravery of the enemy's troops, who followed so hotly in pursuit, that they were with difficulty withheld from attacking the American trenches. At night, the patriots within them told their missing brethren; and when their loss became known, and uncertainty veiled the fate of the absent ones, gloom and despondency pervaded the camp. The victorious British, on the contrary, hastened to secure the ground they had gained, and flushed with victory, passed the night in exultation.

On the twenty-eighth, a violent rain kept the two armies in their respective encampments. That night, the enemy broke ground within about six hundred yards of Fort Greene, and on the following day were busily engaged in throwing up entrenchments. Their main force was advancing, by slow but sure approaches, to besiege the American fortifications, and their superior artillery would doubtless soon silence our batteries. The advanced sentinel of the British army was surprised, on the morning of the thirtieth, by the unwonted stillness within the American lines. Calling a comrade or two around him, they proceeded to reconnoitre. Emboldened by the silence, they crept near the embankment, and cautiously peeping into our camp, perceived not a vestige of the army to whose challenges they had listened the night before. The alarm was given, and the party who first rushed in, to take possession of the works, saw in the midstream, out of gun-shot and filled with well-pleased Americans, the last of the barges which had borne their comrades across the waters that night. Beyond it, in a small boat, there sat an American officer, of calm and dignified mien. On his pale countenance the anxious muscles were relaxing into a heavenly smile. This bark bore Cæsar and his fortunes; and a prayer seemed to escape the lips of Washington, as a glance at the distant shore told him the American army was beyond the reach of danger.

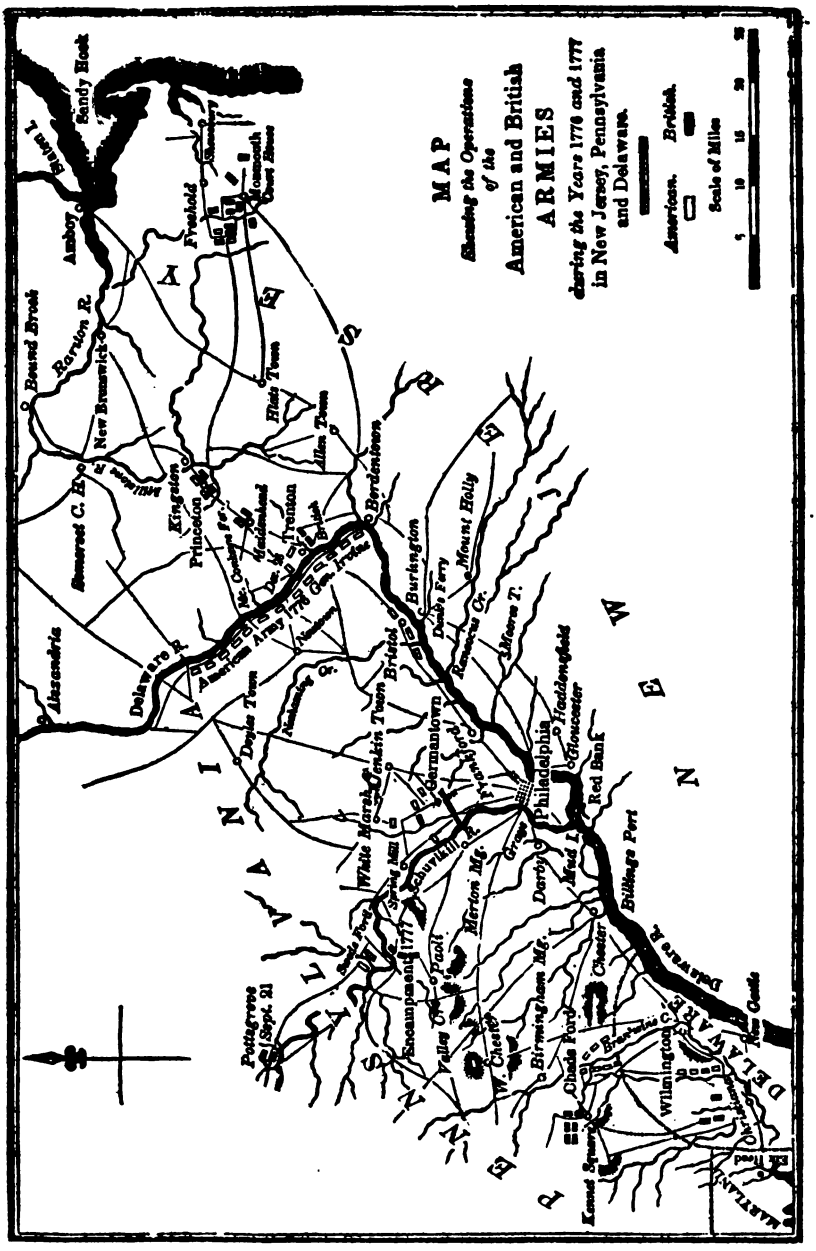
Nine thousand men, with all their stores and ammunitions, crossed the East river during the night, unperceived by the enemy. For four-and-twenty hours previous, the commander-in-chief had not left the saddle. The immediate embarcation of the troops was under the direction of General M'Dougall, to whose vigilant activity high praise is due.

Incurious popular opinion has admitted this to have been a shameful defeat. I trust that all who have watched the phases of the day, and the concurrence of good and evil fortune on the respective parts of the British and Americans, will acknowledge the injustice of this decision. One great advantage of the assailant lies in the choice of points for attack, presented by any extensive field. This was peculiarly the case in the battle of the twenty-seventh of August. The outer line of defence was disproportioned to the force employed; and the enemy's subsequent moves, compelling our army to retreat, proved the fortification within to have been planned on too small a scale for the defence of that part of the island.

It was no disgraceful rout. We have shown, that the troops behaved with high spirit; and would that we might do justice to the distinguished courage displayed by the bands under General Sullivan and Lord Stirling on this occasion. In particular, may the attack of the latter upon Lord Cornwallis, be singled out as a feat of chivalrous gallantry; and the stand long maintained by the Marylanders, upon the hill, with flying colors, under the enemy's severest fire, be cited as examples of Spartan heroism. Some blame has been attached by Gordon to General Sullivan, for neglect of vigilance upon the unfortunate Jamaica road. This officer is defended by Judge Marshall, who observes, that the paucity of his troops, and the entire want of cavalry, forced him to rely upon General Woodhull for the defence of that pass.

It may be asked, why a defeat has been selected for my theme, in lieu of some one of the victories of the revolution. I answer, that even a reverse, when stamped by so much bravery, and incurred through such unforeseen ill-chance, is itself a high encomium upon the valor of our ancestors. We have no stronger comment to offer those who would stigmatize it, than our actual liberties. By falling, the infant learns to walk; by losses, the merchant learns to gain; by defeat, and all history tends to prove it, an army is taught to conquer. Moreover, the reverses imbue us with a saner spirit than the triumphs of the revolution. They recall to mind the price of our liberty. If success flushes the brow of the victorious, and lends impetuosity to determination, defeat still more powerfully operates to paralyze courage, and depression is its immediate, if not lasting, result. It is, then, a manlier study, to mark the workings of the spirit which took breath in discomfiture for renewed resistance at Harlem, where Leitch and Knowlton fell, and at White Plains. Such a soul filled the breast of Washington. His glory lay more in retrieving the war's losses, throughout the long struggle, than even in the laurels of Princeton, and Trenton and York

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MAP
Shewing the Operations of the
American and British
ARMIES
during the Years 1776 and 1777
in New Jersey, Pennsylvania
and Delaware.
Americans. British.
Scale of Miles
Sandy Hook
Amboy
Freehold
Monmouth Court House
Raritan R.
Bound Brook
New Brunswick
Somerset C. H.
Kingston
Princeton
Trenton
Bordentown
Burlington
Mount Holly
Delaware R.
Alexandria
Dyde Town
Bristol
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Gloucester
Red Bank
Billings Port
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army passing through Paterson, reached Newark, Nov. 24th, and New Brunswick Dec. 1; the British close in pursuit were at Amboy. Washington, perceiving it to be the evident design of the enemy to push on to Philadelphia, hastened on through Princeton and reached Trenton Dec. 30. The American force at this time was very inferiour, and altogether insufficient to make a stand against the advancing enemy. The time the militia enlisted for was short, and many of them went home. Whole companies deserted, and the army was soon so small that Washington knew every man by name. They were so nearly naked and ragged too, and looked so miserable that their own countrymen were almost ashamed to join them. The enemy pressed them so closely, that large numbers went over to them, alleging that "they might as well be ruined one way as another." They crossed the Delaware, and week after week they were driven up and down its banks with scarcely a hope of relief. The bare and sore feet of the infantry left the frozen ground bloody behind them. The British cavalry traversed the country, with their large, fine horses, and elegant uniforms. But the few horsemen of the American army, were mounted upon wretched, worn-out horses, so lean and frightful, as to be the constant theme of ridicule with the British soldiers. The whole were ridiculed as a company of "ragamuffins."

These were "the times that tried men's souls:" and the American people began to fear, that they would be crushed in their struggle for freedom. Many were entirely disheartened, and numbers basely deserted the cause of their country at this hour of need, and went over to the enemy. But the glorious Washington remained firm and undismayed. While other minds were shaken with doubt and fear, he remained steadfast and resolved. Looking deeply into the future, and placing his trust in Heaven, he seemed to penetrate the clouds that shed their gloom upon the land, and to see beyond them a brighter and a happier day. He always appeared before his soldiers with a smile, and fought or fasted with them, as necessity required. He inspired all around him with courage, and wrote many letters to Congress, to the governours of the states, to his generals and to his friends, entreating them to make great exertions to send him assistance. These appeals were not without effect. Philadelphia, in a very short time furnished him with a regiment of fifteen hundred noble fellows who were resolved to support him to the last.

The British now withdrew into winter quarters. They occupied the villages for many miles up and down, on the eastern bank of the Delaware. Washington was below them, on the other side. But they were tired of pursuing him; and they believed that his army would soon dwindle away, and the whole country be conquered. They scarcely took the trouble to set guards at night. But Washington watched them like a lynx. On the night of December 25th, he crossed the Delaware again, with a large part of his army. The night was dark, stormy and cold. The river was crowded with broken ice, rushing together, and sweeping down upon its swift current. But notwithstanding these difficulties and dangers, the river was passed by the American troops, and they marched on to Trenton. They entered that place at eight in the morning, and met a large body of Hessians, who however resisted only for a short time. Five hundred cavalry escaped; but some fine cannon and about a thousand prisoners were taken by the Americans. Cornwallis, who lay a few miles off, thought so little of the American "ragamuffins," at this time, that he mistook the noise of the cannon at Trenton for thunder. In the night of the second of January '77, apprehending an attack from the British, Washington started off for the mountains of New Jersey. He reached Princeton at daybreak, and fell upon the British there so suddenly and so fiercely, that sixty of them were killed, and three hundred taken prisoners. Washington soon reached Morristown, and there, as well as at Middlebrook or Boundbrook formed a camp. Here he commenced re-organizing his army for the campaign of '77. Congress, notwithstanding the extreme jealousy which had prevailed in relation to the danger of a military ascendency, were constrained in the present alarming aspect of affairs, to invest Washington with dictatorial powers. The proceedings were as follows:—

"*December 27th*, 1776. This Congress, having maturely considered the present crisis; and having perfect reliance on the wisdom, vigour, and uprightness of General Washington, do hereby

"Resolve, That General Washington, shall be, and he is, hereby vested with full, ample, and complete powers to raise and collect together in the most speedy and effectual manner, from any or all of these United States, sixteen battalions of infantry, in addition to those already voted by Congress; to appoint officers for the said battalions of infantry; to raise, officer, and equip three thousand lighthorse, three regiments of artillery, and a corps of engineers, and to establish their pay; to apply to any of the states for such aid of the militia as he shall judge necessary; to form such magazines of provisions, and in such places, as he shall think proper; to displace and appoint all officers under the rank of brigadier-general, and to fill up all vacancies in every other department in the American army; to take, wherever he may be, whatever he may want for the use of the army, if the inhabitants will not sell it, allowing a reasonable price for the same; to arrest and confine persons who refuse to take the continental currency, or are otherwise disaffected to the American cause; and return to the states, of which they are citizens, their names, and the nature of their offences, together with the witnesses to prove them.

"That the foregoing powers be vested in General Washington, for aid during the term of six months from the date hereof, unless sooner determined by Congress."

Although these powers constituted Washington, in all respects a *Dictator*, according to the Roman sense of that word, yet he never exercised them any farther than the exigency of the case demanded. In consequence of the very great efforts that were made by every friend of the American cause, militia crowded from all parts to Washington's camp at Middlebrook and Morristown. His army in the spring of '77 amounted to fifteen thousand men. He was so strongly intrenched among the hills, that the English dared not attack him. The following summer was spent in marching to and fro in New Jersey, without effecting much. But in July the British

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mustered a force of sixteen thousand men, at New York. These left there, soon after, with a large fleet. An attack was expected everywhere upon the coast; but no one knew whither they were bound. Washington moved his army towards Philadelphia. The British fleet at last, entered Chesapeake Bay, and landed their men at Turkey Point. They left that place September 3d, and marching towards Philadelphia, came up with a portion of Washington's army, at a place called Chad's Ford, on the river Brandywine. On the 11th, they had a warm skirmish, and the Americans were driven back. Congress removed to Yorktown, Virginia; and Howe entered Philadelphia, in great triumph, September 26th.

The Americans were defeated again at Germantown, on the 4th of October. The battle began early in the morning, when nothing could be seen farther than thirty yards. During the whole action, which lasted nearly three hours, the firing on both sides was directed by the flash of each other's guns. The smoke of the cannon and musketry, mingled with the thick fog, rested over the armies in clouds. The Americans saved their artillery, even to a single cannon, which had been dismounted. General Greene displayed most remarkable coolness in this action.

About this time, a smart action was fought at Red Bank, on the Jersey side of the Delaware, seven miles below Philadelphia. The Americans had erected batteries here, and upon Mud Island, in the middle of the river. Nothing, therefore, belonging to the British, could pass up and down between their camp at Philadelphia, and their fleet in the river below. Two ranges of chevauxdefrise were placed in the channel. Howe sent down two thousand Germans, under Colonel Donop, to attack the Red Bank redoubt, which was defended by four hundred men. This number was so small, that half the redoubt was left vacant, and a line was drawn through the middle of it. The enemy came on very fiercely with a brisk cannonade; entered the empty part of the redoubt, and shouted for victory. But the garrison poured out such a tremendous fire, that the Germans, after a brief conflict fled, with the loss of four hundred men, and their brave commander Donop.

Washington retired into winter quarters at Valley Forge, sixteen miles from Philadelphia. His army might have been tracked by the blood of their feet, in marching without shoes or stockings, over the hard, frozen ground. Thousands of them had no blankets, and were obliged to spend the night in trying to get warm, instead of sleeping. They erected log huts for lodgings. For a fortnight they nearly starved—sometimes they were without bread and without meat. A person passing by the huts of these poor fellows in the evening, might have seen them through the crevices, stretching their cold hands over the fire, and a soldier occasionally coming in or going out, with nothing but a blanket on his shoulders. "No pay, no clothes, no provisions, no rum," said they to each other. But to their praise be it spoken, they loved Washington and their country too well, to desert them in these trying times.

During the winter, the Americans contrived some machines, which were filled with gunpowder, and sent down the river Delaware, near to the city. They expected that these would explode, and among the British shipping; they did, however, no damage, but the British were very much alarmed, and accordingly, fired cannon at every thing they saw floating in the river. This afforded the Americans a fund of amusement. Francis Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration, and a man of great wit, wrote the following humorous ballad upon the subject:—

BATTLE OF THE KEGS.

Gallants, attend, and hear a friend
Trill forth harmonious ditty:
Strange things I'll tell, which late befell
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on log of wood,
And saw a thing surprising.

As in a maze he stood to gaze,—
The truth can't be denied sir,—
He spied a score of kegs, or more,
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor too, in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First rubb'd his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said, "Some mischief's brewing.

"These kegs do hold the rebels bold,
Pack'd up like pickled herring;
And they're come down t' attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying."

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And, scar'd almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantick scenes were acted;
And some ran here, and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the streets half naked.

Sir William he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring,
Nor thought of harm, as he lay warm,
The land of dreams exploring.

Now in a fright he starts upright,
Awaked by such a clatter:
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
"Alas! what is the matter?"

At his bedside he then espied
Sir Erskine at command, sir;
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And the other in his hand, sir.

"Arise, arise!" Sir Erskine cries;
"The rebels—more's the pity—
Without a boat, are all afloat,
And ranged before the city.

"The motley crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir,
Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir.

"Therefore prepare for bloody war—
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be,
And British courage doubted."

The royal band now ready stand,
All ranged in dread array, sir,
With stomach stout, to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir

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The cann ns roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since war's began, I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded,
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attack'd from every quarter;
"Why sure," thought they, "the d——'s to pay.
'Mongst folks above the water."

The kegs, 'tis said, though strongly made,
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conquering British troops, sir

From morn to night, these men of might
Display'd amazing courage,
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retired to sup their porridge.

A hundred men, with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, sir,
It is most true, would be too few,
Their valour to record, sir,

Such feats did they perform that day,
Against these wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

The treaty between France and America was concluded February 6th, 1778, by which the former agreed to join arms with the latter against the British, and occasioned prodigious joy in the army at Valley Forge, and over the whole country. General Clinton, hearing of this, thought it necessary to remove to New York. He accordingly evacuated Philadelphia on the 18th of June, to the great joy of the inhabitants, and took up his march through New Jersey. Washington broke up his quarters at Valley Forge, and immediately pursued him. A hot battle was fought on the 28th, near Monmouth court-house, which did not cease till night. Washington slept upon his cloak under a tree, expecting more fighting in the morning; but the British marched off in the night. Sixty of their soldiers were found dead on the battle-field without wounds. Fatigue and the excessive heat had killed them. Washington afterwards passed on to Morristown, and the highlands of the Hudson.

OPERATIONS AT THE SOUTH.

The operations of the contending armies at the south during the revolutionary war, were extensive, various, and long continued. They were commenced early, and concluded at the latest stage. Their history would fill a large and interesting volume—and it would exhibit a detail of the most savage fierceness and brutality, on the part of the enemy, and of the most gallant bravery, skill, suffering and fortitude on the part of our countrymen, that often occur in the whole history of the war. A portion of these scenes and operations have recently been invested with a new and superior interest by the aid of the imagination, in a recent work of fiction.*

The battle of Lexington was the tocsin of the revolutionary war. As the news of that battle spread, the American people every where awoke to a sense of their immediate danger, and prepared for the impending storm. The southern provinces were not far behind the northern, in the activity and earnestness of their preparations. A few days after the battle of Lexington, South Carolina raised two regiments of infantry and one of cavalry. Virginia also immediately exhibited a readiness to yield her aid in defending this country. A great difficulty existed at this time in this province, between the English governor, Dunmore, and the Assembly. He feared the people would seize on the powder of the public magazine at Williamsburg, and ordered it to be carried on board a vessel called the Jasper, lying at anchor in the river James. He also talked of setting free the negroes, and of destroying the city, which so greatly incensed the people, that they compelled him to leave Williamsburg, and seek safety on board a royal armed vessel. Having collected a fleet, he resolved to harass the Virginians as much as possible, if he could not govern them. In this he was joined and assisted by the tories.

He laid waste the coast, at various places, in the most shocking manner, murdering and burning like a pirate. He burnt Hampton on the bay of Hampton, among the rest, and undertook to establish his camp there. But the Virginians soon drove him back upon the water. He then declared all the negro slaves to be free, and invited them to join him. A few of them succeeded in doing so.

He landed again at Norfolk, where the tories were numerous; and a battle was fought, a few miles from that city, at a place called Great Bridge, with a regiment of Virginia militia and minute men. The governor had only two hundred regulars about him. The rest was a mere mob, of black, white and gray.

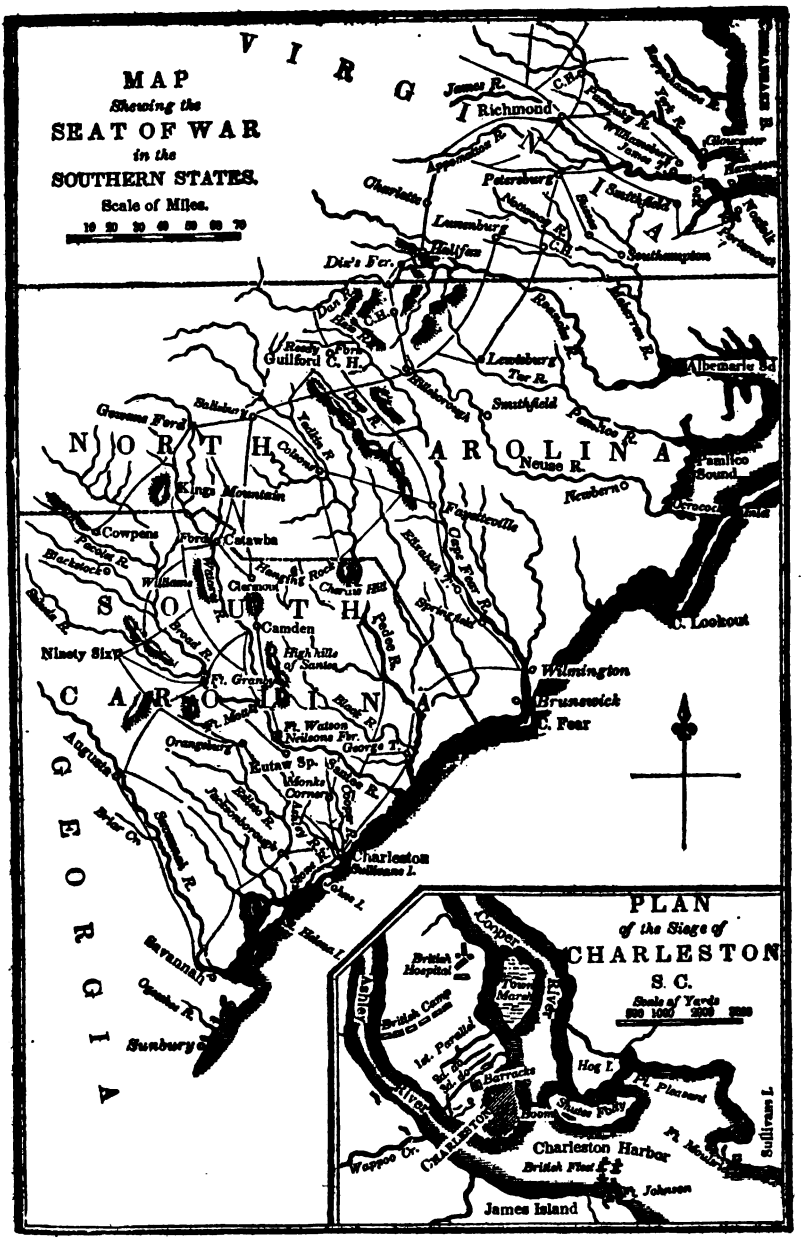
The first attack was made by the British, on the American intrenchment. The battle lasted some time, with a good deal of spirit. At last the British captain was killed, and the troops fell back upon the bridge. The governor did not like fighting; so during the battle he contented himself with looking on at a distance. The negroes loved fighting as little as the governor. They found it by no means pleasant to have their flesh cut to pieces with bullets; so, after a few shots, they ran away as fast as they could. The governor also thought it best to retreat, and, accordingly, he and his men went on board of their vessels.

This affair did not serve to sweeten governor Dunmore's temper; nor did it put him in a better humor to find that his friends, the tories at Norfolk, had been handled roughly by the people there, after his retreat with his negro allies. He now returned into the bay, with a ship of war, and sent a message ashore, declaring that, unless the people furnished him with provisions, he should batter the town down about their ears. They refused to supply him: so he gave them notice in the morning, to remove the women and children; and then with his own sloop of war, the frigate Liverpool, and two corvettes, he blazed away upon the place, till scarcely one stone was left upon another. The provincials, to disappoint him of his provisions, burnt the whole country round about.

In South Carolina, governor Campbell arrived at Charleston, from England, about the same time, with the news of the Lexington battle. The people were on their guard, and he tried in vain to get the better of them, by inviting the tories to assist him; but the tories were afraid to do so. He began to be fright-

* Horse Shoe Robinson. By James P. Kennedy.

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REVOLUTIONARY BATTLES ILLUSTRATED. No. 5.

oned a little himself, being a man of less courage than governor Dunmore; so he said little or nothing for some time.

To unmask him, the American leaders sent privately to him one Adam Macdonald, captain in a militia regiment. He called himself Dick Williams, and offered his services to the governor. The latter was delighted, and told him all his plans. Having heard them attentively, Adam went away and told the whole to the persons who employed him.

They immediately sent a committee, Macdonald among the number, to wait upon his excellency, and request him to show his royal commission, if he had any, as governor. He declined this proposal. There were some hints then thrown out, about putting him in confinement. These came to his ears, and he retreated, with very little ceremony or delay, to an English corvette, anchored in the harbour. The assembly requested him to return; but he refused.

Nothing more was seen of him, or his government, in Charleston. The tories were numerous in other sections of the province, however, and he mustered them together in great force. The people were alarmed. The militia was ordered out; and the two parties were on the eve of an engagement. But at length the tories were dispersed, and they gave no more trouble at that time.

The provincials in South Carolina continued to be very active. They captured fort Johnson, on James' Island, in Charleston harbour, and placed batteries on

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Point Huddrel. The English ships were at last driven off. The next thing with the people was to send an expedition after an English vessel laden with powder, which was anchored on the bank, called the Bar of St. Augustine, a town on the coast of East Florida. She was taken, and 15,000 pounds of powder were carried to Charleston.

In North Carolina, the provincial congress raised 1,000 regular militia, and 3,000 minute men. The English governor, Martin, disliked the appearance of things, and endeavored to muster a force of the Irish and Scotch part of the inhabitants. He also fortified his own house, at Newbern, with artillery. The people seized upon his cannon; and he fled to a fort upon Cape Fear river.

The provincials marched after him, led on by colonel Ashe. He retreated on board a vessel, as the other governors had done. Colonel Ashe burnt the fort to ashes the same night. The assembly declared the governor a traitor. He answered them in a very long letter, which they ordered to be burnt by the common hangman. A large quantity of balls and powder was found in his cellar and gardens at Newbern.

The British Generals had contemplated various methods of subduing the southern provinces, in the hope of making a permanent lodgment in the bosom of the country. The strong resistance which they met in the interior, however, convinced them that an attempt to invade the country, without going to work thoroughly and systematically, was totally impracticable. They therefore determined to make an attack upon the city of Charleston, in South Carolina.

Admiral Parker and general Clinton reached Charleston harbor on the 28th of June, and, with eleven large vessels of war, commenced a tremendous attack upon fort Moultrie. This stood upon Sullivan's Island, six miles from the city, and was built of a kind of wood called palmetto, so spongy and soft that the balls were buried in it, and no splinters were thrown off.

The fort was defended by sixty pieces of cannon. Ship after ship poured in their tremendous broadsides. The whole harbour seemed to be but a sheet of flame. The Americans aimed well, and every shot had its effect. Some of the English vessels were soon stranded. The Thunder, after firing more than sixty bombs, was disabled. The Bristol was almost destroyed, and a great number of men were killed.

The fire of the fort suddenly stopped. Their powder was exhausted. The enemy thought themselves sure of the victory, and the ships moved nearer, with their flags flying and their drums beating. But the Americans were soon supplied from the shore, and the battle lasted, hotter than ever, till seven in the evening. The English drew off in the night, and the enterprise was abandoned. This defence of Fort Moultrie was one of the most gallant actions of the war.

Every man and every officer fought like a hero. Congress voted their thanks to the whole garrison, and to several of the officers by name. A sword was presented to a sergeant of grenadiers, named Jasper. In the heat of the battle, the staff of the fort flag had been cut down by a ball. Jasper sprang after it, fastened it to the rammer of a cannon, and hoisted it again, amid the fire of the enemy.

The British had, however, gained possession of many portions of the southern provinces, particularly of Georgia. The British general, Prevost, had possession of Savannah. He was besieged by general Lincoln in 1779, but Lincoln failed of success, and was obliged to relinquish the siege. Prevost ravaged the country, burning and plundering without mercy. He met, however, much brave and determined resistance, and many interesting anecdotes are related of the most daring and chivalrous deeds on the part of some of the provincials.

But notwithstanding the repeated instances of bravery, and the activity and cunning of the hardy bands that arose every where in the south, the British overrun Georgia and the two Carolinas. They had succeeded in taking Charleston on the 11th of May, 1780, after a long siege, and a brave defence by general Lincoln. This way then was opened to ravage the country. Their course was marked with savage barbarity and cruelty, and a reckless waste of property. They not only sacked every village, but burnt every house; destroyed the crops and drove away the cattle; not content with pillaging houses and robbing individuals of their property, "grasping for gold, they went rummaging amongst the tombs." But their inhuman revelry was not of long continuance. Soon after Charleston was taken, general Gates was sent to take command of the southern army. He was joined by hundreds of the Carolina militia. Congress sent him some fine Maryland and Delaware troops also. They had a very long and hard march through the woods, finding nothing to eat on the way, but peaches and green corn, with now and then a flock of wild turkeys, or a drove of wild hogs. But they were brave men, and did not murmur. They even joked each other on account of their thin faces, and lank legs.

A battle took place on the 16th of August, near Camden, South Carolina, between Gates and the British under lord Cornwallis. The former was defeated, and fled eighty miles into the back country. The lean, northern soldiers, we have just mentioned, fought nobly an hour after all the rest had been routed like an army of rotten sheep. The brave Baron de Kalb was wounded in eleven places. He fell from his horse, and died in the hands of the British. He was a Frenchman, and sent his compliments, in his last moments, to his "gallant Maryland and Delaware soldiers."

Generals Marion and Sumpter gave the British great trouble during this campaign. Small parties of the mountain militia joined them, and they swept down upon the enemy, wherever they could find them in small parties. The farmers' wives furnished them pewter spoons and platters, to make into bullets; and they forged swords of scythes and the saws of sawmills.

In October, sixteen hundred of these mountaineers mustered together to attack a British force under major Ferguson, who had encamped not far from the mountains. For weeks, they had no salt, bread, or spirits; they slept upon boughs of trees, without blankets, drank only from the running streams, and lived upon wild game, or ears of corn, and pumpkins, roasted by their great log fires in the woods.

They were to assault Ferguson in three parties, and colonel Cleaveland addressed his party in these words:—"My brave boys, we have beat the red-

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coats and the tories, and we can beat them again. They are all cowards. You must fight, each man for himself, without orders. Fire as quick as you can, and stand as long as you can. If you must retreat, get behind the trees—don't run, my fine fellows, don't run!" "Hurrah for the mountaineers!" cried they, and rushed down upon the enemy.

The Americans were driven back at the point of the bayonet; but they only lay down among the logs and rocks, and being sharp shooters, killed more than two hundred of the enemy. Ferguson was killed himself, and eight hundred of his soldiers surrendered. Ten of the most savage tories, notorious rascals, were hung up on the neighboring trees.

With the year 1781, the war drew rapidly toward a close. It was carried on almost entirely in the southern provinces. General Greene was appointed to command the American forces in that quarter. At the time of his arrival, they were a miserable, half-starved militia, of three thousand men. They marked the frozen ground with the blood of their bare feet, and lived half their time upon frogs, taken from the swamps, wild game, rice, and wretchedly lean cattle.

But they were soon reinforced; and small parties, under Sumpter, Marion, Morgan and others, often annoyed the forces of Cornwallis. Colonel Washington laid siege to a strong blockhouse near Camden, defended by a British colonel and a hundred tories. He had no cannon, and few men; but he carved out a few pine logs in the shape of cannon, mounted them on wheels, and summoned the tories to surrender. They were frightened at the appearance of his big cannon, and surrendered. Not a shot was fired upon either side.

On the 17th of January, colonel Morgan, with eight hundred militia, was attacked at a place called the Cowpens, in South Carolina, by Tarlton, a famous British officer, with eleven hundred men, and two cannon. The enemy rushed on with a tremendous shout. The front line of militia were driven back. Tarleton pursued them, at full gallop, with his troopers, and fell upon the second line. They too were giving way.

At this moment, colonel Washington charged Tarleton with forty-five militiamen, mounted and armed as troopers. The whole line now rallied under colonel Howard, and advanced with fixed bayonets. The British fled. Their cannon were left behind; three hundred British soldiers were killed and wounded, and five hundred were taken prisoners; eight hundred muskets, seventy negroes, and one hundred dragoon horses also fell into the hands of the Americans. Many British officers were killed. Morgan always told his sharp-shooters "to aim at the epaulettes, and not at the poor rascals who fought for sixpence a day."

General Greene was now driven back, by Cornwallis, into North Carolina. The latter pursued him through the province, over mountains and swamps, and arrived at the river Dan, just as Greene had crossed it. Cornwallis now found it necessary to turn about; and so he marched back, and Greene soon followed him with new forces.

Sumpter joined him at Orangeburg, having received orders to do so during his hasty retreat before the enemy. It seems Greene could find no man in his army who would carry the message to Sumpter. A country girl, named Emily Geiger, at last offered her services, and was sent. She was taken by the British, and confined for the purpose of being searched. She, however, ate up the letter which she carried, piece by piece. They released her, to go home, as they supposed; but she took a roundabout way, reached Sumpter's camp safely, and delivered her message, in her own words.

The Americans were defeated near Guilford court-house on the 15th of March. But Cornwallis retreated soon after. He had suffered great loss, and his army was small. A militia colonel cried out in this battle, as the British were marching up, "They will surround us." He was frightened himself, and frightened his soldiers so much, that they gave way while the enemy was one hundred and forty yards distant.

Colonel Washington, at the head of his troopers, nearly captured Cornwallis in this battle. He was just rushing upon the British general, when his cap fell from his head. As he leaped to the ground for it, the leading American officer behind him was shot through the body, and rendered unable to manage his horse. The animal wheeled round, and galloped off with his rider; and the troop, supposing it was Washington's order, wheeled about also, and rode off at full speed.

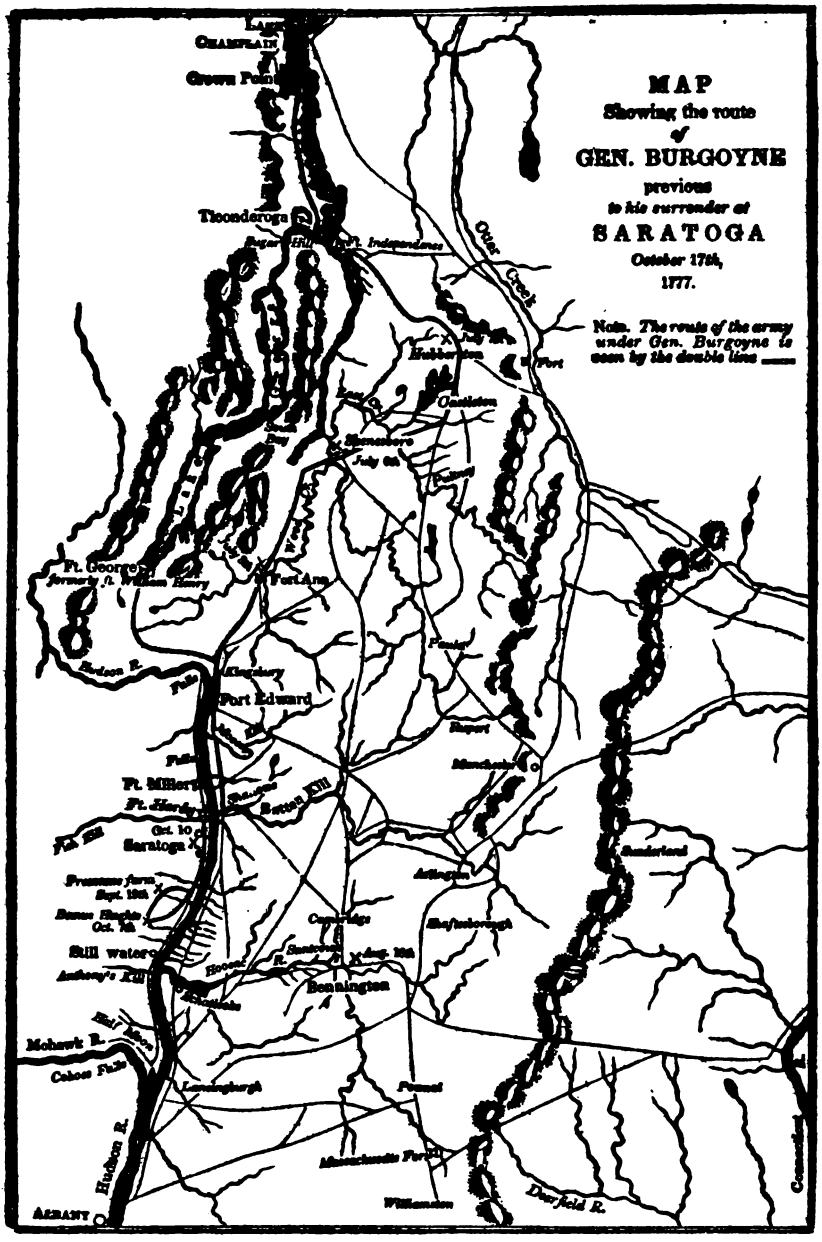
Fort Watson, between Camden and Charleston, surrendered in April, with 114 men, to general Marion. The fort was built on a mound of earth thirty feet high; but Marion, with his mountaineers, had raised a work which overlooked it in such a manner, that not a man in the fort could show his head over the parapets, or scarcely point his musket through a hole in the walls, but the riflemen above would shoot him. Greene was again defeated at Camden, on the 25th of April, by nine hundred English under lord Rawdon.

But in a month or two, the British lost six forts, and that of Augusta was among them. Here there were three hundred men, as a garrison, almost buried themselves under ground, while the Americans were building up batteries within thirty yards, which swept the fort through and through. Greene and all his officers, and all his men, fought nobly the whole season. "I will recover the province," said the general, "or die in the attempt." It is remarkable, that although his force was much inferior to that of Cornwallis, and though he was frequently defeated, yet, by his admirable manœuvres, the result of the campaign was entirely favorable to the Americans, and injurious to the British.

Greene attacked the enemy at Eutaw Springs, September 8th, and completely defeated them, killing and capturing eleven hundred of their best soldiers. In pursuing the enemy, one Manning found himself surrounded by them. He seized upon a small British officer; and being himself a stout man, placed him upon his shoulders and retreated, the English not daring to fire at him. The little officer was horribly frightened, but Manning took good care of him.

The war was closed by the capture of Cornwallis, at Yorktown, on York river, Virginia.

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REVOLUTIONARY BATTLES ILLUSTRATED.

CAPTURE OF BURGOYNE, AT SARATOGA.

We know of no series of events to be found in the history of our Revolution, more highly fraught with interest than those that were attendant upon the effort of Gen. Burgoyne to penetrate from the Canadas to the city of Albany. To conjoin the greater portion of the British army in the interiour of New York, by opening a way from New York city on one side, and from Canada on the other, while another portion was harassing the South, had for a long time been the favourite plan of the British ministry. They looked upon the victorious result of this enterprise as a final blow to the war.

General Burgoyne, an officer of undoubted ability, and possessed of an exact knowledge of the country, was appointed to conduct the operations of the northern army. He was a man of genius and spirit, and of fiery ambition, which led the English ministry to place so great confidence in him. Having arrived in Quebec with his commission in May, 1777, he immediately displayed great activity in making those preparations which were necessary to the success of an enterprise which was to decide the fate of America. The regular force placed at his disposal, consisting of British and German troops, amounted to upwards of seven thousand men, exclusive of a corps of artillery composed of about five hundred.

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To these was added a detachment of seven hundred rangers, under Colonel St. Leger, destined to make an incursion into the country of the Mohawks, and to seize Fort Stanwix. According to the plan, the principal army of Burgoyne was to be joined by two thousand Canadians, including hatchet-men, and other workmen whose services were necessary to render the ways practicable. A sufficient number of seamen had been assembled, for manning the transports. Besides the Canadians that were to be immediately attached to the army, many others were called upon to scour the woods in the frontiers, and to occupy the intermediate parts between the army, which advanced towards the Hudson, and that which remained for the protection of Canada; the latter amounted, including the highland emigrants, to upwards of three thousand men. They were furnished by the sanguine ministry with a liberal profusion of provisions, military stores, and other conveniences, amongst which was also comprehended a large quantity of uniforms, destined for the loyalists, who, it was not doubted, would after victory flock from all quarters to the royal camp. A great number of cruel and intractable savages were also added to their numbers, through the influence of Governor Carleton. Burgoyne was seconded by many able and excellent officers; among whom we may number major-general Phillips, the brigadier-generals Frazer, Powel, Hamilton, and Specht, with the Brunswick major-general Baron Reidesel. The whole army shared in the ardour and hopes of its chiefs, and not a doubt was entertained of an approaching triumph, and the conquest of America.

The first movement of Burgoyne was to encamp near the little river Bouquet, on the western bank of Lake Champlain, a short distance north of Crown Point. Here he made addresses to the Indians to repress their ferocious propensities, and sent proclamations into the country to intimidate the people. He next made a short stop at Crown Point, and then proceeded to invest Ticonderoga. The right wing took the western bank of the lake, the left advanced upon the eastern, and the centre was embarked upon the lake itself. The American army, destined to oppose the progress of the royal troops, and to defend Ticonderoga, was altogether insufficient. General Schuyler, who commanded the American troops in this quarter, had been disappointed in procuring reinforcements, and his force did not amount to over five thousand men.

Ticonderoga was very strongly fortified on every side, and its defence was intrusted to General St. Clair, with a garrison of three thousand men; one third of them were militia, and all illy equipped. Although Gen. St. Clair used all his exertions to retard the operations of the advancing enemy, yet in a few days they succeeded in getting possession of Mount Hope and Mount Defiance, two very important positions, one of which commanded the American lines to a dangerous degree, and the other overlooked the entire fort. Ticonderoga being thus easily hemmed in on every side, a council of officers concluded to evacuate the fort. They accordingly withdrew on the night of the fifth of July. All was done in good order and profound silence, and the stores, artillery and provisions were put on board two hundred batteaux and five armed galleys. They would probably have escaped unperceived by the British had not a house caught fire on Mount Independence, which betrayed by its light all that had taken place. The Americans were immediately pursued; and by the next afternoon their boats were overtaken and attacked at Skenesboro' falls. Two of the American galleys surrendered; three were blown up; and after setting fire to their works, mills, and batteaux, that portion of the army escaped up Wood Creek, to Fort Ann. The vanguard of the corps that set out by land, under St. Clair, had arrived at Castleton; the rear had rested at Hubbardston, when it was overtaken and attacked by General Frazer, on the morning of the seventh. An obstinate battle ensued, which at length, after Reidesel came up, resulted in dispersing the Americans, who left many of their soldiers, together with their brave commander, Col. Francis, dead on the field. St. Clair after hearing this news, struck into the woods in an eastern direction.

The English generals next resolved to drive the Americans from Fort Ann. After a sanguinary combat they finally succeeded in this, by bringing suddenly to their aid their savage allies. The Americans set the fort on fire, and retired to Fort Edward, where General Schuyler had posted himself. On the twelfth, St. Clair also arrived there with the remains of the garrison of Ticonderoga. This it was expected would be the next point of attack. But Burgoyne was detained at Skenesboro' by want of provisions and stores. Gen. Schuyler took advantage of this delay, and neglected no means to procure recruits and to impede the progress of the enemy.

The British succeeded in obtaining possession of Fort George, and with much difficulty their army attained the banks of the Hudson near Fort Edward. The Americans moved down to Stillwater. Burgoyne soon experienced a great deprivation of provisions. While Col. St. Leger was investing Fort Stanwix, on the Mohawk, he detached five hundred soldiers and Indians to procure cattle at Bennington. To favour this expedition he moved his army down to the bank opposite Saratoga. A company of provincials had assembled from different quarters at Bennington, and were under the command of Col. Stark. They met the enemy on the borders of the town, and after an obstinate contest bravely repulsed them; the British, however, were again strengthened by a new detachment that again attacked the Americans; victory however declared for the latter, and the former lost seven hundred men and all their baggage.

But at this time, General Herkimer, who marched to the relief of Col. Ganzevort at Fort Stanwix, was ambushed by the savages, who dispersed his corps with most frightful carnage. The Indians grew disaffected, however, soon, and the British were obliged to raise the siege and retreat.

These successes of the Americans at Stanwix and Bennington, inspired them with new confidence. The harvests were ended, and the country people took arms in multitudes, and hastened to the camp elated with the expectation of vanquishing the vaunting regulars of the king. Gen. Gates, a man of great military renown, was appointed to the command of the army, which also gave a new spur to their alacrity. They were also excited by the inhuman cruelties of the savages under St. Leger and Burgoyne; the affecting death of Miss M'Crea, which was also fresh in their minds, exasperated them to the extreme. The savages deserted Burgoyne, and

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the Canadians were frightened to their homes by the sinister aspect of affairs. Gen. Lincoln, with a strong corps of New Hampshire and Connecticut militia, assisted by Colonels Brown and Johnston, with great secrecy and celerity obtained repossession of Forts Edward, Ann, and George, Mount Hope, and Mount Defiance.

Gen. Burgoyne having amassed about thirty days' provisions, resolved to pass the Hudson, engage the American army, and force a passage to Albany. Towards the middle of September, he crossed the river, and encamped on the heights and plains of Saratoga, Gates being then near Stillwater. Burgoyne had now to rely, almost entirely, on his German and British regular troops, and a battle was soon expected. This was reserved for the nineteenth of September, and the question was to be decided, whether the Americans could resist the English upon equal ground, in fair and regular battle.

Some small woods only separating the two armies, they were early on the nineteenth formed in the order of battle. The right wing of the British army rested upon the high grounds, and the left wing and artillery, under Phillips and Reidesel, kept along the road and meadows by the river side. Gates took the right of the American army, and gave the left to Arnold. Smart skirmishes immediately ensued between the foremost marksmen of either party, and the two soon met. General Frazer repulsed the Americans. Finding the right flank of the enemy's right wing so well defended, they left a sufficient guard to defend this passage, made a rapid movement to their right, and vigorously assailed the left flank of the same wing. Arnold exhibited upon this occasion all the impetuosity of his courage; he encouraged his men with voice and example. The action became extremely warm; the enemy fearing that Arnold, by cutting their line, would penetrate between their wings, as was manifestly his intention, hastened to reinforce the points attacked. General Frazer came up with the twenty-fourth regiment, some light infantry, and Breyman's riflemen; he would have drawn more troops from the right flank, but the heights on which it was posted, were of too great importance to be totally evacuated. Meanwhile, such was the valour and impetuosity of the Americans, that the English began to fall into confusion; but General Phillips soon appeared with fresh men and a part of the artillery: upon hearing the firing he had rapidly made his way through a very difficult wood to the scene of danger. He restored the action at the very moment it was about to be decided in favour of the Americans. The latter, however, renewed their attacks with such persevering energy, that night only parted the combatants.

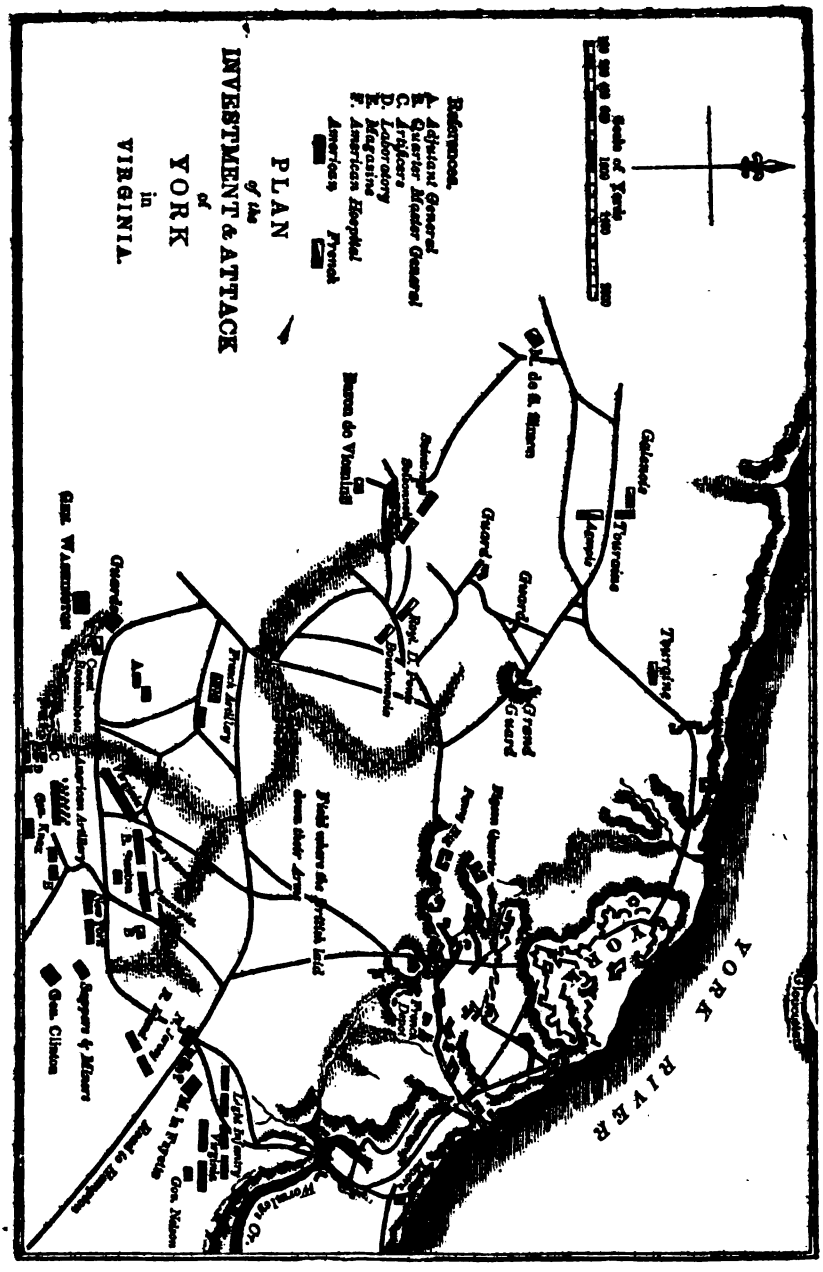
After this battle, Burgoyne waited nearly a month to hear from General Clinton. At length he received intelligence, but it was of such a nature as only to increase his disappointments and render his situation more hopeless. Driven to extremity, he resolved to make another effort to force a passage to Albany by the enemy's left. In this he utterly failed, and his troops were driven back to their intrenchments, and pursued with eagerness and great loss even to their camp. The Americans had now acquired an opening on the right and rear of the British army, whose situation was therefore rendered very perilous. Burgoyne operated a change of ground. But Gen. Gates had taken the precaution to station strong divisions on almost every side, to prevent the enemy's escape. Burgoyne retired to Saratoga, but so miserable was the condition of his army that it occupied nearly two days to effect this small movement of six miles. He left his hospital in the hands of the Americans. He now hoped to cross the river at Saratoga, and retreat to the lakes to save his army. But he soon found that Fort Edward, on the opposite bank, was too strongly manned to attempt to effect it. He then turned his attention to Fort George, in hopes of crossing there; but he soon learned that the Americans were strongly intrenched in that direction also. General Gates, with the main body of the army, thirsting for battle, was in his rear. In this state of affairs he relinquished all hopes of saving himself by his own efforts. His only refuge from despair was the faint hope of co-operation from the parts down the river; and he looked for the aid of Clinton with the most intense desire. His army was in a pitiable condition. Worn out, abandoned, half their number slaughtered, and amongst them the most distinguished officers; reduced in numbers from ten thousand to five thousand, and invested by an army of four times their own number, who refused to fight from a knowledge of their helpless condition, and who, from the nature of the ground, could not be attacked. But Burgoyne's troops, even while the rifle and grape shot fell thickly around them in this forlorn state, retained their ordinary constancy, and while sinking under a hard necessity, showed themselves worthy of a better fate. They betrayed no want of temper, or of fortitude.

The British army had but three day's provisions—no succour came—no hope remained. A capitulation was concluded upon. Gen. Gates, while he acted in the matter with moderation, also acted with decision. He left but one alternative for the British general—he must either sign the articles or prepare for battle. On this day, the seventeenth of October, the American army amounted to fifteen thousand men; the English to five thousand, seven hundred and ninety-one. The articles were signed, and they were principally these:—

The army should march out of camp with all the honours of war and its camp artillery, to a fixed place, where they were to deposit their arms and leave the artillery. To be allowed free embarkation and passage to Europe, from Boston, upon condition of their not serving again in America, during the present war. The army not to be separated, particularly the men from the officers. Roll-calling, and other duties of regularity to be permitted. The officers to be admitted on parole, and to wear their side arms. All private property to be retained, and the public delivered upon honour. No baggage to be searched or molested. All persons, of whatever country, appertaining to, and following the camp, to be fully comprehended in the terms of capitulation, and the Canadians to be returned to their own country, liable to its provisions.

Gen. Gates ordered his troops to retire within their lines, that they might not witness the shame of the English, when they piled their arms. Such was the fate of the British expedition upon the Hudson.

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of the
INVESTMENT & ATTACK
of
YORK
in
VIRGINIA
References
Adjutant General
Quarter Master General
Engineers
Laboratory
Magazine
American Hospital
American
French
Scale of Yards
Gen. Washington
Gen. Clinton
Gen. Nelson
Light Infantry
Grenadiers
French Artillery
American Artillery
Field where the French laid down their Arms
Pigeon Quarter
Pidgeon Hill
Hessian Camp
Pidgeon Hill Redoubt
Pidgeon Hill Battery
Pidgeon Hill Redoubt
Pidgeon Hill Battery
Pidgeon Hill Redoubt
Pidgeon Hill Battery

pressing on with proud steps and a noble confidence, presented a most magnificent spectacle. In the midst of this scene, news came, that the French fleet had arrived in the Chesapeake. The whole city rang with the notes of the general joy, and all seemed inspired with confidence in a certain victory.

Cornwallis was completely invested by the 7th of October. He had raised intrenchments; but the Americans and French had erected breast-works all about him, and now opened their batteries. They fired day and night. The roar was terrible. The ground, for miles, shook with it; and the bombs and shells were seen whirling and crossing each other in the dark sky, and blazing like comets. If they fell upon the ground, it was torn up for a rod around, and dozens were killed when they burst. The bombs sometimes went over the heads of the enemy, and fell among the British works at Gloucester Point on the other side of the river. The water spouted in columns as they fell. One night, an attack was made upon two redoubts, which the British had built out so far, that they stood in the way of some American works just building around them. The French were ordered to take one redoubt, and the Americans under Lafayette, the other. The two parties tried to outdo each other. Lafayette carried his redoubt first, however, and sent his aiddecamp to the leader of the French party, through all the fire of the batteries, to tell him he was in. "So will I be," said the Frenchman, "in five minutes;" and he performed his promise.

Cornwallis surrendered on the 19th. His army, of about seven thousand men, marched out, at two o'clock, and passed between the American line on one side, and the French on the other, stretched out for more than a mile. They were dressed in their most splendid uniforms, with colours flying, and accompanied with fine music. The English, carrying their colours bound up, marched with a slow and solemn step. The English general rode up to Washington at the head of the line, and excused the absence of Cornwallis, who feigned sickness. Washington pointed him politely to General Lincoln, and the latter directed him to a large field a little on the south, where the whole British army laid down their arms, and were led away prisoners.

The following article which we extract from a late number of Blackwood's (English) Magazine, describes the consternation of the British ministry when they received the intelligence of the capture of Cornwallis:—

"During the month of November, the accounts transmitted to government of Lord Cornwallis's embarrassments, augmented the anxiety of the Cabinet. Lord George Germaine, in particular, conscious that on the prosperous or adverse result of that expedition hinged the result of the American contest, and his own fate, as well as, probably, the duration of the ministry itself, expressed to his friends the strongest uneasiness on the subject. The meeting of Parliament stood fixed for the 27th of the month. On the 25th, about noon, the official intelligence of the surrender of the British forces at Yorktown, arrived at Lord Germaine's house. Lord Walsingham, who, previous to his father, Sir William de Grey's elevation to the peerage, had been under secretary of state in that department, and who was to second the address in the House of Lords, happened to be there when the messenger brought the news. Without communicating it to any person, Lord George, for the purpose of despatch, immediately got with him into a hackney coach, and drove to Lord Stormont's residence in Portland Place. Having imparted the disastrous information to him, and taken him into the carriage, they instantly proceeded to the Chancellor's house in Great Russel street, Bloomsbury, whom they found at home; when, after a short consultation, they determined to lay it themselves in person before Lord North. He had not received any intimation of the event when they arrived at his door in Downing street between one and two o'clock. The first minister's firmness, and even his presence of mind, gave way for a short time under this disaster. I asked Lord George afterwards how he took the communication. 'As he would have taken a ball in his breast,' replied Lord George. He opened his arms, exclaiming wildly, as he paced the apartment during a few minutes, 'O God, it is all over;' words which he repeated many times under emotions of deepest agitation and distress.

"Military affairs have since displayed themselves on a broader scale, and we can scarcely conceive that such notions of national calamity could be appended to the capture of a force which, however brave, scarcely amounted to the vanguard of a modern army, certainly not to the twentieth of the army with which Wellington appeared on the frontier of France. The misfortune of the troops under Cornwallis was unquestionable, but their character was unstained; they had been brought by their commander into a cul de sac, where, it is true, they might have held out for ever, if they could have received supplies by sea. But that contingency was too delicate to have been relied on by an officer of any intelligence. The result proved the fact. The French fleet took up the position which Lord Cornwallis's imaginary plan had marked out for the British. The army within Yorktown found, that though to Americans they were impregnable, they had a more formidable enemy, famine, to deal with; and finally, to that enemy, and that enemy alone, they surrendered.

"We next have a picture of a Cabinet Council in terror. When the first agitation had subsided, the four ministers discussed the question, whether it might not be expedient to prorogue the meeting of Parliament for a few days; but as scarcely an interval of forty-eight hours remained before the appointed time of meeting, and as many members of both Houses had arrived in London, or were on their way, the proposition was abandoned. It became, however, indispensable to alter, and almost remodel the King's speech. This was done without delay, and at the same time Lord George, as secretary for the American department, sent off a despatch to the King, then at Kew, acquainting him with the fate of Lord Cornwallis's expedition."

The narrative proceeds:—"I dined that day at Lord George's, and although the information which had reached London in the course of the morning from France, as well as from the official report, was of a nature not to admit of long concealment, yet it had not been communicated to me or any other individual of the company when I got to Pall Mall between 5 and 6 o'clock. Lord Walsingham, who also dined there, was the only person, except Lord George, acquainted with the fact. The party, nine

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in number, sat down to the table. I thought the master of the house appeared serious, though he manifested no discomposure. Before dinner was over a letter was brought back by the messenger who had been despatched to the king. Lord Walsingham, to whom he exclusively directed the observation—'The King writes,' said he, 'just as he always does, except that I observe, he has neglected to mark the hour and minute of his writing with his usual precision.' This remark, though calculated to awaken some interest, excited no comment; and while the ladies, Lord George's three daughters, remained in the room, we repressed our curiosity. But they had no sooner withdrawn, than Lord George having acquainted us that information had just arrived from Paris of the old Count Maurepas, first minister, lying at the point of death; 'It would grieve me,' said I, 'to finish my career, however far advanced in years, were I first minister of France, before I had witnessed the termination of this great contest between England and America.' 'He *has* survived to see that event,' replied Lord George Germaine, with some agitation.

"The conversation was prolonged until, on the mention of the Virginia campaign, the minister disclosed the full bearing of the intelligence. 'The army has surrendered, and you may peruse the particulars of the capitulation in that paper.' The paper was taken from his pocket, and read to the company. The next question was one of rather an obtrusive kind, to see what the king thought on the subject. The narration states the minister's remark, that it did the highest honor to his majesty's firmness, fortitude, and consistency. But this was a complying moment, and we are told that the billet was read to effect; 'I have received, with sentiments of the deepest concern, the communication which Lord George Germaine has made to me, of the unfortunate result of the operations to Virginia. I particularly lament it on account of the consequences connected with it and the difficulties which it may produce in carrying on the public business, or in repairing such a misfortune. But I trust that neither Lord Germaine, nor any other member of the Cabinet will suppose that it makes the smallest alteration in those principles of my conduc , which have directed me in the past time, which will always continue to animate me under every event, in the prosecution of the present contest.'

"The Cabinet, strengthened by the royal determination, now recovered courage; they met Parliament at the appointed time, and fought their battle there with unusual vigor. Perhaps in all the annals of senatorial struggle there never was a crisis which more powerfully displayed the talents of the Commons. Burke, Fox, and Pitt, were at once seen pouring down the whole fiery torrent of declamation on the government. The characteristic distinctions of their public speaking gave a new vividness and force to their assault upon the strongholds of the ministry. Fox's passionate personality hurled the fiercest invective against the ministry, the court, and, fatally for his own ambition, the king. Burke's vast grasp gathered materials of charge from all quarters, and all subjects, and heaped them alike, strong and weak, on the devoted heads of the culprit Cabinet. Pitt, with keener sagacity, for both the present and the future, tore up the frame of the ministerial policy, spared persons, avoided all insult to the monarch, but with the copious and superb combination of fact and feeling, argument and appeal, which from that period was adopted as his great parliamentary weapon and which was made to give him matchless superiority in a deliberative assembly, swept all before him with a 'two-handed sway,' and where he smote, left nothing for friends or enemy to combat or defend after him.

"These efforts failed of overthrowing the Cabinet at the time; but there can be no question that they hastened that precipitate fall which was so speedily afterwards to surprise the nation. The assault had terrified the garrison, and shaken the battlements to a degree which made the result of the next attack secure."

WATERLOO AT NOON, THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

On a surface of two square miles, it was ascertained that fifty thousand men and horses were lying! The luxurious crop of ripe grain which had covered the field of battle, was reduced to litter, and beaten into the earth; and the surface trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deeply by the cannon wheels, strewed with many a relic of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered fircarms and broken swords; all the variety of military ornaments; lancer caps and Highland bonnets; uniforms of every color, plume and pennon; musical instruments, the apparatus of of artillery, drums, bugles;—but, good God! why dwell on the harrowing picture of a foughten field? —each and every ruinous display bore mute testimony to the misery of such a battle. * * Could the melancholy appearance of this scene of death be heightened, it would be by witnessing the researches of the living, amidst its desolation, for the objects of their love. Mothers and wives and children, for days were occupied in that mournful duty; and the confusion of the corpses, friend and foe intermingled as they were, often rendered the attempt at recognizing individuals difficult, and in some cases impossible. * * In many places the dead lay four deep upon each other, marking the spot some British square had occupied, exposed for hours to the murderous fire of a French battery. Outside, lancer and cuirassier were scattered thickly on the earth. Madly attempting to force the serried bayonets of the British, they had fallen, in the bootless essay, by the musketry of the inner files. Farther on, you trace the spot where the cavalry of France and England had encountered; chasseur and hussar were intermingled and the heavy Norman horse of the Imperial Guard were interspersed with the gray chargers which had carried Albyn's chivalry. Here the Highlander and traileur lay, side by side, together; and the heavy dragoon, with green Erin's badge upon his helmet, was grappling in death with the Polish lancer.— * * On the summit of the ridge, where the ground was cumbered with dead, and trodden fetlock-deep in mud and gore, by the frequent rush of rival cavalry, the thick-strewn corpses of the Imperial Guard, pointed out the spot where Napoleon had been defeated. Here, in column, that favored corps, on whom his last chance rested, had been annihilated; and the advance and repulse of the Guard was traceable by a mass of fallen Frenchmen. In the hollow below, the last struggle of France had been vainly made; for there the Old Guard attempted to meet the British, and afford time for their disorganized companions to rally.—Maxwell's Victories of the British

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YORKTOWN.

The opposite cut presents a view of Yorktown, Virginia, as seen from the Williamsburg road. It is situated in York county, upon a river of the same name, and is noted in history as the scene of an important victory to the American troops, during the war of Independence. Situated only five miles from the mouth of the river, and accessible by vessels of heavy burden, it is a place of considerable trade. But we introduce it here more for its interest as consecrated ground, than to present a portraiture of its present growth, and commercial and trading character.

During the American Revolution, Yorktown was made the theatre of one of the most important events which characterized that struggle for independence. In 1781, Lord Cornwallis with a large portion of the British Army, had taken possession of several places at the South, and among them, Yorktown and Gloucester: the latter is situated upon the bank of the York river, opposite to Yorktown. La Fayette, with an inferior number of troops was at this time at Williamsburg, but was unable to make successful engagements with the superior force of the British. Seeing the importance of checking the progress of Cornwallis at the south, Washington determined to unite the American and French forces, then in the neighborhood of New York, and join La Fayette at Williamsburg. This junction was effected on the fourteenth of September; Washington at the head of the American troops, and the Count de Rochambeau at the head of the French forces. At the same time the Count de Grasse with his fleet, entered the Chesapeake, after a slight engagement with Admiral Graves off the capes, and was joined by the squadron of the Count de Barras from Newport. At the same time three thousand men under the Marquis St. Simon, joined La Fayette. These combined forces then moved toward Yorktown and Gloucester, where Cornwallis was stationed.

The British General had been expecting aid from Sir Henry Clinton at the north, but so adroitly had Washington withdrawn his troops, that Sir Henry scarcely suspected his design, till it was too late to frustrate it. Cornwallis at once began to fortify the town by throwing up redoubts, and on the thirtieth of September, the siege commenced. Yorktown was completely invested; the American army occupying the right, and the French the left, forming a semicircle with each wing resting upon the river. Gloucester was at the same time invested by Lauzun's legion, marines from the fleet, and Virginia militia.

The siege commenced with the usual manœuvres of throwing bombs, hot shot, &c., and the besieged sustained themselves bravely. Two redoubts were stormed and carried at the same time; one by the American light infantry, under La Fayette, the other by French grenadiers under the Baron de Viomenil.

The conflict continued for seventeen days, when, no longer able to abide the vigorous attacks of the combined armies, Cornwallis sent a note to Washington proposing a cessation of hostilities and a capitulation for surrender. To this Washington acceded, and Cornwallis surrendered upon the following terms. 1.—All troops in the garrison to be prisoners of war—2. Artillery, arms, military chest and stores, with shipping, boats, and all their furniture and apparel, to be given up. 3. The officers to retain their side-arms, and the soldiers to retain their private property—4. Surrendering army to receive the same honors as were awarded to the Americans at Charleston, with a few other requisitions of less importance.

This treaty was signed on the nineteenth of October, 1781, and in the afternoon of that day, the garrisons of Yorktown and Gloucester marched out and surrendered their arms. The whole number of prisoners exclusive of seamen, was over seven thousand; the British loss was between five and six hundred. The combined army consisted of about seven thousand American regulars, five thousand French, and four thousand militia. Their loss was about three hundred The land forces surrendered to Washington, the naval to the French Admiral.

This glorious event was hailed throughout the country with the greatest demonstrations of joy It had completely destroyed British power at the south, and a speedy conclusion of the war was looked for. Congress passed special thanks to each commander engaged in the siege, and presented to Washington two stands of colors taken from the enemy, and to Counts Rochambeau and De Grasse two pieces of field ordnance. Congress also resolved to commemorate the event by rearing a marble column, to be adorned with devices emblematical of the alliance between France and the United States, and to inscribe it with the record of incidents pertaining to the siege and the surrender.

The whole use of a hat is probably not generally known—it is of more use than covering the head. If, when a person falls overboard, he had presence of mind to instantly take off his hat, and hold the rim of it to his chin, so that the hollow would be upward, it would keep him above the water as long as ever he could hold it. This has been tried, and actually proved correct.

Dean Swift says: It is with little-souled people as it is with narrow-necked bottles: the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring out.

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MOORE'S HOUSE AT YORK TOWN.

York is a pretty little town in the southeastern part of Virginia, and situated on the banks of the beautiful stream whence it derives its name.—It is, in fact, upon a peninsula, formed by James river on the south, and York river on the north; both of which empty into the Chesapeake bay a few miles below. Gloucester is situated upon the north side of York river, directly opposite York town. There is a sweep or bend in the river at this point, and the distance over from York to the headland of the opposite shore is but about a mile.

And what of York? Why, it was at this little locality, that the famous earl Cornwallis, the darling hope of the British ministry, the gentleman who counted with so much facility on the reduction of the southern country, and who exhibited so much humane and tender mercy by flaying cattle and killing poultry, destroying haystacks, burning houses, and pillaging villages, it was here, that this notable personification of British grace, was invested, and disarmed of those dangerous instruments with which he fain would have committed so much mischievous havock. Yes, to the joy of America, and the grief and amazement of Britain, the great earl, by a series of manœuvres conducted with consummate skill, by Lafayette on land, and the Count de Grasse at sea, was compelled to surrender the posts of York and Gloucester, which he occupied with so much fancied security, reduced indeed, with his army of seven thousand men, to the humiliating necessity of capitulating on any terms his conquerors might propose. And here, in a field, a little above York town, did the whole of that great army march out, with colours cased, and lay down their arms in front and in view of the American posts.

When Cornwallis saw that he was completely invested by the allied armies, by land and sea, and knew that he was cut off from reaching Clinton, at New York, and from receiving aid from any quarter, he sat down in despair, and wrote the following note to General Washington:—

York, 17th October, 1781.

Sir:—I propose a cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours, and that two officers may be appointed by each side, to meet at Mr. Moore's house, to settle terms for the surrender of the posts of York and Gloucester. I have the honour to be, &c.

Cornwallis.

After some further preliminary correspondence, the commissioners accordingly met at Mr. Moore's house, and arranged the articles of capitulation.

Opposite, reader, you have a sketch of this very identical Mr. Moore's house. There it is, in its primitive simplicity, invested as it is with all its glorious associations, precisely as it stands at this very moment, just as it was then. The same house—the same windows—the same clapboards—the same dormant roof—the same old kitchen—the same green pasture in front—and the identical beautiful York river, stretching off with its mirrored surface in the distance. The messuage, however, has changed hands; it is now owned by a Virginia planter—the soil is under cultivation—the house is occupied by the overseer of the plantation, and those cows, peradventure, appertain to the dairy thereof.

And here follow the identical articles of capitulation, as they were arranged and signed in that house.

Colonel Laurens, and the Viscount de Noailles were the commissioners on the part of General Washington, and Colonel Dundas, and Major Ross, on that of Earl Cornwallis.

ARTICLES OF CAPITULATION

Settled between his excellency General Washington, commander-in-chief of the combined forces of America and France; his excellency the Count de Rochambeau, lieutenant-general of the armies of the king of France, great cross of the royal and military order of St. Louis, commanding the auxiliary troops of his most Christian majesty in America, and his excellency the Count de Grasse, lieutenant-general of the naval armies of his most Christian majesty, commander of the order of St. Louis, commander-in-chief of the naval army of France, in the Chesapeake, on the one part, and the Right Honourable Earl Cornwallis, lieutenant-general of his Britannick majesty's forces, commanding the garrisons of York and Gloucester, and Thomas Symonds, esquire, commanding his Britannick majesty's naval forces in York river in Virginia, on the other part.

Article I.—The garrisons of York and Gloucester, including the officers and seamen of his Britannick majesty's ships, as well as other mariners, to surrender themselves prisoners of war to the combined forces of America and France. The land troops to remain prisoners to the United States, the navy to the naval army of his most Christian majesty. Granted.

Article II.—The artillery, arms, accoutrements, military chests, and public stores of every denomination, shall be delivered, unimpaired, to the heads of departments appointed to receive them. Granted.

Article III.—At twelve o'clock this day, the two redoubts on the left flank of York to be delivered, the one to a detachment of American infantry, the other to a detachment of French grenadiers. Granted.

The garrison of York river will march out to a place to be appointed, in front of the posts, at two

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o'clock, precisely, with shouldered arms, colours cased, and drums beating a British or German march. They are then to ground their arms, and return to their encampment, where they will remain until they are despatched to the places of their destination. Two works on the Gloucester side will be delivered at one o'clock, to a detachment of French and American troops appointed to possess them. The garrison will march out at three o'clock in the afternoon; the cavalry, with their swords drawn, trumpets sounding, and the infantry in the manner prescribed for the garrison of York. They are likewise to return to their encampments, until they can be finally marched off.

ARTICLE IV.—Officers are to retain their side-arms. Both officers and soldiers to keep their private property of every kind; and no part of their baggage or papers to be at any time subject to search or inspection. The baggage and papers of officers and soldiers taken during the siege to be likewise preserved for them. Granted.

It is understood that any property obviously belonging to the inhabitants of these states, in the possession of the garrison, shall be subject to be reclaimed.

ARTICLE V.—The soldiers to be kept in Virginia, Maryland, or Pennsylvania, and as much by regiments as possible, and supplied with the same rations of provisions as are allowed to soldiers in the service of America. A field-officer from each nation, to wit, British, Anspach, and Hessian, and other officers on parole, in the proportion of one to fifty men, to be allowed to reside near their respective regiments, to visit them frequently, and be witnesses of their treatment; and that their officers may receive and deliver clothing and other necessaries for them, for which passports are to be granted when applied for. Granted.

ARTICLE VI.—The general, staff, and other officers, not employed as mentioned in the above articles, and who choose it, to be permitted to go on parole to Europe, to New York, or to any other American maritime post at present in the possession of the British forces, at their own option; and proper vessels to be granted by the Count de Grasse to carry them under flag of truce to New York within ten days from this date, if possible, and they to reside in a district to be agreed upon hereafter, until they embark. The officers of the civil department of the army and navy to be included in this article. Passports to go by land, to be granted to those to whom vessels cannot be furnished. Granted.

ARTICLE VII.—Officers to be allowed to keep soldiers as servants, according to the common practice of the service. Servants not soldiers are not to be considered as prisoners, and are to be allowed to attend their masters. Granted.

ARTICLE VIII.—The Bonnetta sloop-of-war to be equipped, and navigated by its present captain and crew, and left entirely at the disposal of Lord Cornwallis from the hour that the capitulation is signed, to receive an aiddecamp to carry despatches to Sir Henry Clinton; and such soldiers as he may think proper to send to New York, to be permitted to sail without examination. When his despatches are ready, his lordship engages on his part, that the ship shall be delivered to the order of the Count de Grasse, if she escape the dangers of the sea. That she shall not carry off any publick stores. Any part of the crew that may be deficient on her return, and the soldiers passengers, to be accounted for on her delivery.

ARTICLE IX.—The traders are to preserve their property, and to be allowed three months to dispose of or remove them; and those traders are not to be considered as prisoners of war.

The traders will be allowed to dispose of their effects, the allied army having the right of pre-emption. The traders to be considered as prisoners of war upon parole.

ARTICLE X.—Natives or inhabitants of different parts of this country, at present in York or Gloucester, are not to be punished on account of having joined the British army.

This article cannot be assented to, being altogether of civil resort.

ARTICLE XI.—Proper hospitals to be furnished for the sick and wounded. They are to be attended by their own surgeons on parole; and they are to be furnished with medicines and stores from the American hospitals.

The hospital stores now at York and Gloucester shall be delivered for the use of the British sick and wounded. Passports will be granted for procuring them further supplies from New York, as occasion may require; and proper hospitals will be furnished for the reception of the sick and wounded of the two garrisons.

ARTICLE XII.—Wagons to be furnished to carry the baggage of the officers attending the soldiers, and to surgeons when travelling on account of the sick, attending the hospitals at the publick expense.

They are to be furnished if possible.

ARTICLE XIII.—The shipping and boats in the two harbours, with all their stores, guns, tackling, and apparel, shall be delivered up in their present state to an officer of the navy, appointed to take possession of them, previously unloading the private property, part of which had been on board for security during the siege. Granted.

ARTICLE XIV.—No article of capitulation to be infringed on pretence of reprisals; and if there be any doubtful expressions in it, they are to be interpreted

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according to the common meaning and acceptation of the words. Granted.

Done at York town, in Virginia, October 19th, 1781.

CORNWALLIS,
THOMAS SYMONDS.

Done in the trenches before York town, in Virginia, October 19th, 1781.

GEORGE WASHINGTON,
Le Comte de ROCHAMBEAU,
Le Comte de BARRAS,
En mon nom & celui du
Comte de GRASSE.

The success of the siege of York town, it is generally understood, decided the revolutionary war. "The infant Hercules," said Dr. Franklin, "has now strangled the two serpents, that attacked him in his cradle. All the world agree that no expedition was ever better planned or better executed." For the "great glory and advantage" of the surrender of York, Washington afterwards acknowledged himself chiefly indebted to the French alliance. And in the proceedings of Congress upon the matter, it was amongst other things: "Resolved, That Congress cause to be erected at York town a marble column, adorned with emblems of the alliance between the United States and France, and inscribed with a succinct narrative of the events of the siege, and capitulation."

JOHN HANCOCK.

DURING the siege at Boston, General Washington consulted Congress upon the propriety of bombarding the town of Boston. Mr. Hancock was then President of Congress. After General Washington's letter was read, a solemn silence ensued. This was broken by a member, making a motion that the house should resolve itself into a committee of the whole, in order that Mr. Hancock might give his opinion upon the important subject, as he was deeply interested from having all his estate at Boston. After he left the chair, he addressed the chairman of the committee of the whole, in the following words: "It is true, sir, nearly all the property I have in the world, is in houses and other real estate in the town of Boston; but if the expulsion of the British army from it, and the liberties of our country, require their being burnt to ashes—ISSUE THE ORDER FOR THAT PURPOSE IMMEDIATELY."

General Putnam.—During the war in Canada, between the French and English, when General Amherst was marching across the country to Canada, the army coming to one of the lakes which they were obliged to pass, found the French had an armed vessel of twelve guns upon it. The general was in great distress; his boats were no match for her, and she alone was capable of sinking his whole army, in the situation in which it was placed. General Putnam came to him and said, "General, that ship must be taken." "Ay," said Amherst, "I would give the world, if she was taken." "I will take her," says Putnam. Amherst smiled, and asked how? "Give me some wedges, a beetle, (a large wooden hammer or mallet, used for driving wedges) and a few men of my own choice." Amherst could not conceive how an armed vessel was to be taken by a few men, a beetle and wedges. However, he granted Putnam's request. When night came, Putnam, with his materials and men, stole quietly in a boat under the vessel's stern, and in an instant drove in the wedges behind the rudder, in the little cavity between the rudder and the ship, and left her. In the morning the sails were seen fluttering about, she was adrift in the middle of the lake, and being presently blown ashore, she was easily taken.

THE MUSICIAN'S LAST HOUR.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

THE good old man lay dying. Soft and cool
Played the light summer breeze among the leaves
Of a deep foliaged tree, that cast its shade
Into the window of his quiet room.
It made a rustling whisper like the hush
Of a fond mother o'er her sleeping babe.
And all were still—yet many friends were there,
Who oft had hung enchanted, on the sounds
Flowing from those pale lips, springing like thought
Beneath the touch of those thin stirless fingers.
He slept—how calm! and oh! methinks he dreamed!
He dreamed of starry musick—of the spheres
Making rich harmony—of seraphs' harps,
Thrilling and trembling to the heavenly plumes
That fanned their golden wires. He heard the song
Of cherubim, symphonious, faint and low;
For soft he smiled, and seemed intent to hear—
He heard the choir of angels, loud and full,
Pouring a flood of musick; for he stirred
With restless fervour, and his eyelids rose.
'Twas but the breeze disquieting his slumber—
Throwing the branches of the leafy tree
Against the lattice—freshening as the ray
Of sunset deepened. Its first, low-sounding tones
Had mingled with his fancy, and he dreamed
Of gentle cadence: when it louder swelled
He heard the angel chorus, and awoke!

Turning his feeble gaze upon the forms
That stood around, subdued to breathless awe,
He seemed to seek for some dear countenance.
The inquiring look was answered—for a girl,
As lovely as the seraph of his dream,
With voice as charming, to his pillow leaned
And sobbed: "What wilt thou with me, oh! my father?"
"I'm dying, Ella, dying! play an air
Upon thy harp—its chords I would hear thrill
With the deep musick which I taught and loved,
And still love next to thee, mine own, and Heaven!"
The maiden went, and with a faltering step
Approached her harp. She lightly touched the strings,
Prelusive to some strain, as sad and solemn
As the lone swan's first but last warbled song.
Sudden the old man rose. His dim eye lightened;
His hands he threw as if in rapid flight,
Across the chords, and clearly spoke—"Not so!
Not so! my daughter—not a mournful theme;
For I would triumph over Death, and soar
Victorious as a conqueror to his throne!
Be it a *martial air!*"

The maiden paused
A moment only; for new courage flashed
O'er her bright brow—and Inspiration, caught
From her great father's spirit, gave her power
To sweep the chords with firm and brilliant hand.
She played a Triumph, such as Miriam sung,
When Israel's rescued armies passed the sea!

The sunset's latest beams streamed broadly in
Upon the old man's couch. His visage shone
As if the portals of the sky were thrown
Apart before his sway. The harp still flung
Majestick musick on his raptured ear;
And with the utterance of a mighty strain,
He fell upon his pillow—and was still!
His soul had floated on that wave of sound
To Heaven!

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CURIOUS RELICK OF ANTIQUITY.

We have now before us a very curious and interesting specimen of ancient art, presented to us by a friend, the work probably of a people who inhabited this country previous to the present race of aborigines; for it displays a perfection in the arts far surpassing the rude state in which they at present exist among this people.

This relick was found in Michigan, in one of those ancient fortifications which are scattered over our country. It is a piece of sculpture, the material of which resembles, somewhat, black slate, but is as hard as flint. A knife will make no impression upon it. It evidently must have been carved when in a softer state than the present. It was probably formed of some earthy material into a proper consistence to be cut, and was then hardened by baking.

The figure is that of a female sitting on the ground, in an attitude and air of sadness and despondency, leaning her head upon the back of her left hand, the elbow resting on the top of a small vessel in the form of a cask; the right hand resting on the knee and holding something which appears to have engraved on it some written characters, but which are too small and indistinct to enable us accurately to discern their form. Over the head is thrown a loose drapery, falling down upon the shoulders and back, leaving the left arm, on which she reclines, and the left breast naked; but folding across in graceful folds over the right arm and breast, and covering the front part of the figure. On the forepart of the head, which is not covered by the drapery, the hair is gracefully parted, and a portion of it hangs down in tresses upon the left breast. The little cask on which she leans, shows the staves in regular order, with three hoops at the top, and two at the bottom. The head of the cask comes up even with the chime, and seems to be formed of narrow strips like the staves; on the front part of the cask there appears to have been something attached like a handle, but of what form is not distinguishable, as a portion of the front part of the figure is broken off. Around the cask lengthwise, over the hoops, passes something like a band, which was designed, perhaps, for the purpose of carrying it.

From the size of the vessel, compared with that of the figure, we should judge its use was to carry water. Every part of the figure and its appendages, is very distinct, and the sculpture admirably performed, and yet the whole height by exact measurement, is but *one inch and one eighth*. The head, which displays very perfectly the features, and even a countenance indicative of wo, is not larger than *a good-sized pea*. What this tiny figure was meant to represent, when was the age in which it was made, and who were the people whose ingenious artists could produce such works—are interesting inquiries, but will probably never be satisfactorily answered.

Genesee Farmer.

ON THE EVILS OF WAR.

The following thrilling account of the execution of Col. Hayne, of South Carolina, during the war of the American revolution, was related by the Rev. M. Beckwith, in a discourse "On the evils of War."

"Among the distinguished men who fell victims in the war of the American revolution, was Col Isaac Hayne, of South Carolina; a man who, by his amiability of character and high sentiments of honour and uprightness, had secured the good will and affection of all who knew him. He had a wife and six children, the eldest a boy thirteen years of age. His wife, to whom he was tenderly attached fell a victim of disease: an event hastened not improbably by the inconveniences and sufferings incident to a state of war, in which the whole army largely participated. Col. Hayne himself was taken prisoner by the English forces, and in a short time was executed on the gallows under circumstances calculated to excite the deepest commiseration. A great number of persons, both English and Americans, interceded for his life; the ladies of Charleston signed a petition in his behalf; his motherless children were on their bended knees humble suitors for their beloved father, but all in vain.

"During the imprisonment of the father, his eldest son was permitted to stay with him in the prison. Beholding his only surviving parent, for whom he felt the deepest affection, loaded with irons and condemned to die, he was overwhelmed with consternation and sorrow. The wretched father endeavoured to console him, by reminding him that the unavailing grief of his son tended only to increase his own misery; that he came into this world merely to prepare for a better; that he himself was prepared to die, and could even rejoice that his troubles were so near ended. 'To-morrow,' said he, 'I set out for immortality: you will accompany me to the place of my execution, and when I am dead, take my body and bury it by the side of your poor mother.' The youth fell upon his father's neck, crying, 'Oh, my father, my father, I die with you!' Col. Hayne, as he was loaded with irons, could not return the embrace of his son, and merely said, in reply, 'Live, my son; live, to honour God by a good life, live to take care of your brother and little sisters.'

"The next morning, proceeds the narrator of these distressing events, Col. Hayne was conducted to the place of execution. His son accompanied him. Soon as they came in sight of the gallows, the father strengthened himself and said, 'Tom, my son, show yourself a man! that tree is the boundary of my life and all my life's sorrow. Beyond that the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Don't lay too much at heart our separation, it will be short. 'T was but lately your mother died—to-day I die. And you, my son, though but young must shortly follow.' 'Yes, my father,' replied the broken hearted youth, 'I shall shortly follow you, for indeed I feel that I cannot live long.' And this melancholy anticipation was fulfilled in a manner more dreadful than is implied in the mere extinction of life. On seeing his father in the hands of the executioner, and then struggling in the halter, he stood like one transfixed and motionless with horrour. Till then, proceeds the narration, he had wept incessantly—but as he saw that—the fountain of his tears was staunched, and he never wept more. He died insane; and in his last moments often called on his father, in terms that brought tears from the hardest heart".

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AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

In the summer of 1779, during one of the darkest periods of our revolutionary struggle, in the then small village of S—— (though it now bears a more dignified title) in this state, lived Judge V—, one of the firmest and truest patriots within the limits of the "old Thirteen," and deep in the confidence of Washington. Like most men of his times and substance, he had furnished himself with arms and ammunition, sufficient to arm the males of his household. These consisted of himself, three sons and about twenty-five negroes. The female part of his family consisted of his wife, one daughter, Catharine, about eighteen years of age, the heroine of our tale, and several slaves. In the second story of his dwelling house, immediately over the front door, was a small room, called the 'armory,' in which the arms were deposited and always kept ready for immediate use. About the time at which we introduce our story, the neighbourhood of the village was much annoyed by the nocturnal prowlings and depredations of numerous Tories.

It was on a calm, bright Sabbath afternoon, in the aforesaid summer, when Judge V. and his family, with the exception of his daughter Catharine and an old indisposed female slave, were attending service in the village church. Not a breath disturbed the serenity of the atmosphere—not a sound profaned the sacred stillness of the day; the times were dangerous, and Catharine had locked herself and the old slave in the house until the return of the family from church. A rap was heard at the front door. "Surely," said Catharine to the slave, "the family have not yet come home; church cannot be dismissed." The rap was repeated. "I will see who it is," said Catharine, as she ran up stairs into the armory. On opening the window and looking down she saw six men standing at the front door, and on the opposite side of the street, three of whom she knew were Tories; who formerly resided in the village. Their names were Van Zandt, Finley and Shendon; the other three were strangers, but she had reason to believe them to be of the same political stamp, from the company in which she found them.

Van Zandt was a notorious character, and the number and enormity of his crimes had rendered his name infamous in that vicinity. Not a murder or a robbery was committed within miles of S—— that he did not get the credit of planning or executing. The characters of Finley and Shendon were also deeply stained with crime, but Van Zandt was a master spirit in iniquity. The appearance of such characters under such circumstances, must have been truly alarming to a young lady of Catharine's age, if not to any lady, young or old. But Catharine V—— possessed her father's spirit—"the spirit of the times." Van Zandt was standing on the stoop, rapping at the door, while his companions were talking in a whisper on the side walk on the opposite side of the street.

"Is Judge V—— at home?" asked Van Zandt, when he saw Catharine at the window above.

"He is not," said she.

"We have business of pressing importance with him, and if you will open the door," said Van Zandt, 'we will walk in and remain till he returns."

"No," said Catharine, "when he went to church, he left particular directions not to have the doors opened until the family returned. You had better call when church is dismissed."

"No, I'll be d—d if we do," retorted the villain, "we will enter now or never."

"Impossible!" replied she, "you cannot enter until he returns."

"Open the door!" cried he, "or we'll break it down, and burn you and the house up together." So saying, he threw himself, with all the force he possessed, against the door, at the same time calling upon his companions to assist him. The door, however, resisted his efforts.

"Do not attempt that again," said Catharine, "or you are a dead man," at the same time presenting from the window a heavy horseman's pistol, ready cocked.

At the sight of this formidable weapon, the companions of Van Zandt, who had crossed the street at his call, retreated.

"What!" cried their leader, "you d—d cowards! are you frightened at the threats of a girl?" and again he threw himself upon the door. The weapon was discharged, and Van Zandt fell.

The report was heard at the church, and males and females at once rushed out to ascertain the cause. On looking towards the residence of Judge V—— they perceived five men running at full speed, to whom the Judge's negroes and several others gave chase; and from an upper window of his residence a white handkerchief was waving, as if beckoning for aid.

All rushed towards the place, and upon their arrival, Van Zandt was in the agonies of death. He still retained strength to acknowledge that he had long contemplated robbing that house, and had frequently been concealed in the neighbourhood for that purpose, but no opportunity had offered until that day, when, lying concealed in the woods, they had seen the Judge and his family going to church.

The body of the dead Tory was taken and buried by the sexton of the church, as he had no relations in that vicinity.

After an absence of two hours, or thereabouts, the negroes returned, having succeeded in capturing Finley and one of the strangers, who were that night confined, and the next morning, at the earnest solicitation of Judge V——, liberated on the promise of amending their lives.

It was in the month of October of the same year, that Catharine V—— was sitting by an upper window of her father's house, knitting; though autumn, the weather was mild, and the window was hoisted about three inches. About sixty or seventy feet from the rear of the house was the barn, a huge old fashioned edifice, with upper and lower folding doors; the lower doors were closed, and incidentally casting her eyes towards the barn, she saw a small back door, on a range with the front door and the window at which she was sitting, open, and a number of men enter. The occurrence of the summer immediately presented itself to her mind, and the fact that her father and the other males of the family were at work in a field some distance from the house, led her to suspect that that opportunity had been improved, probably by some of Van Zandt's friends, to plunder and revenge his death,

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Concealing herself, therefore, behind the curtains, she narrowly watched their movements. She saw a man's head slowly rising above the door, and apparently reconnoitering the premises—it was Finley's. Their object was now evident. Going to the "armory," she selected a well loaded musket, and resumed her place by the window. Kneeling upon the floor, she laid the muzzle of the weapon upon the window sill between the curtains, and taking deliberate aim, she fired. What effect she had produced, she knew not, but saw several men hurrying out of the barn, by the same door they had entered. The report again brought her father and the workmen to the house, and on going into the barn, the dead body of Finley lay upon the floor.

Catharine V—— afterwards married a captain of the Continental army, and she still lives, the honoured mother of a numerous and respectable line of descendants. The old house is also "in the land of the living," and has been the scene of many a prank of the writer of this tale, in the heyday of mischievious boyhood.—Staten Islander.

HUNTING EXPLOITS.

Many years ago, a Frenchman with his son, was hunting in a part of Missouri, distant about forty miles from St. Louis. Having wounded a large bear, the animal took refuge in a cave, the aperture leading into which, was so small as barely to admit its passage. The hunter, leaving his son without, instantly prepared to follow, and with some difficulty drew his body through the narrow entrance. Having reached the interior of the cave, he discharged his piece with so true an aim as to inflict a mortal wound upon the bear. The latter rushed forward, and passing the man, attempted to escape from the cave, but on reaching the narrowest part of the passage, through which it had entered with some difficulty, the strength of the animal failed, and it expired. The entrance to the cave was now completely closed by the carcass of the animal. The boy on the outside, heard his father scream for assistance, and attempted to drag out the bear, but found his strength insufficient. After many unavailing efforts, he became much terrified, and mounted his father's horse with the determination of seeking assistance. There was no road through the wilderness, but the sagacious horse, taking the direction to St. Louis, carried the alarmed youth to that place, where a party was soon raised and despatched to the relief of the hunter. But they searched in vain for the place of his captivity. From some cause not now recollected, the trace of the horse was obliterated, and the boy in his agitation, had so far forgotten the landmarks as to be totally unable to lead them to the spot. They returned after a weary and unsuccessful search; the hunter was heard of no more, and no doubt remained of his having perished miserably in the cave. Some years afterwards, the aperture of the cavern was discovered, in a spot so hidden and so difficult of access as to have escaped the notice of those who passed near it. Near the mouth was found the skeleton of the bear, and within the cave, that of the Frenchman, with his gun and equipments, all apparently in the same condition as when he died. That he should have perished of hunger, from mere inability to effect his escape by removing the body of the bear, seems improbable, because supposing him to have been unable by main strength to effect this object, it would have cost him but little labour to have cut up and removed the animal by piecemeal. It is most likely either that he was suffocated, or that he had received some injury, which disabled him from exertion. The cave bears a name which commemorates the event.

There are in many parts of the western states, singular depressions or basins, which the inhabitants call *sink-holes*. They are sometimes very deep, circular at the top, with steep sides meeting in a point at the bottom, precisely in the shape of a funnel At the bottom of one of these, in Monroe county, Illinois, a party of hunters discovered the den of a she wolf, and ascertained that it contained a litter of whelps. For the purpose of destroying the latter, they assembled at the place. On examining the entrance to the den, it was found to be perpendicular, and so narrow as to render it impossible or very difficult for a man to enter; and as a notion prevails among the hunters, that the female wolf only visits her young at night, it was proposed to send in a boy to destroy the whelps. A fine, courageous boy, armed with a knife, was accordingly thrust into the cavern, where, to his surprise, he found himself in the company of the she wolf, whose glistening eye-balls, white teeth, and surly voice, sufficiently announced her presence. The boy retreated towards the entrance, and called to his friends, to inform them that the old wolf was there. The men told him that he was mistaken; that the old wolf never staid with her young in daylight; and advised him to go boldly up to the bed, and destroy the litter. The boy, thinking that the darkness of the cave might have deceived him, returned, advanced boldly, and laid his hand upon the she wolf, who sprang upon him, and bit him very severely, before he could effect his retreat, and would probably have killed him, had he not defended himself with resolution. One or two of the men now succeeded in effecting an entrance, torches were introduced, the wolf shot and her offspring destroyed.—Western Monthly Magazine.

PITTSBURGH IN 1784.

A Revolutionary worthy who visited Pittsburgh in 1784, thus spoke of the then future Birmingham of the Ohio Valley:—

"Pittsburgh is inhabited almost entirely by Scotch and Irish, who live in paltry log houses, and are as dirty as in the north of Ireland, or even Scotland. There is much small trade carried on: goods are brought at the vast expense of forty-five per cent. from Philadelphia and Baltimore. They take, in the shops, money, wheat, flour and skins. They have four attorneys, two physicians, one schoolhouse, two taverns, and no chapel: so they are likely to be damned without benefit of clergy. The rivers so encroach on the town, that I was told the Alleghany had, in thirty years, carried away one hundred yards. *The place, I believe, will never be very considerable.*"

The village which, half a century ago, had no place of worship, has now fourteen churches, four banks, manufactories innumerable, a theatre, and, at the lowest computation, a population of twenty-five thousand.

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REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.

BENNINGTON BATTLE-GROUND.

On the morning of the sixteenth of July 18--, I had the pleasure of joining a party of ladies and gentlemen, riding on horseback, to view the ground where the celebrated Bennington battle was fought. Although it is called the battle of Bennington, yet the actual engagement took place in Hoosick, near the Vermont line. It probably received its name from the fact, that the object of strife was situated in Bennington, and that the people of that place, old and young, contributed much to this small but important victory.

Our course was northwest, about nine miles from the courthouse.

Although the sun did not shine upon us in his strength, yet the interposing clouds seemed only to add fresh coolness to the morning, and thus enhance the pleasure of our ride. The whole company appeared in fine spirits; our horses were gay and lively, and even the old dog Hector seemed to partake of the general gladness.

On either side of the road, the fields were loaded with abundance; while here and there was seen the farmer who seemed to rejoice as his strong hands gathered those fruits of his summer's toil.

We continued our way, sometimes upon the green banks of a pure and limpid stream, at others, rising abruptly to the high summits of those hills from whence lay stretched, far in the blue distance, a bold, yet delightful landscape.

After a most delightful ride of about seven miles, we were informed that a spot of some interest was near at hand. A farmer, living near, learning the object of our visit, mounted his nag in a twinkling, and came galloping to tell us what he knew about the matter. We all immediately wheeled and gave him audience; whereupon he raised himself in his stirrups, (or by-the-way, I believe he was bareback,) and pointed to an orchard upon a steep side-hill to the right, and said: "Fifty-five years ago, the fourteenth day of next August, General John Stark encamped in that orchard, then just planted, to watch the movements of Colonel Baum, who had just advantageously posted himself upon a hill about two miles below."

Our minds soon ran back to the time when the whole surrounding country sounded with the din of battle; when even the place whereon we looked, was covered with ardent warriors. But now, how changed! On the same turf where was the bustle of a camp, the timid flock was lying in perfect quiet, and where were fear and apprehension, are now peace and safety, each "under his own vine and fig-tree, and none to molest or make him afraid."

After listening to our informant for some time, we bade him good morning, and resumed our ride.

About three quarters of a mile beyond this, we came to the celebrated Mather's place; a large brick house singularly constructed, built in *four* towns, *three* counties, and *two* states! Whether placed in this spot to dodge the sheriff, or a worse adversary, I cannot say.

I was informed that one of its occupants had improved the great dodging facilities it afforded, to the frequent discomfiture of the officer. One day, the sheriff being come, duly furnished with the instrument that readeth "for the want thereof take the body," he was politely invited to be seated at dinner, then just ready. A seat was assigned the man of writs in Vermont, while "mine host" took a chair opposite, in the state of New York. Dinner being through, the execution was forthcoming, and "mine host" was invited to jail. "Not as you know on" said he; "not being in your jurisdiction, I must beg leave to decline." How the matter ended, I do not know.

Leaving the old house, we followed upon the banks of the river, which we were obliged to ford in two places. As we approached the last fording-place, the river, being swollen by late rains, rolled its dark waters in a current so strong and deep, that it made the good courage of our ladies to waver. However, we crossed without accident. Coming out of the river we looked directly upon the hill on the summit of which Colonel Baum had halted, being in sight of General Stark's army drawn up in order of battle; but not thinking it prudent to attack them, he encamped and sent expresses to inform Colonel Breyman of his situation. This officer was stationed at Batten-kill, with about one thousand troops, consisting of Brunswick grenadiers, light infantry and chasseurs, to reinforce Colonel Baum in case he needed. General Stark also declined an attack, as his opponent had very much the vantage ground. He retreated to, and encamped in the orchard we have just spoken of.

That night, a council of war was held, and it was decided to attack Colonel Baum next morning before he could be reinforced; but the weather being rainy, little was done on either side; except the skirmish, in which the Americans were for the most part successful.

Colonel Baum's forces consisted of five hundred Hessians and tories, besides more than one thousand Indians. In his pocket, he had those prodigious instructions which are the greatest curiosity in that way, I have ever seen. Were they not so long, I could insert them here. In substance, they were to have Colonel Baum proceed through the New Hampshire Grants, to take all the horses, carriages, &c., that he found, cross the mountains to Brattleborough, and come from there to meet Burgoyne at Albany; make prisoners of all officers, whether civil or military, acting under Congress—make the whole country believe that it was Burgoyne's advance guard, who were going to Boston, and at Springfield, were to be united with the British troops from Rhode Island—to bring all horses, saddles, and bridles; the horses to be tied together so that one man could lead ten horses!—And now he was just about to commence the fulfilment of these grasping requirements. On the morning of the sixteenth, General Stark was joined by a body of militia from Berkshire, under command of Colonel Symonds.

General Stark having assembled his Green Mountain boys, read in their countenances the certainity of his success. He saw before him men who had followed the plough their lives long, and now they stood up shoulder to shoulder, in no feeble array, many of them armed with their usual hunting equipments. Pointing them to where the enemy lay, and then turning to them, he saw in their very eyes that victory or death was the deep and settled

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purpose of their souls, and he exclaimed: "The enemy are ours, or Molly Stark lies a widow to night!" Words that will be for ever memorable in the archives of our country.

The whole force was now divided into three divisions. Colonel Nichols, with two hundred and fifty men, was to gain the rear of the enemy's left wing, and Col. Hendrick, with three hundred and fifty, was to gain their rear right, while General Stark himself attacked them in front. The battle, according to Williams, commenced about three o'clock in the afternoon.

The Indians retreated with savage yells at the first onset. And after a severe engagement of nearly two hours, the enemy surrendered. Among the "*spoils*," were two brass cannon, which the Americans found of great service. This was no sooner accomplished, than General Stark was informed that Colonel Warner was just arrived with a fresh regiment from Manchester. This brave man went directly to fight Colonel Breyman, while General Stark collected his forces to sustain him. The conflict was desperate on both sides. It continued until night-fall, when the German troops gave way, and left the field to their Yankee victors. Under cover of the darkness, many of them escaped. Colonel Baum received a wound in the first engagement, which soon after proved mortal.

The Americans took that day, four fieldpieces, twelve brass drums, two hundred and fifty dragoon swords, four ammunition-wagons, and seven hundred prisoners. Their own loss was thirty slain, forty wounded.

The influence of this engagement was very great. A long night of reverses had hung over the northern section of our country, and this was the first dawning of that bright day which was fast approaching.

Our company returned by a circuitous route, and after riding about twenty-three miles, we arrived at home, and the long shades of the trees told us certainly that the day was ending.

A NEW JERSEY HERO.

Captain Nathaniel Fitz Randolph, of Woodbridge, was one of the bravest and most intrepid men. Twice he was offered a colonel's commission in the regular army; but he preferred the command of his own select volunteers to any other service, and performed the most desperate deeds of valor.

He and his men were once surrounded by a greatly superior force of the British. Their uniform motto was "Death or Victory." The contest was maintained with great slaughter on both sides, until he stood literally alone, wading in the blood of his companions, who lay in heaps dead and wounded around him. In this condition, he seized a musket, and, being a man of great muscular strength, defended himself, and knocked down his enemies right and left with the butt-end of it, until the British commander became heartily sick of the contest, and begged that for God's sake he would desist and spare the sacrifice of human life, seeing that he must eventually fall into their hands dead or alive. He coolly replied that he was not yet a prisoner, and again placed himself in a posture of defence. The British officer renewed his entreaties, telling him he was the bravest man he ever saw, and that it was a pity so valuable a life should be lost in so unequal a contest; promising him the kindest treatment. At length, being covered with wounds, and faint and weak from fatigue and loss of blood, and no longer able to raise the weapon of defence, he reluctantly gave himself up, under the pledge that he should be well treated, and exchanged the first opportunity: which promise was faithfully performed, and he was soon again at liberty to take up his arms in defence of freedom. His bravery, intrepidity, and gigantic strength, made him a terror to the British wherever his name was known; but the tories and London traders were his most inveterate foes. A whole squad dared not encounter him in the daytime, even when he was alone.

On a certain occasion, when he was on a scouting expedition on Staten island, a party of tories secretly dogged him into a house in the evening, and, after he had laid aside his arms, rushed in upon him and made him prisoner—when, to his great grief and mortification, he remained nearly a year before he was exchanged.

At the head of his volunteers he once encountered a company of Hessians, one of whom being somewhat separated from the rest, took deliberate aim and wounded Captain R. in the arm. He plainly saw whence the ball came, the companies being very near together, and walking deliberately up to the fellow, as though he would say something to him, seized him under his sound arm, and brought him off a prisoner, while his gaping comradesstood motionless with surprise.

Captain R. was finally killed by a musket-ball in a battle near Elizabethtown, and buried at Woodbridge with the honors of war.

DISTANCES OF STARS IN THE MILKY-WAY.

In regard to the *distances* of some of these stars, we may easily conceive that they are immense, and, consequently, far removed from our distinct comprehension. Sir W. Herschel, in endeavoring to determine a "*sounding line*," as he calls it to fathom the depth of the stratum of stars in the Milky-Way, endeavors to prove, by pretty conclusive reasoning, that his twenty feet telescope penetrated to a distance in the profundity of space not less than four hundred and ninety-seven times the distance of Sirius; so that a stratum of stars amounting to four hundred and ninety-seven in thickness, each of them as far distant beyond another as the star Sirius is distant from our sun, was within the reach of his vision when looking through that telescope. Now, the least distance at which we can conceive Sirius to be from the earth or the sun is 20,000,000,000,000, or twenty billions of miles; and, consequently, the most distant stars visible in his telescope must be four hundred and ninety-seven times this distance, that is, 9,940,000,000,000,000, or nearly *ten thousand billions* of miles!

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An Antique.—A venerable and beautiful relick of old times has been disinterred, as one may say, from a burial of thirty years and more, in Norfolk. This is nothing less than the mace, employed before the Revolution, by the borough-court, as a symbol of authority. It is of richly-wrought silver, three feet six inches long, and weighing eighty-six ounces. It consists of a polished staff, having a crown on the top, with the British arms, the rose and thistle, and other devices. The crown weighs twenty-eight ounces.—From an inscription on the staff, it appears that this beautiful piece of workmanship was presented to the corporation of Norfolk in 1753, by the Hon. Robert Dinwiddie; then lieutenant-governour of Virginia. In 1790, it was committed to the clerk of the borough-court for safe keeping, and by him deposited, in 1805, in the vault of the Virginia bank, where it has ever since remained undisturbed, and almost forgotten.

BATTLE OF THE BRANDYWINE.

We had been in the saddle about an hour, under the intrepid Pulaski, who, with his own hands, examined our swords, pistols, and other equipments, as if assured that the struggle would be a deadly and long-continued one. The day was one of the most beautiful that ever broke over the earth. We were about half a mile from the main body, ranged along a green slope, facing the west, our horses, about four hundred in number, standing as patiently as so many marble statues, until just as the eastern sky began to redden and undulate, and cloud after cloud to roll up, and heave like a great curtain upon the wind; and the whole heaven seemed discharging all its beauty and brightness upon one spot, I happened to turn about, and saw the tall Pole (Pulaski) bareheaded, tilting his horse, like some warlike presence come out of the solid earth, to worship upon the very summit of the hill behind us, it might be (for the noble carriage of the man, the martial bearing of the soldier, would permit either interpretation) in the awful employment of devotion, or in the more earthly one, of martial observation. But suddenly he reined up his charger, shook the heavy dew from his horseman's cap, replaced it, and leaped headlong down the hill, just as a bright flash passed away on the horizon, followed by a loud report; and the next instant a part of our ranks were covered with dust and turf, thrown up by a cannon-ball that struck near the spot he had just left.

Our horses pricked up their ears at the sound, and all at once, as if a hundred trumpets were playing in the wind, came the enemy in his advance. Pulaski unsheathed his sword, called out a select body, and set off at a full gallop to a more distant elevation, where he saw the enemy advancing in two columns; one under Knyphausen, which moved in tremendous steadiness, in a dark solid mass, towards the spot occupied by General Maxwell; the other under Cornwallis, which seemed to threaten the right flank of our main body. Intelligence was immediately sent to Washington, and reinforcements called in, from the post we had left.

We kept our positions, awaiting for a whole hour the sound of conflict; at last, a heavy volley rattled along the sky, a few moments passed, and then another followed, like a storm of iron upon the drumheads. The whole air rung with it; another, and another followed; then, gradually increasing in loudness, came peal after peal, till it resembled a continued clap of thunder, rolling about under an illuminated vapour. But Pulaski, with all his impetuosity, was a general, and knew his duty too well to hazard any movement, till he should be able to see, with certainty, the operations of the enemy in the vapour below.

Meanwhile, several little parties that had been sent out, came in, one after the other, with the intelligence that Knyphausen had broken down upon Maxwell in magnificent style—been beaten back again; but that he had finally prevailed, and that Maxwell had retreated across the river. A thin vapour had now arisen from the green earth below us, and completely covered the enemy from our view It was no longer possible to follow him, except by the sound of his tread, which we could feel in the solid earth, jarring ourselves and our horses, and now and then a quick glimmering in the mist as some standard was raised above it; some weapon flourished, or some musket shot through it like a rocket.

About an hour after, a horseman dashed through the smoke on the very verge of the horizon, and after scouring the fields, for a whole mile within view, communicated with two or three others, who set off in different directions; one to us, with orders to hurry down to the ford, where the commander-in-chief was determined to fall on Knyphausen with all his power, before Cornwallis came to his aid. It was a noble but hazardous game. And Pulaski, whose warhorse literally thundered and lightened along the broken and stony precipice by which we descended, kept his eyes warily to the right, as if not quite certain that the order would not be countermanded.

We soon fell in with General Greene, who was posting all on fire to give Knyphausen battle; and the next moment saw Sullivan in full march, over a distant hill towards the enemy's flank. This arrangement would, doubtless, have proved fatal to Knyphausen, had not our operations been unfortunately arrested, at the very moment we were prepared to fall upon him, man and horse, by the intelligence that Cornwallis had moved off to another quarter. It was a moment of irresolution—doubt. It was the deathblow to our brilliant hopes of victory. Greene was recalled, and Sullivan commanded to halt.

Hardly had this happened, our horses being covered with sweat and froth, fretting on the bit like chained tigers, and ourselves covered with dust, it being an excessively hot and sultry day, when a heavy cannonade was heard on our right flank, and Greene, to whose division we had been attached, was put in motion towards Sullivan, whom we had left some hours before. The truth now broke upon us like a thunderclap. The enemy had passed, concentrated, as we supposed, and fallen upon our right.

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I shall never forget Greene's countenance, when the news came; he was on the roadside, upon an almost perpendicular bank; but he wheeled where he was, dashed down the bank, his face white as the bleached marble, and called to us to gallop forward, with such a tremendous impulse, that we marched four miles in forty minutes. We held on our way in a cloud of dust, and met Sullivan all in disorder, nearly a mile from the field, retreating step by step, at the head of his men, and shouting himself hoarse, covered with blood and sweat, and striving in vain to bring them to a stand, while Cornwallis was pouring in upon them an incessant volley. Pulaski dashed out to the right, over the broken fences, and there stood awhile upright in his stirrups, reconnoitring, while the enemy, who appeared by the smoke and the dust that rolled before them in the wind, to be much nearer than they really were, redoubled their efforts; but at last, Pulaski saw a favourable opportunity—the column wheeled; the wind swept across their van, revealing them like a battalion of spirits, breathing fire and smoke. He gave the signal; Archibald repeated it; then Arthur; then myself. In three minutes we were ready for the word.

When Pulaski, shouting in a voice that thrilled through and through us, struck spurs to his charger, it was half a minute, so fierce and terrible was his charge, before we were able to come up with him. What could he mean? Gracious Heaven! my hand convulsed, like that of a drowning man, reined up for a moment when I saw we were galloping straight forward into a field of bayonets; yet he was the first man! and who would not have followed him.

We did follow him, and with such a hurricane of fire and steel, that, when we wheeled, our whole path lay broad before us, with a wall of fire on the right hand and the left; but not a bayonet or a blade in front, except what were under the hoofs of our horses—my blood rushes now, like a flash of fire through my forehead, when I recall the devastation that we then made, almost to the very heart of the enemy's column.

But Pulaski, he who afterward rode into their intrenchments on horseback, sword in hand, was accustomed to it, and having broke over them once, aware of his peril if he should give them time to awake from their consternation, he wheeled in a blaze of fire, with the intention of returning through a wall of death, more perilous than that which shut the children of Israel, upon the Red sea. But lo! the wall had rolled in upon us; and we were left no alternative, but to continue as we had began.

The undaunted Pole rioted in the excess of his joy. I remember well how he passed me, covered with sweat and dust, riding absolutely upon the very points of their bayonets. But, at last, they pressed upon him, and horseman after horseman fell from our saddles; when we were all faint and feeble, and even Archibald was fighting on foot, over his beautiful horse, with Arthur battling over his head, we heard the cry of "Succour, succour!" Immediately we felt the enemy give way, heaving this way, then that, and finally concentrated beyond us.

"Once more! once more!" cried Pulaski, and away he went, breaking in upon them as they were forming, and trampling down whole platoons in the charge before a man could plant his bayonet or bring his gun to an aim; our aspect as we came thundering round upon them, was sufficient; the enemy fled, and we brought off our companions unhurt.

I have been in many a battle, many a one that made my hair afterward stand when I dreamed of it—but never in one where the carnage was so dreadful, and fire so incessant, as that which followed the arrival of Greene. But the enemy had so effectually secured his exposed points by ranks of men kneeling with planted bayonets, that we could make no impression upon them, although we rode upon them again and again, discharging our pistols in their faces.

MY NATIVE HOME.—ALEXANDER B. MEEK

Land of the South!—imperial land!
How proud thy mountains rise,
How sweet thy scenes on every hand,
How fair thy covering skies!
But not for this,—oh, not for thee,
I love thy fields to roam,
Thou hast a dearer spell to me,
Thou art my native home!

The rivers roll their liquid wealth,
Unequalled, to the sea,
Thy hills and valleys bloom with health,
And green with verdure be!
But not for thy proud ocean streams,
Nor for thine azure dome,
Sweet sunny South!—I cling to thee,
Thou art my native home!

I 've stood beneath Italia's clime,
Beloved of tale and song,
On heaven's hills, proud and sublime
Where Nature's wonders throng;
By Tempe's classic sunlit streams,
Where gods, of old, did roam,
But ne'er have found so fair a land
As thou—my native home!

And thou hast prouder glories too,
Than Nature ever gave,
Peace sheds o'er thee her genial dew,
And freedom's pinions wave,
Fair science flings her pearls around,
Religion lifts her dome,
These, these endear thee to my heart,
My own, loved native home!

And heaven's best gift to man is thine,
God bless thy rosy girls!
Like sylvan flowers, they sweetly shine,
Their hearts are pure as pearls!
And grace and goodness circle them,
Where'er their footsteps roam,
How can I then, while loving them,
Not love my native home!

Land of the South! imperial land!
Then here 's a health to thee!
Long as thy mountain barriers stand,
Mayst thou be blessed and free!
May dark dissension's banner ne'er
Wave o'er thy fertile loam,
But should it come, there 's one will die
To save his native home!

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BATTLE OF SARATOGA.

(See Map, page 177.)

THE following graphically simple narrative, from the personal recollections of an eyewitness and participator, of the glorious series of events immediately preceding and attending the capture of Burgoyne—forming what we must regard as the brightest page in American history—is from the pen of E. MATTOON, Esq., of Amherst, Mass., an officer in the Revolutionary army of the North—one of the few yet spared to invigorate the patriotism and inspire the reverential gratitude of the existing and rising generations. The circumstances which awakened and drew forth these reminiscences, are best explained by the letter itself:—

AMHERST, (*Mass.*,) October 7, 1835.

PHILIP SCHUYLER, ESQ.

Sir: Yours of the 17th ult., requesting me to give you a detailed account of the battle of Saratoga, surrender of Gen. Burgoyne, &c., was duly received.

When I left home on a visit to my friend Frost, at Union village, it was my intention to have visited the ground on which the army of Gen. Burgoyne was met, and compelled to surrender. But the absence of Mr. Frost prevented. Had I known, however, that a descendant of that venerable patriot and brave commander, Gen. Schuyler, was living on the ground, I should have found means to pay him my respects.

General Gates, indeed, obtained the honour of capturing Burgoyne and his army; but let me tell you, sir, that it was more through the wise and prudent counsels of your brave and distinguished ancestor, and the energy and intrepidity of Generals Lincoln and Arnold, than through the ability and foresight of Gates.

In my narrative, I shall confine myself to what transpired from the 7th to the 17th October, 1777, both days included. This will necessarily lead me to correct the statement of Gen. Wilkinson, and a Mr. Buel in your neighbourhood, respecting the fall of Gen. Frazier. By confounding the two actions of the 19th of September and 7th of October, neither of them is correctly described.

The action of the 19th of September commenced about ten o'clock, A. M., and continued during the day, each army alternately advancing and retiring. On that day, Col. Morgan posted a number of his riflemen to pick off the officers as they appeared out of the woods; but no such posting of riflemen occurred on the 7th October, Gen. Wilkinson to the contrary notwithstanding.

On the 7th of October, the American army was posted with their right wing resting on the North river, and their left extending on to Bemis's heights; Generals Nixon and Glover commanding on the right, Lincoln the centre, and Morgan and Larned the left. The British army, with its left resting on the river, was commanded by Philips; their centre by Gen. Redheisel, and the extreme right, extending to the heights was commanded by Lord Balcarras, where he was strongly fortified. Their light-troops were under the command of Gen. Frazier and Lieut. Auckland.

About one o'clock of this day, two signal guns were fired on the left of the British army, which indicated a movement. Our troops were immediately put under arms, and the lines manned. At this juncture, Gens. Lincoln and Arnold rode with great speed towards the enemy's lines. While they were absent, the picket guards on both sides were engaged near the river. In about half an hour, Generals Lincoln and Arnold returned to headquarters, where many of the officers collected to hear their report, Gen. Gates standing at the door.

Gen. Lincoln says: "Gen. Gates, the firing at the river is merely a feint; their object is your left. A strong force of 1500 men are marching circuitously to plant themselves on yonder height. That point must be defended, or your camp is in danger."

Gates replied: "I will send Morgan with his riflemen, and Dearborn's Infantry."

Arnold says: "That is nothing; you must send a strong force." Gates replied: "Gen. Arnold, I have nothing for you to do; you have no business here." Arnold's reply was reproachful and severe.

Gen. Lincoln says: "You must send a strong force to support Morgan and Dearborn, at least three regiments."

Two regiments from Gen. Larned's brigade and one from Gen. Nixon's, were then ordered to that station, and to defend it at all hazards. Generals Lincoln and Arnold immediately left the encampment, and proceeded to the enemy's lines.

In a few minutes, Capt. Furnival's company of Artillery, in which I was lieutenant, was ordered to march towards the fire which had now opened upon our picket in front, the picket consisting of about three hundred men. While we were marching, the whole line, from the river up to our picket in front, was engaged. We advanced to a height of ground which brought the enemy in view, where we opened our fire. But the enemy's guns, eight in number, much heavier than ours, rendered our position untenable.

We then advanced into the line of infantry. Here Lieut. M'Lane joined me. In our front there was a field of corn, in which the Hessians were secreted. On our advancing towards the cornfield, a number of men rose up and fired upon us. M'Lane was severely wounded. While I was removing him from the field, the firing still continued without abatement.

During this time, a tremendous firing was heard on our left. We poured in upon them, our canister-shot as fast as possible, and the whole line from left to right, became warmly engaged. The smoke was very dense, and no movements could be seen, but as soon as it arose, our infantry appeared to be slowly retreating, and the Hessians slowly advancing, their officers urging them on with their hangers.

Just at this moment, an elderly man, with a long hunting gun, coming up, I said to him: "Daddy, the infantry mus'n't leave me—I shall be cut to pieces." He replied: "I'll give them another gun." The smoke then rising again, several officers, led by a general, appeared moving to the northward, in the rear of the Hessian line. The old man, at that instant, discharged his gun, and the general officer pitched forward on the neck of his horse, and instantly they all wheeled about, the old man observing: "I have killed that officer, let him be who he will." I replied: "You have, and it is a general

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officer, and by his dress I believe it is Frazier." While they were turning about, three of their horses dropped down; but their further movements were then concealed by the smoke.

Here I will offer the reasons why I think this officer was Gen. Frazier, and that he was killed by the shot of this old man. In the first place, the distance, by actual measurement, was within the reach of a gun. For the next morning, a dispute arising about the distance, some contending that it was eight rods, and others fifteen, two respectable sergeants, both of whom have since been generals in the militia of Massachusetts, were selected to decide the dispute by pacing the ground. They did so, and found the distance, from the stump where the old man stood to the spot where the horses fell, just twelve rods. In the next place, the officer was shot through the body from the left to the right, as was afterward ascertained. Now, from his relative position to the posted riflemen, he could not have been shot through in this direction, but they must have hit him in front. Moreover, the riflemen could not have seen him, on account of the smoke in which he was enveloped.

The troops continuing warmly engaged, Col. Johnson's regiment came up, threw in a heavy fire, and compelled the Hessians to retreat. Upon this, we advanced with a shout of victory. At the same time Auckland's corps gave way.

We proceeded but a short distance before we came upon four pieces of brass cannon, closely surrounded by the dead and dying; at a few yards farther, we came upon two more. Advancing a little farther, we were met by a fire from the British infantry, which proved very fatal to one of Col. Johnson's companies, in which one sergeant, one corporal, and fourteen privates, were killed and about twenty were wounded.

They advanced with a quick step, firing as they came on. We returned them a brisk fire of canister-shot, not allowing ourselves even to sponge our pieces. In a short time, they ceased firing, and advanced upon us with trailed arms. At this juncture, Arnold came up with a part of Brooks's regiment, and gave them a most deadly fire, which soon caused them to face about, and retreat with a quicker step than they advanced.

The fire had principally ceased on our left, but was brisk in front and on the right. At this moment, Arnold says to Col. Brooks, (late governour of Massachusetts): "Let us attack Balcarras's works." Brooks replied: "No. Lord Auckland's detachment has retired there; we can't carry them."—"Well then let us attack the Hessian lines." Brooks replied: "With all my heart." We all wheeled to the right, and advanced. No fire was received, except from the cannon, until we got within about eight rods, when we received a tremendous fire from the whole line. But few of our men, however, fell. Still advancing, we received a second fire, in which a few men fell, and Gen. Arnold's horse fell under him, and he himself was wounded. He cried out: "Rush on, my brave boys!" After receiving the third fire, Brooks mounted their works, swung his sword, and the men rushed into their works. When we entered the works, we found Col. Bremen dead, surrounded by a number of his companions, dead or wounded. We pursued them slowly, the fire, in the meantime, decreasing. Nightfall now put an end to this day's bloody contest. During the day, we had taken eight cannon, and broken the centre of the enemy's lines.

We were ordered to rest, until relieved from the camps. The gloom of the night, the groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying, and the horrours of the whole scene baffle all description.

Under cover of this night, (the seventh,) the British army changed their position, so that it became necessary to reconnoitre the ground. While Gen. Lincoln was doing this, he was severely wounded, so that his active services were lost to the army, during that campaign. A heavy rain commenced about eleven o'clock, which continued without abatement till the morning of the ninth. In this time, information came that Gen. Burgoyne had removed his troops to Saratoga. At nine o'clock, A. M., of October eighth, Capt. Furnival received orders to march to the river, to cross the floating bridge, and repair to the fording place, opposite Saratoga, where we arrived at dusk. There we found Gen. Bailey, of New Hampshire, with about nine hundred men, erecting a long range of fires, to indicate the presence of a large army. The British troops had covered the opposite heights with their fires.

In the early part of the evening, Col. Mosely arrived with his regiment of Massachusetts militia, when our company was directed by Gen. Bailey to make a show of our field-pieces at the river. We soon extinguished their lights. We were then ordered to pass the Battenkill river, and erect works there during the night. In the morning, we perceived a number of officers on the stairs, and on the east side of the house, on the hill, a little north of the Battenkill river, apparently surveying our situation and works.

My captain being sick at the time, I levelled our guns, and with such effect as to disperse them. We took the house to be their headquarters. We continued our fire till a nine or twelve pounder was brought to bear upon us, and rendered our works useless. Next we were ordered in haste to Fort Edward, to defend the fording place. Colonel Mosely's regiment accompanied us. Some slight works were thrown up by us; while thus employed, a number of British officers appeared on the opposite side of the river. We endeavoured to salute them according to their rank. They soon disappeared

During this day, (the tenth,) we captured fifty Indians, and a large number of Canadians and Tories We remained at Fort Edward till the morning of the thirteenth. Being then informed of the armistice which had been agreed upon, we were ordered to return to our position on the Battenkill, and repair our works. Here we remained till the morning of the seventeenth, when we received orders to repair to Gen. Gates's headquarters on the west side of the river.

As we passed along, we saw the British army piling (not stacking) their arms; the piles of arms extending from Schuyler's creek northward nearly to the house on the hill beforementioned. The range of piles ran along the ground west of the road then travelled, and east of the canal, as, I am informed, it now runs.

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Just below the island we passed the river, and came to Gen. Gates's markee, situated on a level piece of ground, from a hundred and thirty to a hundred and fifty rods south of Schuyler's creek. A little south and west of this, there is a rising ground, on which our army was posted, in order to appear to the best advantage. A part of it was also advantageously drawn up on the east side of the river. About noon on the seventeenth, Gen. Burgoyne, with a number of his officers, rode up near to the markee in front of which Gen. Gates was sitting, attended by many of his officers. The sides of the markee were rolled up, so that all that was transacted might be seen. Gen. Burgoyne dismounted and approached Gen. Gates, who rose and stepped forward to meet him. Gen. Burgoyne then delivered up his sword to Gen. Gates, who received it in his left hand, at the same time extending his right hand to take the right hand of Gen. Burgoyne.

After a few minutes' conversation, Gen. Gates returned the sword to Gen. Burgoyne, who received it in the most graceful and gentlemanly manner. The rest of Burgoyne's officers then delivered up their swords, and had them restored to them likewise. They then all repaired to the table and were seated; and while dining, the prisoners were passing by.

After they had all passed by, a number of us went in search of a gun which was upon a carriage the day previous to the seventeenth, near what was called the Hessian burying-ground. But the tracks of the carriage were so confused, and the stench from the dead bodies was so offensive, that the search was discontinued.

Thus I have replied to your inquiries, as far as my recollection extends. I should be very happy to meet you, and spend a day or two in walking over the battle-ground, and to enter into other particulars concerning that engagement, which, however, are of minor importance. With much esteem,

I am, dear sir, yours,

E. Mattoon

GIVE IT TO 'EM.

The following anecdote of the glorious days of seventy-six we do not remember to have met before. The battle of Bunker's Hill had already begun and was raging with fury, when a little spare-faced captain of a company of six volunteers from Concord, N. H., arrived as far as Winter Hill, much fatigued by the day's march and the heat of the day, but still pressing steadily forward. Information being received at headquarters of this reinforcement, an express was immediately sent for them to hurry along, as their assistance was very much needed. The captain thinking to hurry faster might disable his men for action, replied: "Don't think it best to hurry—may be all killed when we get there!" On arriving at Charlestown Neck the request was repeated, the lines being in imminent danger; and the captain made the same laconic reply. At length he came up to the scene of action, and bringing his men up square to the line, he pulled off his chapeau, and swinging it in the air, he exclaimed: "Now, my boys, *give it to 'em! give it to 'em! give it to 'em!*"

REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

Royalton, Vt. during the Revolutionary war, was one of the frontier towns of the State, and was subjected at one time to the inroads of the tories and Indians from Canada in a more fearful shape than ever befel any other town in Vermont. In the beginning of October, 1780, an expedition was planned against Newbury on Connecticut river, the principal object of which was to capture a Lieutenant Whitcomb, who the Canadians asserted, had mortally wounded and robbed a British General Gordon, during Montgomery's disastrous campaign several years before. Against this man the British and Indians had conceived a violent aversion, and planned the present expedition in order to get him into their power. The expedition consisted of two hundred and ten men, nearly all of whom were Indians, under the command of a British officer named Horton. In proceeding up Onion river, they fell in with two hunters, who informed them that the people of Newbury were expecting an attack and had prepared themselves for it; and they therefore decided to direct their course toward Royalton. They found the inhabitants wholly unprepared for an attack, and an easy prey to their rapacity. After destroying twenty houses at Royalton and several in the neighboring towns, killing some persons who attempted to escape, and taking many prisoners and much plunder, they commenced a hasty retreat. The news quickly spread, and a party of the resolute inhabitants of neighboring towns soon assembled, chose a leader and commenced a pursuit. So great was their despatch that they soon came up with the trail of the savages, in the night, who, having posted their sentries, and partaking excessively of the intoxicating portion of their spoils, had lain down to rest, not dreaming of an attack. Great was their consternation on finding that their sentries were fired upon; but with savage cunning they sent word to their pursuers that if attacked, they would put all the prisoners to death; and while the subject matter of this threat was debating among their enemies, they picked up their prisoners and camp-equipage, and made a hasty retreat under the cover of the darkness. In the morning it was thought useless to pursue them, and the party returned. Most of the prisoners eventually made their way back from captivity. Several authentic anecdotes are related of this expedition, which go to show the Indian character in a less ferocious light than it has generally been held, under similar circumstances. They did not evince any desire to molest the women or female children. In some of the cases where the women who had left their burning houses, stood motionless and stupified, not knowing what to do, the Indians brought them their clothes, with the assurance that "Indian would'nt hurt 'em." One woman had firmness enough to reproach them for their conduct in burning down houses, and taunted them for not daring to cross the river and attack the men at the fort. They bore her gibes with the utmost patience, and only replied that "squaw should'nt talk too much." Another woman, whose young son they were carrying off, followed them with

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another child in her arms, and beseeched them to return her little boy. They complied; and following up her success, she prevailed upon them to give up ten or fifteen of the children of her neighbors. One of the Indians offered to carry her on his back across the stream; she accepted his politeness, and though the water was up to his waist, he conveyed her over in safety, and she returned with her little band of boys, to the surprise and joy of their parents. These, and several other authentic anecdotes of a similar nature, show that the savages did not at this time practise those ferocities which in more recent hostile expeditions have marked their course with the worst possible horrors of blood and carnage.

DANIEL BOON.

Daniel Boon, one of the first, one of the most fearless of the pioneers to what was then a wilderness, 'a dark and bloody ground,' deserves a volume; and we trust ere long he will have one all to himself. We wish the old man had lived to see himself the hero, the sole hero of a story. The idea that his name would be in print was more fatal to his philosophy than the idea of suffering and death; and had he dreamed of being one day as noted as man ever can hope to be, it would have done more towards disturbing his saturnine gravity, than all the Indians that ever roamed Kentucky. He was a strange compound; born in the good old state of Virginia, he first tried North Carolina, then Kentucky, and at last swept on to Missouri, to his dying day, a pioneer. Thirty years old, he crossed the mountains, not to seek, as most at his age do, a competence and comfort, but to go through perils, and dangers, and hardships, that would have tried the heart and frame of any youth in christendom. For two months, without one companion—not even a dog—without home or help, he wandered among the wilds, his bed the ground; his canopy the trees; his lullaby the howl of the wolf and the yell of the savage. Taken by the Indians, he so won their regard and so tickled their vanity, by never *quite* outdoing them with the rifle, that money would not purchase his freedom. Escaping, for four days in succession he went on foot forty miles, and eat during the time but one meal. Without fear and without fierceness; abominating society, but a kind husband, and father, and fellow-man; daring, when daring was the wiser part; prudent, when discretion was valour's better half; sagacious and clear-headed, but ever averse to civilization—he walked through life with the hardihood of youth, the decision of manhood, and the cool reason of age. He had his vices and faults, but had so few, that in his place and with his education, he was a marvel of virtue as well as of fortitude. So calmly did he anticipate death, that he prepared his own coffin beforehand. One he made, but finding it too small, he presented it to his son-in-law, and having fitted himself with a second, and polished it by long rubbing, he laid himself down and died, in life and death a veritable 'Leatherstocking.'

THE PIONEERS.

BY CHARLES A. JONES.

Where are the hardy yeomen
  Who battled for this land,
And trode these hoar old forests,
  A brave and gallant band?
Oh, know ye where they slumber
  No monument appears,
For Freedom's pilgrims to draw nigh,
  And hallow with their tears?
Or were no works of glory
  Done in the olden time?
And has the West no story
  Of deathless deeds sublime?

Go ask yon shining river,
  And it will tell a tale
Of deeds of noble daring,
  Will make thy cheek grow pale;
Go ask yon smiling valley,
  Whose harvest blooms so fair,
'T will tell thee a sad story
  Of the brave who slumber there:
Go ask yon mountain, rearing
  Its forest crest so high;
Each tree upon its summit
  Has seen a warrior die.

They knew no dread of danger,
  When rose the Indian's yell;
Right gallantly they struggled,
  Right gallantly they fell:
From Alleghany's summit,
  To the farthest western shore,
These brave men's bones are lying
  Where they perished in their gore;
And not a single monument
  Is seen in all the land,
In honor of the memory
  Of that heroic band.

Their bones were left to whiten
  The spot where they were slain;
And were ye now to seek them,
  They would be sought in vain.
The mountain cat has feasted
  Upon them as they lay;
Long, long ago they mingled
  Again with other clay:
Their very names are dying,
  Uncohsecrate by fame,
In oblivion they slumber,
  Our glory and our shame.

Affectation may be compared to a coat of many pieces and divers colors, ill fitted, and neither stitched nor tied.

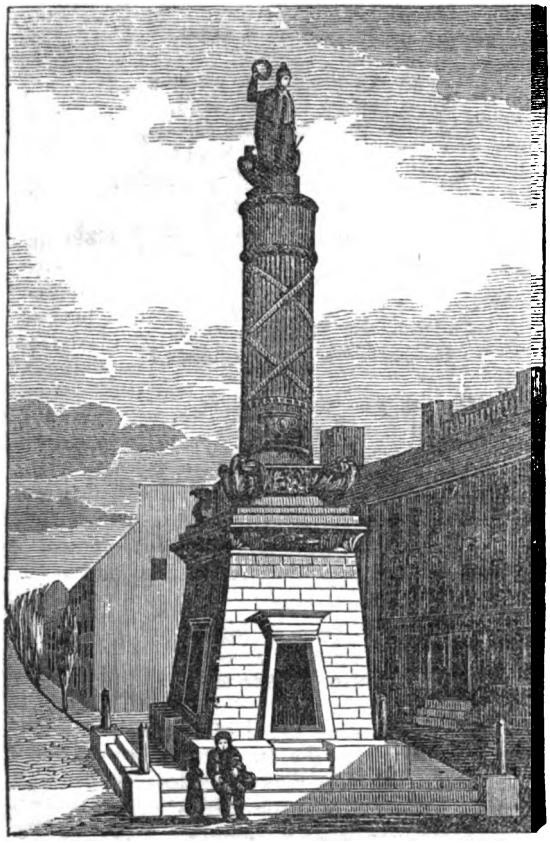
Wise sayings often fall on barren ground: but a kind word is never thrown away.

Every man has as much vanity as he wants understanding.

Idleness is the Dead Sea, that swallows all virtues, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man.

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BATTLE MONUMENT, BALTIMORE.



The Battle Monument was erected in 1815, at Baltimore, to the memory of those who fell bravely defending that city from the attack of the British, at North Point and the bombardment of Fort M'Henry, on the 12th and 13th of September, 1814. It cost about 60,000 dollars.

For perfect propriety of design, as well as for the masterly execution of its various parts, it is not equalled by any work of similar character in this or any other country. It was planned by MAXIMILIAN GODEFROY, who presented the drawings to the city, and directed its construction. It is entirely of pure white marble, and rests upon a square *plinth* or *terrace* of the same material, forty feet square, and four feet high, at each angle of which is placed erect a brass cannon, having a ball, as it were, issuing from its mouth. Between the cannon and along the verge of the platform, extends a railing or chevaux-defrise of brass-headed spears, the beauty and effect of which are much heightened by the disposal, at equal distances, of eight *fasces*, forming a part of and supporting the railing. These fasces are composed of corresponding spears bound with iron fillets. The whole protected by massive chains in festoons, suspended from posts of granite, enclosing a walk of five feet on every front.

From the platform rises a square Egyptian basement, entirely rusticated, to indicate strength. It is composed of eighteen layers of stone, to signify the number of the states which formed this confederation at the period of the event which the monument commemorates. The style of this basement is especially consecrated to tombs. It is surmounted by a cornice, each of the four angles of which bears an elegantly executed *Griffin*, with an eagle's head, as an emblem of the eagle of the Union.

The decorative hieroglyphick, having been dedicated to the sun, and often employed by the ancients in front of their temples, is, therefore, regarded as the emblem of glory and veneration. A winged globe adorns each centre of the Egyptian cornice, symbolical of eternity and the flight of time. On each of the four fronts of the basement is a false door, in the antique style, closed with a single tablet of black marble—imparting the character of a cenotaph, with the remains of the dead deposited therein.

Three steps to ascend to these doors, are intended to indicate the three years of the war.

We now carry the description up to the principal part of the monument, which presents the appearance of a fasces, (symbolical of the Union,) the rods of which are bound by a fillet—on this are inscribed in letters of bronze, the names of the brave, who were killed in defending their city; and who, by their glorious death, strengthened the bands of the Union. Around the top of the fasces are bound a wreath of laurel, and a wreath of cypress, the first expressive of glory, the other sepulchral and mourning. Between these wreaths, in letters of bronze, are inscribed the names of the officers who perished at the shrine of glory. They are:—

JAMES LOWRY DONALDSON,
Adjutant 27th regiment.

GREGORIUS ANDREE,
Lieutenant 1st rifle battalion.

LEVI CLAGETT,
3d Lieutenant Nicholson's artillerists.

The names of the non-commissioned officers and privates, who were killed in the action, as inscribed on the fillet binding the fasces, are:—

JOHN CLEMM,
T. V. BEASTON,
S. HAUBERT
JOHN JEPHSON,
T. WALLACE,
J. H. MARRIOT, of John,
E. MARRIOT,
WM. WAYS,
J. ARMSTRONG,
J. RICHARDSON,
BENJN. POND,
CLEMENT COX,
CECELIUS BELT,
JOHN GARRETT,
H. G. M'COMAS,
WM. M'CLELLAN,
JOHN C. BIRD
M. DESK,
DANL. WELLS, Jr
JOHN R. COP,
BENJN. NEAL,
C. REYNOLDS,
D. HOWARD,
URIAH PROSSER
A. RANDALL
R. R. COOKSEY,
J. GREGG,
J. EVANS,
A. MAAS
G. JENKINS,
W. ALEXANDER,
C. FALLIER,
T. BURNESTON,
J. DUNN,
P. BYARD,
J. CRAIG.

The fasces is ornamented with two basso-relievoes—the one on the south front, representing the battle of North Point, and the death of General Ross, the British commander—the other on the north front, representing a battery of Fort M'Henry at the moment of the bombardment. On the east and west fronts are *Lachrymal urns*, emblematick of regret and sorrow. On the south part of the square base, beneath the basso-relievo is this inscription in letters of bronze:—

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BATTLE
OF NORTH POINT,
12TH SEPTEMBER, A. D. 1814,
And of the Independence of the United States the thirty-ninth.

On the north front, beneath the basso-relievo on that side, is the following inscription, also in letters of bronze:—

BOMBARDMENT
OF FORT M'HENRY,
13TH SEPTEMBER, A. D. 1814;
And of the Independence of the United States, the thirty-ninth.

The basement and fasces thus described, form together thirty-nine feet, to show that it was founded in the thirty-ninth year of the Independence of the United States.

The colossal, but exquisitely beautiful statue, which surmounts the fasces, is a female figure, representing the city of Baltimore—upon her head is a mural crown, emblematick of cities; in one hand she holds an antique rudder, symbolick of navigation; and in the other she raises a crown of laurel, as, with a graceful inclination of the head, she looks towards the fort and field of battle. At her feet, on the right, is the Eagle of the United States; and near it a bomb, commemorative of the bombardment.

The height of the monument, including the statue, is fifty-two feet, two inches.

A single glance at this monument, strikes the beholder with admiration, and suffices to convince him, that its various parts have been designed and combined by the effort of talent and genius of the first order. But if the architect, fully impressed with the moral dignity and beauty of his subject, has conceived a plan worthy of his exalted genius, the master-hand of the sculptor has been no less happy in communicating to the pure marble the most admirable proofs of the power of his chisel and the perfection of his art. The attitude of the noble statue, and the natural flow of its drapery, afford a true personification of ease, grace, and dignity: the proportions are strikingly beautiful and correct, and its execution, including all the sculptured parts of the monument, is that of the finished artist. This elegant structure presents a glorious testimony of the patriotism, devotion, and gratitude of the citizens of Baltimore, and a no less gratifying evidence of the rapid advancement of the arts in this country.

TO YOUNG MEN.

There is no moral object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man! I watch him as I do a star in the heavens: clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind them, and will beam again; the blaze of other's prosperity may outshine him but we know that, though unseen, he illumines his own true sphere. He resists temptation not without a struggle, for that is not a virtue, but he does resist and conquer; he hears the sarcasm of the profligate and it stings him, for that is the trial of virtue, but he heals the wound with his own pure touch. He heeds not the watchword of fashion, if it lead to sin; the Atheist who says, not only in his heart, but with his lips, "there is no God," controls him not, for he sees the hand of a creating God and reverences it, of a preserving God and rejoices in it. Woman is sheltered by fond arms and guided by loving counsel, old age is protected by its experience, and manhood by its strength; but the young man stands amid the temptations of the world like a self-balanced tower. Happy, he who seeks and gains the prop and shelter of Christianity.

Onward, then, conscientious youth! raise thy standard and nerve thyself for *goodness*. If God has given thee intellectual power, awaken it in that cause; never let it be said of thee, he helped to swell the tide of sin, by pouring his influence into its channels. If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not that poor drop into a polluted current. Awake, arise, young man! assume the beautiful garments of virtue! It is easy, fearfully easy to sin, it is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on thy strength, then, let thy chivalry be aroused against errour, let *truth* be the lady of thy love—defend her.

Southern Rose.

AN AMERICAN CEDAR SWAMP.

THESE swamps are from half a mile to a mile in breadth, and sometimes five or six in length, and appear as if they occupied the former channel of some choked-up river, stream, lake, or arm of the sea. The appearance they present to a stranger is singular:—a forest of tall and perfectly straight trunks, rising to the height of fifty or sixty feet, without a limb, and crowded in every direction, their tops so woven together as to shut out the day, spreading the gloom of a perpetual twilight below. On a nearer approach, they are found to rise out of the water, which, from the impregnation of fallen leaves and roots of the cedars, is of the colour of brandy. Amidst this bottom of congregated springs, the ruins of the former forest lie in every state of confusion. The roots, prostrate logs, and in many places the water, are covered with green mantling moss, while an undergrowth of laurel, fifteen or twenty feet high, intersects every spring so completely as to render a passage through, laborious and harassing beyond description. At every step you either sink to the knees, clamber over falling timber, squeeze yourself through between the stubborn laurels, or plunge to the middle in ponds made by the uprooting of large trees, and which the green moss concealed from observation. In calm weather, the silence of death reigns in these dreary regions; a few interrupted rays of light shoot across the gloom; and unless for the occasional hollow screams of the herons and the melancholy chirping of one or two small birds, all is silence, solitude, and desolation. When a breeze rises, at first it sighs mournfully through the tops; but as the gale increases, the tall, mast-like cedars wave like fishing-poles, and rubbing against each other, produce a variety of singular noises, that, with the help of a little imagination, resemble shrieks, groans, growling of bears, wolves, and such like comfortable music. Wilson.

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REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTES.

We have gleaned from the publications of the day, the following anecdotes of the revolution. The first relates to the battle of Bunker's Hill—and is from the pen of A. E. Everett, Esq.:—

"The veteran Pomeroy, to whom I have already particularly adverted, and who at this time held no commission in the line, when he heard the pealing artillery, felt it as a summons to action, and could not resist the inclination to repair to the field. He accordingly requested Gen. Ward to lend him a horse, and taking his musket, set off at full speed for Charlestown. On reaching the neck, and finding it enfiladed by a hot and heavy fire of round, bar and chain shot from the British batteries, he began to be alarmed—not, fellow-citizens, as you might well suppose, for his own safety, but for that of Gen. Ward's horse! Horses, fellow-citizens, as I have already remarked, were at this time almost as rare and precious as the noble animals that rode them. Too honest to expose his borrowed horse to the 'pelting of this pitiless storm,' and to dream for a moment of shrinking from it himself, the conquerer of Baron Dieskieu dismounted, and delivering Gen. Ward's horse to a sentry, shouldered his musket and marched very coolly on foot across the neck. On reaching the hill, he took his place at the rail-fence. His person was known to the soldiers, and the name of Pomeroy rang with enthusiastick shouts along the line!"

COMMODORE DECATUR.

The Knickerbocker tells the following anecdotes of Commodore Decatur:—

"The late gallant Decatur was a sailor to the very heart's core, and loved to tell anecdotes of the common sailors. I recollect one which he used to relate, to the following purport:—

"In one of the actions before Tripoli, while fighting hand to hand with the captain of a gun-boat, Decatur came near being cut down by a Turk, who attacked him from behind. A seaman named Reuben James, who was already wounded in both his hands seeing the risk of his commander, rushed in and received the blow of his uplifted sabre on his own head Fortunately, the honest fellow survived to receive his reward. Some time afterward, when he had recovered from his wounds, Decatur sent for him on deck, expressed his gratitude for his self-devotion, in presence of the crew, and told him to ask for some reward. The honest tar pulled up his waistband and rolled his quid, but seemed utterly at a loss what recompense to claim. His messmates gathered around him, nudging him with their elbows, and whispering in his ear; 'He had all the world in a string, and could get what he pleased;' the 'old man could deny him nothing,' etc. One advised this thing, another that; 'double pay,' 'double allowance,' 'a boatswain's berth,' 'a pocket full of money and a full swing on shore,' etc. Jack elbowed them all aside, and would have none of their counsel. After mature deliberation, he announced the reward to which he aspired; it was, *to be excused from rolling up the hammock-cloths!* The whimsical request was of course granted; and from that time forward, whenever the sailors were piped to stow away their hammocks, Jack was to be seen loitering around and looking on, with the most gentlemanly leisure. He always continued in the same ship with Decatur. 'I could always know the state of my bile by Jack,' said the commodore. 'If I was in good humor, and wore a pleasant aspect, Jack would be sure to heave in sight, to receive a friendly nod: and if I were out of humor, and wore, as I sometimes did, a foul-weather physiognomy, Jack kept aloof, and skulked among the other sailors.' It is proper to add, that Reuben James received a more solid reward for his gallant devotion, than the privilege abovementioned, a pension having been granted to him by government. On another occasion, Decatur had received at New York the freedom of the city, as a testimonial of respect and gratitude. On the following day, he overheard this colloquy between two of his sailors: 'Jack,' said one, 'what is the meaning of this freedom of the city, which they've been giving to the 'old man?" 'Why don't you know? Why, it's the right to frolic about the streets, as much as he pleases; kick up a row; knock down the men, and kiss the women!' 'O ho!' cried the other '*that's* something worth fighting for!'"

According to an estimate made sometime since by the New Bedford Mercury, the printing business in the United States gives employment to two hundred thousand persons, and thirty millions of capital.

THE SCHOOLROOM.

It is believed that there are lasting and painful infirmities which begin in the school-room. It is a convenience and a relief to a busy mother to send her children to school for several hours in the day. She considers them safe while so employed; not only so, they are getting learning and preparing to get a living. But at this tender age, while the bones are hardening, and the delicate structure of the human frame is easily deranged, it is more than probable that long-continued *sitting* lays the foundation for diseases which show themselves in after life, and occasion affliction to the child, and cost and pain to parents. The learning that may be acquired in these early years can be no compensation for such evils. It would be far better for parent and child, to have good schools for *playing*, as well as for learning, during the early years of infancy. The natural athletic action of the human system has no tendency to deform or enfeeble it; while the tedious confinement of the school-room is certain to do both. All that is contended for, is, that there should be a rational mixture of bodily action and mental employment for children, as mutually auxiliary in preserving health and in acquiring learning; and, however common such thoughts may be, they cannot be too often expressed until they are carried into practical and general effect

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"BRITISH AUTHORITIES."

It was during the last war, when the vessels of Admiral Gordon were making their way up the Potomack, that a negro-woman was arraigned in a court of Virginia for killing one of her own sex and colour; she had been committed for murder, but the evidence went clearly to establish the deed to be manslaughter, inasmuch as it was done in sudden heat, and without malice-aforethought. The attorney for the commonwealth waived the prosecution for murder, but quoted British authorities to show that she might be convicted of manslaughter, though committed for murder. The counsel for the accused rose, and in a most solemn manner asked the court if it was a thing ever heard of, that an individual, accused of one crime and acquitted, should be arraigned immediately for another, under the same prosecution? At intervals—boom, boom, boom, went the British cannon—"British authorities!" exclaimed the counsel; "British authorities, gentlemen! Is there any one upon the bench so dead to the feelings of patriotism, as at such a moment to listen to British authorities, when the "British cannon is shaking the very walls of your courthouse to their foundation." This appeal was too cogent to be resisted? Up jumped one of the justices, and protested that "it was not to be borne; let the prisoner go: away with your British authorities!" The counsel for the accused rubbed his hands and winked at the attorney; the attorney stood aghast; his astonishment was too great for utterance, and the negress was halfway home, before he recovered from his amazement.

CONSTITUTION AND GUERRIERE.

We find the following characteristic anecdote of the capture of the Guerrierre, in the Springfield Republican. The correspondent says he gives it as he heard it in the circles of Virginia, and believes it has not before appeared in print.

A short time previous to her capture by the Constitution, the Guerriere had fallen in with, and taken a French prize. Among the passengers transferred to the deck of the Guerriere, was a French gentleman charged with despatches to the American government, who, on presenting himself to the British commander, was dispossessed of his books and papers and peremptorily ordered to go below.

Overwhelmed with this sudden and unexpected termination of his mission, the gentleman passed several days in great distress and agony of mind, which was not a little heightened by the haughty bearing and insolence of his victor. Once or twice, addressing him with his blandest manner and best English, he said:—

"Captain Dacre, I tank you, sare, for my government despatch and my law-books."

"Go below! you frog-eating, swallow-faced wretch!" was the only reply of the proud Briton.

Ere long, however, a sail was descried on the edge of the distant horizon. Her gradually increasing size gave token that she approached—and, as she neared to view, the tapering spars and the graceful trim of the Yankee were seen.

Captain Dacre, with glass in hand, had observed her from a mere speck, and as soon as he was satisfied that she was American gave vent to the wildest expression of joy. He paced the deck with exulting step—swore he would take that ship in fifteen minutes—and to crown his anticipated triumph, directed that a hogshead of molasses be hoisted upon deck, to treat the d—d Yankees.*

Our Frenchman, who was meanwhile a silent though not an uninterested observer of what was passing before him; again put on his most winning smiles, and remarked:—

"Captain Dacre, sare, wid your permission I stay upon deck and see de fight."

"Go to the devil," responded the vain and self-conceited boaster—now busied in preparations for a bold and brilliant achievement.

Our hero was soon ensconced among the rigging; and the two vessels continued gradually and silently to approach each other. The Constitution having now got within reach of the enemy's long guns, the scene that followed is thus described by the lively Frenchman.

"Captain Dacre, he sail dis way, and den he sail dat way, and den he go—*boom!*

"De Yankee man, he say nothing—but still keep comin'.

"Again Captain Dacre sail dis way, and den he sail dat way, and again he go—*boom!*

"Enfin, de Yankee man go pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop!†

"I say to Captain Dacre—Sare, wid your permission I go below—*'tis too hot here.*"

He went below; and the action continued.

When the firing ceased, our little Frenchman, peeping up the hatchway, espied "one officer-like man, and Captain Dacre handing his sword." The truth flashed upon him in an instant. He rushed upon deck; and finding himself again at liberty, he capered about like one "possessed." Finally advancing to the now mute and fallen Dacre, he said, with an air which defies our humble pen:—

"You tell me, sare, you take dis ship in fifteen minute, *by gar*, HE TAKE YOU!"

"*Now*, sare," he added, with a low and bitter emphasis, "*I tank you for my government despatch and law-books.*"

ABILITY REQUIRED FOR INSTRUCTION.—No mistake is more gross than that of imagining that undisciplined teachers are the fittest to deal with ignorance and mental rudeness. On the contrary, to force the rays of thought intelligibly through so opaque a medium, demands peculiarly and emphatically a great clearness and prominence of thinking, and an exact feeling of the effect of words to be chosen, combined, and varied. Foster.

BEAUTY.—Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt and cannot last; and, for the most part, it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance; but yet certainly again, if it light well, it maketh virtues shine, and vices blush.

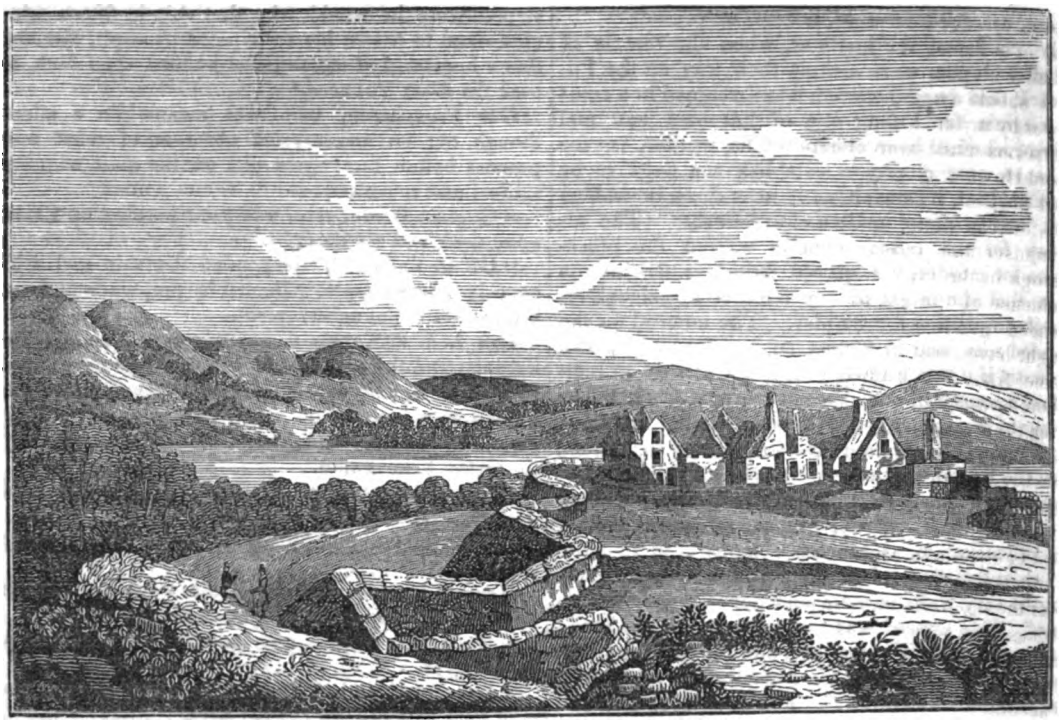
Lord Bacon's Essays.

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* Strange as it may appear, this order was actually obeyed. And at almost the first shot the Constitution struck the hogshead; its contents spreading over the deck conduced, no doubt, to the Guerriere's defeat.

† It is proper to state, that after the broadside, the action on the part of the Constitution was continued by *one gun at a time*—but in such rapid succession, that the captain of the Guerriere believed her to be on fire; and in consequence ordered a momentary suspension of operations.

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OLD TICONDEROGA.

A PICTURE OF THE PAST.

In returning once to New England, from a visit to Niagara, I found myself, one summer's day, before noon, at Orwell, about forty miles from the southern extremity of lake Champlain, which has here the aspect of a river or a creek. We were on the Vermont shore, with a ferry of less than a mile wide, between us and the town of Ti, in New York.

On the bank of the lake, within ten yards of the water, stood a pretty white tavern, with a piazza along its front. A wharf and one or two stores were close at hand, and appeared to have a good run of trade, foreign as well as domestick; the latter with Vermont farmers, the former with vessels plying between Whitehall and the British dominions. Altogether, this was a pleasant and lively spot. I delighted in it, among other reasons, on account of the continual succession of travellers, who spent an idle quarter of an hour in waiting for the ferry-boat; affording me just time enough to make their acquaintance, penetrate their mysteries, and be rid of them without the risk of tediousness on either part.

The greatest attraction in this vicinity, is the famous old fortress of Ticonderoga; the remains of which are visible from the piazza of the tavern, on a swell of land that shuts in the prospect of the lake. Those celebrated heights, mount Defiance and mount Independence, familiar to all Americans in history, stand too prominent not to be recognised, though neither of them precisely correspond to the images excited by their names. In truth, the whole scene, except the interiour of the fortress, disappointed me. Mount Defiance, which one pictures as a steep, lofty, and rugged hill, of the most formidable aspect, frowning down with the grim visage of a precipice on old Ticonderoga, is merely a long and wooded ridge; and bore, at some former period, the gentle name of Sugar Hill. The brow is certainly difficult to climb, and high enough to look into every corner of the fortress. St. Clair's most probable reason, however, for neglecting to occupy it, was the deficiency of troops to man the works already constructed, rather than the supposed inaccessibility of mount Defiance. It is singular that the French never fortified this height, standing as it does in the quarter whence they must have looked for the advance of a British army.

In my first view of the ruins, I was favoured with the scientifick guidance of a young lieutenant of engineers, recently from West Point, where he had gained credit for great military genius. I saw nothing but confusion in what chiefly interested him; straight lines and zigzags, defence within defence, wall opposed to wall, and ditch intersecting ditch; oblong squares of masonry below the surface of the earth, and huge mounds, or turf-covered hills of stone, above it. On one of these artificial hillocks, a pine tree has rooted itself, and grown tall and strong, since the banner-staff was levelled. But where my unmilitary glance could trace no regularity, the young lieutenant was perfectly at home.—He fathomed the meaning of every ditch, and formed an entire plan of the fortress from its half obliterated lines. His description of Ticonderoga would be as accurate as a geometrical theorem, and as barren of the poetry that has clustered round its decay. I viewed Ticonderoga as a place of ancient strength, in ruins for half a century; where the flags of three nations had successively waved, and none waved now; where armies had struggled, so long ago that the bones of the slain are mouldered; where peace had found a heritage in the forsaken haunts of war. Now the young West-Pointer, with his lectures on ravelins, counterscarps, angles, and covered ways, made it an affair of brick and mortar and hewn

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stone, arranged on certain regular principles, having a good deal to do with mathematicks but nothing at all with poetry.

I should have been glad of a hoary veteran to totter by my side, and tell me, perhaps, of the French garrisons and their Indian allies, of Abercrombie, Lord Howe and Amherst; of Ethan Allen's triumph and St. Clair's surrender. The old soldier and the old fortress would be emblems of each other. His reminiscences, though vivid as the image of Ticonderoga in the lake, would harmonize with the gray influence of the scene. A survivor of the long-disbanded garrisons, though but a private soldier, might have mustered his dead chiefs and comrades, some from Westminster Abbey, and the English church-yards and battle-fields in Europe, others from their graves here in America; others, not few, who lie sleeping round the fortress; he might have mustered them all, and bid them march through the ruined gateway, turning their old historick faces on me as they passed. Next to such a companion, the best is one's own fancy.

At another visit I was alone, and, after rambling all over the ramparts, sat down to rest myself in one of the roofless barracks. These are old French structures, and appear to have occupied three sides of a large area, now overgrown with grass, nettles, and thistles. The one in which I sat, was long and narrow, as all the rest had been, with peaked gables. The exteriour walls were nearly entire, constructed of gray, flat, unpicked stones, the aged strength of which promised long to resist the elements if no other violence should precipitate their fall. The roof, floors, partitions, and the rest of the woodwork, had probably been burnt, except some bars of stanch old oak, which were blackened with fire, but still remained imbedded into the window-sills and over the doors. There were a few particles of plastering near the chimney, scratched with rude figures, perhaps by a soldier's hand. A most luxuriant crop of weeds had sprung up within the edifice and hid the scattered fragments of the wall. Grass and weeds grew in the windows, and in all the crevices of the stone, climbing, step by step, till a turf of yellow flowers was waving on the highest peak of the gable. Some spicy herb diffused a pleasant odour through the ruin. A verdant heap of vegetation had covered the hearth of the second floor, clustering on the very spot where the huge logs had mouldered to glowing coals, and flourished beneath the broad flue, which had so often puffed the smoke over a circle of French or English soldiers. I felt that there was no other token of decay so impressive as that bed of weeds in the place of the back-log.

Here I sat, with those roofless walls about me, the clear sky over my head, and the afternoon sunshine falling gently bright through the window-frames and doorway. I heard the tinkling of a cow-bell, the twittering of birds, and the pleasant hum of insects. Once a gay butterfly with four gold-speckled wings, came and fluttered about my head, then flew up and lighted on the highest tuft of yellow flowers, and at last took wing across the lake. Next a bee buzzed through the sunshine, and found much sweetness among the weeds. After watching him till he went off to his distant hive, I closed my eyes on Ticonderoga in ruins, and cast a dreamlike glance over pictures of the past, and scenes of which this spot had been the theatre.

At first, my fancy saw only the stern hills, lonely lakes, and venerable woods. Not a tree, since their seeds were first scattered over the infant soil, had felt the axe, but had grown up and flourished through its long generation, had fallen beneath the weight of years, been buried in green moss, and nourished the roots of others as gigantick. Hark! A light paddle dips into the lake, a birch canoe glides round the point, and an Indian chief has passed, painted and feather-crested, armed with a bow of hickory, a stone tomahawk, and flint-headed arrows. But the ripple had hardly vanished from the water, when a white flag caught the breeze, over a castle in the wilderness with frowning ramparts and a hundred cannon. There stood a French chevalier, commandant of the fortress, paying court to a copper-coloured lady, the princess of the land, and winning her wild love by the arts which had been successful with Parisian dames. A war-party of French and Indians were issuing from the gate to lay waste some village of New England. Near the fortress there was a group of dancers. The merry soldiers footing it with the swart savage maids; deeper in the wood, some red men were growing frantick around a cog of the fire-water; and elsewhere a Jesuit preached the faith of high cathedrals beneath a canopy of forest boughs, and distributed crucifixes to be worn beside English scalps.

I tried to make a series of pictures from the old French war, when fleets were on the lake and armies in the woods, and especially of Abercrombie's disasterous repulse, where thousands of lives were utterly thrown away; but being at a loss how to order the battle, I chose an evening scene in the barracks after the fortress had surrendered to Sir Jeffrey Amherst. What an immense fire blazes on that hearth, gleaming on swords, bayonets, and musket-barrels, and blending with the hue of the scarlet coats till the whole barrack-room is quivering with ruddy light! One soldier has thrown himself down to rest, after a deer-hunt, or perhaps a long run through the woods, with Indians on his trail. Two stand up to wrestle, and are on the point of coming to blows. A fifer plays shrill accompaniment to a drummer's song; a strain of light love and bloody war, with a chorus thundered forth by twenty voices. Meantime, a veteran in the corner is prosing about Dettingen and Fontenoye, and relates camp-traditions of Marlborough's battles, till his pipe, having been vigorously charged with gunpowder, makes a terrible explosion under his nose. And now they all vanish in a puff of smoke from the chimney.

I merely glanced at the ensuing twenty years, which had glided peacefully over the frontier fortress, till Ethan Allen's shout was heard, summoning it to surrender "In the name of the great Jehovah and of the continental Congress." Strange allies! thought the British captain. Next came the hurried muster of the soldiers of liberty, when the cannon of Burgoyne, putting down upon their stronghold from the brow of mount Defiance, announced a new conquerer of Ticonderoga. No virgin fortress, this! Forth rushed the motly throng from the barracks, one man wearing the blue and buff of the Union, another the red coat of Britain, a third, a dragoon's jacket, and a fourth, a cotton frock; here was a pair of leather breeches, and striped trousers there; a

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grenadier's cap on one head, and a broad-brimmed hat, with a tall feather, on the next; this fellow shouldering a king's arm that might throw a bullet to Crown Point, and his comrade a long fowling-piece, admirable to shoot ducks on the lake. In the midst of the bustle, when the fortress was all alive with this last warlike scene, the ringing of a bell on the lake made me suddenly unclose my eyes, and behold only the gray and weed-grown ruins. They were as peaceful in the sun as a warrior's grave.

Hastening to the rampart, I perceived that the signal had been given by the steam-boat Franklin, which landed a passenger from Whitehall at the tavern, and resumed its progress northward, to reach Canada the next morning A sloop was pursuing the same track; a little skiff had just crossed the ferry; while a scow, laden with lumber, spread its huge square sail and went up the lake. The whole country was a cultivated farm. Within musket-shot of the ramparts lay the neat villa of Mr. Pell, who, since the revolution has become proprietor of a spot for which France, England, and America have so often struggled. How forcibly the lapse of time and change of circumstances came home to my apprehension! Tall trees had grown upon its ramparts, since the last garrison marched out, to return no more, or only at some dreamer's summons, gliding from the twilight past to vanish among realities.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.

The following interesting passage from a private journal, never before published, has been communicated to the Plattsburgh Republican. The author is a distinguished American traveller, who still lives to recall the proudly thrilling scene which he has so vividly sketched:—*New Yorker.*

EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL OF —— ——.

LONDON, *Thursday, Dec.* 4, 1782.—The great, the glorious day has arrived, when our unconditional *Independence* will be solemnly recognised by George III. in the presence of God and man. Such, at last, are the well-earned fruits of a sanguinary and eventful contest of eight long—*long* years, in which period one hundred thousand brave Americans have cemented, on the altar of their country, with their precious blood, a prize which will bless unborn millions, and in its eventual effects produce a new era over the entire surface of this benighted world.

At an early hour, in conformity to previous arrangements, I had the honour to be conducted, by the earl of Ferers, to the very entrance of the house of lords.

At the small door, he whispered softly into my ear: "*Get as near the foot of the throne as possible—maintain your position—fear not.*" I did so with all the assurance of a travelled yankee, and found myself exactly in front of the throne, elbow to elbow with the celebrated admiral Lord Howe, who had just returned from a successful relief of Gibraltar.

The ladies of the nobility occupied the lords' seats on the woolsacks, so called, as an emblem of the power and wealth of Old England, because that it has been mainly derived from wool. The lords were standing here and there promiscuously as I entered. It was a dark foggy day—a proper English hanging day. To add to its gloomy effects, the old Saxon windows stand high up, with leaden bars to contain the diamond cut panes of glass. The walls were also hung with dark tapestry, representing the defeat of the great Spanish Armada in 1588. I had the pleasure of recognising the celebrated American painters, West and Copley, and some American ladies in the group—all rebels at heart—intermixed with many American royalists, some of whom were my near relatives, with long dejected faces, and rage and despair depicted in every lineament of their features. How opposite were our feelings! After standing for two hours in painful suspense, the approach of the king was announced by a tremendous roar of cannon. He entered the same small door on the left of the throne, and immediately seated himself in the chair of state, decorated in his royal robes, in a graceful, formal and majestick posture, with his right foot resting on a stool. He was evidently agitated; and drew slowly from his pocket a scroll containing his humiliating speech. I was exactly in his front, six or eight feet distant, with my left foot braced upon the last step of the throne, to sustain my position from the pressure in my rear, and critically watched, with the eye of a Lavater, at that moment, every emotion of his agitated countenance. He began:—

"*My Lords and Gentlemen:*" and in direct reference to our independence said—"I lost no time in giving the necessary orders to prohibit the farther prosecution of offensive war upon the continent of North America.

"Adopting as my inclination will always lead me to do, with decision and effect, whatever I collect to be the sense of my parliament, and my people; I have pointed all my views and measures in Europe, as in North America to an entire and cordial reconciliation with the *Colonies.* Finding it indispensable to the attainment of this object, I did not hesitate to go the full length of the power vested in me, and therefore I now declare them"—(here he paused, and hesitated for a moment, and was in evident agitation—the pill he had to swallow in the next breath was repugnant to his digestive organs. In 1775, he repelled our humble petition with indignity—but in 1782, he found himself prostrate at our feet;) he recovered himself by a strong convulsive effort and proceeded thus:—"I declare them *free and independent states.* In thus admitting their separation from the crown of their kingdom, I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinions of my people. I make it my humble and ardent prayer to Almighty God, that Great Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the empire and that America may be free from the calamities which have formerly proved in the northern country how essential monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Religion, language, interests, and affection may, and I hope will yet prove a bond of permament union between the two countries."

It is impossible to describe the sensations of my rebellious mind, at the moment when the king hesitated to pronounce the words—*free* and *independent!* and to notice with what a bad grace he had to swallow the dose: every artery was in full play, and beat high in unison with my proud American feelings.—It was impossible not to revert my eyes across the Atlantick and review in rapid succession, the miseries and wretchedness I had witnessed in several stages of the war, prior to my leaving

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America—the wide-spread desolation, resulting from the obstinacy of this very man—turning a deaf ear to our humble appeals to his justice and mercy, as if a god—but now prostrate in his turn. In his speech he tells us in one breath that he has sacrificed every personal consideration, in other words, not yet satiated with innocent blood shed by his Indian allies; and in the next, hypocritically invoking high heaven to guard us against calamities, &c. The great drama is now closed—the ball was opened at Lexington, where the British red-coats were taught to dance down to Charlestown, to the tune of "Yankee-Doodle." On this occasion it fell also to my lot to march from Providence, R. I., with a company of seventy-five well-disciplined young men, all dressed in scarlet, on our way to Lexington, with packs on our backs; but they had fled before we could reach the scene of action.

From the house of lords, I proceeded to Mr. Copley's dwelling in Leicester-square, to dine; and, through my ardent solicitation, he mounted the American stripes on a large painting in his gallery the same day—the first which ever waved in triumph in England.*

In leaving the house of lords, I jostled in side by side with West and Copley—enjoying the rich political repast of the day, and noticing, with silent gratification, the anguish and despair of the tories.

In the house of commons, the ensuing day, there was not much debate, but a good deal of acrimony. Commodore Johnston attacked Lord Howe's expedition to Gibraltar, because he had not gained a decisive victory over the combined fleet of forty-five sail of the line, with thirty-seven ships. Burke then rose, indulging in a vein of satire and ridicule, a severe attack on the king's speech the day previous on the subject of American independence—saying it was a farrago of nonsense and hypocrisy. Young Pitt, the newly created chancellor of the exchequer, then rose, and handled Burke with dignified severity, charging him with buffoonery and levity.

Having received from Alderman Wood a card of admission to the gallery of the house of commons, as the house was about rising, the Alderman (who is a member) came into the gallery and invited me to descend with him to the floor of the house. I met Mr. Burke, with whom I had breakfasted, who introduced me as a messenger of peace to Pitt, Conway, Fox, Sheridan, and two or three other members grouped on the floor. I never felt more elevated in my life.—In describing this scene to a friend in France, in a moment of exultation, I subjoined:—

"Figure to yourself, my dear friend, a young American traveller of twenty-four, in the full gaudy dress of a Parisian, hailed in the publick papers, and standing on the floor of the British house of commons, (where the destiny of dear America in its infancy has been so often agitated,) as a messenger of peace, surrounded by a group, the brightest constellation of political men that ever graced the annals of English history!—and, what is more gratifying to my American pride, the very men, with one exception, who have recently compelled the tyrant George to yield with a bad grace to all our just demands, in my presence! Not to have been thus affected at that tremendous crisis, I should have been more or less than a man."

* Note—1833—Dining frequently at Copley's I noticed an uncommon smart lad, who is now the celebrated Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Chancellor of England—the son of an American painter. His mother was a Miss Clark of Boston; his father, one of the tea consignees, a great tory—then residing with Copley.

INDIANS IN THE UNITED STATES.

We have taken pains to make out alphabetically, from official documents before us, a list of all the tribes within the American territory. Italics, are used in the names of tribes resident west of the Mississippi.—The number under the letter W., shows how many of the tribe named, have emigrated to the west of the river, and the number under the letter E., shows how many remains on the east—the whole corrected to February last, since which time to the present date, July 18th, 1836, not less than 5,000 have emigrated, or are in the act of doing so.

Names of tribes, &c.	*E.*	*W.*
Apalachicolas,	340	265
Arickaras, estimated not to exceed		3,000
Assinaboins,		8,000
Arepahas, Keawas, &c		1,400
Black feet, along the upper Missouri, &c.		30,000
Caddoes, estimated at		800
Choctaws, west of the state of Arkansas and between Red river and the Canadian,	3,500	15,003
Chayennes, south of the Gros Ventres,		2,000
Camanches, on the confines of the republick of Texas, but there are supposed in the United States,		7,000
Cherokees, between lat. 30, and lat. 37, west of the Arkansas, and east of Texas lands,	10,000	5,000
Chicasaws, will have no lands alloted them,	5,429	
Chippewas,	6,793	
Chippewas, Ottowas, and Potawatomies,	8,000	
Crees, estimated at		3,000
Creeks, east of Texas, north of the Canadian, and along the north fork of the same,	22,668	2,459
Crow, estimated too high, we think at,		45,000
Delawares, north of the Kansas tribe,		826
Foxes, computed to be not exceeding		1,600
Gros Ventres, or Big Bellies, between the south fork of the Platte and Arkansas,		3,000
Indians of the state of New York,	4,716	
Indians from New York, at Greenbay, Michigan,	725	
Ioways, near the Missouri, and in the south of Wisconsin territory, in lat. 40°,		1,200
Kansas, on Kansas river, in lat. 39°,		1,471
Kickapoos, between the Delawares and the Missouri river, in lat. 39° and lon. 18°,	470	
Mandans, on the upper Missouri,		15,000
Menomonies, in Wisconsin territory,	4,200	
Minetarees, estimated, too high, we think, at		15,000

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Osages, properly Wausawshies, on both sides of the Arkansas, lat. 37° 30′ lon. 20 to 21 west: they are north of the Cherokees,		5,420
Omahas, west of Council bluffs, between the Platte and the Missouri; lat. 42°,		1,400
Ottoes and *Missourias*, south of the Omahas,		1,600
Ottowas, in lat. 38° 30′, and lon. 18° west; south of the Shawanees,		200
Ottowas and Chippewas of lake Michigan,	530	
Pawnees, on Platte river, lat. 41–42°, and lon. 21–22°, west of Washington,		10,000
Peorias and Kaskaskias, east of, and adjoining the Ottowas,		132
Piankeshaws, on Osage river, east of, and adjoining the Peorias,		162
Poncas, estimated at		800
Potawatomies, in lat. 42°, east of the Missouri, and west of Des Moines river,	1,400	141
Quapaws, on the Neosho, near lat. 37° and lon. 18° west,		450
Sacs, in Wisconsin territory,		4,800
Sacs, of the Missouri,		500
Shawanees, south of the Kansas,		1,200
Senecas from Sandusky, south of Quapaws,		251
Senecas and Shawnees, do. do.		211
Seminoles, part now at the fork of the Canadian and its north fork, north of the Choctaw lands; east of the Creeks,	2,420	
Sioux, in Wisconsin territory,		27,500
Wyandots in Ohio and Michigan,	623	
Winnebagoes, on the Mississippi, in Wisconsin territory,	4,591	
Weas, with the Piankeshaws,	60	222
Totals,	76,465	216,063

Aggregate number of Indians, 292,528.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

The following table exhibits, as nearly as we are able to say, at present, the number of square miles allotted to certain tribes, with the population of each, when all who remain on the east, shall have emigrated to the west of the Mississippi:—

TRIBES.	SQ. MILES.	POPULATION.
Choctaws,	23,440	18,503
Creeks and Seminoles,	20,531	27,547
Delawares,	3,450	826
Kaskaskias and Peorias,	150	132
Kickapoos,	1,262	470
Ottowas,	53	200
Piankeshaws and Weas,	250	222
Quapaws,	150	450
Shawnese,	2,500	1,250
Senecas and Shawanees,	156	211
Totals,	51,942	49,811

These Indians, having 640 acres or more to every warrior, squaw and papoose, besides annuities, equal to the interest on millions of dollars, can hardly be called poor; if so, they enjoy a poverty, which, if proportioned for all the people of our Union, would give us half the habitable world for our share. If the United States pursues a course as liberal, with respect to all the Aborigines within our limits, there will yet remain TWO MILLIONS of square miles for us —Enough to make up fifty states, and to sustain "FIVE HUNDRED MILLIONS OF SOULS!"

[From the Southern Literary Journal.]

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

The belief which prevailed among the early adventurers of the Portuguese and Spanish nations, that there existed, somewhere among the recesses of the New World, a fountain, the waters of which, when drank from, had the virtue of giving perpetual youth to those who did so, has been made the subject of frequent story. The tradition itself is lovely in the extreme, and will, doubtless, be one day made available by some high genius, who shall link its golden promises to the richest strains of harmony and romance.

'Twas a fond dream among the Portuguese,
Those rovers of old ocean, that, afar,
Embosom'd in the calm of Indian seas,
And hallow'd by some sweet and singular star,
There murmur'd ever forth a cooling wave,
Whose waters, troubled not by human strife,
By the kind Destinies ordain'd to save,
Bequeath'd, to all who drank, perpetual life.

Nor life alone—that narrow boon of breath,
The nobler spirit learns so soon to scorn
That profitless flow of years which end in death,
Ere yet the joy they labour for is born:—
But, at that gracious fount, the broken heart,
Each wreck'd affection, sternly tried, but true,
And loves that ran not smooth, and forced apart,
One draught makes whole, one draught unites anew.

The heart grows young, the spirit quails no more,
By that false star which blinded, still misled—
Lo! the good vessel finds the friendly shore,
While lights, more bright and certain, shine o'erhead;—
The pilgrim seeks, and gladdens at, that spring,
Which the bland seasons, from their fruitful store,
Crown with each blooming and each blessed thing,
Hope ever dream'd, or rapture knew, before.

A bird of beauty sings among the trees,
A silver strain, inviting, ever sweet—
The waters ripple in the murmuring breeze,
That, to the minstrel, is an echo meet.
Their ditty is a soothing to the ear,
The tale they murmur hath a power to calm
The chiding pulse of love, the heart of fear—
And those sweet waters, they are full of balm.

Was thy fond plan of boyhood wild—untaught
By sage experience, and reflection cool?—
Did thy warm passions banish the true thought,
Till, grown to phrensy, folly seized the rule:
And, blight was in thy bosom and thy brain,
And death seemed sweet, and life grew dark like night?
Thou art not hopeless!—thou shalt joy again,
Blessed by these waters with eternal light!

Wast thou a dreamer? Hadst thou in thy heart
Some pregnant fancy, which became, at length,
Of thy own spirit and wild sense, a part,
Born at thy birth and strengthening with thy strength
And did stern Time, and still relentless Truth,
Rob thee of thy delusion, when late years
Had taught thee, what a credulous thing is youth?—
Drink of these waters and forget thy tears.

Had thy stern Fortune interposed to blast
The growing buds of Nature, and to burst
The sacred mould in which twin hearts are cast,
Each wedded to the other from the first—
Or was she false, who pledged herself to be,
Even to the last, through every change, to prove
The witness of a deathless faith to thee?—
Drink, and forget the false, in firmer, love!

Oh, give me of those waters! Let me haste
To dwell upon their verdant banks, and find,
Upon my fever'd lips, a fresher taste,
And a new feeling for my baffled mind.
Oh, let me all forget!—the dreary hours,
The faithless love, the fond, unfruitful dreams—
Reposing on its banks of living flowers,
And quaffing freely of its sacred streams.

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REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES.

The following account of a traitor and spy, from the pen of Joseph L. Chester, Esq., was first published some years since in the Brooklyn (L.I.) Advocate. Mr. Chester has collected, with much care, a large amount of information concerning the war of the Revolution, from the lips of veteran soldiers still living. Such information, though it may not add very important items to our national history, yet it contributes largely to that fund of incident from which is yet to be gleaned the materials for the establishment of an American national literature.

Joseph, or as he was more laconically called, Joe Bettys, the hero of the following sketch, was a renegado from the American army, and bore a conspicuous part in the border difficulties during the few first years of the revolution. In a letter which I have before me, from one of the survivors of those times, and who was himself a sufferer from the treason and consequent barbarities of Bettys, he is described as an "athletic, bold, and daring young man, with a heavy share of deviltry in his composition." The life of any one who may answer to this description, will be sure to be eventful, but that of the present subject was so in no ordinary degree.

Bettys was the representative of a class, by far too numerous, whose members, during the revolutionary struggle, deserted from the ranks of their country's forces, and, if they did not absolutely take up arms against their brethren, they at least left no means of annoyance untried, and scrupled at no acts of hostility even toward those who were allied to them by natural as well as by social ties. The annals of border warfare are rife with accounts of the depredations of these marauders, who usually formed themselves into clans or hordes, though they claimed not those distinctive appellations, and made by common and tacit consent, the most daring and powerful their leader. This latter personage was a kind of prince amid his band, and exercised all the powers of sovereignty that such lieges or vassals would naturally acknowledge.

The principal employment of these clans consisted in making captives of those who were avowedly inimical to the king, and bearing them to the British camp, or more frequently into Canada. For every prisoner so delivered, a premium or bounty was bestowed on the captors, thus inducing them to make more strenuous exertions, to become less affected by the ties of relationship, and to devote their whole time and energies to the destruction of those altar-fires which had just begun to burn freely in the wilderness. A small party of Indians often accompanied them on their predatory incursions, which were usually made in the night, for the purpose of striking terror upon the unsuspecting victims, as the appearance even of a solitary savage always created confusion throughout the little settlements.

Joseph Bettys was the leader of one of these hordes, and for his daring exploits deserves more notice than has ever been awarded to him by his torians. The history of his life is that of a great portion of his contemporaries.

Wilton, a small parish in the county of Fairfield and state of Connecticut, claims the honor of being the birthplace of this personage, and also of fostering him during his earlier years. I have no means of arriving at the precise day or year of his birth, and it is a matter of no great importance. He probably spent the first fifteen or eighteen years of his life in the place of his nativity. His character at this early period, as described by one of his playmates, now living, was notoriously bad. He was a tyrant as soon as he was able to exercise the powers of tyranny. He was wilful, headstrong, disobedient to parental authority, overbearing, hasty, and ill-tempered, and in the words of the letter, "as great a scoundrel as ever breathed." I believe that the same description has been given to the earlier days of most who have been notoriously bad in their latter lives—for instance, Arnold, the traitor, and others of his class. It seems that these exhibitions are those of a nature naturally depraved, and that some evil spirits are permitted to dwell in human bodies from the beginning.

In about the year 1772 the family of Bettys removed to the present town of Ballston in the county of Saratoga, then one of the border-settlements. Joe Bettys was about eighteen years of age, "full of spite and malice," and was in a very short time placed in bonds by the court as security for his future good behavior. This seemed at first to operate upon his feelings, and was a degradation to which his independent spirit could not brook; but he eventually conquered the exhibition of his feelings, and remained in Ballston until the month of March, in the year 1776. At this time, by the influence of one John Ball, then second-lieutenant, but afterward a colonel in the revolutionary army, he enlisted as a sergeant under Captain Samuel Van Veghten, in the regiment of New York forces, commanded by Colonel Cornelius Wincoop. In this capacity he served his country faithfully, until the summer of the same year, when being abused, unprovokedly, as he maintained, by an officer of superior rank, he retorted with threats and menaces, and was in consequence by a court-martial, reduced to do duty as a private sentinel. This was too much for him to bear, and Lieutenant Ball, who had before befriended him, conscious that his desertion would prove a great loss to the Americans, and a great gain to the enemy, endeavored to sooth his irritated spirit, and applied to General Waterbury, who then commanded the troops at Skenesborough, who readily gave him the appointment of sergeant on board one of the vessels on lake Champlain, commanded by General Arnold. It may be a matter of conjecture whether the seeds of treason were not then sown in his heart by this ill-fated man. But he showed no symptoms of dissatisfaction, and was as brave a man as any in the fleet. By the testimony of General Waterbury, he was the bravest man in action that this officer had ever seen. After every commissioned officer on board the ship on which Bettys was stationed was killed, and the vessel badly crip-

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pled, he assumed the command and fought bravely until General Waterbury seeing that the ship was likely to sink, ordered the survivors to abandon her and come on board his own. They did so, and the general having marked the gallant conduct of Bettys, and being himself much exhausted, placed him at his side on the quarter-deck, and made him his organ until obliged to strike his colors and yield the victory.

Yet for all this Bettys received no other notice than the thanks of his general, which ought to have been sufficient for a true patriot. But Bettys thought otherwise, and determined to retaliate for the supposed slight which he had received.

Sometime during the spring of 1777, Bettys deserted the standard of his country, and passing over into Canada, joined the British forces. In a very short time he was elevated to the rank of a spy, and frequently returned, even to his own settlement, with a band whom he had selected, and making his former acquaintances his prisoners, bore them off into Canada. About this time one Samuel Patchin, afterward a captain in the army, of whom I have had occasion before to speak, became a prisoner and victim to the consequent barbarities of Bettys. This old veteran is still living, and the following account of his captivity and subsequent hardships, I have in substance in his own handwriting:—

"I was captured by Bettys and party," says the letter, "in the year '81, and taken to Canada. I was there put in irons, and confined in Chambly prison. I was the only prisoner whom he had on this excursion brought to Canada. There were six or seven more of my neighbors when we started, to whom he gave the oath of allegiance, and sent them back. As for myself, he said I had served congress long enough, and that I should now serve the king. He wished me to enlist in his company, but soon found that this was not agreeable to my feelings. He then swore that if I would not serve the king I should remain in irons. I was confined in Chambly prison four months; then I was removed to Montreal, and from thence to an island forty-five miles up the St. Lawrence, opposite Cadalake fort. There I remained about one year. There were five prisoners in all, and we were guarded by sixty soldiers!—seven sentries at night.

They had left no boats on the island by which we might make our escape, yet we all crawled out of the barracks one night, and went to the riverside, there we made a raft by means of two or three logs and our suspenders, on which we sailed down the river five miles, when we landed on the Canada shore. There we appropriated to our own use a boat belonging to the British, and crossed over to the American shore. While going down the rapids, we had lost our little stock of provisions, and for eight days out of twelve which we spent in the woods we had nothing to eat save frogs and rattlesnakes, and not half enough of them. We were chased eight days by the Indians, and slept every night on the boughs of some hemlock trees. At length we arrived at Northwest Bay, on lake Champlain, when my companions, unable longer to travel, utterly gave out I then constructed a raft on which to cross the lake, and having stripped my companions of their clothing, in order to make myself comfortable, left them to die of hunger and fatigue, and committed myself to the wintry waves. When in about the centre of the lake, I was taken by the crew of a British ship, and conveyed to St. John's, from thence to Quebec, and finally to Boston, where I was exchanged and sent home."

The above is but an account of what happened to many. Bettys seemed to take especial delight in making prisoners of his own townsmen, and particularly those toward whom he cherished any grudge, such as the officers of the court before whom he had been cited, not omitting even the members of his own family. It seems that on one occasion he made a fearful mistake. Having taken one whom he supposed to be the object he sought, and his prisoner having found an opportunity to escape, he deliberately shot him dead, and then discovered that he had killed one of his best friends. The rock on which he fell is shown by the inhabitants of Ballston, and a dark stain is yet to be seen upon it, which the common people assert to be the blood of the ill-fated man.

During these excursions Bettys did not always escape danger. On one occasion he was taken, tried, condemned, and sentenced to be executed as a spy at West Point. But it seemed his good fortune to escape, for, on the humble petition of his aged father, supported by a number of the most respectable whigs in Ballston, he was pardoned by the commander-in-chief General Washington. No sooner was he at liberty, however, than he returned to Canada and again renewed the practices to which he had been so long addicted. He received the appointment of ensign in one of the British Levy regiments, but was seldom in action, as his complicated employments of spy and "catcher of men," occupied his whole time. He scrupled not, in company with one Walter Myers, a congenial spirit, to attack the dwellings of the greatest in the colonies. Old General Van Rensselaer at one time very narrowly escaped captivity, and actually lost a great part of his valuable family plate. After his first capture and trial by the Americans, Bettys scrupled not at bloodshed, and became even more sanguinary than before.

"But it pleased God," (in the words of an old manuscript,) "to put an end to his bloody career, and bring him at length to final condemnation and death."

I have before me the original account of his capture and subsequent treatment, drawn up by one of his captors, and as it is a narrative full of simplicity, and at the same time gives a concise history of the fortunate individuals, who have nevertheless received no credit from their country for their bold and daring feat, I cannot forbear to give it in substance. It constitutes the affidavit on which an application was sometime since made for a pension to be given to the old veteran, and is as follows:—

"State of New York, }
Saratoga County, *ss.* } I, Jacob Fulmer, aged sixty-eight years, a native of the town of Rhinebeck, in the county of Dutchess, and state of New York aforesaid, do make oath as follows:—

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"My father, John Fulmer, moved to Clifton Park, in the town of Halfmoon, and then county of Albany, in about the year 1773, and purchased a farm of one hundred and thirty acres about one mile from the foot of Ballston or Long Lake, on which he resided with his family. I was then about fifteen years of age.

"In the winter of 1781–2, my father had a sap-bush about one mile south from where we resided, which I usually tended during the season for manufacturing maple-sugar. My father being an old man, and not able to do hard labor, would sometimes, with the assistance of my sisters, tend the kettles at the bush, while I performed the necessary work at the house.

"One day early in the month of March, I was engaged on the farm in conveying some stalks from a stack in the field to the barn, while my father with my two young sisters were at the bush. It was early in the forenoon, and after I had unloaded the stalks and turned out the horses, I entered the house, where I was met by my sisters, who came running in the greatest haste, and informed me that my father requested me to come to the bush immediately, as a man, armed, with a pack on his back, and snowshoes under his arm, had passed by the bush; who, said they, "father says, is an enemy." I went immediately to John Cory, a near neighbor, whom I knew to be a whig, a true fellow, and a good man for our country, and requested him to go with me in pursuit of the supposed tory. With him were James Cory, his brother, and Francis Perkins, all good, true-hearted fellows. Having told them what my sisters had said, they all agreed to go with me in pursuit of him, and we started immediately, running like hounds for the sap-bush. When we reached it, my father showed us the track of the man in the snow, which had fallen two or three inches the night before, and rendered his footsteps distinctly visible. The morning had been foggy, and it appeared by the track that the man had made a circuitous route, as if lost or bewildered. After making several turns, we came at length in sight of a log house, where one Hawkins, a noted tory, lived, toward which it appeared he had laid a regular line. We followed the track and found that it went into the house. We approached undiscovered, for the snow was soft and our footsteps were not heard. We went up to the door and found it was fastened, but heard people talking within.

"John Cory, who was the strongest of the party, now went forward, we following closely behind, and burst open the door. The man, who was the object of our suspicions and search, sat at the table eating his breakfast, with the muzzle of his gun leaning upon his shoulder, and the breech upon the floor between his legs. He grasped his musket and presented it to fire at us, but was hindered for a moment to remove the deer-skin covering from the lock, and that moment cost his life. We seized him, took possession of his gun and also two pistols, which he had in his coat pockets, and a common jackknife. We then bound his arms behind him with a pocket handkerchief, and conveyed him to my father's house. As yet we knew not the name of our prisoner, but having asked him, he said, 'My name is Smith.'

"My mother knew him, and said, 'It is Joe Bettys.' He hung his head, and said, 'No, my name is Smith.' My sister Polly then came to the door and said 'This is Joe Bettys.—I know him well.' She had known him before he went to Canada, as he had boarded at Lawrence Van Eps, in Schenectady Patent, while she lived in the same house.

"We then conveyed him to John Cory's house, about a quarter of a mile distant, where we pinioned him more firmly. He sat down in a chair by the fire, and asked permission to smoke, which was granted, and he then took out his tobacco-box, and seemed to be engaged in filling his pipe, but, as he stooped down, under pretence of lighting it, he threw something toward the fire, which bounded from the forestick and fell upon the hearth. He then seized it and threw it into the fire before any one could prevent. John Cory then snatched it from the fire with a handful of live coals. It was not injured. It was a piece of lead about three inches long and one and a quarter inches wide, pressed together, and contained within it a small piece of paper on which were twenty-six figures, which none of our company could understand. It also contained an order drawn on the mayor of the city of New York for thirty pounds sterling, payable on the delivery of the sheet-lead and paper enclosed. Bettys showed much uneasiness at the loss of the lead, and offered us one hundred guineas to allow him to burn the paper. This we refused, for, though we did not understand the figures, we well knew the character of Joe Bettys, as I had heard that he had killed two men at Skenesborough, now Whitehall, for fear of being betrayed in regard to the burning and plundering of a house in Caughnawaga, and that he was generally known as a spy. I knew, and my companions also knew, that he was the same Joe Bettys, who, with one Walter Myers, had stolen into our neighborhood and carried off the whigs into Canada, and that many of them were then in Canada suffering most cruel treatment. He had, at one time, attempted to capture both my brother and myself, but we succeeded in eluding his grasp.

"When Bettys found that the paper would neither be destroyed nor returned to him, he said 'It will take my life.' While we remained at Cory's with our prisoner, a number of our tory neighbors came in to see him, and we, deeming it unsafe to let them know the precise route which we should take in conveying him to Albany, for fear that they would attempt a rescue, told them that we should go by the way of Schenectady.

"About three o'clock in the same afternoon we started with our prisoner for Albany. We were all armed and prepared for a surprise. I tied his arms behind him, and also another rope into that rope as it crossed his back, by which I led him on, and my three companions followed closely behind. We travelled eastward, leaving our inquisitive tory neighbors to guess our route, and arrived at the borough on Hudson river before dark. Here we found ourselves safe among friends, who were rejoiced that the noted Bettys was ta-

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ken, and gave us every necessary supply during our stay. About thirty good fellows stayed with us to guard the prisoner during the night. In the morning, after breakfast, we moved on in the order of the preceding day, passed down the west side of the Hudson seven or eight miles to Lansing's ferry, then crossed to the east side and passed down to Troy, and from thence crossed again to the west side and hurried on to Albany, for fear that night and the tories should overtake us. But fortunately our friends at Albany had heard of the capture of Joe Bettys and of our attempt to convey him there, and a company of officers and other gentlemen, mounted and well armed with swords and carbines, met us about two or three miles from the city. They divided into four ranks; one stationed in front, one in the rear, and one on each side of the prisoner. I still continued to lead him with the rope, and in this manner we entered the city, and were conducted into the house of an officer. The doors being closed, the prisoner, myself, and companions were examined by the officers. The paper taken from him at Cory's was also examined, and the figures explained by one of the officers, but I do not recollect the explanation.

"After the examination they ordered us to convey him to the jail, which we did in the same manner that we came from the Flatt after the company met us. The streets were crowded with spectators anxious to see the noted Bettys, but they were kept out by the guards, and not allowed to come within the ring. Bettys appeared much mortified, and said to me: 'The people gather as though King George was passing through the streets.' I replied: 'They are glad to see you.' We delivered him to the keeper of the prison, and the same day set out for home.

"About fourteen days after this, we were all ordered to appear at a court then sitting in the city of Albany, to give evidence against the said Joseph Bettys, he being then and there tried on the charge of being a British spy. He was found guilty, sentenced to be hung, and was accordingly executed about the first of April following.

his
"JACOB × FULMER.
mark.

'Sworn and subscribed to, the third of February, 1827. "THOMAS PALMER,
"Justice of the Peace, in and for the county of Saratoga."

Thus lived and died the celebrated Joe Bettys. A parallel might be drawn between the circumstances of this capture and that of the ill-fated Andre. But the two names ought not to be mentioned in the same breath. Andre was taken unarmed and unresistingly. A little child might almost have led him. But Bettys was a desperado, well armed, and resisted as far as he was able. Yet the captors of the former have been lauded with praises and the honors of their country, while those of the latter have gone down to their graves unnoticed and unhonored. The names of Fulmer, Cory, and Perkins, are full as musical as those of Paulding, Williams and Van Wart. The moral is, that "Republics are sometimes ungrateful.'

STANZAS.

THE author of the following lines is the Rev. M[illegible] N[illegible], a native of Plymouth, New Hampshire, and a graduate of Dartmouth college. They were written in his sixteenth year.

THERE was a lyre, 't is said, that hung
High waving in the summer air;
An angel hand its chords had strung,
And left to breathe in music there.

Each wandering breeze that o'er it flew
Awoke a wilder, sweeter strain,
Than ever shell of mermaid blew
In coral grottoes of the main.

When, springing from the rose's bell,
Where all night long he 'd sweetly slept,
The zephyr left the flowery dell,
Bright with the tears that morning wept;

He rose, and o'er the trembling lyre
Waved lightly his soft azure wing;
What touch such music could inspire!
What harp such lays of joy could sing!

The murmurs of the shaded rills,
The birds that sweetly warbled by
And the soft echo from the hills,
Were heard not where that harp was nigh.

When the last light of fading day
Along the bosom of the west,
In colors softly mingled lay,
While night had darkened all the rest,

There, softer than that fading light,
And sweeter than the lay that rung
Wild through the silence of the night,
As solemn Philomela sung,

That harp its plaintive murmurs sighed,
Along the dewy breeze of even;
So clear and soft they swelled and died,
They seemed the echoed songs of Heaven.

Sometimes, when all the air was still,
And not the poplar's foliage trembled,
That harp was nightly heard to thrill,
With tones, no earthly tones resembled.

And then upon the moon's pale beams
Unearthly forms were seen to stray,
Whose starry pinions' trembling gleams
Would oft around the wild harp play.

But soon the bloom of summer fled—
In earth and air it shone no more;
Each flower and leaf fell pale and dead,
While skies their wintry sternness wore.

One day, loud blew the northern blast—
The tempest's fury raged along—
Oh! for some angel, as they passed,
To shield the harp of heavenly song!

It shrieked!—how could it bear the touch,
The cold, rude touch of such a storm,
When e'en the zephyr seemed too much
Sometimes, though always light and warm.

It loudly shrieked, but ah! in vain—
The savage wind more fiercely blew;
Once more—it never shrieked again,
For every chord was torn in two.

It never thrilled with anguish more,
Though beaten by the wildest blast;
The pang that thus its bosom tore,
Was dreadful—but it was the last.

And though the smiles of summer played
Gently upon its shattered form,
And the light zephyrs o'er it strayed,
That lyre they could not wake or warm.

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From the Christian Keepsake, for 1840.

THE SOLITARY GRAVE—A SCENE ON THE OHIO

BY REV. J. TODD.

Beneath yon tree where rolls the flood—
Ohio's gentle wave—
There stands the stone, still marked by blood,
And there, the stranger's grave.

* * * It now rained in torrents, and I took shelter under the branches of a huge hemlock which stood near the river. Seated upon a decaying log, I was in a fair way to rest, and even to sleep, for not a drop of rain could penetrate the covering of the giant tree whose arms were spread over me. Just then the hunter's dog came bounding towards me, with cheerful look and wag of the tail which seemed to say, 'you are just what I was looking for.' He opened his deep mouth, and a single bay brought his master to my side. His hard, weather-beaten, yet kind countenance lighted up, as he gave me his sinewy hand; but the smile and the light passed away in a moment, as the heat lightning of summer will flash across the face of the cloud and be gone in an instant. I had never seen him so moody before, and for a long time sat silently watching him, to see if the clouds which I saw, were those which precede or those which follow the storm.

In a short time the paddles and the machinery of a steamboat were heard, and in a few moments more she was in sight—a vast floating ark moving with amazing rapidity and grandeur. The shower had driven the passengers under cover, and though she was crowded with human beings, yet scarcely one was to be seen. I gazed upon it as I would upon a moving thing in a beautiful diorama—they were all strangers to me. It is astonishing to notice how differently we look at a moving steamboat full of entire strangers, from what we do if we know it contains one being whom we know and love! The boat moved on, as heedless of the hunter, his dog and myself, as we could possibly be of her. We had not spoken a word since she came in sight; but just as she rounded a point above and was going out of sight, the old man broke out—

'Ay, ay, she can double the point safely enough now, and go puffing on as proudly as a boy with a new rifle, but I have seen the day when she would not dare to go so near that point, or if she did she would be glad to be off at any rate. She's a grand creature though, and goes like a hound.'

'What are you thinking of, friend Rogers. What *day* are you thinking of, when that point was so dangerous?—The trees and the banks look to me as if there had been no great alteration here since your day.'

'No, no, the banks and the trees stand *just* as they did. I said nothing about them; but you yankees are always for skinning the bear before you have caught him, and this you call *drawing inferences*.'

'Well, well, I own I was on the wrong scent for this once; but do tell me the story, for I cannot but *draw the inference* that you have some story connected with that bend of the river.'

At once the face of the old man became sad and melancholy. He was silent again, and I began to repent that I had pressed him. He leaned on his well-tried rifle, and I thought I could see his keen eye moisten.

'Did you notice that I felt bad when I came and found you here?'

'Yes, I noticed that you were silent, but I did not know it was because you found me here, trying to keep me dry under this hemlock.'

'On the wrong scent again! But, look this way. Do you see that grave down in that little hollow with a stone at is head?'

'I do indeed, and wonder I had not seen it before.'

'It's easy to see things when they are shown to us. I have pointed out many a deer to a young hunter when he was just going to see it, and wondered why he had not. But that grave, and that point, and my story are all connected. The story however is short, and now that we are here, I must think it all over again, and I may as well think aloud and let you hear it.

'It was many, many years ago, long before such a thing as a steamboat was heard of, or even dreamed of, that the event happened. I was young then, strong, and full of life and hope; no one seeing me then, would have thought that I should ever become this withered old man.'

'As straight as a rifle, and as strong as a buffalo, and with an eye and an ear as keen as an eagle's,' said I.

'Yes, I can split a ball on the point of a knife at two hundred yards, but this will not be long. My hand sometimes trembles. But don't you talk if you want my story.'

'Go on, and I will not interrupt you again.'

'Well, it is now nearly forty years since I first saw the glorious Ohio. I shouted when I first saw it; I have loved it ever since, and when I die, I hope I shall be buried on its banks. On a certain day I engaged to go down the river to Kentucky, with captain Ward, as he was removing his family from the east. The journey was long, and at best would be tedious. I went as a kind of pilot, for I was well acquainted with the river, and all points of danger. The country was full of Indians, and no settlements of any note had been made in Ohio. The whites and the Indians too, were continually making war upon each other. I do not know who was the most to blame. The whites killed the most, and the Indians were most cruel. We purchased an old, crazy, square-built boat, between forty and fifty feet long, and about eight or ten wide. We contrived to spike on a single pine plank on each gunnel, and this was the only thing we had to defend us. We had a heavy load, furniture, baggage, horses, pigs, fowls and ploughs, besides nearly a dozen people. These consisted of the captain, his wife, and their young children, a widowed sister and son, besides several men to manage the boat. When we left, we were fearful lest the Indians should attack us from the shore, but we knew that by keeping in the middle of the river, we should be beyond the reach of their rifles, or could be in a few moments. Thus we passed on for several days, till we supposed we were beyond the haunts of the Indians. One day, just at sunset, after we had become tired with rowing, we let our boat drift lazily and carelessly along the current. We were just getting ready to put up for the night. The mother was promising the children a good run on the shore. The widow was getting out the provisions, and making arrangements for our supper. The cap

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tain and his nephew had hold of the oars, and moved them only just enough to allow me to steer the boat.'

'Rogers,' said the captain, 'suppose we put in this side of that point, and tie our boat to one of those big trees, and there encamp for the night.'

'It's a right good place, captain, and I like it. Besides, I thought a few moments ago, I heard wild turkeys over the hill, and I should like to have one for supper.'

'So we put in towards the shore, and had got within about fifty yards of that point around which the steamboat has just passed, when I heard a stick crack as if broken by the foot.

'A deer,' said the captain.

'No, no,' I shouted, 'row, row for life, or we are all dead.'

'At that instant, down rushed scores of Indians to the shore, with a shout that made the hills across the river echo it back again. The murderous creatures rushed down to the water's edge, and presented their guns, and opened a heavy fire upon us. In an instant the young man snatched his rifle, and rising up his full length, fired at the nearest Indian, who had a shaggy head-dress. The Indian fell, and so did the young man at the same instant. As he fell, his oar dropped overboard, and the rowing of the captain brought the boat round and still nearer. The Indians yelled, the women screamed, the horses were falling and plunging, and bullets were flying thick around us. Yet above it all, the voice of captain Ward rose cool—'Rogers, take my oar.'

'I took it, and he at the same instant, seized a piece of plank, and rowed to such purpose, that in a few minutes we were beyond the reach of their rifles. We knew they had no canoes, being on a hunting excursion, and that we were then safe. But oh! what a sight! the horses were all dead or dying, one child badly wounded, the boat half filled with water, and the young man in his blood in the bottom of the boat. By this time the coolness of the captain was all gone. He lay down by the side of his nephew, whom he loved as his own son, and exclaimed, 'O John, John! O Lord, have mercy, have mercy! I have brought the dear boy to this death!' But the widowed mother! She was pale as a sheet; but she came to her son, raised his head in her lap, and opened his bosom where the blood was coming still. He was yet alive.

'John,' said she in a sweet voice, as if speaking to a babe, 'John, do you know me?'

'My mother,' said he, in a whisper.

'Can you swallow, John?' said she, putting her hand over and dipping up some water from the river.

'He tried, but could not.

'My son, do you know you are dying?'

'Yes, mother; but are you hurt.'

'No, no; but don't think of me now. Can you pray with the heart now, my dear son?'

'He looked up a moment, and gasping said, 'God be merciful to me a sinner for the sake of——'

'Jesus Christ,' said the mother, for he was gone. She bent over him a few moments as if in silent prayer, then kissed his lips, and for the first time, tears filled her eyes. Till that moment you would have thought she had been talking to a child just going to sleep—her voice was so calm and so mild. She was a widow, and this was her only child, and a noble fellow he was. But she was a religious woman. I never saw religion like that before nor since. It was all—'*God has done it, and He cannot do wrong.*'

'We lay off in the river till dark, and then silently came to the shore on this side for the night. We dared not to light a candle, lest the Indians should see it. We milked our only cow, and fed the children, and got them asleep. We then brought the body of the young man up the bank, and when the moon rose up, we dug that grave which you see yonder. We had to be careful not to make a noise, nor even to weep aloud. But after we had opened the grave and were ready to put the corpse in it, the widowed mother spoke.

'Is there no one here that can offer a prayer as we bury my only child?—There was no answer. We could all sob, but we had never prayed for ourselves. She then knelt down, the widow, and laying her hand on the bosom of her boy, she, in a subdued voice, uttered such a prayer as few ever made! She was calm as the bright waters at our feet. And when she came to pray for the whole of us—for the poor Indians who had murdered her boy—when she gave thanks to God, that he had so long comforted her heart with her son, and when she gave thanks that God had given her such a son to give back to him—it was awful!—we could not sob aloud! You preachers, talk about sublimity, but if this was not it, I do not know what it is. Well, there we buried him, and there he sleeps yet. In the morning I got up at daylight, and came up here to place that stone at the head of the grave. It was bloody, for his head had rested upon it. I found the mother was here before me—perhaps she had been here all night. She was trying to do the very thing; and so, without saying a single word, I took hold and helped her to put the stone at the head of the grave. It is now nearly sunk in the ground; but it stands just as we placed it. When we had done, the widow turned and said 'Rogers,' but tears came, and I was thanked enough. I have sat on this log many times, and thought over the whole scene; and though the mother has been in the grave many years, yet I can see her even now, just as she looked when she turned to thank me, and I can hear her voice just as it sounded when she spoke to her dying boy. I have never seen such religion since.'

'Well, Rogers, though you have never *seen* such religion since, because you have never seen such a call upon a Christian since, may I not hope you have *felt* something like it?'

'I am an old sinner, and have a hard heart,' and the tears ran down his cheeks.

We conversed a long time, and it was good to do so. As we rose up and cast a last look upon the grave and upon the spot where the Indians fired, I said—

'Rogers, would you like a picture of this story?'

'I have it, sir, on my heart, and need no other; and yet, perhaps my children might understand it better if they had one. But the story don't need a picture.'

'No, nor would the picture need the story.'

The sphere in which every one lives contains the circle of his duties; he may easily know them.

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REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTES.

BARON STEUBEN.

"In the society of ladies, the baron appeared to be very happy; engaged in their amusements, and added by his wit and pleasantry to the delights of the evening. His sternness and stentorian voice was only seen and heard in the field. 'Oh!' said an old man, who had been a captain in the war, and then kept a publick house, near Utica; 'oh! baron, how glad I am to see you in my house, but I used to be dreadfully afraid of you!'—'How so, captain?'—'You hallooed, and swore, and looked so dreadfully at me, once when my platoon was out of its place, that I almost melted into water!'—'Oh, fie done, fie, captain;'—'It was bad, to be sure,' said the old man, 'but you did hallo tremendously!' It is true, he was rough as the ocean in a storm, when great faults in discipline were committed; but if in the whirlwind of his passion, he had injured any one, the redress was ample.

"I recollect at a review at Morristown, a Lieutenant Gibbons, a brave and good officer, was arrested on the spot, and ordered in the rear, for a fault which it appeared another had committed. At a proper moment, the commander of the regiment came forward, and informed the baron of Mr. Gibbons's innocence, and worth, and of his acute feelings under this unmerited disgrace. 'Desire Lieutenant Gibbons,' said the baron, 'to come in front of the troops.' 'Sir,' said he to him, 'the fault which was committed by throwing the line into confusion, might in the presence of an enemy, have been fatal; and I arrested you. Your colonel has informed me, that you are in this instance blameless. I ask your pardon; return to your command, I would not do injustice to any one, much less, to one whose character is so respectable.' All this was said with his hat off, and the rain pouring on his reverend head! Was there an officer who saw this, unmoved with feelings of respect and affection? Not one, who had the feelings of a soldier.

"The baron, though never perfectly master of our language, made very few mistakes in speaking, except designedly, for pleasantry or for wit. I remember, that dining at headquarters at New Windsor, New York, Mrs. Washington asked him what amusements he had, now that peace was certain, and the business of his profession less pressing. 'I read and play chess, my lady,' said the baron, 'and yesterday I was invited to go *a-fishing*. It was understood to be a very fine amusement. I believe I sat in the boat two hours; it was very warm but I caught two fish.'—'Of what kind, baron?' 'Indeed, my lady, I do not recollect perfectly, but one of them was a whale.' 'A whale! baron, in the North river!' 'Yes, upon my word, a very fine whale, as that gentleman informed me; did you not tell me? was it not a whale, major?' 'An eel, baron.' 'I beg your pardon, my lady; I am very much mistaken if that gentleman did not call it a whale, but it is of little consequence, I shall abandon the trade notwithstanding the fine amusement it affords.'

"On another occasion, in the house of the respectable Mrs. Livingston, mother of the late chancellor, where virtue and talents, and modest manners always met welcome, the baron was introduced to a Miss Sheaffe, an amiable and interesting young lady, sister of the present British General Sheaffe. 'I am very happy,' said he, 'in the honour of meeting you, mademoiselle, at whatever risk, though I have from my youth, been cautioned to guard myself against *mis-chief;* but I never before thought her attractions were so powerful.'*

"The adroitness, and above all the silence, with which manœuvres were performed, in the command of the baron, was remarked with astonishment by the officers of the French army. The Marquis la Val de Montmorency, a brigadier-general, said to the baron, 'I admire the celerity and exactitude with which your men perform; but what I cannot conceive, is the profound silence with which they manœuvre!' 'I don't know, Mons. le Marquis, from whence the noise should come,' answered the baron, 'when even my brigadiers dare not open the mouth, but to repeat the order!' 'Ah! hah! Mons. le Baron,' vociferated the Marquis, for he was perhaps the noisiest man in the French Army; '*je vous comprend! je vous comprend!*'

"The baron, after the defeat of Gates in Carolina, was engaged in raising a regiment in Virginia; men sufficient to form a regiment had with difficulty been collected; the corps was paraded, and on the point of marching to Carolina. A good looking man on horseback, with his servant as it appeared, also well mounted, rode up, and introducing himself to the baron, informed him he had brought a recruit. 'I thank you, sir,' said the baron, 'with all my heart, he has arrived in a happy moment. Where is he, colonel?' for the man was a colonel in the militia. 'Here, sir,' ordering his boy to dismount. The baron's countenance altered; a sergeant was ordered to measure the lad, whose shoes when off, discovered something by which his height had been increased. The baron patted the child's head, with a hand trembling with rage, and asked him how old he was? He was very young, quite a child; 'Sir,' said the baron, turning to him who brought him, 'you think me a rascal!' 'Oh, no baron, I don't'. 'Then, sir, I think you are one, an infamous scoundrel, thus to attempt to cheat your country! Take off this fellow's spurs, place him in the ranks, and tell General Green from me, Colonel Gaskins, that I have sent him a man able to serve, instead of an infant, whom he would have basely made his substitute. Go, my boy, carry the colonel's horses and spurs to his wife; make my respects to her, and tell her that her husband has gone to fight, as an honest citizen should, for the liberty of his country. By platoons! to the right wheel! forward march!'"

* The beauty of this pun, it will be perceived, consisted very much in the baron's having imparted to it the foreign accent, making Miss Sheaffe and *mischief* similar in sound.

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REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTES.

MRS. CHARLES ELLIOT.

THERE was in the legion of Pulaski, a young French officer of singular fine form and appearance, named Celeron. As he passed the dwelling of Mrs. Charles Elliot, a British major, whose name is lost, significantly pointing him out, said, "See, Mrs. Elliot, one of your illustrious allies—what a pity it is, that the hero has lost his sword."

"Had two thousand such men," replied the lady, "been present to aid in the defonce of our city, Charlestown, think you, sir, that I should ever have been subject to the malignity of your observation?" At the moment, a negro, trigged out in full British uniform, happened to pass: "See, major," continued she, "one of your allies;—bow with gratitude for the service received from such honourable associates—caress and cherish them—the fraternity is excellent."

MRS. RICHARD SHUBRICK.

AN American soldier, flying from a party of the enemy, sought Mrs. Richard Shubrick's protection, and was promised it. The British, pressing close upon him, insisted that he should be delivered up, threatening immediate and universal destruction in case of refusal The ladies, her companions, who were in the house with her, shrunk from the contest and were silent; but, undaunted by their threats, this intrepid lady placed herself before the chamber into which the unfortunate fugitive had been conducted, and resolutely said: "To men of honour, the chamber of a lady should be as sacred as the sanctuary! I will defend the passage to it, though I perish. You may succeed and enter it, but it shall be over my corpse."

"By God!" said the officer, "if muskets were placed in the hands of a few such women, our only safety would be found in retreat; your intrepidity, madam, gives you security; from me you shall meet with no further annoyance."

MRS. JACOB MOTTE.

WHEN compelled by painful duty, Lieutenant-Colonel Lee informed Mrs. Jacob Motte, that in order to accomplish the immediate surrender of the British garrison, occupying her elegant mansion, its destruction was indispensable, she instantly replied, "The sacrifice of my property is nothing, and I shall view its destruction with delight if it shall in any degree contribute to the good of my country." In proof of her sincerity, she immediately presented the arrows by which combustible matter was to be conveyed to the building.

MRS. WRIGHT.

AT the commencement of the Revolution, Mrs. Wright, a native of Pennsylvania, a distinguished modeller of likenesses and figures of wax, was exhibiting specimens of her skill in London. The king of Great Britain, pleased with her talents, gave her liberal encouragement, and, finding her a great politician, and an enthusiastick republican, would often enter into discussion relative to passing occurrences, and endeavoured to refute her opinion with regard to the probable issue of the war. The frankness with which she delivered her sentiments, seemed rather to please than to offend him; which was a fortunate circumstance, for, when he asked an opinion, she gave it without constraint, or the least regard to consequences. I remember to have heard her say, that on one occasion, the monarch, irritated by some disaster to his troops, where he had prognosticated a triumph, exclaimed with warmth: "I wish, Mrs. Wright, you would tell me how it will be possible to check the silly infatuation of your countrymen, restore them to reason, and render them good and obedient subjects."—"I consider their submission to your majesty's government is now altogether out of the question," replied Mrs. Wright: "friends you may make them, but never subjects; for America, before a king can reign there, must become a wilderness, without any other inhabitants than the beasts of the forest. The opponents of the decrees of your parliament, rather than submit, would perish to a man; but if the restoration of peace be seriously the object of your wishes, I am confident that it needs but the striking off of THREE HEADS to produce it."—"O, Lord North's, and Lord George Germaine's, beyond all question; and where is the third head?" "O, sire, politeness forbids me to name HIM. Your majesty could never wish me to forget myself, and be guilty of an incivility."

In her exhibition room, one group of figures particularly attracted attention; and by all who knew her sentiments, was believed to be a pointed hint at the results which might follow the wild ambition of the monarch. The busts of the king and queen of Great Britain, were placed on a table, apparently intently gazing on a head, which a figure, an excellent representation of herself, was modelling in its lap. It was the head of the unfortunate Charles the First.

BARON STEUBEN.

WHEN General Arnold apostatized and attached himself to the British standard, Baron Steuben, the inspector-general of the army, to shew his perfect abhorrence of the traitor, commanded that every soldier who bore the name, should change it, or be immediately dismissed the service. Some days after, finding a soldier of Connecticut, who had paid no attention to the mandate, he insisted that he should be instantaneously expelled from the rank.

"I am no traitor, my worthy general," said the soldier, "and will willingly renounce a name that the perfidy of a scoundrel has for ever tarnished, if allowed to assume one which is dear to every American soldier. Let me be Steuben, and be assured that I will never disgrace you."—"Willingly, my worthy fellow," replied the baron. "Be henceforth Steuben, and add to the glory of a name that hath already acquired lustre, by the partial adoption of a brave man." The soldier, at the conclusion of the war, kept a tavern in New England, exhibiting a representation of his patron as a sign, and, as long as the baron lived, received a pension from him as a reward for his partial attachment.

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REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTES.

MRS. CHARLES ELLIOT.

A BRITISH officer, distinguished by his inhumanity and constant oppression of the unfortunate, meeting Mrs. Charles Elliot in a garden adorned with a great variety of flowers, asked the name of the Camomile, which appeared to flourish with peculiar luxuriance. "The Rebel Flower," she replied. "Why was that name given to it?" inquired the officer. "Because," rejoined the lady, "it thrives most when most trampled upon."

MRS. DANIEL HALL.

MRS. DANIEL HALL having obtained permission to pay a visit to her mother on John's Island, was on the point of embarking, when an officer stepping forward in the most authoritative manner, demanded the key of her trunk. "What do you expect to find there?" asked the lady. "I seek for treason," was the reply. "You may then save yourself the trouble of search," said Mrs. Hall. "You may find plenty of it at my tongue's end."

MRS. THOMAS HEYWARD.

MRS. THOMAS HEYWARD, in two instances, with the utmost firmness, refused to illuminate for British victories. An officer forced his way into her presence, and sternly demanded of Mrs. Heyward, "How dare you disobey the order which has been issued; why, madam, is not your house illuminated?"—"Is it possible for me, sir," replied the lady, with perfect calmness, "to feel a spark of joy? Can I celebrate the victory of your army, while my husband remains a prisoner at St. Augustine?"—"That," rejoined the officer, "is of but little consequence; the last hopes of rebellion are crushed by the defeat of Green at Guildford. You shall illuminate."—"Not a single light," replied the lady, "shall be placed with my consent, on such an occasion, in any window of my house."—"Then, madam, I will return with a party, and, before midnight, level it with the ground."—"You have power to destroy, sir, and seem well disposed to use it; but over my opinions you possess no control: I disregard your menaces, and resolutely declare—I will not illuminate!"

MRS. M'COY.

A REMARKABLE scene is related by Dr. Ramsay to have occurred on the occasion of Fort Augusta, commanded by Colonel Browne, being taken, which well deserves to be recorded. Passing through the settlement where the most wanton waste had recently been made by the British, both of lives and property, a Mrs. M'Koy having obtained permission to speak to Colonel Browne, addressed him in words to the following effect: "Colonel Browne —in the late day of your prosperity, I visited your camp, and on my knees supplicated for the life of my son; but you were deaf to my entreaties. You hanged him, though a beardless youth, before my face! These eyes have seen him scalped by the savages under your immediate command, and for no better reason than that his name was M'Koy. As you are a prisoner to the leaders of my country, for the present I lay aside all thoughts of revenge; but when you resume your sword, I will go five hundred miles to demand satisfaction at the point of it for the murder of my son."

MRS. CHANNING.

SHORTLY after the commencement of the war, the family of Dr. Channing, then residing in England, removed to France, and sailed in a stout and well-armed vessel for America. They had proceeded but a little way when they were attacked by a privateer. A fierce engagement ensued, during which Mrs. Channing kept the deck, handing cartridges, aiding the wounded, and exhorting the crew to resist until death. Their fortitude, however, did not correspond with the ardour of her wishes, and the colours were struck. Seizing the pistols and side-arms of her husband, she threw them into the sea, declaring that she would rather die than see him surrender them to an enemy.

MRS. WILEY JONES.

THE haughty Tarleton, vaunting his feats of gallantry, to the great disparagement of the officers of the continental cavalry, said to a lady at Wilmington—"I have a very earnest desire to see your far-famed hero, Colonel Washington."—"Your wish, colonel, might have been fully gratified," she promptly replied, "had you ventured to look behind you, after the battle of the Cowpens."

It was in that battle that Washington had wounded Tarleton, which gave rise to a still more pointed retort. Conversing with Mrs. Wiley Jones, Colonel Tarleton observed: "You appear to think very highly of Colonel Washington; and yet I have been told that he is so ignorant a fellow, that he can hardly write his own name."—"It may be the case," she readily replied, "but no man better than yourself, colonel, can testify, that he knows how to make his mark."

MRS. PINKNEY.

PRE-EMINENT in malignity stood the Engineer Moncrief. The instances of oppression issuing from his implacable resentment would fill a volume. I shall confine myself to one anecdote.

Mrs. Pinkney, mother of C. C. Pinkney, solicited as a favour that he would not suffer certain oak trees of remarkable beauty on a farm which he occupied, to be destroyed, as they were highly valued by her son, having been planted by his father's hand. "And where is your son, madam?"—"At Haddrels, sir, a prisoner."—"And he wishes me, madam, to have these trees preserved?"—"Yes, sir, if possible."—"Then tell him, madam, that they will make excellent firewood, and he may depend upon it they shall be burnt." Colonel Moncrief was no jester. The promptitude of his actions left no room for suspense. An opportunity was offered to injure and to insult, and he embraced it. The trees were burnt.

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REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTES.

GENERAL PUTMAN.

During the revolutionary war, when General Putman was in command of an important fortress in the Highlands of the Hudson river, his force had been so much weakened by the expiration of limited enlistments, and the withdrawal of troops for the protection of other important passes, that the enemy ventured to besiege his fort. The siege was extended beyond the patience of a veteran, whose feelings were more in favour of field fights, than of artificial manœuvres. He was still more annoyed by a bandylegged drummer, who approached an angle of the fort every morning, to beat an insulting reveille. After having chafed under the insult, like a caged lion, he procured one of the Dutch ducking-guns, of caliber and length sufficient to reach the drummer, and punish his audacity. He stationed himself with this weapon at the parapet, and soon saw his insulting victim approaching. He had scarcely struck the first note of defiance, when drum and drummer rolled in the dust.—"There," exclaimed the satisfied general, "go to **** with your sheep-skin fiddle!"

LIEUTENANT MOORE.

A few days previous to the evacuation of Charleston, a very rash expedition, suggested by General Kosciusko, occasioned the loss of Captain Wilmot and Lieutenant Moore, two of the most distinguished partisans in the service. The object was to surprise a party of wood-cutters from Fort Johnstone, working in view of the garrison of Charleston. The party found their enemy prepared, and received so deadly a fire, that Wilmot and several of his men fell lifeless, while Moore and many others remained on the field covered with wounds. Kosciusko, although a spontoon was shattered in his hand, and his coat pierced with four balls, escaped unhurt. A British dragoon was in the act of cutting him down, when he was killed by Mr. William Fuller, a very young and gallant volunteer, who had joined the expedition.

This was the last blood shed in the revolutionary contest. The British buried Wilmot with the honours of war; and shewed the greatest attention to Moore, who was removed to Charleston, to receive the best surgical assistance. The amputation of the limb, in which he received his principal wound, being indispensible, it was performed within a few days after the evacuation by their own surgeons; but mortification rapidly following, he died greatly and universally lamented. When first brought into town, great pains were taken by the British surgeons to extract the ball, but without success. Mrs. Daniel Hall, in whose house he lodged, and who had watched over him unremittingly, being apprized of the business which brought the most distinguished surgeons together, entering the apartment of Moore, as soon as they had retired, said, "I am happy to find that you have not been subjected to so severe an operation as I had anticipated; you appear to have experienced but little agony. I was constantly in the next room, and heard not a groan."—"My kind friend," he replied, "I felt not the less agony; but I would not have breathed a sigh in the presence of British officers, to have secured a long and fortunate existence."

GENERAL JACKSON.

General Jackson, at a very early period of his life, aspired to obtain celebrity. At the age of fourteen he commenced his military career, and shared the glory of the well-fought action at Stono. Made a prisoner in his native settlement at the Wacsaws, shortly after the surrender of Charleston, his manly opposition to the orders of an unfeeling tyrant who wished to impose on him the duties of a hireling, gave superiour claims to applause. Wounds were inflicted and increase given to persecution, but without affecting either the steadiness of his principles or the firmness of his resolution. He told his oppressor—"You may destroy, but can never bend me to a submission."

The severity of this treatment arose from his refusal to obey an officer who ordered him to clean his boots. The spirit of the youth, which ought to have called forth applause, excited no sentiment but that of unbridled resentment.

BRITISH ATROCITIES.

When General Provost invaded Carolina, a considerable British force occupied the house and plantations of Mr. Robert Gibbes, on the Stono river. At the period of their arrival there, Mr. John Gibbes, a respectable gentleman, worn down by age and infirmity, was on a visit to his brother. His usual residence was on a farm called the Grove, where the race-ground is now established. In addition to numberless exoticks, he had a green-house and pinery in the best condition. A Major Sheridan, arriving from the army on the Neck, at Mr. Gibbes's was asked by an officer in the presence of the brothers—"What news? Shall we gain possession of the city?"—"I fear not," replied Sheridan, "but we have made glorious havock of the property in the vicinity. I yesterday witnessed the destruction of an elegant establishment, belonging to an arch-rebel who, luckily for himself, was absent. You would have been delighted to see how quickly the pineapples were shared among our men, and how rapidly his trees and ornamental shrubs were levelled with the dust."

Mr. John Gibbes, who was a man of strong passions, could hear no more, and, regardless of consequences, with indignation exclaimed, "I hope that the Almighty will cause the arm of the scoundrel who struck the first blow, to wither to his shoulder." "How is this, sir?" said Sheridan, "dare you use such language to me?"—"Yes," said Mr. Gibbes "and would repeat it at the altar!"—"The provocation," said the commanding officer present, "sufficiently justifies the anger of Mr. Gibbes; for your own credit, Sheridan, let the matter drop." The catastrophe was dreadful. To banish thought, Mr. Gibbes, unhappily driven to an intemperance before unknown, retired to his bed, and rose no more.

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General Putnam.—Among the worthies who figured during the era of the American revolution, perhaps there was none possessing more originality of character than General Putnam, who was eccentrick and fearless, blunt in his manners, the daring soldier, without the polish of the gentleman. He might well be called the *Marion* of the north, though he disliked disguise, probably from the fact of his lisping, which was very apt to overthrow any trickery he might have in view.

At the time a stronghold, called *Horse-neck*, some miles above New York, was in possession of the British, Putnam, with a few sturdy patriots, was lurking in its vicinity, bent on driving them from the place. Tired of lying in ambush, the men became impatient, and importuned the general with questions, as to when they were going to have a bout with the foe. One morning, he made a speech something to the following effect, which convinced them that something was in the wind :—

"Fellers—You've been idle too long, and so have I.—I'm going down to Bush's at Horse-neck, in an hour, with an ox-team, and a load of corn. If I come back, I will let you know the particulars; if I should not, let them have it, by the hokey!"

He shortly afterward mounted his ox-cart, dressed as one of the commonest order of yankee-farmers, and was soon at Bush's tavern, which was in possession of the British troops. No sooner did the officers espy him, than they began to question him as to his whereabout, and finding him a complete simpleton, (as they thought,) they began to quiz him, and threatened to seize his corn and fodder.

"How much do you ask for your whole concern?" asked they.

"For marcy sake, gentlemen," replied the mock clod-hopper, with the most deplorable look of entreaty, "only let me off, and you shall have my hull team and load for nothing; and if that wont dew, I'll give you my word I'll return to-morrow, and pay you heartily for your kindness and condescension."

"Well," said they, "we'll take you at your word; leave the team and provender with us, and we won't require any bail for your appearance."

Putnam gave up the team, and sauntered about an hour or so, gaining all the information that he wished: he then returned to his men, and told them of the foe and his plan of attack.

The morning came, and with it sallied out the gallant band. The British were handled with rough hands, and when they surrendered to General Putnam, the clodhopper, he sarcastically remarked, "Gentlemen, I have only kept my word. I told you I would call and pay you for your kindness and condescension."

RETORT COURTEOUS.

The enmity of the contending armies during the siege of Charleston, was not confined to open hostility, but manifested itself in the indulgence of irony too pointed not to give increase to mutual animosity. Towards the conclusion of it, the British, believing that the fare of the garrison was both indifferent and scanty, a thirteen-inch shell was thrown from the lines, which passing immediately over the horn-work, manned from a detachment of the ancient battalion of artillery of Charleston, fell into a morass immediately in the rear, without exploding. An officer of the corps, who saw it lodge, approaching it after a little time, perceived a folded paper attached to it, directed "To the Yankee officers in Charleston;" the contents of which expressed a wish, "that in their known state of starvation, they would accept from a compassionate enemy, a supply of the necessaries they so much delighted in." The shell was filled with rice and molasses.

To return the compliment, a shell was immediately filled with hog's lard and brimstone, and thrown into the British works, accompanied by a note, expressing thanks for the present received, and begging that the articles returned by a considerate enemy might be appropriated to the use of the Scotch gentlemen in the camp, to whom, as they were always of consequence, they might now prove peculiarly acceptable. It was understood after the siege, that the note was received, but not with that good humour that might have been expected, had it been considered as a jeu d'esprit, resulting from justifiable retaliation.

MAJOR EDWARDS.

Major Evan Edwards was of the Baptist persuasion, and originally designed for the ministry, but, imbibing the military spirit of the times, entered the army and appeared at the commencement of the war as one of the defenders of Fort Washington. A brave and stubborn resistance could not save the post which fell into the hands of the enemy, and Edwards became a prisoner. I have often heard him make a jest of the whimsical and fantastick figure which he exhibited on this occasion. "It was not to be wondered at," said he, "that starch in my person, emaciated as an anatomy, with a rueful countenance, rendered more ghastly by misfortune, my dress partly military, but showing much of a clerical cut, the risibility of our conquerors should have been highly excited.

"One of the leaders, however, of the successful assailants, anxious to excite a still higher degree of merriment, ordered me to ascend a cart, and as a genuine specimen of a rebel officer, directed that I should be paraded through the principal streets of New York. It was at the entrance of Canvass Town that I was much amused by the exclamation of a Scottish female follower of the camp, who called to a companion: 'Quick, quick, lassie, rin hither a wee, and divarte yoursel: they've cotched a braw and bonnie rebel, 't will de ye gude to laugh at him.' Hooting and derision attended my whole career, and at the conclusion of the farce I was committed to prison."

A STANDING ARMY.

In the battle before New Orleans in 1814, under Gen. Jackson, Col. Kemper of Gen. Coffee's brigade found himself almost surrounded by the enemy. Perceiving his perilous situation, and that his only chance of escape was by stratagem, he exclaimed in an audible voice to a group of the enemy, "What the devil are you doing there? Where is your regiment? Come along with me immediately!" and they all followed him into the American lines, and were made prisoners.

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AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The following is taken from the National Trades Union Journal, being an extract from Mr. Moore's Washington Monument speech.

"In no instance, perhaps, was his influence with the army so strikingly exemplified, as in his attack on the enemy at Trenton. O'er and o'er have I listened with intense anxiety, in days of my boyhood, whilst my now departed sire, who fought and bled on that proud field, recited, with thrilling interest, all that related to the enterprise. 'It was a December's night, (would he say,) when our little heart broken army halted on the banks of the Delaware. That night was dark,—cheerless,—tempestuous,—and bore a strong resemblance to our country's fortunes! It seemed as if Heaven and earth had conspired for our destruction. The clouds lowered—darkness and the storm came on apace. The snow and the hail descended, beating with unmitigated violence upon the supperless, half-clad, shivering soldier—and in the roarings of the flood and the wailings of the storm, were heard, by fancy's ear, the knell of our hopes and the dirge of liberty! The impetuous river was filled with floating ice; an attempt to cross it at that time, and under such circumstances, seemed a desperate enterprise; yet it was undertaken, and thanks to God and Washington, was accomplished.

"'From where we landed on the Jersey shore to Trenton, was about nine miles, and on the whole line of march there was scarcely a word uttered, save by the officers when giving some order. We were well nigh exhausted, said he, many of us frost-bitten, and the majority of us so badly shod, that the blood gushed from our frozen and lacerated feet at every tread; yet we upbraided not, complained not, but marched steadily and firmly, though mournfully, onward, resolved to persevere to the utmost;—not for our country—our country alas! we had given up for lost. Not for ourselves—life for us no longer wore a charm—but because such was the will of our beloved chief—'twas for Washington alone we were willing to make the sacrifice. When we arrived within sight of the enemy's encampments, we were ordered to form a line, when Washington reviewed us. Pale and emaciated, dispirited and exhausted, we presented a most unwarlike and melancholy aspect. The paternal eye of our chief was quick to discover the extent of our sufferings, and acknowledged them with tears; but suddenly checking his emotions, he reminded us that our country and all that we held dear was staked upon the coming battle. As he spoke, we began to gather ourselves up, and rally our energies; every man grasped his arms more firmly, and the clenched hand, the compressed lip, and the steadfast look, and the knit brow, told the soul's resolve. Washington observed us well; then did he exhort us with all the fervour of his soul, "On yonder field to conquer; or die the death of the brave." At that instant the glorious sun, as if in prophetic token of our success, burst forth in all his splendour, bathing in liquid light the blue hills of Jersey. The faces which but a few minutes before were blenched with despair, now glowed with martial fire and animation. Our chief, with exultation, hailed the scene; then casting his doubts to the winds, and calling on the "God of battles," and his faithful soldiers, led on the charge. The conflict was fierce and bloody. For more than twenty minutes, not a gun was fired—the sabre and the bayonet did the work of destruction, 'twas a hurricane of fire, and steel, and death. There did we stand, "foot to foot, and hilt to hilt," with the serried foe! and where we stood we died or conquered."

ANIMALS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

It is remarkable that, notwithstanding the singular barrenness of many parts of the country, there should have been found within eight or nine degrees of latitude from the Cape point, the largest, as well as the most minute, objects in almost every class of the animal world. Thus, like the ostrich and creeper among the feathered tribes, among the beasts we have the elephant and the black-streaked mouse; the one weighing four thousand pounds, the other about the fourth part of an ounce; the camelopardalis, seventeen feet high, and the little elegant zenik, or viverra, of three inches. Here too, as above stated, is the abode of the prodigious hippopotamus, more bulky, though not so high as the elephant: and also the rhinoceros, equally ponderous and sow-like in its formation. Of the thirty different species of antelope known in natural history, this country alone possesses eighteen. Besides these, there is the largest of the eland or oreas that exists, six feet high; together with the little pigmy, or royal antelope, which is little more than six inches. The spring-bok, or leaping antelope, is, as before observed, sometimes met with in herds of four or five thousand. The lion, the leopard, the panther, and various species of the tiger-cat are likewise indigenous; but not the striped tiger of India. The wolf, hyæna, and three or four different kinds of jackals are every where found; as also the ant-eater, the iron hog, or crested porcupine, the viverra, that burrows in the ground, the jerboa, nearly allied to the kangaroo, and several species of hares. Buffaloes infest the woods and thickets; and many of the plains abound with zebras; with the stronger and more elegant-shaped quacha; as well as with whole herds of the singular gnu, partaking of the form of the ox, the horse, the antelope, and the stag. In the mountains there are numerous and large troops of that disgusting animal, the dog-faced baboon; and likewise swarms of apes and monkeys of all sizes.

Sadness.—There is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes like a cloud over the spirit. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, in the calm and silent retreats of solitude. Its powers are alike supreme over the weak and iron-hearted. At one time it is caused by the flitting of a single thought across the mind. Again, a sound will come booming across the ocean of memory, gloomy and solemn as the death-knell, overshading all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence? Still it is a delicious sort of sorrow: and like a cloud dimming the sunshine of the river, although causing a momentary shade of gloom, it enhances the beauty of returning brightness.

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POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE following table is the first official account of the census of 1840, then published. It was furnished to the Senate by the Secretary of State, in obedience to a resolution of that body, and ordered to be printed.

STATEMENT

Showing the aggregate in the population of the several states and territories, and in the District of Columbia, under the late census, distinguishing the number of whites, free persons of color, and all other persons, as nearly as can be ascertained at this time.

States and Territories.	White population.	Free colored persons.	All other persons.	Total.
Maine	500,438	1,355	"	501,793
N. Hampshire	284,036	537	1	284,574
Massachusetts	729,030	8,668	1	737,699
R. Island	105,597	3,2 8	5	108,830
Connecticut	301,856	8,105	17	309,948
Vermont	291,218	7.0	"	291,948
N. York	2,378,890	50,027	4	2,428,921
N. Jersey	351,588	21,044	674	273,308
Pennsylvania	1,676,115	47,854	64	1,724,033
Delaware	58,561	16,919	2,605	78,085
Maryland	317,717	62,020	89,495	469,232
Virginia	740,968	49,842	448,987	1,239,797
N. Carolina	484,870	22,732	245,817	753,419
S. Carolina	259,084	8,276	327,038	594,398
Georgia	407,695	2,753	280,844	691,292
Alabama	335,184	2,0.9	253,532	590,756
Mississippi	179,074	1,366	195,211	375,651
Louisiana	153,983	24,368	165,219	344,570
Tennessee	640,627	5,5:4	183,059	829,510
Kentucky	587,512	7,309	182,072	776,923
Ohio	1,502,122	17,342	3	1,519,467
Indiana	678,698	7,165	3	685,866
Illinois	472,354	3,598	331	476,183
Missouri	323,888	1,574	58,040	383,702
Arkansas	77,174	465	19,935	97,574
Michigan	211,560	707	"	212,267
Florida Territory	27,728	820	25,559	54,107
Wisconsin do.	30,566	178	8	30,752
Iowa do.	42,864	153	18	43,035
District of Columbia	30,657	4,361	4,694	43,712
	14,181,575	336,069	2,483,536	17,061,180

	17,051,180
La Fayette Parish, Louisiana, not included in the above,	7,832
Estimated population of Carter county, Kentucky, not included	3,000
	17,062,012
Seamen in the service of the U. S., June 1st, 1840	6,100
Total population of the U. States,	17,068,112

NATULRAIST'S WALK.

THE little excursions of the naturalist, from habit and from acquirement, become a scene of constant observation and remark. The insect that crawls, the note of the bird, the plant that flowers, or the vernal leaf that peeps out, engages his attention, is recognized as an intimate, or noted for some novelty that it presents in sound or aspect. Every season has its peculiar product, and is pleasing or admirable from causes that variously affect our different temperaments or dispositions; but there are accompaniments in an autumnal morning's woodland walk that call for all our notice and admiration: the peculiar feeling of the air, the solemn grandeur of the scene around us, dispose the mind to contemplation and remark; there is a silence in which we hear everything, a eauty that will be observed. The stump of an old oak is a very landscape, with rugged Alpine steeps bursting through forests of verdant mosses, with some pale, denuded, branchless lichen, like a scathed oak, creeping up the sides or crowning the summits. Rambling with unfettered grace, the tendrils of the briony *(tomus communis)* festoon with its brilliant berries, green, yellow, red, the slender sprigs of the hazel or the thorn; it ornaments their plainness, and receives a support its own feebleness denies. The agaric, with all its hues, its shades, its elegant variety of forms, expands its cone sprinkled with the freshness of the morning: a transient fair, a child of decay, that 'sprang up in a night, and will perish in a night.' The squirrel, agile with life and timidity, gambling round the root of an ancient beech, its base overgrown with the dewberry *(rubus cæsius)* blue with unsullied fruit, impeded in his frolic sports, half angry, darts up the silvery bole again, to peep and wonder at the strange intruder upon his haunts. The jay springs up, and screaming, tells of danger to her brood: the noisy tribe repeat the call, are hushed, and leave us. The loud laugh of the woodpecker, joyous and vacant; the hammering of the nuthatch *(sitta Europæa)* cleaving its prize in the chink of some dry bough; the humble bee, torpid on the disc of the purple thistle, just lifts a limb to pray forbearance of injury, to ask for peace, and bids us

"Leave him, leave him to repose."

The cinquefoil, or the vetch, with one lingering bloom, yet appears, and we note it for its loneliness. Spreading on the light foliage of the fern, dry and mature, the spider has fixed her toils, and motionless in the midst watches her expected prey, every thread and mesh beaded with dew trembling with the zephyr's breath. Then falls the "sere and yellow leaf," parting from its spray without a breeze, tinkling in the boughs, and rustling scarce audibly along, rests at our feet, and tells us that we part too. All these are distinctive symbols of the season, marked in the sobriety and silence of the hour, and form perhaps a deeper impression on the mind than any afforded by the verdant promises, the vivacities of spring, or the gay, profuse luxuriance of summer.

Journal of a Naturalist.

WHY THE NETTLE STINGS.—The common or large nettle is known by grievous experience to every one, though perhaps you have never yet inquired whence the pain arises from touching it. The sting is not, like a pin or needle, solid throughout, but is hollow at the centre and perforated at the point; and, when touched, it is not only sharp enough to pierce the skin, but also is so constructed as to inject a particle of poisonous fluid into the wound it makes, and this is the source of the pain which follows. The wound itself is so minute that it would scarcely be felt; but the poison irritates, inflames, and causes the well-known pain alluded to. The plant, the small species of which sting most severely, is covered all over with hairs; but, by using a microscope or a magnifying-glass, you may perceive that these are not all of one kind, some being perforated, which are the stings, whilst others are not. Each sting stands upon a pedestal, and the pedestal performs the office both of gland and poison-bag. Ib.

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THE UNITED STATES SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

The District of Columbia, in which is situated the city of Washington, the seat of the Federal Government, is a tract ten miles square, embracing within its area, the confluence of the east and west branches of the noble Potomac, or Potowmak. It was ceded to the United States in 1800, by the states of Maryland and Virginia, at which time the seat of the Federal Government was transferred thither, from Philadelphia. It contains about 40,000 inhabitants, including about 12,000 blacks, one half of whom are slaves. It is divided into two counties, Alexandria and Washington, and contains three cities, Washington, Alexandria and Georgetown; the whole District is under the immediate control of congress.



Map of the District of Columbia and Vicinity.

The city of Washington is situated on the east side of the Potomac, at the point of junction of the two branches, to which place the river is navigable for ships of the line.

The city is beautifully and extensively laid out, the streets all running in the direction of the cardinal points of the compass, and crossing each other at right angles. Besides these streets, avenues, named after the different states of the Union, traverse these rectangular sections, diagonally; and, like some of the streets are from one hundred to one hundred and sixty feet wide, handsomely shaded with trees. Many of them terminate on the hill on which the Capitol is situated, and diverge like rays from a centre.

On the eastern side of the city, upon the Anacostia or east branch of the Potomac, is the navy-yard. On the west it is separated from Georgetown by Rock creek; the Potomac, which separates it from Alexandria, is crossed by a bridge more than a mile in length.

Notwithstanding the extent of the city, its population is small, being only about 20,000. It appears more like a group of villages, than a continuous city, as the buildings are in clusters, principally in the neighbourhood of the Capitol, the navy-yard, and Pennsylvania avenue. On the latter is situated the president's house, about a mile and a half from the Capitol. It is built of freestone, two stories high, with a basement; one hundred and eighty feet long and eighty-five feet wide. Near it are four spacious brick buildings, containing the offices of the executive department.

THE CAPITOL.

This magnificent building is built of freestone, and, like the president's house, painted white. It is of the Corinthian order, consisting of a centre and two wings, being three hundred and fifty feet long, one hundred and twenty feet high to the top of the central dome; each wing one hundred and twenty feet long, and seventy feet in height. In one is the senate chamber, of a semicircular form, seventy-four feet long; in the other the hall of representatives, of the same shape, ninety-five feet long and sixty in height.

Under the central dome is the rotunda, ninety feet in diameter, and ninety-six feet in height. It is constructed of white marble, and the floor beautifully tessilated with the same material, giving an imposing effect. It contains four relievoes, representing the landing at Plymouth, the treaty between Penn and the Indians, the preservation of Smith by Pocahontas, and the adventure of Boone with two Indians. There are also four paintings executed by Col. John Trumbull, representing the Declaration of Independence, the surrender of Burgoyne, the surrender of Cornwallis, and Washington's resignation of his commission of commander-in-chief. An appropriation has been made by congress, for the purpose of filling the vacant panels in the rotunda with paintings, one of which is now in process of execution.

In the west, adjoining the rotunda, is the library of congress, containing about 16,000 volumes. They are in a hall ninety-two feet long, thirty-four wide, and thirty-six feet high. Opposite the east front is Capitol square, containing twenty-two acres, and within the area on the west front, is a monument erected to the memory of the gallant naval officers who fell at Tripoli in 1804.

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CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

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ON CROSSING THE ALLEGHANIES.

BY MRS. LAURA M. THRUSTON.

The broad, the bright, the glorious West,
Is spread before me now!
Where the gray mists of morning rest
Beneath yon mountain's brow!
The bound is past—the goal is won—
The region of the setting sun
Is open to my view.
Land of the valiant and the free—
My own Green Mountain land—to thee,
And thine, a long adieu!

I hail thee, Valley of the West,
For what thou yet shalt be!
I hail thee for the hopes that rest
Upon thy destiny!
Here—from this mountain height, I see
Thy bright waves floating to the sea,
Thine emerald fields outspread,
And feel that in the book of fame,
Proudly shall thy recorded name
In later days be read.

Yet while I gaze upon thee now,
All glorious as thou art,
A cloud is resting on my brow,
A weight upon my heart.
To me—in all thy youthful pride—
Thou art a land of cares untried,
Of untold hopes and fears.
Thou art—yet not for thee I grieve;
But for the far-off land I leave,
I look on thee with tears.

O! brightly, brightly, glow thy skies,
In summer's sunny hours!
The green earth seems a paradise
Arrayed in summer flowers!
But oh! there is a land afar,
Whose skies to me are brighter far
Along the Atlantic shore!
For eyes beneath their radiant shrine,
In kindlier glances answered mine—
Can these their light restore?

Upon the lofty bound I stand,
That parts the East and West;
Before me—lies a fairy land;
Behind—*a home of rest!*
Here, hope her wild enchantment flings,
Portrays all bright and lovely things,
My footsteps to allure—
But *there*, in memory's light, I see
All that was once most dear to me—
My young heart's cynosure!

CHARITY.

'Nay, thank not me,' the kind one said,
'Tis to myself I've given;
Each friendly deed like this I make
A stepping-stone to Heaven!'

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

Raise the heart—raise the hand;
Swear ye for the glorious cause—
Swear by Nature's holy laws,
To defend your Father-land.
By the glory ye inherit—
By the name 'mid men ye bear—
By your country's freedom, swear it—
By the Eternal—this day swear!
Raise the heart—raise the hand;
Fling abroad the starry banner—
Ever live our country's honour;
Ever bloom our native land.

Raise the heart—raise the hand;
Let the earth and heaven hear it;
While the sacred oath we swear it—
Swear to uphold our Father-land!
Wave, thou lofty ensign glorious,
Floating foremost on the field,
While thy spirit hovers o'er us,
None shall tremble—none shall yield.
Raise the heart—raise the hand;
Fling abroad the starry banner—
Ever live our country's honour—
Ever bloom our native land.

Raise the heart—raise the hand;
Raise it to the Father spirit,
To the Lord of Heaven rear it;
Let the soul 'bove earth expand.
Truth unwavering—Faith unshaken,
Sway each action, word, and will—
That which man hath undertaken,
Heaven can alone fulfil.
Raise the heart—raise the hand;
Fling abroad the starry banner—
Ever live our country's honour—
Ever bloom our native land.

THE PIONEERS OF OHIO.

When devoid of hope, that oasis amid the arid desert of life, man is a being, when placed in dangers, who is to be dreaded. When hope has fled, despair usurps its place, and none despair till they behold death, as 't were, staring them in the face; and when life, with all of its beautiful shades and colours is bleached with the bitterness of approaching death—'t is then man becomes desperate; the most timid have then done deeds of daring which were almost incredible. I may say that hope had almost forsaken me, when I beheld six blood-thirsty Indians, with loaded guns, and triggers cocked, waiting for a sight to shoot us dead. From my companion's appearance, I should judge his feelings were analagous to my own. I looked at him but once when behind the log, but the expression of his face was so indelibly impressed upon my mind, that as long as memory lasts, those stern and determined features can never pass from it. His face was pale, but not occasioned by fear, for Girty never felt that sensation. His lips were firmly compressed, till the blood was forced from them, and they were of an ashy paleness. The large veins of his dark face were swollen till ready to burst, and I almost imagined I could see the fire sparkling from his dark eyes, as he cast them on me; and, whispering through his clenched fist, bade me "die like a man, and not like a captive wolf.*

* The wolf, as soon as he discovers he is a captive, loses all his natural ferocity and courage, and permits himself to be led by a rope without the least resistance.

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We had now become desperate, and as the hope of life had fled, we determined to die like warriors. We now resolved as a last chance to employ a deception, which has since saved many lives. Girty took his cap, which was made of rackoon-skin, and slowly raised it above the log; the deception was not observed, for six shots were immediately fired at it, and two balls passed through it. I fired, and an Indian fell; but Girty reserved his fire, lest the enemy should rush up with their tomahawks. This kept them back, for none appeared willing to sacrifice his life for the good of the rest. We now arose, and took our stand between two trees, where, as a faint glimmer of hope beamed on us, we determined to conquer or die. A silence ensued, only to be broken by the deathknell of one human being. One of the Indians, bolder than the rest, left his hiding-place, and took a circuitous route, in order to attack us in the rear, but Girty's unerring aim prevented the Indian from running but a few steps, when he fell dead.

We had now four Indians to contend against, who were experienced marksmen, so we could not yet call our scalps our own; but the skirmish was unexpectedly decided; as if by natural consent, two of the savages left their trees, and started on the same fatal route, and with the same intention of attacking us in the rear, which their comrade had so ineffectually tried. Here, success, which had followed in our path from the moment of starting, again visited us; although the Indians were running, we killed them both. Indians, in all their skirmishes, are exceedingly politic; they never waste a load of powder, and particularly when their own lives are in jeopardy. When fighting against numbers inferior to their own, their usual practice is to deliver their fire, and finish the destructive work with the tomahawks; but this time they showed an uncommon neglect of their usual policy. Two Indians were yet remaining, who could have rushed upon us and shot us down, but by some strange infatuation, they sprang from their hiding-places, and leaping into the pawpaw thicket, bounded off, yelling most demoniacly, leaving four of their comrades upon the ground. We loaded our guns and walked to the fallen Indians, but one fellow who was shot through the hip, suddenly arose in a sitting posture, and fired his gun so quick that I could not get out of the range of his shot; the ball passed so near me as to tear away my bullet pouch, and scatter its contents upon the ground. Girty sprang upon him like a hungry panther, and with one blow of his fist laid him upon the ground. Whether he was knocked dead or animation only suspended I cannot say; but if the latter was the case, he undoubtedly found himself minus a scalp. The others were dead, and we took their scalps, that we might gaze upon them while speaking or thinking of my family. We hurried on our journey, and soon came to the track of the hurricane which, although not over fifty yards wide, required at least one hour's hard labor to cross. We walked briskly on, when a large buck passed a few yards ahead of us; this temptation was irresistible; I fired at it, and it fell bounding about one hundred yards. While Girty skinned it, I prowled about within sight, that I might anticipate any savage who might have been attracted by the crack of the gun. While thus engaged, I heard the barking of a dog, which was almost inaudible from its distance, but the barking became momentarily louder, till the animal appeared just behind a swelling ground in front of me. Instantly the idea struck me that the Indians, by means of this dog, were trailing us, and could not be far off. I stepped behind a tree and cocked my gun, that I might shoot the dog as soon as he appeared, but what was my astonishment to discover that the animal was Girty's own dog. This dog had been tied up securely when we left home, but he had broken loose, and had tracked us through our ramified walks till he overtook us. That he had followed our trail was evident from the fact of his skin being still wet from crossing Mad river, which was in an opposite direction from Losantiville, now Cincinnati.

After hanging our buck above the reach of wolves, we continued our course. The land now became low, and in many places swampy; and instead of the giant oak, which we had looked upon for the last few days, we now saw nothing but the low scrub oak, and a few bushes, which were the last of the prairie shrubs. We now whooped and sung, and enjoyed ourselves without constraint, for we had left the Indian ground, where danger was less to be feared. But we soon encountered a foe which was quite as dangerous as the red men whom we avoided. As we advanced, and while I was listening to a song which Girty was roaring out to the extent of his voice, our attention was attracted by the peculiar barking of our dog; we were certain by the barking that Tray had discovered no common enemy, for the barking was continued and violent—between a howl and his natural voice. We both ran toward the noise, keeping as much as possible behind the trees, for we had become cautious since our brush with the Indians. When within twenty steps of a towering sycamore, which looked like the patriarch of the woods among the small scrub oak, we beheld, crouched in a fork, a large panther, which, from appearances, was preparing to spring upon us. We had ran within a few feet of the tree before we were aware of the animal we had to deal with, but his glaring and fiery eyeballs were sufficient to apprize us that we were in imminent danger. Girty ran back the way we came, and thus avoided the danger, but I ran directly under the tree, in order to hide behind a small tree which grew beyond; but the enraged animal sprang from his retreat as I passed, and in his fall struck me with his paw. The blow was given with such force that I was knocked upon the ground, and before I could regain my feet, the animal sprang upon me with a deafening yell, and seized me with his fangs by the shoulder. Few, I doubt, have had the opportunity of examining the teeth of an animal with such close scrutiny as I then had. His large jaw lapped over my shoulder, and was so near my face that his long whiskers were thus into my eyes. I was unable to wield a weapon; but my brave comrade, like a true man, was advancing to my aid. He could not shoot for fear of wounding me; but there was no time for hesitation, and dropping his gun he drew his knife and struck it to the handle

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in the animal's hide. This treatment only provoked the panther, and he gnawed the bone of my shoulder till it cracked as if it was breaking. The dog, to make things worse now got hold of my arm, and probably thinking he was doing me an essential service, shook it violently. After some struggling I got my left arm loose, and at the same time the panther let go his hold, and attacked Girty with a fury which was only equalled by the readiness with which Girty repelled his attack. The dog now caught the animal by the hind leg, when he turned about and ran up the tree; he again took his station in the large fork, but we had learned a salutary lesson, and we kept at a distance. It was now nearly dark, which enabled us to see his glaring eye-balls glistening like two coals of fire, and his low growls and hisses gave us a prophetic hint not to venture too near. The blood from the wound which Girty had given him, bled profusely, and trickling down the tree, formed a long red line of coagulated blood; but the wound appeared only to have rendered him more furious, and he now lashed his tail against the tree, and tore the long strips of bark from it with his claws, while his red eyeballs rolled in their sockets, and his terrific appearance was not diminished by his long teeth, which I knew to be as sharp as needles.

The dog still kept a continual howling, which with the growls and screams of the panther, made most sonorous music, and the concert was assisted by a large owl which sat upon the same tree, and now sang out a long and dismal hoot, probably surprised at being thus disturbed in her slumbers. We were, doubtless, the first that woke the echo of a human voice in that wilderness. At the time these incidents transpired, which I have endeavored to paint, Ohio was a continuous wilderness, which had never been trodden but by the aborigines, who considered themselves as lords of the soil, and truly they were, till their avaricious white neighbors drove them from it. Formerly the Miami valley was inhabited but by the bear, the deer, and other wild animals, and it was many years after ere the echo of axes disturbed the stillness which had remained unbroken for ages—but improvements will go on so long as that restless spirit of emigration is stirring within human breasts. The haunts which I then frequented to obtain my winter's venison, have since been turned up by the ploughman; if I go to look at some favorite deer-lick, I find some goods, store or tavern, and the busy bustle incident to town life all around me. Even "Flat Fork," that desolate and almost uninhabitable wilderness, has been encroached upon by the settler, but its subtile miasmas will for ever prevent its being cultivated, for it is a huge reservoir of agues and fevers, which, to those who value health, will ever prevent cultivation.

We now began in earnest to prepare for the death of the panther; my arm was so lacerated that I could not raise a gun to my shoulder, but Girty, who was probably a better shot than myself, now took a deliberate aim and fired. The ball passed through the beast; he sprang high into the air, and fell midway between us and the tree. He was disabled from running, but not dead, which our dog discovered to his sorrow. As soon as the animal fell, the dog ran at him, but received a blow from his huge paw, which struck his ear, and stunned him so that he lay apparently dead for some minutes. My gun was yet loaded, which Girty cocked, and cautiously advancing sufficiently near to shoot—the ball passed between his eyes, his head fell between his fore-paws, and even after death his eyes still glared with that inveterate hate which they did while living. As the gun cracked, the dog revived from the stunning which he had received, and, like a true hero, mounted the panther's back, and in his fury for revenge, did not appear to have discovered the animal was dead, till he had shook him sometime by the neck. We built a fire on the spot where we had gained this our third victory, and examined my arms. The animal's teeth had penetrated to the bone, but had not broken it. We bound up the wound with a handkerchief, and skinned our panther. He measured from the nose to the tip of the tail seven feet nine inches, and his claws were nearly ten inches in length.

Gentleman's Magazine.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

When the American troops were quartered at Newburg, at the close of the revolutionary war, and the soldiers were stirred up to rebellion against the government by the famous anonymous letters, which it has since been ascertained were written by General Armstrong, then a major in the army, General Washington convened the officers, for the purpose of addressing them on this subject, and calming the tumult which was beginning to rage in their bosoms. He held a paper in his hand on which the remarks he intended to make were written; and then it was, that finding himself unable to read without assistance, as he was drawing his spectacles from his pocket, that unpremeditated expression broke from him; one of the most pathetic that ever fell from human lips; '*Fellow citizens*,' said he, '*you perceive that I have not only grown gray* but *blind* in your service.' The effect of this remark was electrical. No bosom: no eye was proof against it.—*Boston Mercantile Jour.*

A Curious Historical Fact.—The first rough model of a steamboat, made by Fulton, in New York, was cut out of a shingle, shaped like a mackerel, with the paddles placed further in front than behind, like the fins of a fish. The paddle wheel had been first put in the rear, on the sculling principle, but was abandoned, on consulting with Mr. Greenwood, the well known ingenious dentist of New York, now deceased, in whose possession the model remained for many years.—Old Admiral Landais, who many of our readers recollect as the enemy of Paul Jones, was also in frequent consultation with Greenwood at the time. He recommended the paddle wheel to be placed in the stern, and to be moved by a tunnel shaped sail, which was to catch the wind even when it blew directly ahead, and thus communicate the power by reaction to the wheel.

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MONTPELIER

THE engraving on the opposite page represents the seat of the late lamented EX-president MADISON.

MONTPELIER is about four miles distant from Orange courthouse. On approaching it from the north, you turn to the left on leaving the main road, and after proceeding through a wood about a mile, the mansion of the ex-president may be seen a mile distant, situated on a slight eminence. It is a large brick building, composed of a main body and two wings. In front of the body, is a portico of wood, painted white, which is supported by four lofty Dorick pillars. The interiour of the house is furnished with plain, but rich furniture, and ornamented with busts and pictures; in the right wing is a library of rare and valuable books, and a cabinet. In the rear of the mansion is an extensive lawn: after crossing this, you come to the garden, which consists of several acres of ground, laid out with elegance and taste, and contains a great number of native plants and exoticks, and an abundance of grapes.

Here, on the twenty-eighth of June, 1836, the venerable Madison expired, at the advanced age of eighty-seven, lamented deeply by his numerous friends, and by the whole American people, as a national loss. The following sketch of his life is from the pen of one who had passed many pleasant hours in his society, and is copied from the New York Mirror:—

"Great occasions produce great men. The records of our own country bear testimony to this truth. In the early and in the later ages of her struggles, there were not wanting men to advise and to act for a nation's welfare. Among those who have acted a conspicuous part in building up our political and civil institutions, for more than sixty years, was James Madison, who has lately sunk to rest, full of years and honours.

"Mr. Madison was by birth a Virginian, and wholly educated in this country. He was intended for a statesman from his youth, and made himself master of constitutional law, when it was hardly known as a science either in England or in this country. He was born on the sixteenth of March, 1751, and, of course, was in all the ardour and freshness of youth on the breaking out of the revolution. In 1775, Mr. Madison was a member of the legislature of Virginia, and at that early age, was distinguished for his maturity of understanding and sage prudence. He was soon appointed one of the council of the state. During the whole eventful struggle, James Madison had the confidence of the state of Virginia; and, as a member of her legislature, was listened to with profound attention when he brought forward sundry resolutions for the formation of a general government for the United States, based upon the inefficiency of the old confederation. From these resolutions grew a convention of delegates from the several states, who, in conclave, prepared a form of a constitution to be submitted to the several states for their discussion, approbation, and adoption. Mr. Madison was a member of this convention, as a delegate from Virginia, and took an active part in the deliberations of that enlightened body, of which Washington, his colleague, was president. On the adoption of this constitution—a wonderful era in the history of the liberties of man—Mr. Madison was elected a member of the first congress, and took an active part in setting the machinery in motion. At this period publick opinion was greatly agitated by the crude and false opinions scattered through the country, through the medium of the opposition presses; this was grievous to the friends of the constitution, and three mighty minds, Jay, Hamilton, and Madison, formed a holy alliance to enlighten the people upon the great doctrines of the constitution, and breaking through the host of the Philistines, drew the pure waters of truth for the good of the people. The essays from the pens of these worthies, were collected in a volume, called the FEDERALIST, which now stands a monument of the wisdom and patriotism of that age. In the debates of the first congress, Mr. Madison took a large share. It was an illustrious assemblage of patriots, among whom there often arose a difference of opinion in regard to political policy, but all were lovers of their country, and labouring for her best interests. Here Mr. Madison acted with the Cabots and the Ames' of the east, in perfect harmony. It was reserved for an afterage to feel the withering effects of party-feuds. These were hardly discovered as long as the father of his country filled the presidential chair. In the administration of his successor, a separation into parties took place, and Mr. Madison ranked himself on the side of Mr. Jefferson and his party. During the presidency of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison was secretary of state, and sustained that office with singular ability. He held a ready pen, had a clear, philosophical perception of the great principles on which the government professed to act, and could readily produce a defence of the course pursued. No secretary ever did, or ever will do more by force of argument, than Mr. Madison, while supporting the measures of Mr. Jefferson.

"In March, 1809, Mr. Madison became president of the United States. It was a stormy period. France and England, in their fierce struggles for mastery, forgot the rights of neutral nations, and outraged our independence. Insult followed insult from both countries, for the three first years of his administration; but he was, from the very elements of his nature, inclined to peace, and had not urged preparations for war. In 1812, war was declared without preparation, and the Executive of the United States had a difficult task to perform. A powerful part of the people were opposed to the war, some for one reason, and some for another, and it required no small degree of moral courage, to steer the ship of state at such a crisis. Mr. Madison was not a military chieftain, and took no pleasure in the glories of a victory, no farther than they were beneficial to the interests of his country; but his moral courage was of the highest order, that which arises from a consciousness of an intention of doing good. There can be no doubt but that so sagacious a statesman as Mr. Madison, saw some of the blessings that were to flow to his country from the evils of war. He knew that nations, at times, hold incorrect opinions, and that the rude shocks of war are the only remedies for these errours. The war had its dark and bright spots on the tablets of fame, but its results were altogether fortunate. The necessity of a navy for national honour and protection, anchored itself

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[Late Residence of Ex-President Madison, Montpelier, Va.]

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into the firm bosom of every patriot, with such a hold as to ride out every billow and whirlwind of faction. By this war we were taught that no nation could ever claim to be independent whose resources were confined to agriculture and commerce alone. By this war we became a manufacturing people to a respectable extent; but there was as much opposition to this as there was to the war. This goes to show, that it is beyond human reason to foresee what may be best; but all will agree that there should always be wisdom and honesty at the head of our people to make the most judicious use of every event.

"In 1817, when the reign of peace was established, Mr. Madison retired to his farm to enjoy the serenity of rural life; but here he has not been idle. On the death of Mr. Jefferson, he was made chancellor of the University of Virginia, and, as well as his predecessor, took a deep interest in the prosperity of the institution. When Virginia called a convention to alter her constitution, Mr. Madison, with Chief-Justice Marshall, and Mr. Monroe, were found among the sages who had witnessed the birth of that constitution, and were well acquainted with its excellences and defects, and were good judges of the best forms of amendment. Seven or eight years ago, a bookseller at Washington, got up an edition of the debates in the several conventions called by the states in 1787 and 1788, to deliberate on the adoption of the constitution of the United States. Mr. Madison took a lively interest in this publication, and afforded the editor all the information that he possessed upon the subject.

"Mr. Madison was unquestionably the leading member in the Virginia convention, called for the adoption of the constitution of the United States, although there were several distinguished men among them. This body was fortunate enough to have employed a reporter of eminence for the occasion, which was not the case in many other states; and what the Virginian reporter did not put down in his notes, Mr. Madison's minutes and recollections most readily supplied.

"In the convention he had to meet the blaze of Patrick Henry's eloquence, the subtile arguments of Mason, and the chilling doubts of Monroe; but all were overcome by the clearness of his views, and the force of his reasonings. Mr. Madison was not an orator in the common acceptation of the word; there were no deep tones in his voice; no flashes of a fierce and commanding eye; no elegant gestures to attract the beholder; all was calm, dignified, and convincing. It was the still, small voice, in which the oracles of God were communicated to the prophet. He never talked for the love of display, but simply to communicate his thoughts. He spoke often in debate, when earnest in his cause, but was always heard with profound attention; not a word of his speeches were lost. He was so perfectly master of his subject, that he had nothing to correct in a retrospective view of it, and was so well understood, that he had nothing to explain. His voice was deficient in volume, but it was so well modulated, that its compass was more extensive than that of many speakers of stronger lungs. His conversation was truly a charm. He was familiar with most topicks, and he loved both to communicate and receive information. He lived in times when men grew up with strong prejudices and partialities; but his most familiar guests seldom heard a sentence tinged with them, either at his table or fireside. For nearly twenty years he has been daily preparing for the change of worlds, and at last sunk into the arms of death in as peaceful a sleep as a babe on the bosom of his mother. Nature and religion had cured him of all fears of the grave; he had no dread of what 'dreams might come when he had shuffled off this mortal coil.' He had no enmities to settle, for he had quarrelled with no one; he had no slanders to forgive, for no one ever traduced him. His history contains, indeed, a miracle, for there has not been one of mortal, or of immortal birth, who has acted a conspicuous part on this earth, but James Madison, whose private reputation has not been assailed."

THE POWER OF SONG.—Schiller.

From rocky cleft the torrent dashes;
Down, down he comes with thunder-shock;
The sturdy oak beneath him crashes,
And after rolls the loosened rock.
Amazed, o'erjoyed, with awe and wonder
The traveller stops and gazes round;
He hears the all-pervading thunder,
But cannot tell from whence the sound.
So rolls the tide of Song, for ever,
Where mortal foot hath wandered never.

Leagued with the dreaded powers above us,
Who darkly spin life's slender thread,
Who can resist his power to move us?
Who can the singer's spell evade?
He Hermes' magic wand inherits,
And charms the heart with influence soft,
Down to the realm of tortured spirits,
Or bears it heavenward aloft,
On Fancy's airy ladder reeling,
Swayed to and fro with giddy feeling.

As when into the scene of pleasure
Some dread disaster stalks along,
With giant-like, unearthly measure,
And scatters terror through the throng:
He strips at once the gay delusion—
This stranger from the other world;
The masks fall off in dire confusion;
Earth's greatness to the ground is hurled;
And before Truth's all conquering mirror,
Withers each work of sin and error.

So, every earthly burden spurning,
Man's thoughts at Music's bidding rise;
And with immortal ardor burning,
With godlike tread he walks the skies;
The gods as one of theirs embrace him;
There must his daily troubles sleep;
Thither no destiny can chase him,
Thither no earthly thing can creep:
His brow is smooth; no fear alarms him;
He knows no care while Music charms him.

And, as the boy, with hopeless longing—
When stolen freedom yields no rest,
But home-thoughts to his heart keep thronging,
Flies to his injured mother's breast;
So Music has the power to charm us,
When turned from nature's simple truth;
From cold and foreign ways to warm us
With the old feelings of our youth.
In Nature's arms, O! there we rest us,
Where freezing forms may ne'er molest us.

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MONTICELLO.

THE engraving on the opposite page, represents a view of Monticello, the residence of the late Ex-President Jefferson. Our drawing is from a celebrated picture by that distinguished artist, George Cooke, Esq., of Richmond, Va.

"The mansion-house at Monticello was built and furnished in the days of his prosperity. In its dimensions, and ornaments, it is such a one as became the character and fortune of the man. It stands upon an elliptick plain, formed by cutting down the apex of a mountain; and on the west, stretching away to the north and the south, it commands a view of the Blue Ridge for a hundred and fifty miles, and brings under the eye one of the boldest and most beautiful horizons in the world: while, on the east, it presents an extent of prospect, bounded only by the spherical form of the earth, in which nature seems to sleep in eternal repose, as if to form one of her finest contrasts with the rude and rolling grandeur on the west. In the wide prospect, and scattered to the north and south, are several detached mountains, which contribute to animate and diversify this enchanting landscape: and among them, to the south, Williss's mountain, which is so interestingly depicted in his notes.

From this summit, the philosopher was wont to enjoy that spectacle, among the sublimest of nature's operations, the looming of the distant mountains; and to watch the motions of the planets, and the greater revolution of the celestial sphere. From this summit, too, the patriot could look down, with uninterrupted vision, upon the wide expanse of the world around, for which he considered himself born; and upward, to the open and vaulted heavens to which he seemed to approach, as if to keep him continually in mind of his high responsibility. It is indeed a prospect in which you see and feel, at once that nothing mean or little could live. It is a scene fit to nourish those great and high-souled principles which formed the elements of his character, and was a most noble and appropriate post, for such a sentinel, over the rights and liberties of man.

"Approaching the house on the east, the visiter instinctively paused, to cast around one thrilling glance at this magnificent panorama: and then passed to the vestibule, where, if he had not been previously informed, he would immediately perceive that he was entering the house of no common man. In the spacious and lofty hall which opens before him, he marks no tawdry and unmeaning ornaments: but before, on the right, on the left, all around, the eye is struck and gratified with objects of science and taste, so classed and arranged as to produce their finest effect. On one side, specimens of sculpture set out, in such order, as to exhibit at a *coup d'œil*, the historical progress of that art, from the first rude attempts of the aborigines of our country, up to that exquisite and finished bust of the great patriot himself, from the master hand of Caracci. On the other side, the visiter sees displayed a vast collection of Indian art, their paintings, weapons, ornaments, and manufactures; on another, an array of the fossil productions of our country, mineral and animal; the polished remains of those colossal monsters that once trod our forests, and are no more; and a variegated display of the branching honours of those 'monarchs of the waste,' that still people the wilds of the American continent.

"From this hall he was ushered into a noble saloon, from which the glorious landscape of the west again burst upon his view, and which, within, is hung thick around with the finest productions of the pencil—historical paintings of the most striking subjects from all countries, and all ages; the portraits of distinguished men and patriots, both of Europe and America, and medallions and engravings in endless profusion.

"While the visiter was yet lost in the contemplation of these treasures of the arts and sciences, he was startled by the approach of a strong and sprightly step, and turning with instinctive reverence to the door of entrance, he was met by the tall, and animated, and stately figure of the patriot himself—his countenance beaming with intelligence and benignity, and his outstretched hand, with its strong and cordial pressure, confirming the courteous welcome of his lips. And then came that charm of manner and conversation that passes all description—so cheerful—so unassuming—so free, and easy, and frank, and kind, and gay—that even the young and overawed, and embarrassed visiter at once forgot his fears, and felt himself by the side of an old and familiar friend. There was no effort, no ambition in the conversation of the philosopher. It was as simple and unpretending as nature itself. And while in this easy manner he was pouring out instruction, like light from an inexhaustible solar fountain, he seemed continually to be asking, instead of giving information. The visiter felt himself lifted by the contact, into a new and nobler region of thought, and became surprised at his own buoyancy and vigour. He could not, indeed, help being astounded, now and then, at those transcendant leaps of the mind, which he saw made without the slightest exertion, and the ease with which this wonderful man played with subjects which he had been in the habit of considering among the *argumenta crucis* of the intellect. And then there seemed to be no end to his knowledge He was a thorough master of every subject that was touched. From the details of the humblest mechanick art, up to the highest summit of science, he was perfectly at his ease, and, every where at home. There seemed to be no longer any *terra incognita* of the human understanding: for, what the visiter had thought so, he now found reduced to a familiar garden-walk; and all this carried off so lightly, so playfully, so gracefully, so engagingly, as to win every heart that approached him, as certainly as he astonished every mind." Annual Register.

THE rackoon grape is one of the finest of our vines, in regard to the luxuriance of its growth, its tortuous stem ascending the tallest trees to their summit, while its branches spread out so as to entwine the whole top. I have seen stems that measured eighteen inches in diameter, and the branches often extended from one tree to another, so as to render it difficult to pull down a plant after its stem has been cut. Its flowers perfume the woods. The grapes are small, hard, and very acrid, until severely bitten by frost. In autumn and winter, rackoons, bears, opossums, and many species of birds, feed upon them. Audubon.

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LATE RESIDENCE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.—MONTICELLO, VA.

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RESIDENCES OF THE PRESIDENTS.

The cut on p. 238 is the fifth of our series of views of the Residences of the Presidents of the United States, and represents that of the two Adamses. It is situated in Quincy, in the state of Massachusetts, and is now the residence of John Quincy Adams, who is a lineal descendant of a puritan patriarch of that name who fled from England during the persecution under the infamous Bishop Laud, the Chaplain and adviser of Charles the First. The farm on which this patriarch settled in 1630, has been transmitted from father to son through successive generations till the present time. And it is a remarkable fact that the principles of civil and religious freedom which the original settler maintained, have been handed down in all their purity, unscathed by colonial difficulties and the storm of the Revolution. No name has so long stood conspicuous in the annals of our Republic, as that of Adams, and we now view one who was the son of a President, and a President himself, actively engaged as a legislator in the inferior branch of our country's councils.

It was Samuel Adams who, in connexion with John Hancock and a few other choice spirits, first carried into execution the design of resisting British oppression and of lighting an altar-fire of civil and religious liberty in the western hemisphere. And John Adams, the father of the present occupant of the mansion, was one of the most active and influential men during our revolutionary struggle. He took an active part in his native state, in the events which there transpired in first opposing the usurpations of Great Britain; and, when the Colonies united in a bond of holy union for the protection of their dearest interests, John Adams was foremost in the general Congress as a firm patriot and inflexible friend of republican principles. He was the man who nominated Washington to the post of Commander-in-chief of the American armies, and was one of the committee chosen to draft the Declaration of Independence. Next after Washington he was chosen President of the new Republic, and through a long life was honored and beloved by his countrymen. Just fifty years to a day after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, he and his fellow committee-man, Thomas Jefferson, resigned up their spirits to the God who gave them, and the last words that fell from his dying lips were, Independence forever!

John Q. Adams has also been actively engaged in public life from earliest manhood, and in the brilliant career he has run, has honorably sustained the noble character of his lineage—noble not by ancestral heraldric bearings and titled names, but for public and private worth, and every virtue which constitutes the character of the patriot and christian. His life is now in the "sere and yellow leaf" but his energies, both mental and physical are but little impaired by age. After holding several important offices of trust, he was chosen in 1824, President of the United States. He served but one term, and was succeeded by Gen. Jackson. Since then, he has almost constantly, from year to year, represented his district in the House of Representatives, which office he now holds.

The following notice of an interesting celebration which took place at Quincy a few years since we copy from one of our public journals.

The old Church at Quincy, Mass.—The two hundredth anniversary of the gathering of this Church was celebrated a few days since, and appears to have been an occasion of great interest, though as it fell on the sabbath, few ceremonies were observed. A Discourse was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Lunt, junior pastor of the society, a hymn furnished by the Hon. J. Q. Adams, one of the members, &c. The exercises were in fact on the simple plan of those observed one century before, when the Rev. John Hancock, father of the illustrious patriot of the Revolution, was the sole pastor of this venerable church. This gentleman's ministry lasted from 1726 to 1745. The present senior incumbent, Mr. Whitney, has occupied his situation about forty years.

Many circumstances correspond to give interest to this commemoration. Mount Wollaston, as Quincy was first called, was settled as early as 1625, five years only after Plymouth, and five before Boston; and it is supposed to have been the first *permanent* settlement in the Massachusetts Colony. Great names too are connected with this humble institution. We are told by the Boston Register that among the early baptismal records of the century now closed, is written the name of

'John, son of John Adams,'

a name which has been since deeper written in the history of our nation and in the hearts of men The church counts him among her sons—his father waited at her table; and he was at his death her oldest member. Rarely was he absent from the services of the Sabbath, and he now lies beneath the stone Temple which his munificence endowed, and which but lately has risen, a connecting link between the centuries which have gone and the future. Inscribed on the same records, and from the pen of the same pastor, is the name of "*John Hancock my son.*"

Again, it appears that from this ancient church in July, 1767, John Quincy Adams received the sign of baptism, and on the list of her communicants his name is enrolled. Thus has this little Society, founded in feebleness, nurtured in its bosom two of the Presidents of the Union, and the President of that glorious body which issued the Declaration of American Independence. To these names may be added that of Quincy also, hardly less distinguished. Edmund, the progenitor of all that race, was one of the earliest members and founders of this Church.

Those of our readers familiar with the accustomed observances of our New England brethren

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on these occasions, will be prepared to hear that the psalms were sung from the collection published at Cambridge in 1640, by Messrs. Weld and Eliot, ministers of Roxbury, and Mather of Dorchester,—the first *book* printed in America, and used by the early church. The Psalm at the close of the afternoon service, was, after the ancient manner, line by line, alternately read and sung by the minister and choir.

The following is the hymn written for the occasion by Hon. John Q. Adams.

THE HOUR-GLASS.

Alas! how swift the moments fly!
How flash the years along!
Scarce here, yet gone already by;
The burden of a song.
See childhood, youth, and manhood pass,
And age with furrowed brow;
Time was—Time shall be, drain the glass—
But where in time is *now*?

Time is the measure but of change:
No present hour is found,
The past, the future fill the range
Of Time's unceasing round.
Where then is now? In realms above,
With God's atoning Lamb,
In regions of eternal love,
Where sits enthroned I AM.

Then, Pilgrim, let thy joys and tears
On Time no longer loan;
But henceforth all thy hopes and fears,
From earth's affections wean.
To God let votive accents rise;
With truth, with virtue live;
So all the bliss that Time denies,
Eternity shall give.

TO A REDBREAST.

Little bird, with bosom red,
Welcome to my humble shed.
Courtly dames, of high degree,
Have no room for thee or me.
Pride and pleasure's fickle throng
Nothing mind an idle song.
Daily near my table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal.
Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll cast a crumb to thee:
Well rewarded, if I spy,
Pleasure in thy glancing eye—
See thee, when thou'st eat thy fill,
Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.
Come, my feather'd friend, again:
Well thou know'st the broken pane.
Ask of me thy daily store:
Go not near Avaro's door.
Once within his iron hall,
Woful end shall thee befall.
Savage, he would soon divest
Of its rosy plumes thy breast;
Then, with solitary joy,
Eat thee, bones and all, my boy.

THE SISTERLESS.

BY JOSEPH L. CHESTER.

[Written in the Album of a dead sister, immediately after the decease of another.]

I.

Sweet sister! art thou dead? I seem to feel
Thy gentle presence near me, as I sit
Within the room where I was wont to steal
Beside thy dying couch. Blest visions flit
Before me, as the sorrowing tear I shed;—
Surely, sweet sister! thou can'st not be dead?

II.

Thy form is absent—I no longer see
Thy gentle face, and love-expressing eye,
Whose fondest glance was often turned on me,
E'en in thy hours of deepest agony:—
And yet, canst thou be dead, when day and night
I see that eye in all its meteor light?

III.

I know thy lip no longer meeteth mine,
In those long kisses of ecstatic love;
Those lips, more rosy than the richest wine,
Have found another object far above:—
And yet, I fancy oft at eve's still hour,
I feel thy kiss in all its burning power.

IV.

I see thee in the slumb'rous hour of night,
When sleep hath wrapped me in her dreamy wings;
I see thee in a vision blest and bright,
And press thy hand, and hear thee sweetly sing:—
Surely, sweet sister! thou canst not be dead,
When such blest visions on my sleep are shed.

V.

Alas! alas! I have *no* sister now!
For she, on whom I placed my every trust,
When first thou left me here, hath died as thou,
And yielded up, like thou, her form to dust,
Her soul to God who gave it. All alone,
I breathe upon the air my sorrowing moan.

VI.

I have no sister now! Oh! blame me not,
If from mine eye I cannot keep the tear:—
A sister's love can never be forgot,
And she to my lone heart was doubly dear.
I have no sister now! Oh! let me weep,
And o'er her grave my lonely vigils keep.

VII.

Oh! blame me not, if my o'erburdened heart,
Be almost bursting in its wild excess.
Alas! it is a dreadful lot to part,
For ever with a sister's fond caress—
To feel no more her kiss upon my cheek—
Nor meet her glancing eye—nor hear her speak.

VIII.

Alas! I am a lonely being now—
Shut out for ever from a sister's love.
My young heart hath been early taught to bow,
And mourn its loss as doth the widowed dove.
Forgive me, then, if on my youthful face,
The hand of sorrow leaveth many a trace.

IX.

Forgive me, if my voice no more is heard
To breathe the merry tones of former days—
And blame me not, if grief should tinge each word
And oh! forbear within my heart to gaze:—
For lowly I have been constrained to bow—
Alas! alas! I have no sister now!

New York, *September* 20, 1839

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VIEW OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Our readers will perceive, that we have been ample in our illustrations of American subjects, in the preceding part of this work. In continuance of our design, we now present a view of the city of New York, *as it is*, from a beautiful design by a distinguished artist: and as farther interesting, we also give the view of the city in 1673, that the reader may the more readily perceive the radical change it has undergone since then.

To that highly distinguished gentleman, Professor J. W. Francis, we are indebted for the extracts which follow, descriptive of the great Commercial Metropolis of the Union. They are taken from an elaborate and minute account of New York and its institutions, by Dr. F., published in Hinton's United States, Vol. II., printed in 1834.

New York is the chief city of the state of New York, and the most populous and commercial town in the United States. It is situate on York Island, at the confluence of Hudson and East rivers, in lat. 40° 42′ 45″ N. and 74° 4′ W. lon. from Greenwich; or 3° 14′ 15″ E. from the city of Washington.

The island is essentially primitive, and consists mainly of one formation, gneiss. It is about fourteen and a half miles long from N. to S., and varying in breadth from half a mile to nearly two miles, comprehending about twenty-one and a half square miles. The limits of the city and county are the same, and the only legal subdivisions are the wards, at present fifteen in number. It is separated on the north from the continental part of the state by Harlem river; from New Jersey on the west by the river Hudson; from Staten Island on the south by the bay or harbour; and by the East river from Long Island.

The city of New York was originally settled by the Dutch, in 1614, and its progress has been, since the revolutionary war, rapid beyond precedent, in numbers, wealth, commerce, and improvements.

According to the researches of a writer on American Antiquities,* Henry Hudson arrived at the island of Manhattan, (York Island,) called by the natives *Manhadoes*, on the fourth of September, 1609, then occupied by a ferocious tribe of Indians; he navigated as high as Albany, and on his return to Holland transferred his right of discovery to the Dutch, who afterward granted it to their West India company. The latter, the next year, sent ships to Manhattan, to trade with the natives. In 1614, a fort was built by the Dutch at the southwest extremity of the island, and another, called Fort Aurania, at Orange, where Albany now stands, which was settled before the city of New Amsterdam, (New York;) the latter was most probably not permanently occupied until the year 1619. From this period it remained in possession of the Dutch, until the conquest of the colony by the English, in 1664. A few years after, it was granted by Charles II. to his brother James, Duke of York and Albany; and the two principal, indeed the only cities at that time in the colony were called after his title.

Richard Blome, in his book entitled "The Present State of his Majesties Isles and Territories in America," printed at London, in 1687, in discoursing on these occurrences, thus expresses himself:—"New York was first discovered by Mr. Hudson, and sold presently by him to the Dutch, without authority from his sovereign, the king of England, in 1608. The Hollanders, in 1614, began to plant there, and called it New Netherland; but Sir Samuel Argal, governour of Virginia, routed them; after which, they got leave of King James to put in there for fresh water, in their passage to Brazil, and did not offer to plant till a good while after the English were settled in the country. In 1664, his late majesty King Charles the Second, sent over four commissioners to reduce the colony into bounds, that had been encroached by each other, who marched with three hundred *red coats* to Manhadees, and took from the Dutch the chief town, then called New Amsterdam, now New York, and August twenty-nine, turned out their governour with a silver leg, and all the rest but those who acknowledged subjection to the king of England; suffering them to enjoy their houses and estates as before. Thirteen days after, Sir Robert Car took the fort and town of Aurania, now called Albany; and twelve days after that, the fort and town of Arasapha, then Delaware Castle, manned with Dutch and Swedes; so that now the English are masters of three handsome towns, three strong forts, and a castle, without the loss of one man. The first governour of these parts for the king of England was Col. Nicols, one the commissioners."

Herman Moll, geographer, who published in London, in 1708, the British Empire in America, 2 vols, 8 mo., in his account of the city of New York, states it to have at that time contained one thousand houses, most of them "very well built." The great church [Trinity] was built in 1695. A library, he states, was erected in 1700; and the Dutch built mills to saw timber, "one of which would do more in an hour than fifty men in two days."† Tradition reports, that the first white child was a female, of the parentage of Isaac Bedlow, who arrived in New York in 1639, as secretary of the Dutch West India Company; but records in the New York Historical Society affirm, that the first child of European parentage in New Netherlands, was a Sarah Rapaelje, daughter of Jan Joris Rapaelje, born June 9, 1625. The limited extent of settlements, the age, single condition, and peculiar pursuits of those who had arrived previously to 1625, may, as Moulton remarks, be justly inferred from this fact.

The earliest authentick record extant of the population of this city, is of the date of 1656, when several new streets were laid out, and a plan of the town sent to the city of Amsterdam, for the examination and approval of the directors of the West India Trading Company. At that time the village by the name of New Amsterdam contained only one hundred and twenty houses of the humblest description, and one thousand inhabitants, including the garrison. Several rough engravings of the city,

† Neither of these authorities, Blome nor Moll, are mentioned by Holmes, (*Annals*,) copious and accurate as is that excellent author. The Oldmixon cited by Holmes, is the edition of 1741 the work of Moll and Oldmixon has the imprint of 1708.

* John Pintard, LL. D.

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illustrative of its appearance at about this time, and for one hundred years after, are preserved among the records of the New York Historical Society. In 1686 the first charter was granted which was renewed in 1730, with new privileges.

POPULATION AT DIFFERENT PERIODS.

1696,	4,302	1800,	60,489
1731,	6,628	1810,	96,373
1756,	10,381	1820,	123,706
1773,	21,876	1825,	167,059
1786,	23,614	1830,	203,007
1790,	33,131	1832,	213,500

Averaging somewhat more than a tenth part of the entire population of the state.

The most compact part of the city is at its southern extremity, whence it extends on the north side along the course of the Hudson river, about two and three quarters of a mile, and along the East river, from the southwest angle of the battery, three miles; its circuit about eight and a half miles. The ancient irregularity of the city has been materially corrected by recent improvements; the upper, or northern parts have been laid out with systematick regularity. Many of the streets are spacious, running in right lines, and intersected by others at right angles; in short, the whole of the upper portion of the city is laid out in this manner, and though the spirit of improvement has been active, and at a tremendous expense here, to reduce the site of New York, to an entire level, there is a gentle ascent from Hudson and East rivers, and a commanding view of the city is afforded. The most distinguished streets are Broadway, commencing at the Battery, and running north by east nearly three miles, Greenwich street, Wall street, Pearl street, South street, Canal street, Grand street, the Bowery, East Broadway, &c., &c. Besides the Battery, a delightful promenade at the lowest or southern portion of the city, there are several open squares, which serve the important purposes of ventilation and health, as the Park, Hudson square, Washington square, Hamilton square, Lafayette place, Union place, Clinton square. The approach toward the city on the north, has also been made more advantageous by several new roads, denominated *avenues*, agreeably to a plan of the late Gouverneur Morris and De Witt Clinton.

The materials of which the earlier buildings of the city were constructed, were wood and bricks, imported from Holland. The style of architecture was steep roofs, tiled gables to the streets and alleys between the houses. Speaking of New York, in 1681, Blome remarks, the town is large, containing about five hundred well-built houses, built with Dutch brick, and the meanest not valued under one hundred pounds. Of this latter construction not an edifice now remains; the last of this character, situate in Broad street, and bearing date, according to the Dutch fashion, 1698, having been torn down for modern architecture in the spring of 1831. The wooden edifices are comparatively few in number, and are chiefly located in the suburbs. The modern taste in building is almost exclusively confined to brick, though a few houses in different places are constructed either of granite, free-stone, or of marble, obtained within the neighbourhood. The principal streets and publick buildings and stores are lighted by gas, under the management of the Gas Light Company, which went into successful operation in 1825.

Bay and Harbour.—The bay and harbour of New York may be classed among the most convenient and beautiful in the world; the banks are bold, and the bay interspersed with many handsome islands; the city and surrounding land, when viewed on the bay in approaching the city, present a scene truly charming and picturesque, and excite general admiration. The bay may be estimated at nine miles long and five broad, without including the branches of the rivers each side of the city. From the ocean, Sandy Hook, to the city at the head of the bay, is about twenty miles. The water is of sufficient depth to float the largest vessels, and ships of one hundred and ten guns have anchored opposite the city. On the bar at Sandy Hook, the depth of water at high tide is twenty-seven feet, and at low-water twenty-one feet; from thence to the city the channel has a depth of from forty to fifty feet.

In describing the bay of New York, a late English traveller thus writes:—"I have never seen the bay of Naples. I can therefore make no comparison; but my imagination is incapable of conceiving anything more beautiful than the harbour of New York. Various and lovely are the objects which meet the eye on every side; but the naming of them would only be to give a list of words, without giving the faintest idea of the scene. I doubt if ever the pencil of Turner could do it justice, bright and glorious as it rose upon us. We seemed to enter the harbour of New York upon waves of liquid gold; and as we dashed past the green isles which rise from its bosom like guardian sentinels of the fair city, the setting sun stretched his horizontal beams further and further, at each moment, as if to point out to us some new glory in the landscape."

It has been repeatedly observed, that the cold of winter has less effect upon the waters of New York harbour, than in several places further south. The usual tides are about six feet, and this, with the greater rapidity of the currents, may be looked upon as the prominent cause why so rarely inconvenience is experienced from the formation of ice. During the severe winter of 1780-1, the harbour, however, was covered by a bridge of compact ice; and again, in the memorable winter 1820-1, the harbour and the branches of the two rivers were obstructed by the same cause for many days. At this time the intensity of the cold was manifested by the thermometer ranging several degrees below 0 of Fahrenheit.

According to the reports made by the ward assessors of the amount of real and personal estate of the city of New York, it has been stated in 1828, as *personal*, thirty-six millions eight hundred and seventy-nine thousand six hundred and fifty-three dollars; as *real*, seventy-seven millions of dollars. In 1829, as personal and real, somewhat less: but these estimates must be deemed as entirely too low. According to the details furnished in a valuable statistical work, (*The New York Register*,) the assessed valuation of the real and personal estate in the several counties in the state of New York, for the year 1833, amounted to four hundred and sixteen millions four hundred and eighty-one thousand one hundred and thirteen dollars; whereof the county of New York embraced as real, one hundred and

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fourteen millions one hundred and twenty-nine thousand five hundred and sixty-one dollars; as personal, fifty-two millions three hundred and sixty-five thousand six hundred and twenty-six: total, one hundred and sixty-six millions four hundred and ninety-five thousand one hundred and eighty-seven dollars. The whole of the bank capital in the city of New York is about twenty millions of dollars. The aggregate capital of the marine and fire-ensurance, and other incorporated companies, may be put down at thirteen millions of dollars. According to a late statement made by Alderman Stevens to the corporation, when on the discussion of the report in favour of introducing pure and wholesome water into the city; the number of dwelling-houses, stores, manufactories, and churches, was valued at seventy-five millions of dollars; the merchandise in the city at fifty millions; hence, the total value of buildings and merchandise is one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars. But this estimate may be safely doubled.

The New York City Marble Cemetery is situated in the block of ground between Second and Third streets, the Bowery and Second Avenue. It is 250 feet in length, 83 feet in breadth, and surrounded by a wall of solid marble, 2 feet thick, 22 feet in height, 10 feet under and 12 feet above the surface of the ground, and the top covered with broken glass bottles. Within these walls are placed 156 vaults, in four ranges, 2 single and 2 double, and these also are built of solid marble. There is also within these walls a dead house, built of solid marble, and placed on the surface of the ground.

Opposite to this cemetery is the *New York Marble Cemetery*, situated in the adjoining block of ground, between Second and Third street, and First and Second Avenue. It is 450 feet in length, 92 feet in width, and surrounded by a wall of solid marble, 2 feet thick, 22 feet in height, 10 under and 12 above the surface of the earth. Within these walls are placed 288 vaults, in 6 ranges, the same as in the first cemetery, with all the improvements capable of being made. Each vault has a silver gray stone door, composition hinges and locks, flagged, shelved, and coped with the same kind of stone. Every vault has a tablet of white marble placed on the wall opposite, giving the name of the owner. Both of these cemeteries are incorporated by the state legislature, for the burying of the dead for ever, and for no other purpose; free of taxation, judgement and execution; made personal property, and transferable by stock, the same as bank stock. They are placed on a bed of dry sand, 35 feet above any spring of water, forming a complete dry cispool, free from mould and dampness, which is so usual in vaults built of brick, red or blue stone.

The diversified forms which the decay of the human body after death assumes, seems to be no less numerous than the immense variety of causes by which life becomes extinct. The evidence of this assertion may be witnessed by any one who will enter a vault containing many bodies deposited therein at different periods, more or less remote, and observe the materials with which he is surrounded: season, age, the character of disease, protracted illness, sudden death, &c., will all exercise a greater or less influence in facilitating or in retarding decomposition. The deceased subject by marasmus will longer retain its constituents than one occasioned by dropsy, for "water is a sore decayer of the dead body." If these positions be correct, we may account for the extraordinary preservation of bodies in these cemeteries, by adverting to the dry soil they occupy, their structure of limestone, &c., and the admirable manner in which they are built. Hence they possess advantages which are denied to vaults in the structure of which similar precautions have not been observed. In reflecting upon the manner in which the marble cemetery seems to cherish the lineaments of our mortal remains, one feels inclined to adopt the language of old Jeremy Taylor; "after all, our vaults are our longest and sincerest mourners." The marble cemeteries were projected through the enterprise of Perkins Nicols.

Literary and Scientifick Societies.—There are several associations in New York whose prominent object is the promotion of general and scientifick knowledge. The following are the most important:

New York Historical Society.—This association originated from the example of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Its commencement was in 1804, and an act of incorporation was obtained in 1809. Its professed object is to collect and preserve whatever is best calculated to illustrate the natural, civil, political and ecclesiastical history of the United States, and the state of New York in particular. That the society has not been unmindful of this high trust, its extensive and unique library of ten thousand volumes, embracing materials for the American historian, its cabinet of medals, maps, engravings, and valuable MSS., abundantly evince. It has published several volumes of *Collections*, illustrative chiefly of facts and circumstances in American history. Its most efficient founder was John Pintard. This society has recently obtained an admirable location in Broadway.

Literary and Philosophical Society.—This association originated in 1814, and was incorporated by an act of the legislature the same year. It has published one volume of transactions, quarto, which contains among other matters the inaugural discourse of its first president, De Witt Clinton, LL. D. The second volume, part first, is enriched with the results of Capt. Sabine's late experiments.

Lyceum of Natural History.—This society was incorporated in 1818. It possesses a valuable cabinet of minerals, an herbarium of great extent, a rich cabinet of zoology, ichthyology, &c., &c. No institution in the state has so ably and so zealously devoted itself to the important object of its formation, and its printed transactions, in several volumes, are extensively known and commended. Its most distinguished patron was the late Samuel L. Mitchill, M. D., LL. D. who long held the office of president.

Horticultural Society.—Incorporated in March, 1822. This association has effectively directed its energies to the best means of improving the cultivation of our vegetable productions, and to the acclimation of exoticks of an esculent nature. It has acquired a substantial reputation for the services it has rendered horticultural science. A periodical journal

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under its auspices is published in the city. The society, besides ordinary members, has honorary and corresponding members.

Academy of Arts.—This is the oldest institution of its kind in the United States. It was commenced in 1801. Among those who suggested the plan of the undertaking, and who have zealously patronised it, might be enumerated the names of several gentlemen of the first importance in the state. The property of this association consists of a large collection of fine paintings, among which are a portrait of their former president, Chancellor Livingston, and a full-length portrait of Benjamin West, painted by Lawrence, a large collection of antiques, statues, busts, bas-reliefs, and a library of books on the fine arts. Besides these treasures, the society possesses a copy of the engravings and views of Piranesi, in twenty-four superb volumes, presented to the Academy by Napoleon. The accommodations of the institution are well calculated for the purposes of its exhibition and are situate in Barclay street, near the Park. The members are divided into academicians and associates: the former must be artists by profession. The venerable historical painter, John Trumbull, Esq. is the present president.

National Academy of the Arts of Design.—The enterprise of a number of young gentlemen, artists and amateurs, gave origin to this association. It was organized in 1826, and opened its first exhibition in a private room in Broadway. They have recently been accommodated with suitable apartments in Clinton Hall. None but the productions of living artists are admitted for exhibition. The objects of the society, as announced by them, are the mutual improvement of its members, and the instruction of all others who wish to become students of the arts of design. To secure these intentions, lectures are delivered, and apparatus and models furnished to the pupil.

New York Society Library.—The beginning of this society may be dated back as far as 1729; it is the oldest and most valuable library in the state, and contains upward of twenty-five thousand volumes on the various subjects of general literature, theology, history, law, medicine, political economy, &c. The building which it occupies is situate in Nassau street, opposite the middle Reformed Dutch Church. It is supported by the annual subscription of its members.

The Athenæum.—This is a recent establishment, which was formed in 1824. Its objects are to sustain a library and reading room, to maintain lectures on various branches of general literature and science, &c.

Medical Society of the City and County of New York.—This is an institution created in conformity to a law of the legislature, passed in 1806, organizing medical societies throughout the different counties of the state.

Literary Institutions.—The literary institutions of New York are numerous, but for the most part in their infancy. By far the most venerable and important is Columbia College, founded by charter in 1754, under the name of King's College, partly by the munificence of the corporation of Trinity Church, and partly by the British Society for the Promotion of the Gospel in foreign parts. During the interval which elapsed between the years 1776 and 1784 the business of instruction was necessarily suspended in consequence of the trials of the revolutionary contest, and the college edifice appropriated to the purpose of a military hospital. Upon the restoration of publick tranquillity, certain individuals were appointed by an act of the legislature, dated May 1 1784, to superintend the general interests of education throughout the state, under the title of Regents of the University, whose number was subsequently increased by an act passed 26th Novembe. in the same year. By this body the duties of trustees of the college were also discharged, until the year 1787. On the 13th of April, 1787, an act was passed by which the original charter of the college was confirmed, the name of the institution altered to Columbia College, and its direction confided to certain persons mentioned in said act, who were authorized by the provisions of the same to discharge the duties of trustees of the college, and were empowered, for the time to come, to fill all vacancies which might occur in this number by death, resignation, or otherwise, after it should be diminished to twenty-four. The government of the college has continued to be exercised in conformity with this act since that time.

Columbia College is liberally endowed, possessing property to the amount of nearly half a million of dollars. It was formerly composed of a Faculty of Arts, and a Faculty of Physick. The latter was abolished in 1813. The Faculty of Arts consists at present of a professorship of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, Rhetorick, Belles Letters and Political Economy; a professorship of Greek and Latin Languages, a Jay-professorship of the same, a professorship of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Chymistry, a professorship of Mathematicks, Analytical Mechanicks, and physical Astronomy. Certain branches of instruction and the general superintendence of the college are committed to the charge of the president of the college, who is chosen by the trustees. The number of students is generally about one hundred and thirty. There are two literary societies connected with the college, composed of under graduates, the Philolexian and Peithologian societies, and a grammar-school recently organized, containing upward of two hundred students, subject to the government of the trustees of the college.

The number of graduates of Columbia College since its foundation is about eleven hundred; many of whom have been eminent in the service of the church and state. In no other college in the union, are the requisites of candidates for admission as students of the respective classes so high, and in none are the several courses of studies more extensively or critically taught, particularly in the classical and mathematical departments. While reflecting on the capabilities and doings of this college, one may equally marvel that the number of its students has for so many years remained stationary, as at the unmerited success of some greatly inferiour institutions. Columbia College possesses an excellent library of about four thousand five hundred volumes and which has been recently enriched by a large donation of philosophical works, the gift of Dr. Hosack. This institution enjoys an admirable

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location in a commanding part of the city: it is one of the finest specimens of architecture in New York.

University of the City of New York.—This is the name of a college recently projected by a number of gentlemen of New York, and designed to embrace a more extensive system of literature and science than any heretofore established. A literary convention was held in the city in October, 1829, with a view to its formation; subscriptions to a considerable amount have been already obtained among the citizens for this object; a board of council has been chosen, by whom the Rev. James Matthews, D. D. has been chosen chancellor of the institution. It is declared as a distinctive character of this establishment to enjoy an entire exclusion of all sectarian influence. At this present writing, an edifice of great beauty, and of very considerable extent is erecting on the east side of the Washington Parade Ground. It is two hundred feet long, and one hundred feet deep; it is in the castellated Gothick style, four stories on the wings—two in the centre, one of which forms the chapel. It is built of the white marble of Sing Sing. The plan was originally suggested by Major Douglas, of West Point; its architectural disposition, by Town, Davis, and Dayton. The whole business of the institution seems to be in a train of successful progress. The several faculties are divided into a Faculty of Letters, a Faculty of Science and the Arts, a Faculty of Law, and a Faculty of Medicine.

The General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States.—This institution is situated about two miles from the City Hall, on the eastern bank of Hudson river. The block of land on which the seminary is located is an oblong square of eight hundred by one hundred and eighty feet; the present value of which is sixty thousand dollars, and was presented to the seminary by Clement Moore, son of the late Right Rev. Benjamin Moore, D. D.

The present building is one wing of those contemplated, whenever the funds of the institution will enable the trustees to complete the design, and is a spacious stone edifice of Gothick architecture, one hundred and ten feet in length, sixty feet wide, and three stories high. At this seminary (instituted in 1819, partly by the funds of the Episcopal church and partly by a liberal bequest of the late Jacob Sherred of this city) about one hundred and forty candidates have been prepared for the ministry. The late Mr. John Kohn of Philadelphia has recently bequeathed to this institution one hundred thousand dollars, on the demise of his widow; at present it relies for support in a great measure on the liberality of the friends of the church. The faculty consists of a Professor of Biblical Learning and the Interpretation of the Scriptures, a Professor of Systematick Divinity, of Oriental and Greek Literature, and also a Professorship of the Nature, Ministry, and Polity of the church. The condition of the institution is most flattering to the interests of theology; and the number of students is rapidly on the increase.

Mercantile Library Association.—This institution was organized in 1821, and occupies appropriate apartments in that substantial and superiour edifice denominated *Clinton Hall*. An elegant lecture-room is provided, in which lectures are delivered on several branches of the physical and ethical sciences. The present number of subscribers is fifteen hundred and twenty-five; the library consists of about nine thousand volumes. The annual income derived from various sources, is near three thousand dollars Active zeal and rigorous enterprise characterize this institution, and no small share of its present flattering condition is owing to the liberality of Philip Hone, late Mayor of New York.

General Society of Mechanicks and Tradesmen.—This society was incorporated in 1792, and was originally designed for the purpose of affording aid to the widows and children of deceased members, which it has effectually done, to a large amount annually. Meeting with flattering support, it established a school for the education of the children of deceased members whose circumstances required their assistance, and subsequently the school was enlarged so as to accommodate many of the children, both male and female, of the more wealthy members, whose attention was attracted to the school by the high character it maintains, and which it yet fully sustains; by this arrangement the tuition fees of those who pay, defray the whole expenses of the establishment. The children are all alike educated, and the distinction, always odious, between those who do and those who do not pay, is unknown in this valuable school. Some years ago the society enlarged the sphere of its usefulness by the establishment of a library, for the exclusive and gratuitous use of the apprentices of mechanicks. The library is open every evening, (excepting on Sundays,) and contains about twelve thousand volumes: the number of readers now amount to fifteen hundred. A more spacious building has recently been purchased, which will enable the society to enlarge the school and library, and add thereto reading rooms for the apprentices of mechanicks. The society is conspicuous among the many valuable institutions of New York, and has exercised a large and salutary influence on those for whose immediate benefit it was specially designed. The amount of its property is estimated at seventy-five thousand dollars, and its annual revenue at four thousand five hundred dollars.

Character.—The multitudinous population of this city presents an endless variety in manners and character. A liberality of feeling and unaffected hospitality have been the result. Active industry and enterprise (often bordering on rashness) are the prevailing characteristicks of all classes. Amidst a strong devotion to wealth, it is gratifying to perceive that an attention to higher objects has not been overlooked. Her publick school system, her Sunday, and infant schools, her temperance societies, her innumerable charities, all promise a net reward to their benevolent founders. The respective liberal professions may boast many members of the highest attainments, who tend to diffuse through the various classes of society a proper respect for literature, science, and the elegant arts. This commercial emporium is not unworthy the name by which she is recognised, and may, above all, claim that, whether the avenues to her trade have been closed by legislative restrictions, or during the unprofitable contest of arms, her fidelity to the union has never for a moment been questioned.

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VIEW IN BROADWAY.

The accompanying view is from the corner opposite St. Paul's Church, looking towards the north, and takes in the Astor-House, the American Hotel, &c., &c., on the one side; and the Park, with its stately trees, and the City Hall on the other.

The Astor House. "This house is situated in Broadway, and occupies the block between Vesey and Barclay streets, opposite the Park. Its front on Broadway is about two hundred feet, and is one hundred and fifty feet on Barclay and Vesey streets. The exteriour is of Quincy granite. It is five stories in height. The wings of the building form a hollow square, the yard being in the centre—so that the rooms on all sides receive light and air from the streets and centre. The lower story of the building is occupied by stores; they are fifteen in number, ten on Broadway and five on Vesey and Barclay streets. The main entrance to the hotel is in the centre of the building on Broadway; it has also entrances on the other streets abovenamed. The main entrance opens to a splendid vestibule, supported by columns, the floor of which is of Mosaick work, of blue and white marble. The gentlemen's dining-room is one hundred by forty feet, with a ceiling nineteen and a half feet high. The ladies' dining-room is sufficiently capacious to seat one hundred ladies. The ladies' drawing-room is richly and elegantly furnished with Brussels carpeting, marble tables, ottomans, sofas, and chairs, of splendid workmanship and costly materials. The rooms throughout are furnished in a simple but beautiful style. With the exception of two or three rooms, the sofas, bureaus, tables, bedsteads, chairs, &c., are made of black walnut, which has a rich and substantial appearance, and receives a polish like mahogany. The hotel is lighted with gas, and there are water-closets attached to each suite of rooms.

The kitchen occupies a room on one of the wings. The arrangements for roasting, frying, boiling, &c., are upon the most approved methods, the cooking being done by steam. The cooks are all French. A baker is employed for the house. Under the kitchen is a spacious washing-room and room for ironing and drying clothes by heat from steam. There are seventeen bathing-rooms and two shower-baths; the water for their supply comes from cisterns or reservoirs in the attick of the building, conveyed below by leaden pipes to all the rooms of the building. By a force-pump, water is also distributed through all the rooms. By the multiplication of stationary wash-tubs, and the power of steam, clothes may be washed, dried, and ready for use, *in half an hour after they are given out.* The drying process is accomplished in five minutes, by spreading the clothes on wooden horses running on railroads, and lead into a large close apartment heated to a very high temperature by steam. A rotary steam-engine pumps water, supplies steam to the kitchen, wash-room, &c., cleans the knives and forks, boots and shoes, and has in reserve power enough for other uses.

There are three hundred and eight rooms for boarders. Whole number of rooms three hundred and ninety. The yard is flagged throughout. The water from the kitchen is carried off by a sewer into the North river. The furniture cost *ninety thousand dollars*, including about eight thousand dollars worth of silver, and ten or twelve of plate ware. *Eighty servants* attend on the establishment. In the house are four hundred locks, no two of which can be opened by the same key."

We extract from the "Crayon Sketches," one entitled a "Walk in Broadway."

"Broadway, however, is a very fine street, the longest, it is said, in a direct line, in the world. There is not any thing particularly splendid in it, and the stores, in general, are neither large nor elegant, with an unseemly disproportion of lottery offices among them; but the almost unbroken line of respectable houses, neatly painted, and shaded by lofty trees, gives it an air of substantial comfort, and at the same time of lightness and freshness, highly desirable. It is pleasant to stroll along it; or, indeed, the principal street of any large city. What a motley group of beings—alike, yet how different—are daily pressing and hurrying over its pavements! What a multiplicity of hopes, and fears, and petty plans, and lofty schemes, are unceasingly fermenting in the bosom of every individual that moves along the narrow footwalks! Yet it is not the variety of human passions that makes the wonder, for joy and sorrow, love and hate, pride, vanity, interest, and ambition, are common to all; but the endless combinations formed by those passions according to the different degrees in which they preponderate and act on different individuals, and on the same individuals in different situations. Take up an arithmetick, and ten simple figures form the ground-work; yet how many million combinations, and no two alike, can be created by these ten figures. So it is with man and his concerns. And still, despite the individual variety, what a general sameness prevails. The hopes, and cares, and joys, and sorrows of one day are like the hopes, and cares, and joys, and sorrows of the next; and the same drama that is hourly felt and acted in the streets of New York, is playing with equal animation amid the wealth and smoke of London, and the sunshine and poverty of Naples—the gravity of Madrid, and the gayety of Paris. Two thousand years ago, the "eternal city" had her belles and beaux, her flirts and dandies (a Roman dandy!)—and two thousand years hence, or less time, will the cannibals of New Zealand have eschewed war-dances and raw victuals, and have their blue-stocking tea-parties, biscuit and lemonade *soirées*, French cooks, and fashionable quadrilles, as well as anybody. All is still

"The everlasting to be, that hath been;"

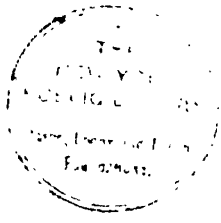
and the probability is that the antediluvians wrote poetry, told lies, wore whiskers, and cheated their neighbours, just as we do now.

It is also pleasant, as well as curious and profitable, in roaming through a large city, to contrast its present with its former situation—to compare what it has been with what it is, and to speculate on what it may be. New York, to be sure, is not rich in historical recollections, for she is comparatively a thing of yesterday. In walking her streets, we do not feel as in the ancient capitals of Europe, that our footsteps, perchance, fall on the very places where those of the mighty dead have fallen before us. In the older streets of London, we know that

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VIEW IN BROADWAY.

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we are walking where Richard, Duke of Gloucester, "high-reaching Buckingham," or Harry Hotspur, actually walked, and that Shakspeare and Milton familiarly trod even where we then tread; or the High street of Edinburgh—where the Leslie and the Seyton, the Gordon and the Douglas, were wont foolishly and gallantly to stab and dirk each other for the "crown o' the causeway." True, all is now commonplace and familiar; the merchant plods homeward with his umbrella under his arm, instead of his rapier by his side. But great as the change is there from the past to the present, it has still been gradual. Step by step have they toiled their way from barbarism to civilization. Here, it has been as the shifting of the scenery in a play, rather than sober reality. It is but as the other day when the forests flourished where now "merchants most do congregate," and the streamlet murmured where the gin-shop stands. The council-fires blazed and the sachems spoke to their young men where now the honourable Richard Riker and the honourable the corporation hold "long talks" about small matters. The wigwam sent its tiny wreaths of smoke into the clear air, where now the bank coffee-house pours forth volumes of odoriferous steam to mingle with the masses of vapour that overhang the city like a cloud; and its tables groan with "all the delicacies of the season" where the deer from the wood and the fish from the stream, were cooked and eaten without the aid of pepper and salt—two of the greatest blessings of civilization.

And not more different than the scenes were the actors concerned in them. Step aside, good reader, and mark them as they now pass along Broadway. The first is one but little known to Indian life—one who lives by the folly and roguery of the fools and rogues around him—a lawyer. He is clad in solemn black, as if that were ominous of the gloom which follows in his train. What would the Indian, with his untaught natural sense of right and wrong, think of this man's "quiddets, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks;" and of "his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, and his recoveries?" Alas! the poor Indian has but too deeply felt his power and the power of his brethren in the modern "black art." They conjured away his pleasant haunts, "under the greenwood tree," his silver streams teeming with life, his beautiful lakes and fair hunting-grounds, all "according to law," and left him a string of beads and a bottle of fire-water, a bruised heart and a broken spirit in their place. Here comes another product of the present times, neither rare nor valuable, indigenous to Broadway, and flourishing there in peculiar rankness; a modern Sir Fopling Flutter, of whom it may well be said with the poet,

"Nature disclaims the thing—a tailor made him!"

Mark with what affected effeminacy the full-grown baby lounges along, and the air of listless indifference or slightly awakened surprise with which it is his pleasure to regard a fine woman; but what indeed, are all the women in the world to this caricature of manhood, in comparison with his own sweet self? Anon, another variety of the same genus appears, quite as contemptible, not so amusing, and a great deal more disagreeable. This is your ruffian-dandy; one who affects a dashing carelessness in his dress and deportment, wears good clothes in a very ill fashion, and has generally a checked shirt, a sailor's hat, or some other article of dress sufficiently different from the ordinary costume of those around him to render him an object of notoriety. Mark the easy dignity of that swagger as he rolls along, staring impudently at all the women and frowning valiantly at all the men, as if he expected every moment to be insulted, and was afraid his courage might not be screwed up "to the sticking point." A sort of personage not unlike Mike Lambourne in Kenilworth, allowing for the modifications of the times. But lo! what comes next—dame nature's loveliest work, a woman; but, heaven and earth! how the mantua-maker has spoiled her! Why, what frippery have we here? Silks and lace, ribands and gauze, feathers, flowers, and flounces! Not but that these are all excellent things in their way, when judiciously used; but to see them all clustered, as in the present instance, on one woman at one time, is what the proverb states to be "too much of a good thing," or what the poet terms "wasteful and ridiculous excess." Then look at those sleeves* in which her arms are lost, and that acre of hat upon her head, with a sufficiency of wheat ears and flowers on it, were they real, to feed a family or stock a garden. And see! as far as the eye can reach it rests on colours as varied and fantastical as the butterflies in summer or the leaves in autumn, in which the *dear* creatures have arrayed themselves. Oh, matrimony, matrimony! thou art indeed becoming a luxury in which the rich and opulent alone will be able to indulge. Nine small children might be supported, but to deck out one of Eve's daughters in this fashion three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, is what nothing but a prize in the lottery or a profitable bankruptcy is equal to. Still on they pass in throngs: the grave and thoughtful student, abstracted from all around, building up his day-dream of fame, fortune, and beauty, and then in love with the cunning coinage of his own brain; and the rich old merchant, not in love with any thing but still in raptures, for cotton has risen an eighth. On they pass, the whiskered Don, the sallow Italian, the bulky Englishman, and the spare Frenchman, all as eager (as a professed moralist might say) in the pursuit of business and pleasure, as if enjoyment were perpetual and life eternal; and all this where, but a little while ago, the wolf made his lair, and the savage his dwelling-place. Verily, as a profound German philosopher acutely though cautiously observed—"Let a man live long enough, and it is probable he will see many changes."

WAVES.

The depth to which the sea is agitated, even in violent tempests, is not very considerable; at the depth of twenty feet below what is the level in a calm, the effect is very slight, and at thirty feet it would probably be altogether imperceptible. It may therefore seem difficult to account for the mountainous waves encountered by seamen; but it must be remembered, that the wind is constantly acting, and that one wave is raised on the surface of another, till the accumulation becomes prodigious.

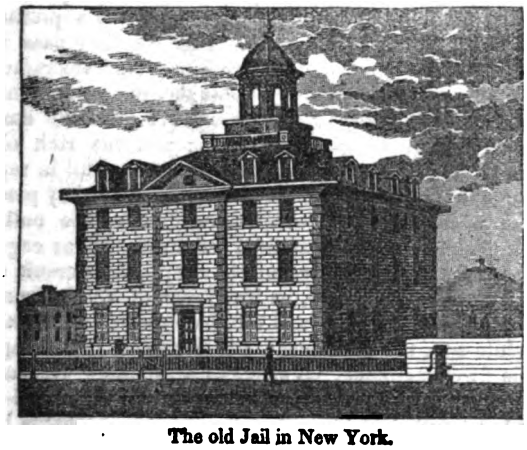
* The reader will perceive this was written several years ago.

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ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.

This is one of the finest edifices of the kind, in the United States. It is situated in Broadway, south of the City Hall, and opposite to Ann street; and, with the cemetery adjoining, occupies the whole of the square, fronting on Broadway, being four hundred feet by one hundred and eighty. The square is enclosed by a handsome iron railing. The other streets bounding the square are Vesey, Fulton, and Church, facing Broadway; with a portico of the Ionic order, consisting of four fluted pillars of brown stone, supporting a pediment, with a niche in the centre, containing a statue of St. Paul. Beneath the portico, and under a large window, is a beautiful marble monument, erected by Congress, to the memory of General Montgomery, who was killed at the storming of Quebec, in 1775.

The spire of this church is one of the noblest ornaments of the city; and is, with the entire building, justly esteemed one of the best specimens of architecture in the country. It rises from the west end of the house, to the height of two hundred and thirty-four feet. Above the tower, which is one hundred feet high, rises a quadrangular section of Ionic order, with appropriate columns, pilasters and pediments; the two next stories are octangular, of the Corinthian and composite orders, supported by columns at the angles; the whole is crowned with a lofty spire and gilt vane. The church is ninety feet by seventy, and was built in 1765. The interiour is finished in the Corinthian style, with columns supporting an arched ceiling; and the pulpit and altar are appropriate to the rest of the interiour.



The old Jail in New York.

THE OLD JAIL OF THE REVOLUTION.

The following description of the old jail, or as it was sometimes called, the *provost*, is from the pen of an eyewitness, as quoted in Dunlap's History of New York.

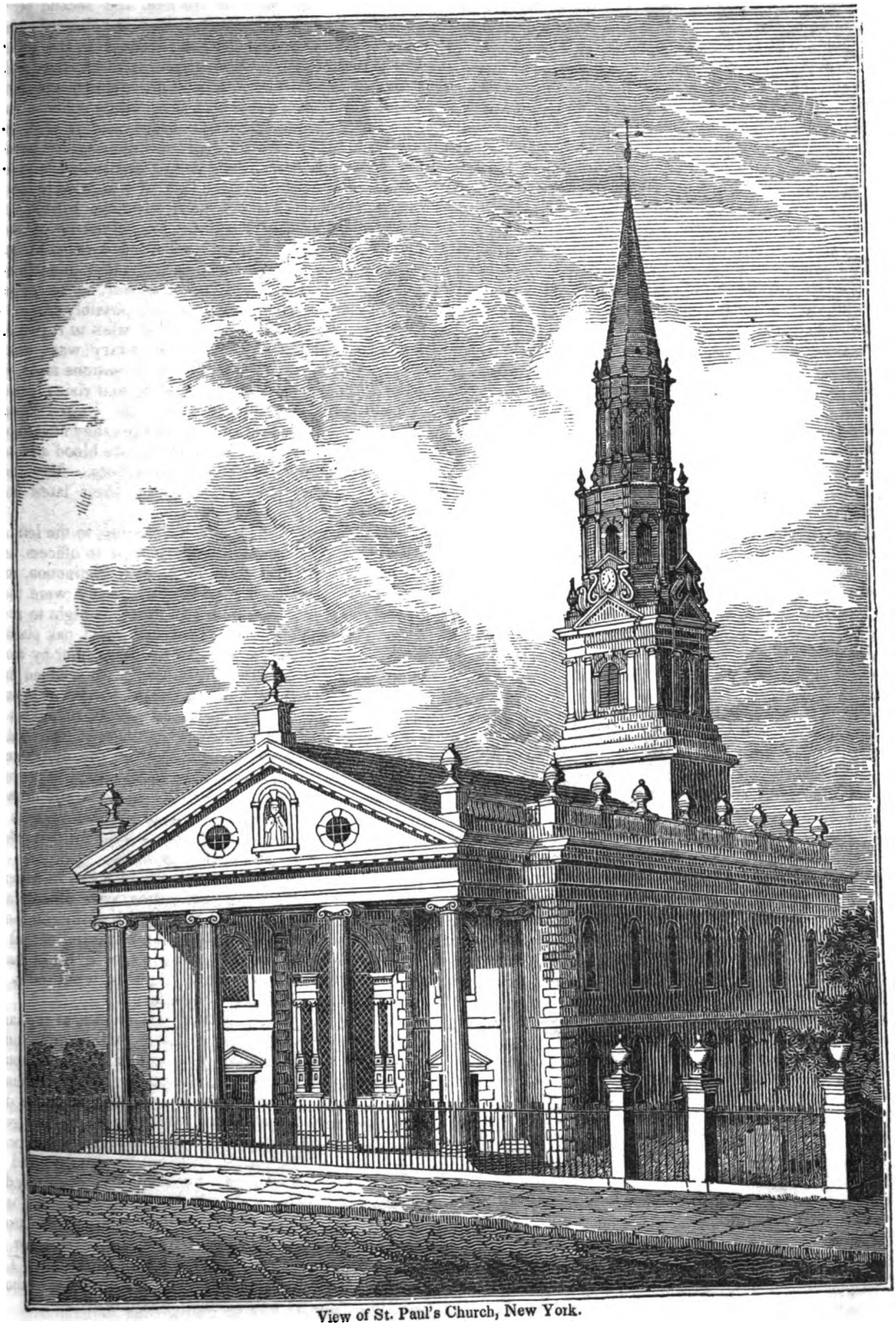
"The provost was destined for the more notorious rebels, civil, naval and military. An admission into this modern bastile was enough to appal the stoutest heart. On the right hand of the main door was Captain Cunningham's quarters, opposite to which was the guard-room. Within the first barricade was Sergeant Keefe's apartment. At the entrance-door two sentinels were always posted by day and night; two more at the first and second barricades, which were grated, barred and chained; also at the rear door, and on the platform at the grated door at the foot of the second flight of steps, leading to the rooms and cells in the second and third stories. When a prisoner, escorted by soldiers, was led into the hall, the whole guard was paraded, and he was delivered over, with all formality, to Captain Cunningham or his deputy, and questioned as to his name, rank, size, age, &c., all of which were entered in a record-book. What with the bristling of arms, unbolting of bars and locks, clanking of enormous iron chains, and a vestibule as dark as Erebus, the unfortunate might well shrink under this infernal sight and parade of tyrannical power, as he crossed the threshold of that door which possibly closed on him for life. But it is not our wish to revive the horrours attendant on our revolutionary war; grateful to Divine Providence for its propitious issue, we would only remark to the existing and rising generation, that the independence of the United States, and the civil and religious privileges they now enjoy, were achieved and purchased by the blood and sufferings of their patriotick forefathers. May they guard and transmit the boon to their latest posterity.

"The northeast chamber, turning to the left, on the second floor, was appropriated to officers, and characters of superiour rank and distinction, and was called Congress-hall. So closely were they packed, that when they lay down at night to rest, when their bones ached on the hard oak planks, and they wished to turn, it was altogether by word of command, "*right—left*," being so wedged and compact, as to form almost a solid mass of human bodies. In the daytime the packs and blankets of the prisoners were suspended around the walls, every precaution being used to keep the rooms ventilated, and the walls and floors clean, to prevent jail fever; and, as the provost was generally crowded with American prisoners, or British culprits of every description, it is really wonderful that infection never broke out within its walls.

"In this gloomy terrifick abode were incarcerated at different periods many American officers and citizens of distinction, awaiting with sickening hope and tantalizing expectation the protracted period of their exchange and liberation. Could these dumb walls speak, what scenes of anguish, what tales of agonizing wo, might they disclose!

"Among other characters, there were, at the same time, the famous Colonel Ethan Allen, and Judge Fell, of Bergen county, New Jersey. When Captain Cunningham entertained the young British officers, accustomed to command the provost guard, by dint of curtailing the prisoners' rations, exchanging good for bad provisions, and other embezzlements practised on John Bull, the captain, his deputy, and indeed the commissaries generally, were enabled to fare sumptuously. In the drunken orgies that usually terminated his dinners, the captain would order the rebel prisoners to turn out and parade, for the amusement of his guests; pointing them out, 'This is the damned rebel, Colonel Ethan Allen—that a rebel judge, an Englishman,' &c., &c."

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View of St. Paul's Church, New York.

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New York City Reservoir.

NEW YORK CITY RESERVOIR.

This building was erected in 1829, by the corporation of New York, for the purpose of supplying the city with water in cases of fire It stands in the Bowery, near thirteenth street, and two miles from the City Hall, on a surface fifty-seven feet above tide-level. The tank or cistern rests on a foundation of solid stone masonry, forming a circle of forty-four feet diameter and thirty feet high. The tank itself, formed of cast-iron plates united by screws and cement, is forty-two feet diameter by twenty feet, six inches, in height, and holds twenty-five hundred hogsheads of water. The whole building rises seventy-five feet above the ground to the top of the tank and is surmounted by a cupola, making in all one hundred feet. It forms a very picturesque object to boats passing through both the East and North rivers.

After breaking ground to obtain water, and penetrating through the earth to the distance of eleven feet, the workmen employed in digging the well of the reservoir, came to the bed of rock forming the base of the city, and extending, in all probability, at various depths, to Blackwell's island, and under the waters of the Hudson. Through this rock they bored a well one hundred and thirteen feet in depth by seventeen feet in diameter, with two shafts extending in opposite directions, east and west, seventy-five feet each way, and another branch from the western shaft northerly twenty-two feet. The well is calculated to furnish eight hogsheads of water an hour, which is raised into the tank by a steam-engine of fifteen-horse power.

Attached to the bottom of the cistern, is a valve, communicating with a twenty-four-inch pipe, which conveys the water to the main branches in thirteenth street, through which it is conducted to the different sections of the city. All the lines of pipe are furnished with hydrants for discharging the water, at intervals of ten or twenty rods, with stop-cocks, &c. Each hydrant will supply two engines with water, the force of which is so great, that in case of emergency, it can be thrown to any necessary height by attaching the apparatus of the hydrants to the engine leaders.

The water obtained here is soft and of the most salubrious quality imaginable, as it filters through beds of rock, sparkling, in its subterraneous course, with the utmost brilliancy.

THE MOTHER.

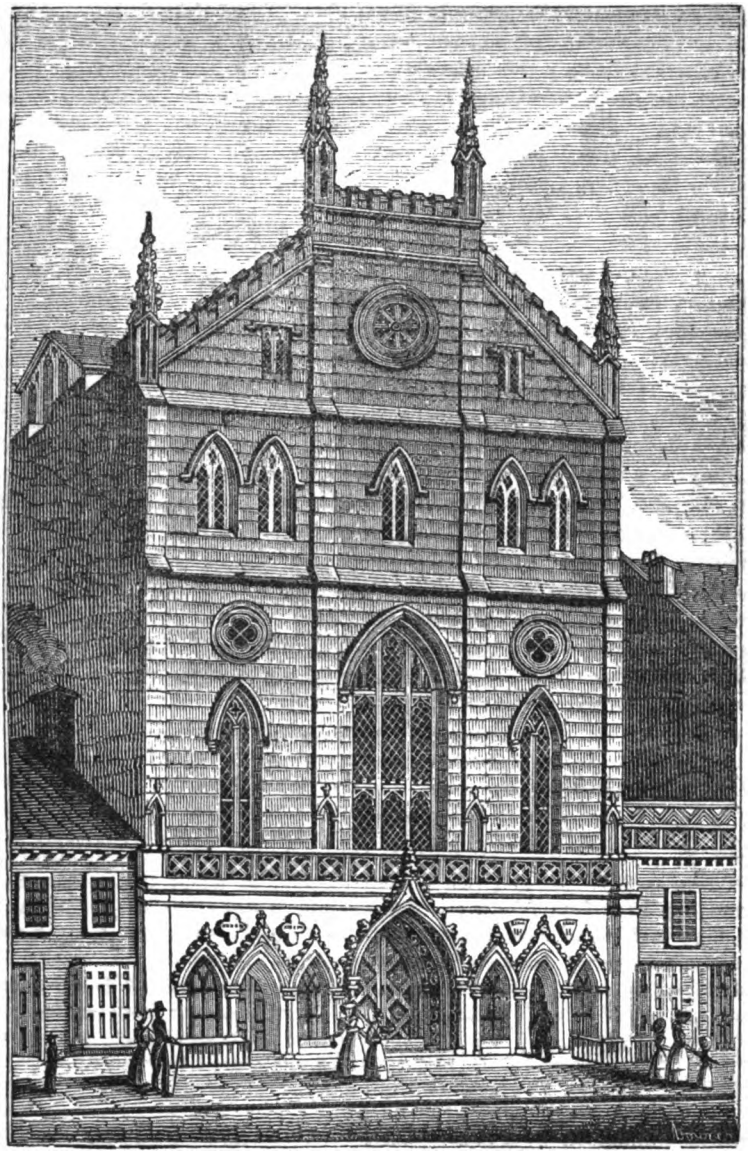
The cold wind swept the mountain height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wander'd with her child—
As through the drifting snow she press'd,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder yet the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifts of snow—
Her limbs were chill'd—her strength was gone.
Oh God! she cried, in accents wild,
If I must perish, save my child.

She stripp'd her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapp'd the vest,
And smiled to think the babe was warm;
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sank upon a snowy bed.

At dawn, a traveller pass'd by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil—
The frost of death was on her eye,
Her cheek was cold and hard and pale;
He moved the robe from off the child;—
It lived—look'd up—and sweetly smiled.

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Masonic Hall, Broadway, New York.

MASONIC HALL, NEW YORK CITY.

The building known as Masonic Hall, in the city of New York, is situate on the east side of Broadway, between Duane and Pearl streets, and is one of the finest buildings of the kind in this country. The corner stone was laid on the twenty-fourth of June (St. John's day), 1826. The order of its architecture is Gothic, of the pointed arch style; and throughout the whole edifice, exterior and interior, it has the venerable aspect of buildings of this order, to be met with in nearly all the countries of Europe. It has a front of fifty feet on Broadway, and extends back one hundred and twenty feet.

The front of this edifice is granite, seventy feet in height from the street to the battlements in the centre. The pinnacles rise upward of ten feet above the roof. The doors and windows in front are said to be the first examples of the kind in the country. The grand entrance, which is arched, is fourteen feet in height, and twelve in width, next to the street; but the door, which recedes four feet (the thickness of the wall) is only six feet wide and not quite ten feet high. The crotchet arch of the centre door, ascends twenty-two feet in height, and is richly ornamented with raised work of cast iron, executed in New York. The centre window is twenty-two feet in height, and ten in width, finished with lead lights of a diamond form. The doors and windows on each side have corresponding columns, arches and ornaments, executed in cast

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iron. There are four buttresses with niches and pedestals, two at the corner and two midway extending to the roof, terminating in ornamented pinnacles. A range of stone battlements surmount the flank walls; and the dormant windows have open-work battlements, from which may be seen the whole city like a splendid panorama, and surrounded with the beautiful natural scenery for which the vicinity of New York is so justly celebrated.

The basement story above the street is fourteen feet in height, and includes the great entrance hall, which is ten feet in width, and extends through the whole length of the building. This hall is highly ornamented with arches, pendants, open friths in the spandrels, and a beautiful frieze of raised Gothic ornaments. At the farther end of the hall is a staircase leading to the several apartments above. On each side of the hall is a range of rooms, with stores in front, and places in the rear for refreshments for visiters.

The second story is a grand Gothic saloon, ninety feet in length, forty-seven feet in breadth, and twenty-five feet high, and is one of the most magnificent halls in the Union. The floor is supported by elastic springs for dancing; the ceiling is divided into basket, or fan arches, with pendants of open-work; columns support the arches projecting from the walls, between which are the windows, with raised labels, enriched with crotchets, terminating with flowers at the points, and supported at the ends with carved corbels. The blank windows in the room are filled with mirrors, which render the hall, when lighted, very brilliant. A music-gallery extends across the lower end of the room, supported by a trussed girder, leaving the floor free of obstructions, for public assemblies. The front of the gallery is enriched with pierced Gothic tracery, and adds much to the beauty of the saloon.

The third story has four rooms, designed for the use of the Masonic Association. These rooms are decorated with clusters of columns, arches, and open panels, with beautiful draperies.

INSTANCE OF GREAT SELF-POSSESSION.

On the banks of the Naugatunk, a rapid stream which rises in and flows through a very mountainous part of the state of Connecticut, a few years since lived a respectable family named Bruel. The father, though not a wealthy, was a respectable man. He had fought the battles of his country in the revolution, and from his familiarity with scenes of danger and peril, he had learned that it is always more prudent to preserve and affect the air of confidence in danger, than to betray signs of fear: and especially so, since his conduct might have had great influence upon the minds of those about him. He had occasion to send a little son across the river to the house of a relation, and as there was then no bridge, the river must be forded. The lad was familiar with every part of the fording-place, and when the water was low, which was at this time the case, could cross without danger. But he had scarcely arrived at his place of destination and done his errand, when suddenly, as is frequently the case in mountainous countries, the heavens became black with clouds, the wind blew with great violence, and the rain fell in torrents --it was near night, and became exceedingly dark. By the kindness of his friends he was persuaded, though with some reluctance, to relinquish his design of returning in the evening and to wait until morning. The father suspected the cause of his delay, and was not over anxious on account of any accidents that might happen to him during the night. But he knew that he had taught his son to render implicit obedience to his commands; that he possessed a daring and fearless spirit; and as he would never be restrained but by force, he would, as soon as it was sufficiently light in the morning, attempt to ford the river on his return. He knew also, that the immense quantity of water, that appeared to be falling, would, by morning, cause the river to rise to a considerable height, and make it dangerous even for a man in the full possession of strength and fortitude, to attempt to cross it. He therefore passed a sleepless night, anticipating with all a father's feelings what might befall his child in the morning.

The day dawned—the storm had ceased—the wind was still, and nothing was to be heard but the roar of the waters of the river. The rise of the river exceeded even the father's expectations, and no sooner was it sufficiently light to enable him to distinguish objects across it, than he placed himself on the bank to watch for the approach of his son. The son arrived at the opposite shore almost at the same moment, and was beginning to enter the stream. All the father's feelings were roused into action, for he knew that his son was in the most imminent danger. He had proceeded too far to return—in fact, to go forward or return was to incur the same peril. His horse had arrived in the deepest part of the channel, and was struggling against the current, down which he was rapidly hurried, and apparently making but little progress towards the shore. The boy became alarmed and raising his eyes towards the landing-place, he discovered his father. He exclaimed almost frantic with fear, "O, I shall drown, I shall drown!" "No!" exclaimed the father in a stern and resolute tone, and dismissing for a moment his feelings of tenderness, "No, if you do, I'll whip you to death!—cling to your horse." The son who feared his father more than the raging element with which he was enveloped, obeyed his command, and the noble animal on which he was mounted, after struggling for some time carried him safe to the shore. "My son," said the glad father, bursting into tears, "remember hereafter, that in danger you must possess fortitude; and determining to survive, cling even to the last hope. Had I addressed you with the tenderness and fear which I felt, your fate was inevitable; you would have been carried away in the current, and I should have seen you no more." What an example is here! The heroism, bravery, philosophy, and presence of mind of this man, even eclipses the conduct of Cæsar, when he said to his boatman, *quid times? Cæsarem vehis.*

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WILLIAMSBURGH, L. I.

The village of Williamsburgh is situated on the westerly extremity of Long Island, adjoining the northern boundary of the city of Brooklyn, and immediately opposite the most populous section of the city of New York, from which it is separated by the narrow current of the East river. Like Brooklyn, the growth of this thriving village is consequent on, and identified with, the prosperity of the Great Commercial Metropolis, and like its giant neighbor, its onward progress will be greatly increased in strength and volume, with the restored commercial and financial energies of the whole nation. Previous to the year 1835, the capabilities of this location for desirable summer residences for the wealthy inhabitants of the great city, and for buildings to be appropriated to the occupancy of mechanics and artisans, and for the manufacture of their wares, were not duly appreciated, but the stimulus then given to enterprise directed the attention of capitalists to this eligible point, and during that and the succeeding year, the real estate of the village found ready purchasers at constantly appreciated prices. That these investments, when discernment and discrimination were exercised in the selection of property in reference to price and locality, were judicious, will be readily admitted on reference to the accompanying sketch.

That portion of the village fronting on the East river, and overlooking the city of New York, bounded on the south by the arc of the semicircle which forms the Wallabout bay, and on the north by the mouth of Bushwick creek, has peculiar eligibilities for summer residences for the man of business, or the retired millionaire.

From the river's brink between Grand-street and the Wallabout, you reach the crown of the village by a gentle ascent of about a quarter of a mile, and along this extended slope the eye ranges over a prospect, which for extent and variety is rarely surpassed.

Before you, the great commercial mart with its busy multitude hurrying to and fro, appears like a giant beehive; adjoining, on the shores of the Island of New York, elegant mansions with their ornamented grounds and waving foliage attract your attention; and farther to the right, the lofty shot-tower lifts its white shaft to the clouds, flanked by the massive Penitentiary buildings on Blackwell's island, whose bristling defences appear in the distance, like the fortified battlements of some feudal baronial castle.

Still farther in the same direction the turbid waters of Hell Gate, which

> "Groan and sweat in their great agony,"

appear in the far distance like the indistinct and troubled fancies of a dream, while the white sails of the coasting craft, and the abrupt bluffs and foliage-crested eminences on either shore close the view to the right.

On the left, the heights of Brooklyn, studded with mansions distinguished for their cost and elegance, and wreathed with evergreens of rare beauty and luxuriance, remind the spectator of the costly palaces of Venice, in the noonday of her splendor, while the whole sweep of the noble bay, checkered with the light tracery of the numerous water-craft moored to the wharves, or which lie motionless on its bosom, and decorated with the flowing canvas, streaming pennants, and variegated flags of the moving fleet, entering and departing—lends renewed interest to the glowing panorama.

Still onward, the frowning batteries of Governor's island, Ellis's island, and Gibbet island, hover, like carrion-scenting vultures, above the track of the passing vessels, while Staten Island, with the beautiful villas of New Brighton, crowning its circling terraces, and the quiet village of Castleton, distinguished by the extensive erections attached to the Quarantine station, and the low line of shore fronting the state of New Jersey—offers a combination of varied attractions.

On either hand the posthumous fame of Fulton ascends with the spiral wreaths of smoke, that like dusky serpents curl from the funnels of the numerous steamers that ply to and fro upon the bay and river, while the "*yo, heave ho,*" of the mariners, the monotonous chant of the stevedores, the measured stroke of the skilfully plied oars of the waterman, the "clinking hammers" of the ship-yards, the hurried shouts of the officers of vessels and the answering response of their crews, the rattling of iron cables, the creaking of swayed masts, and the flutter of shivering sails—are the whisperings of the modern Babel, falling on the ear of the loiterer at Williamsburgh, in her seasons of repose.

The prospect from the southern section of the village embraces a fine view of the Wallabout bay; and among the striking objects which arrest the attention, the extensive ship houses and vessels of war at the Navy yard, and the United States' Naval hospital, are peculiarly conspicuous.

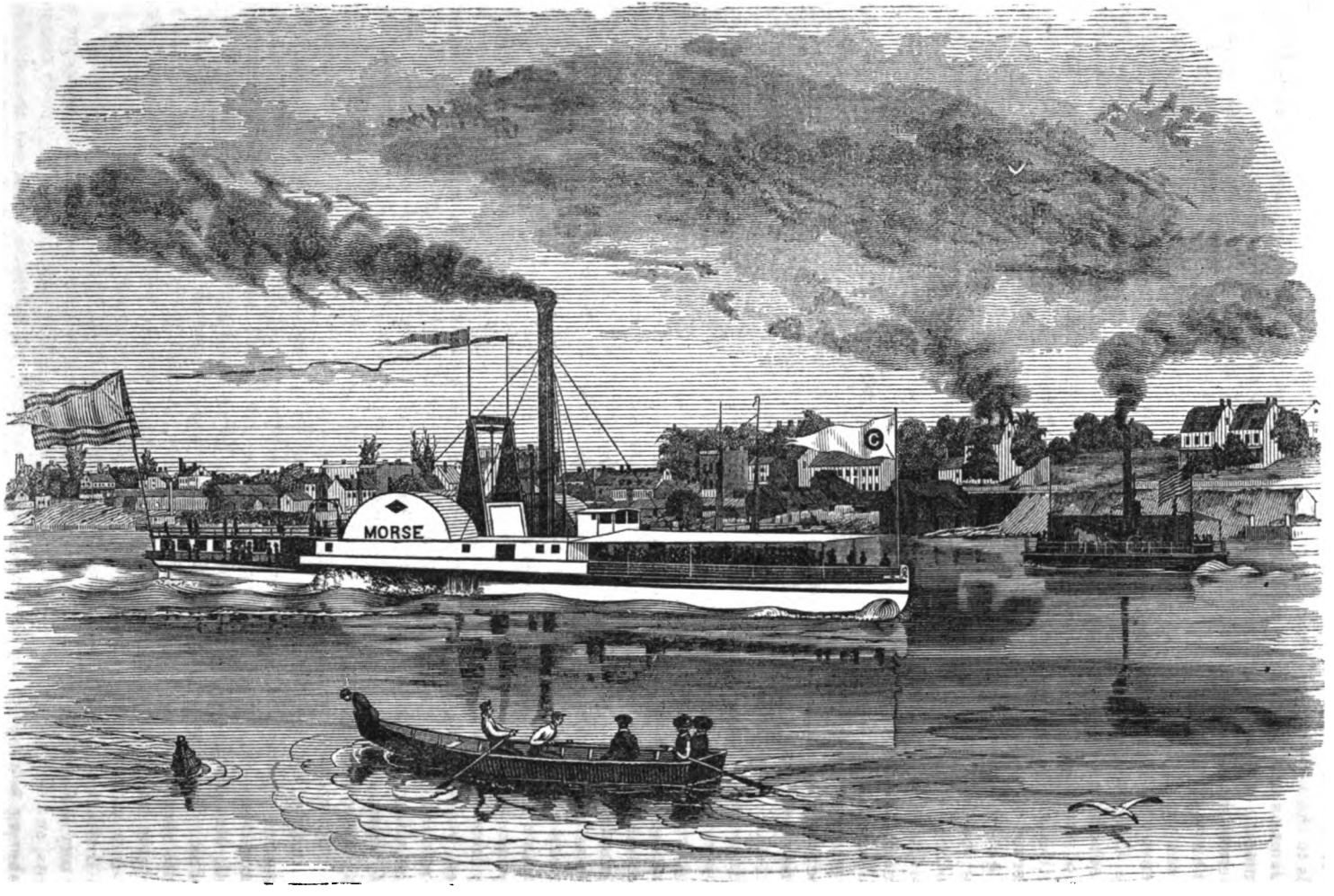
Landward from the tranquil Bay, which is in the form of a crescent, the rising grounds form a natural semi-amphitheatre, whose surface is dotted with tasty cottages and cultivated gardens, and which combined with the gentle undulation which greets the eye, constitute a scene of no little beauty.

In the interior of the village, a short mile from the river, a number of enterprising citizens of the metropolis have erected neat summer dwellings, whose white pillars, cupolas, and wings, when viewed from a distance, are picturesque and attractive.

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VIEW OF WILLIAMSBURGH, L I., FROM NEW YORK.

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The several avenues which connect the village with the interior, among which Maspeth avenue, Division avenue, which is the dividing line between Brooklyn and the village, and extends to the Jamaica and Brooklyn turnpikes, and the Jamaica and Newtown turnpikes are the most prominent, and conduct the traveller through numerous scenes of romantic interest.

The new turnpike, just completed, which skirts the margin of the East river until it reaches Ravenswood, at a distance of four miles, furnishing a view of the establishment for the support and education of pauper children under the control of the New York Common Council, is a beautiful drive, passing through a checkered landscape of hill and dale, meadow and thicket, and giving occasional glimpses of Long Island sound on the one hand, and New York bay on the other.

But in our utilitarian age and country, the useful takes precedence of the ornamental, and the rapid increase of Williamsburgh must be the result of its local adaptation to the requirements of economy and convenience, rather than to its claims on the taste of the wealthy portion of our population.

Connected with New York by two ferries, one between Peck slip and South Seventh-street, and the other between Grand-street in New York, and the foot of Grand-street, Williamburgh, with boats constantly plying, the manufacturer and mechanic can conduct his business and reside at Williamsburgh at a reduced expenditure, and at the same time enjoy most of the benefits resulting from a residence in the metropolis. In addition to the ferry accommodations above named, the new ferry from Houston-street in New York, to Grand-street, Williamsburgh, will be in operation in a few months.

The village covers an area of about one thousand acres divided into eleven hundred lots, each twenty-five by one hundred feet. There have been erected since the year 1836, between four and five hundred dwellings and several manufactories. There are six churches erected for the accommodation of the Reformed Dutch, Episcopal, Methodist, and Roman Catholic congregations. There are also within the village and on its immediate boundaries, nine rope-walks, one glue manufactory, four hat manufactories, and one in process of erection, two tanneries, two distilleries, two ship-yards, one carpet manufactory and two establishments for grinding spices, and also several schools and one lyceum, numbering about fifty members, together with one Fire Insurance company, the business of which is extensive and profitable.

The population has increased about two thousand since 1836, and the numerous dwellings under contract and in process of erection indicate a continuation of a like increase. The village is governed by a board of nine trustees, possessing the power of opening streets, apportioning taxes, &c. &c.

The principal streets which intersect each other at right angles, are opened and regulated, and several are paved.

The distance between the most populous portions of Long Island and the city of New York, is much lessened by the new avenues recently opened to the Village, and which has greatly increased the travel across the different ferries, and there is little doubt that the lapse of a few years will give to Williamsburgh a population, whose numbers will entitle it to rank with what Brooklyn was a short period since.

THE FAMILY MEETING

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

[The following lines were written on occasion of the accidental meeting, a few evenings since, of all the surviving members of a family, the father and mother of which (one eighty-two, the other eighty years old) have lived in the same house *fifty-three* years.]—*Boston Courier.*

We are all here!
Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother,
All who hold each other dear,
Each chair is filled, we're all *at home*,
To-night let no cold stranger come;
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we're found.
Bless then the meeting and the spot,
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour;
We're all, all here,

We're *not* all here!
Some are away—the dead ones dear,
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth;
And gave the hour to guiltless mirth,
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Looked in and thinned our little band:
Some like a night flash passed away,
And some sank; lingering, day by day;
The quiet graveyard--some lie there
And cruel Ocean has his share--
We're *not* all here.

We *are* all here!
Even they, the dead, though dead, so dear,
Fond memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.
How life-like through the midst of years
Each well-remembered face appears;
We see them as in times long past,
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their words, their smile behold,
They're round us as they were of old,
We *are* all here.

We are all here!
Father, Mother;
Sister, Brother,
You that I love with love so dear,
This may not long of us be said,
Soon must we join the gathered dead,
And by the hearth we now sit round,
Some other circle will be found.
O then that wisdom may we know,
That yields a life of peace below;
So in the world to follow this,
May each repeat in words of bliss,
We're all, all *here!*

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HELL GATE.

"*Here*, where we rest the gentlest waters glide,
There, hurry on a strong impetuous tide;
But yonder, gods! with tenfold thunder's force,
Dashing the war-ship in its whirlpool course."*

MODERN fastidiousness, which often, with pharisaical inconsistency, strains at a gnat and swallows a camel, has endeavored to impress us with a belief that our Dutch ancestors were too puritanical to give such a name as Hell-Pot to a natural whirlpool as the one found in the East river, seven miles from the city of New-York. This is not reasoning correctly. The Teutonic nation from which the Dutch descended were possessed of a wild and powerful imagination, and gave poetic terms to every natural phenomenon. The Maelstrom on the coast of Norway, is the name of a whirlpool which varies but little in signification from the one given to the same thing in the East river. Scylla and Charybdis, between Sicily and the main land of Italy, have also a miraculous origin in the legends of Rome; the former, now a ledge of rocks of great height, was an enchantress changed by Circe, a more powerful and more wicked spirit, to this mass of stone, on which unfortunate voyagers might be wrecked and dashed to pieces when they steered too near her dreadful coast to get rid of Charybdis, now a direful whirlpool, but once an avaricious woman, condemned in her change to a ravenous and insatiate appetite for devouring her prey. In every nation where a Syrtis is found, it is in the imagination of the people of the country, in some measure, connected with their legends, in its name, at least, with infernal spirits. This is natural. The early Dutch settlers were as likely to indulge their imaginations as other people. It was indeed, when first discovered, a wonder, and is so now. He was a brave man who first ventured to examine Hell Gate and pass it. Washington Irving has told the story in a playful way. His description is a piece of easy and felicitous humor. All the other descriptions of it that we have seen, are sufficiently dull to put one to sleep. Spafford in his very clever Gazetteer of the state of New York, says:—"Horll-gate, Hurl-gate, or Hell-gate is a narrow and difficult strait in the East river, eight miles above New-York, formed by projecting rocks that confine the water to a narrow and crooked channel, and causing strong eddy currents."

The following description from the American Coast Pilot is a brief and business-like account of this singular passage-way. "Hell Gate, and the narrow pass, leading into Long Island Sound, at the time of slack water and with a leading wind, may safely be attempted with frigates; small ships and vessels, with a commanding breeze passed at all times with the tide. On the flood, bound into the sound, you pass to the southward of the flood-rock, which is the southernmost of the three remarkable rocks in the passage. On the ebb you go to the northward of the Mill rock, the stream of the tide setting that way, and forming eddies in the flood passage, which at that time is rendered unsafe. The Pot on which there are ten feet at low water, shows distinctly by the whirlpool, as also the Pan which is a part of the Hog's Back."

On the slack of the tide in the strait, the young anglers venture to bring their boat over the chasm, and while two of them with their oars keep the boat in the position required, others throw out their lines and draw from the depths below, fine, large, white-nosed black fish, or the striped bass. This sport lasts only about fifteen or twenty minutes at a time. The boat is darted with skill and velocity to the shore, on the slightest indication that the whirlpool is awakening from its momentary repose.

Vessels are frequently wrecked in this strait. When the artist sketched the view given in this number, there were two stranded vessels in sight, a faithful view of them has been presented by the engraver to give spirit, truth, and nature to the scene. The one in the distance on Rhinelander's reef, is the British Brig Evelina of Halifax, the one in the foreground is the Schooner Lexington of Kennebeck, both shipwrecked within a few days of each other. The vessels alongside are lighters in the act of removing the cargoes.

The aborigines had numerous tales of wonder in regard to this whirlpool, which they had learned to pass with skill and safety, but not without some superstitious fears of evil spirits. The first European settlers had a different, but not a much inferior love of the marvellous, than that which the red men had cherished. They heard the moanings of evil spirits before the storm, and in it their triumphant roar at the havoc they had made, of property and human lives. The drowned of all times, who had found a grave in this rush of waters, added the cry of danger as a warning for those crossing their oozy bed.

The English frigate Huzza, during the revolutionary war, in attempting to pass Hell Gate to get to sea by the Sound, struck the rocks and was so much injured that after sailing a few miles she sunk in deep water. It was supposed that she had a rich military chest on board, destined for some British port. This general impression induced some enterprising men to examine the sunken vessel by means of diving bells, but either they were under a wrong impression in regard to the money on board of her when she went down, or were not able to make thorough examination, for they found no money. The better opinion now is, that the treasure was landed before she sailed. Frigates however have passed the strait in safety. Two French frigates were blockaded in the harbour of New-York, by a British squadron during the French revolution. By the aid of a trusty pilot, watching the most favorable winds and tides, they attempted the dangerous navigation with success. One of the vessels struck the rocks once, and the other twice, but neither of them received any essential injury. Thousands were watching this adventurous enterprise with anxiety, but with different feelings; enmity has its hopes and fears, as well as friendship. Party

* Schipper Adriaen Block's yacht being at an anchor near the east end of Blackwell's Island, this poetry is supposed to have been written on the occasion.

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VIEW OF HELL GATE, FROM GREAT BARN ISLAND.

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spirit was then raging with more fury than the waters of Hell Gate.

The shores on either side of the strait are beautiful, and in their sunny quietude, viewed on a summer's morning, form a pleasing contrast to the agitation of the waters, and the roar they make when the tide is low, and the rocks are visible. It is conjectured by some philosophers that Long Island was once a part of the main land, and that in some violent agitation of nature, these rocks which had perhaps been at the head of an estuary, began to give way to the omnipotence of the waters, which went rushing onward, conquering and dividing the heretofore main land.

Picturesque Beauties of the Hudson.

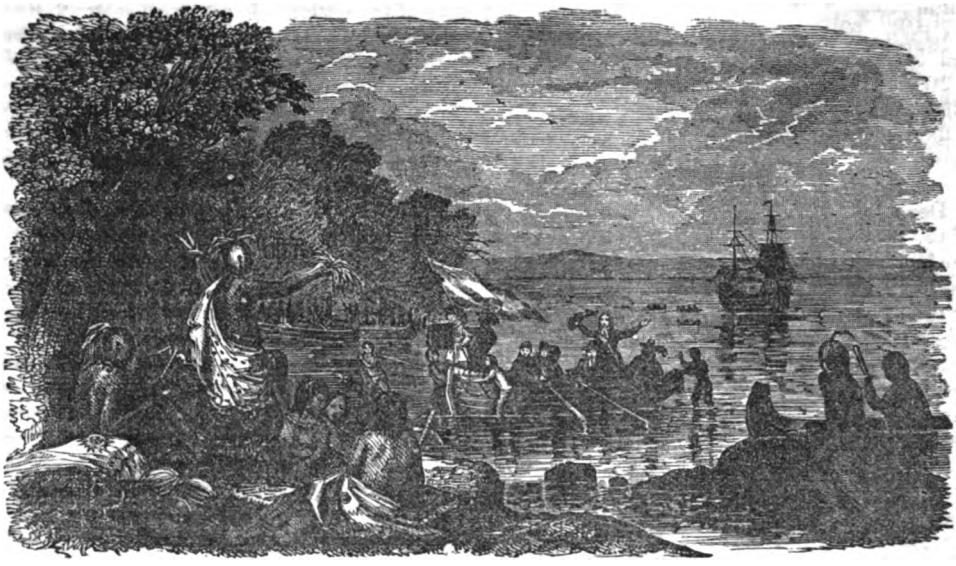
THE WESTERN "BARRENS."

Barrens are a species of country of a mixed character, uniting forest and prairie. They are covered with scattered oaks, rough and stunted in their appearance, interspersed with patches of hazel, brushwood, and tough grass. They appear to be the result of the contest which the fire is periodically continuing with the timber. The appearance of this description of country led the early settlers of the state to suppose that the scantiness of the timber was owing to the poverty of the soil; and hence the title, thus ignorantly given, and calculated to convey erroneous notions to our Eastern farmers, became of universal application to this extensive tract of country. It is ascertained, however, that these *barrens* embrace as productive a soil as can be found in the state—healthy, more rolling than the prairies, and abounding with that important requisite to desirable farms, good springs. The fire visits these barrens in the fall, but, owing to the insufficiency of the fuel, is not able to destroy, entirely, the timber. The farmer may settle, without hesitation or fear, in any part of this species of land, where he can find timber sufficient for his present purposes and wants; for the soil is supposed to be better adapted to all the interests of agriculture and the vicissitudes of the seasons than the deeper and richer mould of bottom and prairie land. Where the fire is prevented from its ravages, (as it easily can be by the occupant of the soil,) heavy timber springs up with a rapidity which would be incredible to the northern emigrant. High insulated *bluffs*, of a conical form, and exhibiting the appearance of connected ridges, rise up from the bottoms, along the rivers which meander and fertilize them: they are from one to three hundred feet in height. *Knobs* of land, stony and often rocky at their summits, are found along the rivers in some sections of the state, separated by deep ravines. The prairies are often intersected by ravines leading down to the streams. Deep sink-holes, which serve to drain off the waters, are found in some parts, and prove that the substance is secondary limestone, abounding in subterraneous cavities. Very little that is denominated in the Eastern states *stony* ground is found in this state. There are quarries of stones in the bluffs, in the banks of the streams, and in the ravines. In the vicinity of Juliet, and many other promising villages, an abundance of stone can be procured, admirably adapted to the purposes of building; uniting durability with great beauty and warmth. *Timber*, were it *equally* distributed in this state, would be adequate to the necessities of the settlers. Its apparent scarcity, where the prairie prevails, is now considered not to be so great an obstacle to settlement as has been generally imagined. Substitutes have been found for many of the purposes to which timber is generally applied; and the rapidity with which prairie, under the hand of care and cultivation, becomes converted into forests of timber, affords a sure guarantee for the future. The kinds of timber most abundant in the state are oaks of the various species, black and white walnut, ash of the several varieties, elm, sugar-maple, honey-locust, hackberry, linden, hickory, cotton-wood, pecan, mulberry, buckeye, sycamore, cherry, box, elder, sassafras, and persimon. In the southern and eastern parts of the state, yellow-poplar and beech may be found. Near the Ohio are cypress-trees, and in several counties clumps of yellow-pine and cedar. On the Calumet, near the south end of lake Michigan, is a forest of small trees. The underwood growth consists principally of redbud, pawpaw, sumach, plum, crab-apple, grape-vines, dogwood, spicebush, green brier, hazel, &c. The trees in this state are very luxuriant in their growth, and are frequently found of a stupendous size, particularly the cotton-wood and sycamore, on the alluvial soil of the rivers. The black-locust, a native of Ohio and Kentucky, may be cultivated from the seed, with less labour than a nursery of apple-trees. Of rapid growth and affording valuable and durable timber, it strongly commends itself to the attention of our farmers. It forms one of the cleanliest, most beautiful, and pleasant shades; when in the spring-time of its blossom, it presents a rich and attractive appearance, and sends into the surrounding atmosphere a delicious fragrance. And here we might properly call the attention of our farmers and agriculturists generally, to the subject of nurseries of fruit and ornamental trees. With a soil remarkably adapted to their cultivation, and a country rapidly increasing in wealth, and the consequent conveniences and luxuries of life, the enterprising arborist would receive the most grateful encouragement and profit for his labours; increase, in this new and rapidly advancing state, the sources of beauty and pleasure, and enjoy the gratification of witnessing, in many a decorated yard and blushing orchard, the rich and blooming monuments of his industry and taste. Nothing contributes so much to the beauty and attractions of the village-yard or cultivated farm, as well-selected ornamental trees in the one, and the extensive orchards of the finest fruit-trees in the other. Art, with all its power to charm may embellish, but it cannot supply so great a source of abundant enjoyment.

Chicago American.

American Vine.—The expedition to the Rocky mountains found on the borders of the Arkansas near the eastern side of the great desert, hundreds of acres of the same kind of vine which produce the wines of Europe.—The vines were growing in a wild state and were surrounded with hillocks of sand, rising to within 12 or 18 inches of the end of the branches. They were loaded with the most delicious grapes, and the clusters were so closely arranged as to conceal every part of the stem. These hillocks of sand are produced by the agency of the vines, arresting the sand as it is borne along by the wind

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The Landing of Henry Hudson.

HENRY HUDSON.

"Henry Hudson, an Englishman, who had failed in his attempts to find a northwest passage for ships to the East Indies, and had been dismissed from the service of the English, was received into the employ of the Dutch East India Company, and in his third voyage of discovery, after coasting as far south as Virginia, he turned north again, and saw for the first time the highlands of Neversink, on the 2d of Sept. 1609, and next day entered the great bay of New-York, Staten Island, and Amboy.

"It is supposed that he went with his vessel, the Half Moon, as far as where Albany now stands, and then returned; and after sometimes trading with the Indians, and sometimes killing them, he went back to Europe again, without going up the East River at all. It is said that his men forced him to go to England, although he was sent out by the Dutch. The king of England kept Hudson from going to Holland, and employed him to make discoveries for Great Britain: but he never returned to New York.

"On his fourth voyage he discovered Hudson's Bay, but a mutiny occurred on board his ship, and he was set adrift in a boat by his crew, and was never heard of more." Dunlap's New York.

THE ARCTICK PASSAGE DISCOVERED.

The London Morning Chronicle, of April 10th, publishes an account of one of the most important geographical discoveries of the age—being no less than a solution of the long-pending problem, whether or not there is a communication by water from the Atlantick to the Pacific ocean, around the northern portion of the American continent.

The discovery was made by an expedition fitted out by the Hudson's Bay Company in the spring of 1836, and was commanded by Mr. Simpson, then governour, with Messrs. P. Dease, and Thos. Simpson, and twelve chosen men. They wintered in Athabasca lake; descended Slave and Mackenzie's rivers, at the opening of navigation, and reached Fort Good Hope, the most northern establishment of the company, July 4th, where they found an assemblage of Hare and Louchcoux Indians.

They reached the ocean by the westernmost mouth of Mackenzie's river on the 9th, and proceeded along the coast, encountering the Esquimaux and every imaginable difficulty from the ice: passing Point Kay, Camden bay, &c., and reached Foggy Islands bay on the 23d. From this situation, 70 degrees latitude, they discovered a range of the Rocky mountains. The narrative proceeds:—

Next morning, 26th July, they passed the Gany, a river about one mile broad.

From Cape Halkett the coast turned suddenly off to the W. N. W. It presented to the eye nothing but a succession of low banks of frozen mud. In the evening they passed the mouths of a large stream, which they named Smith's river. From thence for about nine miles the coast line is formed of gravel reefs, near the extremity of which, at Point Pitt, the land trends more to the westward. Here they were detained by ice until the following afternoon, (27th,) when an opening presented itself, they resumed their route. It blew a cutting blast from the northeast, and the salt water froze upon the oars and the rigging. Point Drew, seven miles distant from their last encampment, is the commencement of a bay of considerable size, but extremely shallow, and much encumbered with ice. To seaward the ice was still smooth and solid, as in the depth of a sunless winter. At midnight, they reached a narrow projecting point, across which the peaks of some high icebergs appeared. This point they named Cape George Simpson, as a mark of respect for the governour of the company's territories, to whose excellent arrangements the success of the expedition is in a great measure indebted.

This point was destined to be the limit of their boat navigation, for during the four following days they were only able to advance as many miles. The weather was foggy and dismally cold, the wild fowl

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passed in long flights to the westward, and there seemed little prospect of their being able to reach Beechey's Point Barrow by water. Boat Extreme is situated in lat. 71 deg. 3 min. 24 sec. N., long. 154 deg. 26 min. 30 sec. W.; variation of compass 42 deg. 36 min. 18 sec. E.

Under these circumstances Mr. Thomas Simpson undertook to complete the journey on foot, and accordingly started on the first of August with five men, Mr. Dease and the other five men remaining in charge of the boats.

The pedestrians carried with them their arms, some ammunition, pemican, a small oiled canvass canoe for the crossing of rivers, the necessary astronomical instruments, and some trinkets for the natives.

It was one of the worst days of the whole season, and the fog was so dense that the party were under the necessity of rigidly following the tortuous outline of the coast, which for twenty miles formed a sort of irregular inland bay (being guarded without by a series of gravel reefs) the shore of which was almost on a level with the water, and intersected with innumerable salt creeks, through which they waded, besides three considerable rivers which they traversed in their portable canoe. Next day the weather improved, and at noon Mr. Simpson had an observation for lat. in 71 deg. 9 min. 45 sec. The land now inclined to the southwest, and continued very low and muddy, and as on the preceding day, abounding in salt creeks, whose waters were at the freezing temperature. The party had proceeded about ten miles, when to their dismay the coast suddenly turned off to the southward, forming an inlet as far as the eye could reach.

At the same moment, they descried at no great distance a small camp of Esquimaux, to which they immediately directed their steps. The men were absent hunting, and the women and children took to their boat in the greatest alarm, leaving behind them an infirm man, who was in an agony of fear. A few words of friendship removed his apprehensions, and brought back the fugitives, who were equally surprised and delighted to behold white men. They set before the party fresh reindeer meat and seal oil.

Mr. Simpson now determined to adopt a more expeditious mode of travelling, by obtaining the loan of one of their "oomiaks," or family skin canoes, to convey the party to Point Barrow, with which, from a chart drawn by one of the women, it appeared that these people were well acquainted.

Four oars were fitted with lashings to this strange craft. Before starting the hunters arrived, and presents of tobacco, awls, buttons, &c., were made to all the inmates of the encampment, with which they were highly gratified.

Dease's inlet is five miles broad at this place, yet so low is the land that one shore is just visible from the other in the clearest weather. It now again blew strongly from the northeast, bringing back the cold dense fog; but the traverse was effected by the aid of the compass. The waves run high, and the skin boat surmounted them with great buoyancy; the party encamped on the west side of the inlet. The banks there were of frozen mud, ten or twelve feet high; the country within was perfectly flat, abounded in small lakes, and produced a very short grass; but nowhere had the thaw penetrated more than two inches beneath the surface, while under water along the shore the bottom was still impenetrably frozen. Not a log was to be found in this land of desolation; but our party followed the example of the natives, and made their fire of the roots of the dwarf willow in a little chimney of turf. Next morning, August 3, the fog cleared for a while, but it was still bitterly cold, and the swell beat violently on the outside of a heavy line of ice which lay packed upon the shore.

To weather this was a work of danger; but the good qualities of their boat, after a severe trial, carried them safely through. The land ran out for five miles to the northward, then turned off to the northwest, beyond which, at Point Christie, the lat. 71 deg. 12 min. 36 sec. was observed. From thence the coast trended more westerly for ten miles, forming two points and a bay, which Mr. Simpson named after chief factors Charles and Rowand, and chief trader Ross. The party then came up to what appeared a large bay, where they halted for two or three hours to await the dispersion of the fog—not knowing which way to steer. In the evening their wish was gratified, and the weather from that time was sensibly ameliorated. The bay was now ascertained to be only four miles in width; the depth half way across was $1\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms on a bottom of sand; that of Dease's inlet was afterward found to be two fathoms, muddy bottom, being the greatest depth between Return Reef and Point Barrow, except at ten miles southeast from Cape Halkett, where three fathoms were sounded on our return. After crossing Mackenzie's bay the coast again trended for eight or nine miles to the W. N. W. A compact body of ice extended all along, and beyond the reach of vision to seaward; but the party carried their light vessel within that formidable barrier, and made their way through the narrow channels close to the shore.

At midnight, they passed the mouth of a fine deep river, a quarter of a mile wide, to which Mr. Simpson gave the name of Bellevue, and in less than an hour afterward the rising sun gratified him with the view of Point Barrow stretching out to the N. N. W. They soon crossed Elson bay, which in the perfect calm, had acquired a tough coating of young ice, but had much difficulty in making their way through a broad and heavy pack that rested upon the shore. On reaching it, and seeing the ocean extending away to the southward, they hoisted their flag, and with three cheers took possession of their discoveries in his Majesty's name.

Point Barrow is a long low spit, composed of gravel and coarse sand, which the pressure of the ice has forced up into numerous mounds, that, viewed from a distance, assume the appearance of huge boulder rocks. At the spot where the party landed, it is only a quarter of a mile across, but it is broader toward its termination. The first object that presented itself on looking round the landing-place, was an immense cemetery. The bodies lay exposed in the most horrible and disgusting manner, and many of them appeared so fresh that the men became alarmed that the cholera, or some other dreadful disease, was raging among the natives. Two considerable camps of the latter stood at no great distance on the point, but none of the inmates ventured to approach till our party first visited them, and with the customary expressions of friendship, dissipated their apprehensions.

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THE PALISADES.

THERE is probably no river in the world whose vicinage, within the same extent, presents such a combination of beauty and grandeur of natural scenery, enriched by historical associations of the greatest moment, as the Hudson. From Manhattan island to its junction with the Mohawk, lofty mountains, gently undulating hills, cultivated fields, and beautiful villages and hamlets alternately meet the eye as we speed along its waters in the swift steamer, all bursting in succession upon the sight like the startling scenes of a moving panorama. And to the American—to the happy recipient of the boon of liberty—a boon fought for and won by his fathers, and bequeathed to him as a birthright, almost every spot is hallowed by the associations connected with the history of the War of Independence. Many a mountain summit has been the pyre on which beacon fires were lighted by the hand of disinterested patriotism; many a plain that meets our view is the place where men, strong in body and stronger in principle, bivouacked at night, and marshalled in battle array at day, ready to strike boldly for their country and their firesides.

The first objects of historical interest to be seen after leaving New York, are the ruins of Forts Lee and Washington: the former is situated just at the commencement of the Palisades, about ten miles above the city, and the latter, nearly opposite, upon the eastern bank of the river. On entering the Tappan Zee, now Tappan Bay, you see upon the east, the village of Tarrytown, and on the west, that of Tappan; one memorable as the place where the unfortunate Andre was arrested, and the other as the spot where he was executed. We next pass Stoney Point, the scene of one of the brave exploits of General Wayne; and reaching Caldwell's Landing, opposite Peekskill, romantic scenery seldom surpassed, is developed. Every spot on shore is consecrated ground—consecrated by the congregation there of several of the master spirits of the war of Independence. There at one time Washington, Putnam, Kosciusko, Arnold and other officers met, and celebrated the birthday of the Dauphin of France, the unfortunate Louis who lost his crown and his life during the revolution of '94.

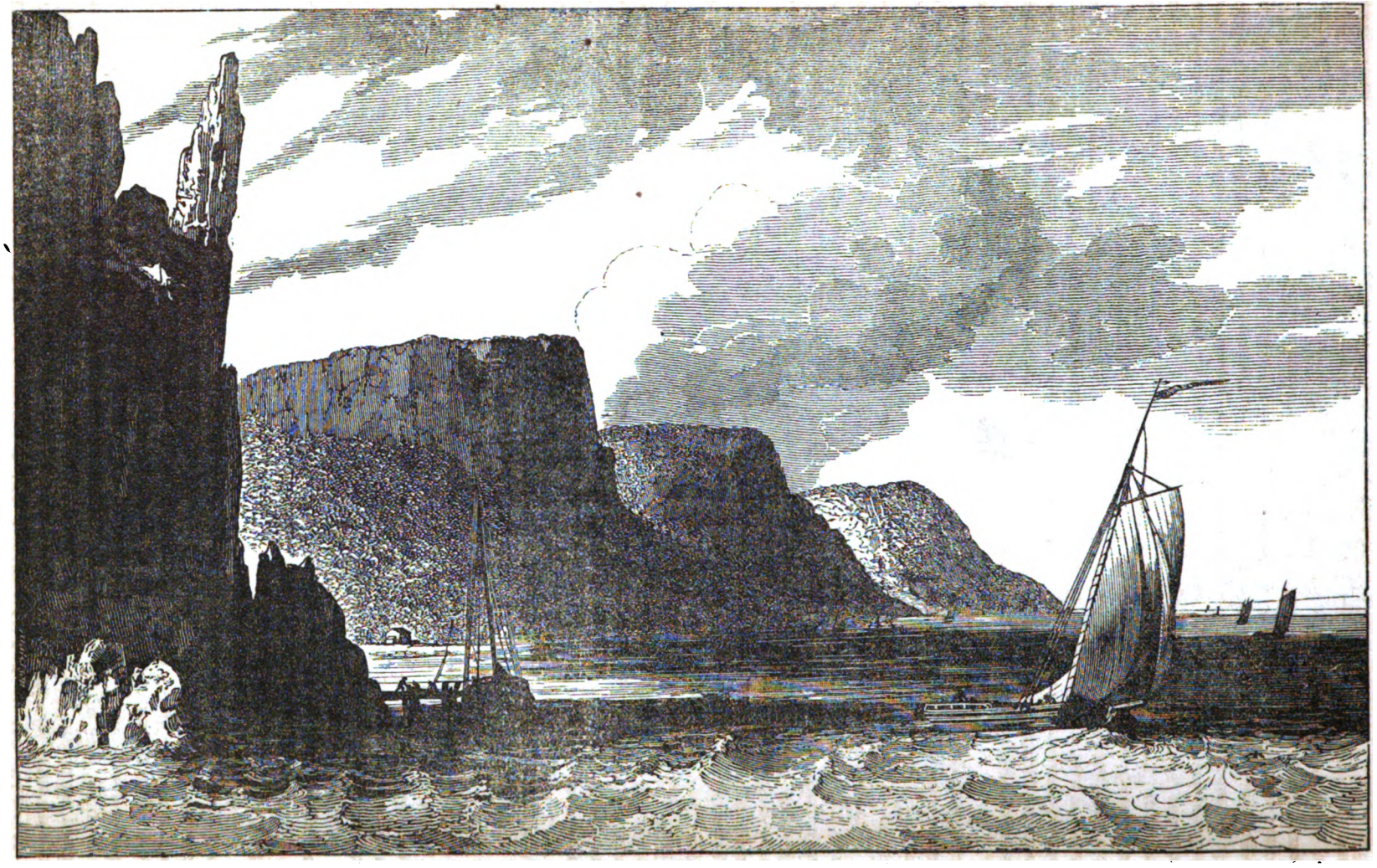
In this neighborhood are the ruins of Forts Montgomery and Clinton; and soon after passing the lofty promontory on the eastern shore of the river, we may see in the distance toward the northwest, on the summit of Mount Independence the gray walls of Fort Putnam, about four hundred feet above the plain on which stands the Military Academy of West Point, and about three quarters of a mile distant. The plateau of West Point, and its whole neighborhood, is classic ground. Here too were congregated the worthies of the Revolution; and at this "key to the northern country" Kosciusko for some time made his residence. Here Arnold formed his plans of treason, and from hence despatched Andre on his fatal journey. Here amid the mounds which mark the redoubts of Fort Clinton, arises a monument sacred to the memory of the brave Polish officer. And not far distant is another, erected by General Brown in honor of Col. Eleazar D. Wood, who fell at the sortie of Fort Erie in 1814. We might multiply our records of the past deeds of bravery and patriotism which this classic spot brings to recollection, and point to the headquarters of Washington at Newburgh; to the crest of Beacon Hill whereon fires were lighted during the stormy period of our war for liberty; or to the passage up the river of British vessels as far as Kingston, to burn villages and awe the inhabitants into submission to British authority; but in so doing we should digress too far from the object of this article—a brief notice of the Palisades, a portion of which is represented in our frontispiece.

The Palisades are so named from their perpendicular position, and resemblance to columns forming an enclosure. They extend from a point a little north of Hoboken, N. J. on the western side of the river, to near Slote creek, a distance of over twenty miles; and present a wall, varying in perpendicular height from two hundred to six hundred feet. They form a part of a basaltic ridge which rises at Bergen point in New Jersey, and gradually increases in height till some of its summits reach an elevation of more than a thousand feet above tide-water. This ridge curves round Tappan Bay, leaving on the margin of the cove, a limited but pleasant champagne country, which is in a high state of cultivation. The ridge varies in width from an eighth of a mile to three miles, forming a handsome region of arable table land.

The Palisades are divided into numerous vertical fissures, which give them the appearance of detached columns. In these fissures are frequently found alluvial deposites, from which vegetation shoots forth, the only relief to their bare and mason-work appearance. These basalt rocks comprehend almost every variety of formation—the *Amygdaloid*, containing cellules, sometimes empty, and sometimes filled, and often presenting the warty appearance of slag—the basaltic *Brescia* or *Trapiuff* consisting of pebbles and angular grains cemented—and the *columnar basalt* in prismatic polygons, sometimes articulated, consisting of hornblende, feldspar and epidote, with which compact and radiated prehnite is sometimes blended.

This wall of "eternal masonry" is beautifully

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VIEW OF THE PALISADES ON THE HUDSON, NEAR NEW YORK.

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contrasted by the finely cultivated country on the eastern side of the river, which rises in a gentle slope from the water's edge and presents at a glance a rich agricultural region, adorned with tasteful mansions. Although here the superior grandeur of the Highlands is wanting, yet the pleasing combination of the majestic and beautiful renders this portion of the scenery of the Hudson river, inferior to none other.

THE INDIANS OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

Among the many acts of brotherly love for which the society of Friends are eminent, one, productive of much good, is that of appointing a committee at each yearly meeting, to visit the remnants of the Indian tribes, in the western part of New York. The following interesting facts are derived from the report of the committee, appointed at the last yearly meeting.

The Onondagas. The reservation secured to this tribe, is situated about seven miles south from the beautiful village of Syracuse, and consists of a territory about two and a half miles wide by three and three quarters in length, and has a present population of some three hundred souls. The condition of these Indians, when the notice of the Friends was first attracted to them, is described as having been deplorable. There was but one house in the whole Reservation, and the door of that house was placed upon four stakes, driven into the earth, to form a table, from which their friendly visitants could eat the provisions which they carried with them. A few miserable bark huts formed the residue of their habitations, and the poor people were in as wretched a state as could well be imagined. They were cut off from their natural means of support—the chase; and they felt themselves oppressed, despised, and looked upon the white man as their oppressor. The whites at that period, instead of encouraging the Indians, seemed disposed rather to deceive and wrong them. Intemperance found its way among them, through the white man's introduction, and the degraded, despised Indian, looking forward only to the rapid and inevitable extinction of his race, gave himself up to inaction and to vice. Such was the situation of the Onondagas, when the notice of the Friends' Society was attracted toward them. Mark the change.

They have now a Council-House, which is a commodious white frame building—and dwelling-houses mostly frame, though some are of hewn logs, sufficiently comfortable to accommodate the population. Their houses are mostly about twenty by thirty feet, generally not painted. They own a saw-mill, and rent it to a white man, who saws their logs on shares. There is no grist-mill in the settlement, though they have many good mill sites. Most of the Indians keep one or more cows, and their barns are at least as numerous as their houses. Their lodgings are on cot-bedsteads, but the beds and a few simple articles of furniture exhibit but little neatness or order. A wooden mortar and pestle for pounding corn, a few iron pots, stools and wooden utensils, with scarcely an article of crockery generally comprise their whole store of household furniture. Some of the houses have only shutters without glass windows. These Indians generally go decently dressed; many of them, however, retaining the peculiarities of the red man, such as broaches, earrings, bead-embroidered leggins, &c. Their lands are now well cultivated—their lots are in many instances neatly fenced—they have improved their roads—and have made very satisfactory advances in the arts of civilized life. All this is the fruit of the benevolence of the Society of Friends. None of this nation appear to have joined any society of Christian professors, their religion is of the most simple character, inculcating reverence for the Great Spirit, and for Him only—and that he will reward them according to their actions.

Tonawandas. This is understood to be one of the most prosperous Indian settlements in the State. The population now amounts to about 500. Their dwellings are generally comfortable, and their furniture and cooking utensils better than those usually found in Indian dwellings. Their lands appear to be of good quality, are well cultivated, and stocked with horses and cattle. Black Chief is the head of the tribe, which is said to be unanimously averse to the government scheme of emigration.

Tuscaroras. This Reservation consists of 6920 acres, 5000 of which were purchased by the Indians from the Holland Land Company, and no one holds a preemption right over this portion of it. Population 280 persons. The Railroad to the Falls of Niagara passes through this tract, and the Company very honorably made compensation to the Indians for the damages occasioned thereby. Several of the Tuscaroras have very good farms, which they cultivate with success. One of them had a field last season of twenty acres in wheat on his farm, and it is stated that he had saved, and placed out at interest, three thousand dollars.

Cattaraugus. This Reservation extends from the north of Cattaraugus Creek, seven miles into the interior, and is four miles wide; the soil is light, fertile, and easy to cultivate. The principal clearings are along the public road, producing fine grass and grain. But a small portion of the valley is yet cleared, much of the timber being heavy. The dwellings are principally built of logs, though there were a number of snug frame-houses, with good barns and other out-houses. There is a saw-mill, rented to a white man, and much timber is cut on this Reservation.

The approach to this settlement, which is under the especial care of the Genesee Yearly Meeting, is thus detailed:—

"After travelling a difficult road, for two miles through the woods, that nearly surrounded the Indian settlement, we emerged from them, near the brink of an abrupt descent perhaps two hundred feet; below lay a delightful valley, several miles wide, nearly level, extending east and west as far as the eye could reach. It was studded

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over, here and there, with Indian habitations. Through this valley ran the Cattaraugus creek, or river, though hidden from our sight by trees. The first dwellings we approached were without chimneys, and about the poorest we had seen. It was a pleasant evening, and we met several men, women and children, returning from the labors of the field, with hoes in their hands. We proceeded down the valley, on a pretty good road, to the settlement granted by the Indians to Friends, for the support of an Indian school. This establishment is on the main road from Lodi to Lake Erie. The buildings are placed on a green lawn of about an acre, and consist of a dwelling-house twenty-six by thirty-six feet, school-house, barn, and other out-buildings. The farm contains about two hundred acres; seventy of which are well enclosed, and cultivated in wheat, oats, Indian corn, potatoes, &c., with considerable meadow, all in good condition. We attended the school, and procured a specimen of Indian writing; there were present fourteen small Indians, and a number of white children, who, with their parents, resided among them. In winter, we were told, it was attended by an average of twenty-four; many of the larger children being now at home, employed in hoeing corn; a number of whom we saw, and found they could read, write and cipher, and speak tolerable English. In November, 1840, the benevolent arrangement of the Friends with the Indians, as respects the school, and the two hundred acres of land set apart for its support, will expire; after which period, it is specified in the articles of agreement, between the Indians and the Committee of Genesee Yearly Meeting, that it shall be continued, under the care of a joint committee of Indians and Friends, for the education of the children in the Cattaraugus Reservation, for ever."

The in-door arrangements of these Indians, it is said, do not correspond with the improvements which they have otherwise made; although there are instances, where they have, in addition to a comfortable frame-house, a sufficient number of beds, chairs, tables, crockery, and kitchen-utensils, much in the order of a farmer in comfortable circumstances.

Very many of the men of this tribe dress after the manner of their white neighbors; the women generally dress in short-gowns and petticoats, ornamented leggins and moccasins, or shoes; they wear the blanket or shawl over the head and shoulders, and trinkets about the neck. They commonly eat but twice a day, or when hungry, though many are beginning to adopt the practice of eating at regular periods, like white people; their principal diet is boiled hommony, sometimes sweetened with maple sugar. These Indians may be called a sober people. They are tolerably industrious, and generally provide a sufficiency for support. Some support themselves well by making moccasins, &c. for sale. The women still work in the fields, with their husbands. There are a number in this, as in other reservations, who let out their cleared land to white people, at an annual rent of from two to three dollars per acre.

Senecas.—The remnant of this great tribe inhabits the Buffalo reservation. The narrative of the Committee of Friends thus describes their visit to this reservation:—

"We called at Big Kettle's habitation. He was not at home, having retired to a distant residence, in poor health. He is said to be a man of great powers of mind; is the first chief of the Seneca Nation since Red Jacket, and preserves the simplicity of the Indian character. His house, a small log-building, we felt strongly inclined to enter, but an ox-yoke leaning against the door, (the Indian lock and key) forbade the act, and we retired, with feelings of respect, for the honesty of a people who require no other guard for their property.

"The main road leads through this Reservation, crossing the creek several times on good bridges.

"The land is fine and rich, with considerable clearing on both sides of the road. There are about seven hundred and forty inhabitants. Their houses are both frame and log, with barns and out-houses. Several of the houses are very commodious, and their interior arrangements are much better than many we had seen; some were well furnished. Their women were well clad, and tolerably attentive to domestic order; they still wear some beads, broaches, &c. The men were dressed mostly like the whites, and the young men generally read and write, and speak English. They have one school, attended by from ten to twenty-five pupils, averaging about sixteen. They are now convinced of the necessity of quitting the chase, becoming farmers, and some, of educating their children.

"There are a few mechanics among them, such as plough-makers, carpenters and tailors, but in these branches they have made little progress, owing to their near vicinity to Buffalo, where they can have their wants easily supplied. They have greatly improved in temperance, and had they not been so harassed on the question of emigration, their advancement in other respects would have been more conspicuous. The permanent improvement making in the several settlements, we thought, spoke in language stronger than words, the general opposition to removal"

Revolutionary Reminiscence.—The following is a correct list of the soldiers furnished by each State during the revolution. The free population of Massachusetts was in 1790, 475,000; the population of Virginia about 520,000, of New Hampshire 141,000

	Regulars.
New Hampshire,	12,407
Massachusetts,	67,907
Rhode Island,	5,908
Connecticut,	31,935
New York,	17,781
New Jersey,	10,726
Pennsylvania,	25,678
Delaware,	3,386
Maryland,	13,912
Virginia,	26,678
North Carolina,	7,363
South Carolina,	6,147
Georgia,	2,619

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VIEW OF ALBANY—FROM GREENBUSH.

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ALBANY.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

ALBANY, was thus named, in the year 1654, in honour of James, Duke of York and Albany, who afterward ascended the throne of England, as James II. Its original Indian name was *Scho-negh-ta-da*, signifying "*the end of the pine woods*;" and this name, for the same reason, was applied by the aborigines to the site of the city of Schenectady, where it is yet retained with a slight variation in the orthography. The Dutch named Albany, "Beaverwyck," and afterward "Willemstadt." It was never known as Fort Orange or Urania, as has been asserted; but the fort only was called Fort Orange. By some, this place was named in derision, "*De Fouck*" or *The Net*, in allusion to the supposed *grasping* or *catching* propensities of its inhabitants, in the accumulation of wealth. The shores of Albany never knew the footsteps of a *white man* till the month of September, in the year 1610, when Hendrick Chrystyance, who was sent up the river by Henry Hudson, to reconnoitre, or explore the country, first landed here, and as far as can be learned from tradition and some documentary evidence, somewhere in the vicinity of the present North Market. In that or the succeeding year, a party of the Dutch built a block-house on the north point of *Marte Gerritse's* or *Boyd's* island, a short distance below the Albany ferry. This house was erected for a twofold purpose, first to open a trade with the Indians in furs, and next to secure themselves against any sudden attack from the savages. But it was soon demolished, for the next spring's freshet and ice swept the whole of it away. This party then chose a hill subsequently called *Kiddenhooghten*,* within two miles of Albany, for the erection of another trading-house. The Indians called this hill Ta-wass-a-gun-shee or the *Lookout Hill*. Not long afterward, however, this post was abandoned, and a more convenient one selected. The spot thus chosen was in the vicinity of the house now called "Fort Orange Hotel," in South-Market street. The Dutch there erected a fort, "mounting eight *stone-pieces*,"† and called it "Fort Orange."

Till after the year 1625, the Dutch did not contemplate making any permanent settlements in this state. They merely visited the country in the autumn and winter, with a view to the fur-trade with the Indians, returning in the spring to Holland or "Vader-landt." But in that year, the Dutch West India Company first entertained the idea of *colonising* their newly discovered territories in America; and accordingly offered large appropriations of land to such families as should "settle" in their colony of New Netherlands. This soon brought many over, and from that period till 1635, several of our most respectable Dutch families arrived. Among them were the ancestors of the Van Schelluyne Quackenboss, Lansing, Bleeker, Van Ness, Pruyn Van Woert, Wendell, Van Eps, and Van Rensselaer families. It does not appear that any stone or brick building was erected here (the fort excepted) until the year 1647, when according to a letter from "Commissary De la Montagnie" to the Dutch governour at New Amsterdam [New York], a *stone building* was erected near the fort, and he complains of "the enormous libations" poured out upon the occasion of celebrating its completion; "no less," he says, "than eight ankers of brandy were consumed."* No doubt the whole garrison partook of the festivity. It is believed that the stone building recently taken down, and which stood at the corner south of the theatre in South-Pearl street, was the stone house alluded to by De la Montagnie. About ninety-six years ago, Albany was protected against sudden irruptions from the Indians, by the erection of *Palisades*,† (sometimes, though improperly, called *Stockades* or *Stockadoes*,) part of the remains of which were visible within the last thirty years. Barrack, now Chapel street, was the principal place for business. Here the Indians congregated with their furs, and here the Dutch attended "with their guilders, their blankets, brandy, powder and shot." Although we cannot vouch for the truth of Dr. Franklin's anecdote, that in those early days, a Dutchman's *hand*, placed in one scale against a quantity of fur in the other, was computed at *one pound*, and his *foot* at *two*, yet doubtless many frauds were practised upon the natives in their intercourse and trade with the Dutch. The government of the city was extremely rigid, and oftentimes cruel. It bore the character more of a *military* despotism, than that of an internal or *civil* police—heavy penalties were imposed for the least infraction of the laws for regulating trade with the Indians, and many families consequently ruined. This severity drove some of the "traders" to the Schenectady flats, where they intercepted a considerable portion of the fur on its way to Albany, and which occasioned for many years the most bitter animosities between the inhabitants of the two places. The circulating medium, or currency, then principally in use, was *seawant*.‡

The amusements of the Dutch were chiefly sleigh-riding, *Pinxter* and *Paas* holidays and wedding festivities called "*Maughet de Bruyt*." To these may be added, strange as it may seem, *funeral festivities*. *Pinxter* was celebrated during the whitsuntide holydays, and usually continued three or four days, during which booths or tents were erected for furnishing refreshments, &c., and the dance called "the totaw," was a great favourite among the inhabitants. The dance was performed by *the Blacks* of both

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* *Kiddenhooghten*, or *Kidd's heights* or *hill*, received that name about the year 1701, and according to tradition, in memory of the pirate Kidd so celebrated "in song and story," who it was supposed concealed much of his ill-gotten treasure in its vicinity. It is however doubted whether Kidd ascended the Hudson river as far as Albany.

† According to Mr. Vander Kempt, the translator of our Dutch Records, they were called "*stien-gestucken*," or stone pieces, because they were loaded with *stone* instead of *iron ball*. They were formed of large and strong iron bars, longitudinally laid, and bound with iron hoops, and were of immense caliber

* An *anker* contains 16 gallons. At this period, gin is not named as being in use; nor until the year 1652, does it appear to have been introduced here among the Dutch.

† These *palisades* consisted of large pieces of timber in close contact with each other, driven endwise into the ground, and *gates* or openings were made at suitable intervals, which were closed at night. One was called "The North Gate," and that name, till recently, was applied to that part of our city now called "the fifth ward." These palisades surrounded but a small part of the city.

‡ *Seawant* was formed of the oyster or clam-shell, and was either of a blue or purple colour, or white. The former was the most valuable, being usually worth five times more than the white.

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sexes, and somewhat resembled the *Spanish Fandango*. This holyday has fallen into disuse within only the last fifteen or twenty years, but many of the inhabitants still remember our celebrated "King Charles," who, with his red uniform, black, shining face, tall figure, and commanding attitude, made this his *gala-day*, and attracted universal attention. *Paas*, or the Easter holydays, was celebrated by the breaking, or (as the Dutch phrase was) "butsing" of eggs, boiled and coloured in a decoction of logwood; and "*Maughet de bruyt, ghoe cookies oawt*,"* was the clamorous and reiterated cry of an assemblage of men and boys in the evening, about the door of the house where a wedding had been solemnized, and wo betide the windows, if the happy bridegroom did not cause cakes and apples to be distributed in great abundance among the crowd. The *funeral ceremonies* were very expensive, and usually attended by hundreds. Spiced wines, and "doode cook," (or *dead-cake*) were plentifully used, and pipes and tobacco were added to these refreshments, till clouds of smoke involved the whole company in almost Cimmerian darkness.

Although the Dutch of Beaverwyck had been proverbially charged with an inordinate love of gain, yet their records demonstrate that they were not indifferent to the more important matters of religion.

Attached from education and principle to the doctrines and faith of the *Reformed* church, and firmly believing in the unerring wisdom of the Synod of Dort, and, that, next to the Bible, that Synod had established doctrines, entitled to unqualified veneration and obedience, they held in abhorrence all who entertained different opinions from them. That they should possess this feeling most intensely against the Roman Catholicks was not indeed wonderful.

The wars between Holland and Spain were yet fresh in their recollection, and the cruelties and oppressions which their ancestors had experienced in those contests, rankled in their bosoms, and made them cling the closer to the religion of their fathers. But at that early period there were none, or but few Roman Catholicks in the Colony, against whom they could direct their resentments. Yet, of Jews, Quakers, and Lutherans, (and they were all considered by the Dutch as *Dissenters, or rather hereticks*,) there was a considerable number, particularly in New Amsterdam, [New York] for we find that as early as January, 1656, the Jews were forbidden, under severe penalties, from "trading" at Beaverwyck. In 1658, the governour and council by another edict declared that "*for the honour of God*," the Reverend Johannis Erasmus Gottewater, a *Lutheran* minister, *should leave the Colony*. In the same year, likewise, a cruel and absurd prosecution was carried on against the *Quakers* on Long Island, where some of the families and connexions of the Townsends, and others had "abetted and harboured" a number of "*that abominable sect*," (for so they were named in the proceedings of the governour and council.) Several of them were imprisoned and banished, and a few of them having appeared before the governour "with their heads covered," the sheriff was ordered "to take them *immediately* to Communipaw where they came from." But these weak and wicked persecutions did not long continue. A stop was put to them as soon as the Dutch West India Company in Holland were apprized of these proceedings, and the Jews, Quakers and Lutherans enjoyed for a season repose from their persecutors. Nay, so liberal and enlightened had the governour and council become, from the merited rebuke given them by the Dutch West India Company, that even the *Jews*, the most odious of all these sects, were admitted to the rights of "*small citizenship*."* Ministers of the Reformed religion were regularly sent from Holland to the Colony. In April, 1657, the Rev. Gideon Schaats set sail from Amsterdam for this colony, and about the same period the Dutch West India Company wrote a letter, stating that they would soon send a *bell* and a *pulpit* "for the inhabitants of Fort Orange, and of the village of Beaverwyck,† for their newly constructed *little* church." This church stood on the site of the old Dutch church near the foot of State street. In this "little church, divine service continued till the larger one was built and enclosed it, and this larger church was demolished some years since. It was a venerable pile of bygone days, and the march of improvement has seldom overturned a nobler structure. Not a few of our Dutch inhabitants mourned over its destruction as for a lost child, and some of the painted or burnt glass of its Gothick windows, with other relicks of its existence, are still preserved and cherished by many of our Dutch families with religious affection and veneration.

The government of Beaverwyck was in the hands of three or more "commissaries," appointed by the governour and council, and they held their offices usually for one year. Their powers and duties are not so easily defined. They acted as a *court of justice* with very ample and discretionary powers, both civil and criminal, subject to an appeal to the governour and council. They also exercised *legislative powers* over the village, similar in some degree to the powers now exercised in this state by *trustees of villages*, or by *corporations of cities*. It is difficult to determine the limits of their powers beyond what has been mentioned, unless we should add that whatever seemed "good in their eyes," they were allowed to do, or cause to be done, and when difficulties or opposition occurred in the execution of their edicts, they had only to call on the garrison of Fort Orange to enforce them. One thing is certain, these commissaries were authorized, or did at least undertake to give or refuse permission *to any one* they thought proper to *build* houses, carry on trade, *buy* or *sell*, to make or establish manufactories, stores, shops, taverns, "beer-houses," &c. In short, their power appears to have been despotick and unlimited. The fines, forfeitures, duties, and taxes, which were imposed in Beaverwyck, were very heavy. In the month of June, 1647, Jan La

* We have not at present a Dutch dictionary at hand, to give a translation of these words. We believe they signify, "Happy bride, throw out cakes."

* Rather "*Lesser or inferiour citizenship*," which conferred the right of holding and transferring property, but not of trading without special license. "*Great citizenship*" conferred every political and civil right.

† *Beaverwyck* (one of the names of the city of Albany under the Dutch) is synonymous with *Beaver-town* or borough. "Wyck" is equivalent to the English word *burgh* or *borough*, as Peterborough, Williamsburgh, &c., or, as the Dutch have it, *Willwyck*, *Beaverwyck*, &c.

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Battie, who probably, judging from his name, was a Frenchman, (for many of the Huguenots had sought an asylum here,) applied for permission "to *build* a brewery" in this city, and it was granted him "on his paying yearly *six* beavers." Now this could not have been less than a duty of from sixty to eighty dollars, and perhaps one hundred dollars by the year! The revenues arising from the sale of beer in this city were enormous, considering the paucity of its inhabitants. The duties were usually *farmed out*, or sold at auction, and during this year and for several years afterward the duties on beer in Beaverwyck exceeded eight hundred dollars—a pretty strong evidence that the Dutch were, as Mr. Vanderkemp called them, "*famous* beer-drinkers." It cannot be clearly ascertained whether this beverage was extracted from *barley* or *wheat*, but we incline to think it was the latter, as but little barley was then cultivated in the Colony. The laws against *Sabbath-breaking* imposed very heavy fines on offenders, and many cases are on record in which the mulcted culprits prayed in vain for mercy. Still, there was a kind of relaxation indulged which must somewhat move our risible muscles. Thus one regulation declared "that no beer should be bought, drank, or sold on Sunday, *after the bell had tolled for church*," impliedly allowing it *before*. But of all the objects to which the Dutch extended their protecting and jealous care, that of the *fur-trade* with the Indians claimed the greatest, and was almost the all-absorbing subject of their edicts and proclamations. The Indians, as has been stated, usually obtained blankets, gun powder, guns, ball, &c., in exchange for their furs, and consequently the Dutch West India Company attempted to *monopolize* the entire trade in blankets, powder, &c. Any invasion of this right was severely punished. By an ordinance or law passed in the year 1639, it was declared that "if any one without previous license should sell any gun-powder, &c. to the Indians, he should suffer *death*, and the *informer* under this law was entitled to a reward of fifty guilders."* The laws of Draco have scarce a parallel to this, nor, can it be justified on the ground that the Colony would otherwise have been in danger from Indians having *arms and munitions of war in their hands*, and that, therefore, great caution and severity were absolutely necessary for their safety. No, the Indians on the *west bank* of the Hudson were *friendly and pacifick*, and the Dutch in Beaverwyck traded with none other. The law, whatever might have been the pretext, was clearly dictated by the love of gain—the spirit of monopoly. Of the same character, and to prevent strangers from travelling in the interiour without the knowledge of the magistrates, was a regulation or "placard" adopted in 1653, and with some modifications continued for several years after. This "*placard*" (which *word*, according to Dr. Johnson, is derived from the Dutch and French, and signifies "edict, declaration, manifesto,") is so remarkable, that we think a part of it should be given in its very terms. It is in these words, "all persons are hereby notified that henceforth until further orders, *on every Monday*, *two* yachts or barges *may* start from here [New York] to Fort Orange, *with privilege* to take together, or one by one, *not more than six passengers* who shall receive due certificates for the purpose, and the skippers and passengers may pursue their journey *having such passports*, and which shall be given them by the honourable Arent Van Hattem and Willem Beekman, at the office of Jan de Yonge on *Saturday* morning, at eight o'clock, *precisely*." It bears date New Amsterdam, August 7, 1653, and is signed "Arent Van Hattem, P. L. Vandergrist, Willem Beekman, Johannis Willem Van Bruggen." Genius of Clinton and of Fulton! what would ye say if you could have beheld this puny attempt of our *Mynheers* not more than one hundred and eighty years since, to stop the progress of navigation, the march of human intellect, the development of our moral and physical energies, and the increase of our trade, commerce, and manufactures! And could Governour Stuyvesant and his contemporaries now arise and witness the great improvements of the present age in all these and many other respects, would not their *tobacco-pipes* drop from their lips, and would they not like Rip Van Winkle be astounded at the *wonderful changes* which they beheld! But raillery apart, our good burghers of Beaverwyck were not disposed tamely to submit to this infringement of their privileges. On receiving the first intelligence of this edict, they seized and dismantled the vessel which brought it, and attempted to *Lynch* (to use a *modern* phrase) the commander of it, but who fortunately escaped the severe drubbing intended for him. The commissaries of Beaverwyck were alarmed, the soldiers from the fort were called to their aid, and after a smart skirmish order was restored, the vessel recaptured and sent back to New York. Governour Stuyvesant summoned his council and declared that "if ever the Beaverwyckers should repeat this offence, he would put them out of his protection, and they should never have another *dominie* [minister], *sloop* or *soldier* from him." (To be deprived of the *last* would have been no great matter of regret to the Beaverwyckers.)

Fort Orange at this time was in a tolerable state of repair. The garrison consisted of forty soldiers, and occasionally was increased to sixty or even one hundred, as Stuyvesant thought the exigences of the times required.

According to the records, "an elegant large house with a balustrade," had been built by Dirck Cornelise of Wesel, within the precincts of the fort, and also, "eight small dwelling-houses for the people of the fort." But one can hardly refrain from smiling, when he reads the complaint made in the year 1639, by the commander of the fort to Governour Stuyvesant, stating, "that the fort was in a miserable state of decay, *and that the hogs had destroyed a part of it*." The proceedings of our Dutch courts at Beaverwyck even in *civil suits*, evince more of the spirit of litigation than is compatible with the morals of an enlightened people, and those in *criminal cases* and for *violations of ordinances*, furnish the same melancholy evidence. The *fines* imposed were generally distributed in the sentence, in this way, "one third to the church, one third to the publick,

* Mr. Vanderkemp, our Dutch translator, estimates *a guilder* at three shillings and four pence currency, or forty-one cents six mills and six tenths of a mill. The author of these reminiscences entertains some doubt of the accuracy of this computation, or he suspects there were *two* different kinds of guilders. Our Dutch inhabitants called an "eighteen penny piece," [or pistareen] "drie guilders," or *three guilders*, which would make the guilder equivalent to only six pence currency.

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and one third to the attorney-general." No doubt the office of attorney-general was very profitable and eagerly sought after. *Taxes* were imposed on *cattle* called *koorn gelt*, and on land, called *morgan tal*;* besides there were other taxes on property which produced a handsome revenue to the city. Heavy duties were also laid on *tobacco*, of which large quantities were raised for exportation on Manhattan island, and of a quality, according to the letters from the Dutch West India Company, "equal, if not superiour, to the best Virginia." *Goats* were likewise taxed, animals that were in great abundance in the colony. Yet, under all these exactions and taxes, the colony flourished and increased in population and resources, owing, no doubt among other causes, to the extravagant profits derived from the fur-trade."

Am. Journal.

A VIEW OF PORTLAND.

This very pleasant and flourishing city, the commercial metropolis, and for twelve years the capital of Maine, is situated in latitude 43° 40'. It is about 110 miles north by east from Boston, and 55 from Portsmouth, N. H. Its population in 1830 was 12,600. It is now estimated to be between 15,000 and 16,000. It is an ancient settlement; and was first called Casco, after the name of the bay, at the entrance of which it is situated. It was early incorporated by the name of Falmouth, which it retained till 1786, when it received that of Portland. The water almost surrounds the city, making it a peninsula, not very unlike the site of Boston. There are two long toll bridges leading to the city; one from the southwest, and the other from northeast; the entrance from the country west and northwest is nearly midway between the two bridges. The land rises gradually from the harbour at the southeast, and from the bay or large cove on the northwest. The town is well laid out, and is built in a convenient and elegant style. Few towns in the country appear so pleasant to the eye of the traveller. There are now sixteen religious Societies and places of worship, and several banking institutions. The harbour is large and safe, and is very seldom frozen over below Portland. On Cape Elizabeth, which is the southeast bound of the harbour, there is a stone lighthouse seventy feet high. The town is defended by forts Preble and Scammel, on opposite sides of the ship channel, about a mile from the lighthouse. The islands around the harbour are quite numerous and beautiful, and serve to protect it against the violence of the storms. The shipping of Portland is about 43,000 tuns; 210 schooners, 100 brigs, 25 ships, 33 sloops, &c. And there is a very laudable spirit of enterprise in the citizens. With their wealth they appear disposed to improve the city by literary institutions and abundant means of education. There is an Atheneum, with a library of 3000. There is one publick High School, in addition to several common schools; and there is an Academy, two High Schools for females, and several others, supported at private expense. The prosperity of the place has been aided by the stated and frequent running of steamboats to and from Boston, and Bangor, a flourishing town on the Penobscot. The boats run between Portland and Boston in about ten hours, a distance of thirty-three leagues. A survey has been lately made, with a view to a railroad from Portland to Quebec. But it is probable the route will be from Belfast or Bangor, as the distance is less than from Portland.

FORMATION OF HAIL.

Professor Stevelley, at the fourth meeting of the British Association, read a paper on meteorological phenomena, in which he attempted to account for the formation of hail, by supposing that it must be formed when, after the fall of some rain, a sudden and extensive vacuum being caused, the quanity of calorick extracted was so large as to cause the rest of the drops to freeze into ice-balls as they formed. This principle, he said, had been strangely overlooked, although, since the days of Sir John Leslie, every person was familiar with experiments on a small scale illustrative of it. He also said that the interesting mine of Chemnit, in Hungary, afforded an experimental exhibition of the formation of hail on a magnificent scale. In that mine the drainage of water is raised by an engine in which common air is violently compressed in a large cast-iron vessel. While the air is in a state of high compression, a workman desires a visiter to hold his hat before a cock which he turns; the compressed air, as it rushes out over the surface of the water within, brings out some with it, which is frozen into ice-balls by the cold generated by the air as it expands; and these shoot through the hat, to the no small annoyance of one party, but to the infinite amusement of the other.

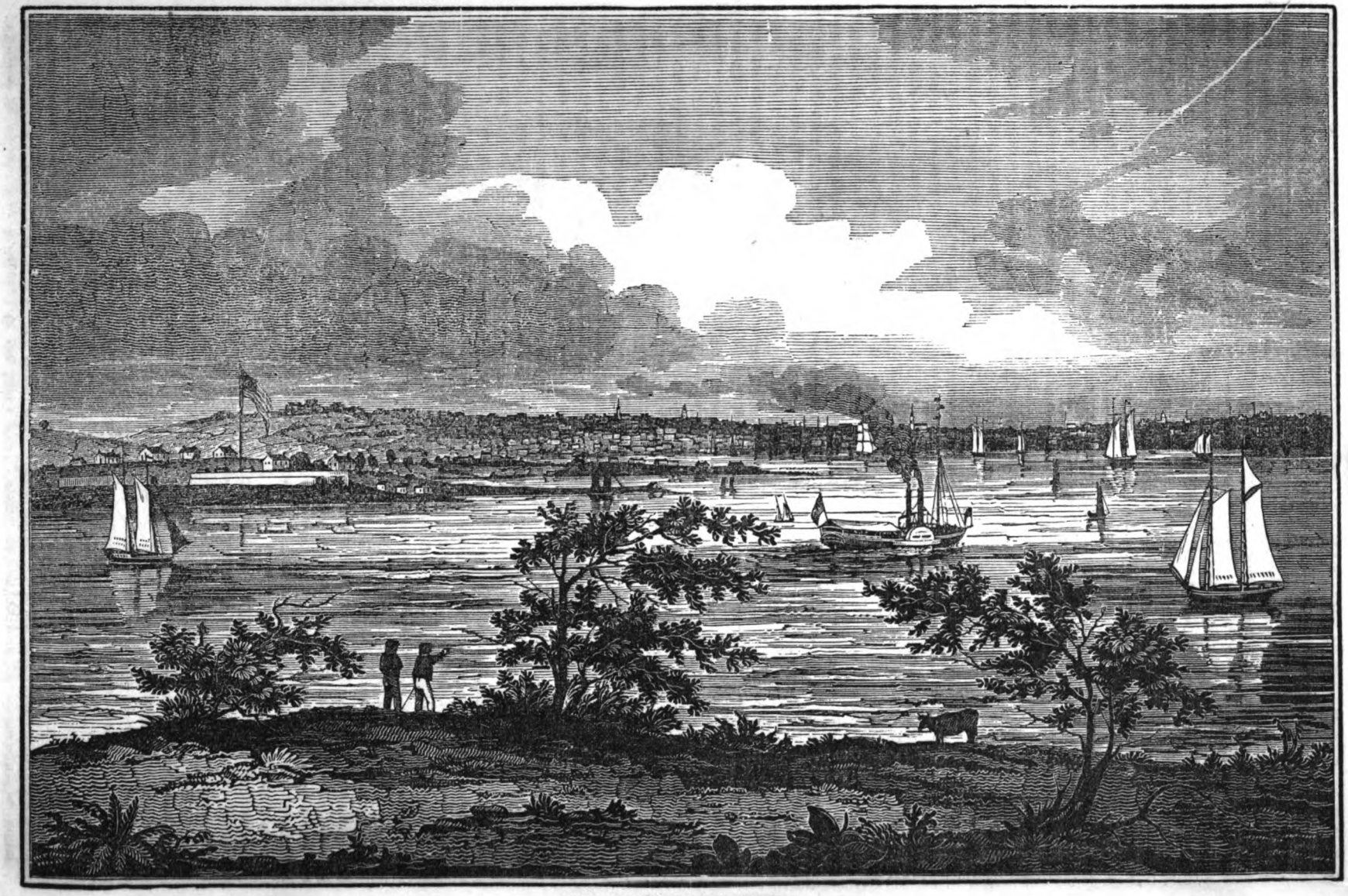
LOSS OF LIFE BY WAR.

It is estimated that *thirty thousand millions of human beings* have perished to satisfy the insatiable maw of war. Among the most disastrous of battles upon record, and the numbers slain, are—Austerlitz, 20,000: Dresden, 30,000; Waterloo, 40,000; Eylau, 50,000; Borodina, 80,000; Isus, 110,000; Arbela, 300,000; in two of the battles of Cesar, 700,000; in the siege of Jerusalem more than a million, and at the taking of Troy, more than two millions. The New York Observer says that in the Russian campaign there perished in six months, more than half a million; during twelve years of the recent wars in Europe, no less than 5,800,000! The army of Xerxes, probably more than 5,000,000 was reduced in less than two years to a few thousand. Jenghis Khan butchered in the single district of Herat 1,600,000, and in two cities with their dependencies, 1,760,000; and the Chinese historians assure us that during the last twenty-six years of his reign he massacred an average of half a million every year, and in the first fourteen years, no less than eighteen millions! 31,500,000 in forty-one years by a single hand! Grecian wars sacrificed 15,000,000; those of the twelve Cesars, 30,000,000; those of the Crusades, 40,000,000; those of the Saracens and the Turks, 60,000,000 each; those of the Tartars, 80,000,000!

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VIEW OF PORTLAND, MAINE.

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BOSTON, IN 1776.



OUR illustration represents the town of Boston, in 1776; it is copied from an English engraving published in that year, and is believed to be authentick. The view is taken from some point on the road leading from Roxbury to Dorchester.

Boston, was the headquarters of rebellion, at the breaking out of the revolution. In her streets were made the first fierce and desperate struggles for liberty; in her legislative halls, the first bold and manly opposition to the encroachments of the mother country.

Some of the events of that dark and gloomy period, are represented in two of the engravings accompanying this article; *the Boston Massacre*, and the *Destruction of the Tea*. We extract from Snow's History of Boston, the following account of those transactions, and the circumstances which led to them:—

"In January, 1770, the merchants renewed their agreement not to import British goods. They held several meetings in Faneuil-Hall, and appointed committees of inspection, who should examine into the truth of reports, concerning the unfaithfulness of some who had signed the articles. The names of several were reported, and ordered to be published. Lieut. Gov. Hutchinson sent a message to one of these meetings, by the sheriff, (whose name was Stephen Greenleaf,) 'enjoining and requiring them without delay to separate and disperse, and to forbear all such unlawful assemblies for the future.' After a calm consideration of the message, it was unanimously voted to proceed: and a written answer was sent to his honour, signifying their opinion that the meeting was warranted by law.

"Theophilus Lillie, who kept a shop near the New Brick meetinghouse, was one of those denounced as *Importers*. On the 22d of February, some persons erected near Lillie's, a large wooden head, fixed on a pole, on which the faces of several importers were carved. One Ebenezer Richardson living in the neighbourhood, (who had acquired the appellation of *Informer*,) endeavoured to persuade some teamsters from the country, to run the post down with their carts; but they understanding the nature of the pageantry, would have nothing to do with it Richardson foolishly persisted, and seized the bridle of the horses, but failed of his intent to guide the team against the post. On this, the boys set up a shout, which being resented by Richardson, they pelted him with dirt till they drove him into his own house. The noise gathered a considerable number of people. Hard words passed between Richardson and some of the multitude; stones were thrown on both sides, till at length Richardson discharged a musket at random from his door, and another from his window. One young man was severely injured, and a boy, Christopher Snider, about eleven years of age, received a mortal wound in his breast. Upon this the bells were set to ringing, and a vast concourse of people drawn together. Richardson, and one Wilmot, a seaman, who had taken his part in the affray, were secured and carried to Faneuil-Hall, where they underwent an examination and were committed for trial.

"The boy died in the course of the evening, and was removed to his parents' house in Frog-lane (Boylston-st.) All the friends of liberty were invited to attend the funeral 'of this little hero and *first martyr* to the noble cause.' This innocent lad was announced as 'the first whose life had been a victim to the cruelty and rage of oppressors. Young as he was, he died in his country's cause, by the hand of one, directed by others, who could not bear to see the enemies of America made the ridicule of boys.' On Monday, the 26th, his funeral took place. The little corpse was set down under the Tree of Liberty, from which the procession began. The coffin bore inscriptions appropriate to the times; on the foot '*Latet anguis in herba*:' on each side, '*Haeret lateri lethalis arundo*:' and on the head, '*Innocentia* NUSQUAM *tuta*.' Four or five hundred school boys, in couples, preceded the corpse; six of the lad's playfellows supported the pall; the relatives followed, and after them a train of thirteen hundred inhabitants on foot, and thirty chariots and chaises closed the procession.

"A more imposing spectacle than this could hardly have been contrived, or one better adapted to produce a lasting impression on the hearts of the beholders: but it was only the prelude to a scene of far greater horrour. The morning papers of Monday, the fifth of March, which told of this transaction, gave also several accounts of quarrels between the soldiers and different individuals belonging to

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the town. The officers were apprehensive of difficulties, and were particularly active in their endeavours to get all their men into their barracks before night *Murray's Barracks*, so called, where the 14th regiment was principally quartered, were in Brattle-street, in the buildings directly opposite the little alley, which leads from the bottom of Market-street. The twenty-ninth regiment was quartered in Water-street and in Atkinson-street. As a measure of precaution, there was a sentinel stationed in the alley beforementioned, (then called Boylston's alley,) and this very circumstance led to the quarrel which terminated in the *Boston Massacre*. Three or four young men, who were disposed to go through the alley, about nine o'clock, observed the sentinel brandishing his sword against the walls and striking fire for his own amusement. They offered to pass him and were challenged, but persisted in their attempt, and one of them received a slight wound on his head. The bustle of this rencontre drew together all those who were passing by, and fifteen or twenty persons thronged the alley, and thirty or forty more, gathered in Dock-square, were attempting to force their way to the barracks through Brattle-street, (which was at that time so narrow that a carriage could with difficulty pass.) Being foiled in this attempt, the party, which was continually increased by accessions, gathered in Dock-square round a tall man with a red cloak and white wig, to whom they listened with close attention two or three minutes, and then gave three cheers and huzzaed for the main guard.

"The main guard was regularly stationed near the head of State-street, directly opposite the door on the south side of the Townhouse. To this place all the soldiers detached for guard duty were daily brought, and from thence marched to the particular posts assigned them. On this day the command of the guard had devolved on Capt. Thomas Preston, and Lt. Basset under him.

As the party dispersed from Dock-square, some ran up Cornhill, others up Wilson's lane, Royal Exchange lane (now Exchange-street.) These last found a single sentinel stationed before the door of the Customhouse, which was the building now occupied by the Union Bank, and then made one corner of that lane, as the Royal Exchange tavern did the other. As the sentinel was approached, he retreated to the steps of the house, and alarmed the inmates by three or four powerful knocks at the door. Word was sent to Lt. Basset that the sentinel was attacked by the town's people. He immediately sent a message to his captain, who instantly repaired to the guardhouse, where Lt. Basset informed him that he had just sent a sergeant and six men to assist the sentry at the Customhouse. 'Well,' said the captain, 'I will follow them and see they do no mischief.' He overtook them before they reached the Customhouse, where they joined the sentinel and formed a half circle round the steps.

"By this time the bells were set to ringing, and people flocked from all quarters, supposing there was fire. The soldiers were soon surrounded; many of those nearest to them were armed with clubs and crowded close upon them; those at a distance began to throw sticks of wood and snow-balls and pieces of ice at them, while from all sides they were challenged to '*Fire, fire if you dare!*' At last they thought they heard the order given, and they did fire in succession from right to left. Two or three of the guns flashed, but the rest were fatal. Crispus Attucks, Samuel Gray, and James Caldwell were killed on the spot, Samuel Maverick and Patrick Carr received mortal wounds, of which the former died the next morning, and Carr on the Wednesday of the next week. Several other persons were more or less injured: the greater part, persons passing by chance, or quiet spectators of the scene. The people instantly retreated, leaving the three unhappy men on the ground. All this transpired within twenty minutes from the time of Capt. Preston's joining the guard.

"'On the people's assembling again,' says Capt Preston, 'to take away the dead bodies, the soldiers supposing them coming to attack them, were making ready to fire again—which I prevented by striking up their firelocks with my hand. Immediately after, a townsman came and told me that four or five thousand people were assembled in the next street, and had sworn to take my life with every man's with me; on which I judged it unsafe to remain there any longer, and therefore sent the party and sentry to the *main guard*, where the street is narrow and short, then telling them off into street firings, divided and planted them at each end of the street to secure their rear, expecting an attack, as there was a constant cry of the inhabitants, 'To arms, to arms, turn out with your guns,' and the town drums beating to arms. I ordered my drum to beat to arms, and being soon after joined by the several companies of the 29th regiment, I formed them as the guard, into street firings. The 14th regiment also got under arms, but remained at their barracks. I immediately sent a sergeant with a party to Col. Dalrymple, the commanding officer, to acquaint him with every particular. Several officers going to join their regiment, were knocked down by the mob, one very much wounded and his sword taken from him. The Lt. Gov. and Col. Carr soon after met at the head of the 29th regiment, and agreed that the regt. should retire to their barracks, and the people to their houses: but I kept the piquet to strengthen the guard. It was with great difficulty that the Lieut. Gov. prevailed on the people to be quiet and retire: at last they all went off except about a hundred.' This hundred was composed of some of the most distinguished inhabitants, who volunteered to form a citizen's guard.

"A justice's court was forthwith held, and Capt. Preston surrendered himself, and was committed to to prison at three, next morning: the eight soldiers were also committed early in the forenoon.

"At eleven o'clock a town meeting was held. Various persons related to the assembly, what they had witnessed of the events of the preceding day. A committee of fifteen was appointed to wait on the Lt. Governour and Col. Dalrymple, and express to them the sentiment of the town, that it was impossible for the soldiers and inhabitants to live in safety together, and their fervent prayer for the immediate removal of the former. The answer received to the application was not such as was wished; and in the afternoon, seven of the first committee (viz. John Hancock, Samuel Adams, Wm. Molineux, Wm. Phillips, Jos. Warren, Joshua Henshaw, and Samuel Pemberton) were again deputed with the following message: "It is the unanimous opinion of this meet-

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Boston Massacre, 1770.

ing, that the reply made to a vote of the inhabitants presented his honour, this morning, is by no means satisfactory; and that nothing less will satisfy them, than a total and immediate removal of the troops.' Samuel Adams acted as 'chairman of this delegation, and discharged its duties with an ability commensurate to the occasion. Col. Dalrymple was by the side of Hutchinson, who at the head of the council received them. He at first denied that he had power to grant the request. Adams plainly, in few words, proved to him that he had the power by the charter. Hutchinson then consulted with Dalrymple in a whisper, the result of which was, a repetition of the offer to remove one of the regiments, the fourteenth, which had had no part in the massacre. At that critical moment Adams showed the most admirable presence of mind. Seeming not to represent, but to personify, the universal feeling, he stretched forth his arm, as if it were upheld by the strength of thousands, and with unhesitating promptness and dignified firmness replied, "*If the Lieutenant-Governour, or Colonel Dalrymple, or both together, have authority to remove one regiment, they have authority to remove two; and nothing short of the total evacuation of the town, by all the regular troops, will satisfy the publick mind, or preserve the peace of the province.*" The officers, civil and military, were in reality abashed, before this plain committee of a democratick assembly. They knew the imminent danger that impended: the very air was filled with the breathings of compressed indignation. They shrunk, fortunately shrunk, from all the arrogance which they had hitherto maintained. Their reliance on a standing army faltered before the undaunted, irresistible resolution of free unarmed citizens.

Hutchinson consulted the council, and they gave

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him their unqualified advice, that the troops should be sent out of the town. The commanding officer then pledged his word of honour, that the demand of the town should be complied with, as soon as practicable; and both regiments were removed to the Castle in less than fourteen days.

"The funeral solemnities, which took place on Thursday, the 8th, brought together the greatest concourse, that probably had ever assembled in America on one occasion. Attucks, who was a friendless mulatto, and Caldwell, who also was a stranger, were borne from Faneuil-Hall; Maverick, who was about seventeen years old, from his mother's house in Union-street, and Gray from his brother's in Royal Exchange lane. The four hearses formed a junction in King-street, and thence the procession marched in columns of six deep through the main street to the middle burial ground where the four victims were deposited in one grave.

"The trial of Richardson and Wilmot for the murder of Snider came on in April. Wilmot was cleared, but Richardson was brought in guilty of murder. The Lieut. Gov. considered it so clear a case of justifiable manslaughter, that he refused to sign the warrant for his execution, and after two years' confinement he was ultimately pardoned by the king."

DESTRUCTION OF THE TEA.

"Mr. Hutchinson had received a commission promoting him to the office of governour on the 8th of March, 1771, and been proclaimed in customary form on the fifteenth. On the third of April, he met the General Court at Cambridge. As soon as they had opportunity, they appointed a committee to present him a verbal message requesting him to 'remove the court to its ancient and legal seat, the town of Boston.' This he declined to do, while the House denied the king's right to order the court to be held where he thought proper. A controversy was maintained for a long time on this subject, which served to make the governour an object of publick odium. This was not decreased by his proclamation for aid and assistance to a recruiting party, which arrived here on the twenty-ninth of April to enlist for His Majesty's service. People could not misunderstand this movement, or consider it in any other light than that of a pretext for keeping a guard in the town, to be in readiness to protect the crown officers. And they found it employed for that purpose, on occasion of a ball at Concert-hall, given by Mrs. Gambier, wife of the commandre of the naval forces on this station, on the king's birth-day, (June 4,) which was attended by the governour and other friends to government.

"The General Court, which was obliged again to assemble at Cambridge, found other causes of complaint. It had been decided in England that the governour's salary should be paid by the crown, and thus he was made independent of the people. The alarm which this step occasioned was very extensive, and the indignation expressed against it was couched in no equivocal terms. The language of the whigs became every day more high-toned: '*We know*,' say the H. of R. on one occasion, '*we know of no commissioners of His Majesty's customs, nor of any revenue His Majesty has a right to establish in North America.*' Heretofore the complaint had been against the ministry and parliament; we find it here against the king himself. But this increased determination in favour of liberty produced no popular tumult: Boston remained as quiet throughout the year, as it had ever been before the arrival of the troops, and entirely free from those petty broils, which the soldiers were always creating. The greatest agitation was occasioned by an abortive attempt to procure an endictment against Mr. Isaiah Thomas, for an article which appeared in his Massachusetts Spy, November fourteenth, signed *Mucius Scævola*, which was said to be the most daring production ever published in America. The Spy had been established about a year in Boston, and had taken a very decided stand in favour of liberty, in a style calculated to engage the middling class of society.

"Early in 1772, a prominent writer made the declaration, 'the dispute between the kingdom and colonies has ceased every where except in this province—We are left in the lurch—every other colony has made its peace.' On this ground he exhorted the inhabitants to lay aside their animosities, and submit like dutiful children to parental authority. Governour H. intimated the same in his messages to the General Court. This drew from the partisans on the other side, rejoinders equally positive of the contrary. 'They, (the colonies) will soon put in practice their *meditated plan* of the United Provinces, and form an independent commonwealth. That the colonies will in some future time be an independent state is morally certain—it is very near—'tis not probable that it is at the distance of fifteen years.' Again, in May, on a rumour that war was to be expected between England and some European power, the people are exhorted to establish a correspondence between the several colonies, and unitedly refuse supplies, unless a redress of grievances can be obtained.

"Such a war did not take place, but the people of Boston found an opportunity for commencing a union on a smaller scale, which probably led to the general union of all the colonies. People had remonstrated firmly against the governour's receiving his salary from the crown, but they were answered only by the further indignity of putting the judges on the same footing. As soon as the news of this design reached Boston, a petition was circulated to procure a town meeting, to consult on the measures required at this critical juncture. Several meetings were held, and continued by adjournments to Nov. second, when, after ineffectual application to the governour for information on this important [illegible] and having obtained from him a refusal to call together the General Court, the following proceedings took place:—

"'*Nov.* 1772. *Proceedings of Town Meeting.*

"'*It was then moved by Mr. Samuel Adams, that a committee of Correspondence be appointed, to consist of twenty-one persons—to state the Right of these Colonists, and of this Province in particular, as men, as Christians, and as subjects: to communicate and publish the same to the several towns in this province and to the world, as the sense of this town, with the infringements and violations thereof, that have been, or from time to time may be made. Also requesting*

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of each town a free communication of their sentiments on this subject; and the question being accordingly put, passed in the affirmative, nem. con.

"'*Also voted, that James Otis, S. Adams, Joseph Warren, Dr. B. Church, Wm. Dennie, Wm Greenleaf, Jos. Greenleaf, Thomas Young, Wm. Powel, Nath. Appleton, Oliver Wendell, John Sweetser, Josiah Quincy, jr. John Bradford, Richard Boynton, Wm. Mackay, Nath. Barber, Caleb Davis, Alex. Hill, Wm. Molineux, and Robert Pierpont, be and hereby are appointed a Committee for the purpose aforesaid, and that they be desired to report to the town as soon as may be.*'

"The committee reported on the nineteenth of November an elaborate declaration of rights, and a lucid statement of the violations of them, of which the town ordered six hundred copies to be printed and distributed, together with a circular letter to every town in the province. These town meetings were rather thinly attended, and the tories improved that circumstance to represent the whole in a ludicrous light. But their smiles were changed to sadness when they found that almost every town adopted the measures proposed by Boston; and the Governour considered it so serious a subject as to be worthy of mention to the general court in his message, Jan. sixth, 1773. His condemnation of the towns drew from the representatives a justification, inwhich they emboldened to say to him, 'Notwithstanding all the terrours which Your Ex. has depicted to us as the effects of a *total independence*, there is more reason to dread the consequences of absolute, uncontrolled power, whether of a nation or a monarch, than those of a total independence.'

"Following up the plan of union, the town, in their instructions to their representatives, chosen in May, thus express their approbation of it:—

"'We recommend to your serious consideration, whether an application to the English colonies on this continent, correspondent to the plan proposed by our noble patriotick sister colony of Virginia, (which in our opinion is a wise and salutary proposal,) will not secure our threatened liberties, and restore that mutual harmony and confidence between the British nation and the English colonies, so important to both, especially the former, which, if rescinded from her connexion with this continent, must eventually fall a prey to her numerous aud jealous neighbours.'"

* * * * * * * *

"On the first of December, Capt. James Bruce, in the ship Eleanor, arrived with another portion of the tea. On the third, he was ordered to attend the next day, on a committee of the people in Faneuil-Hall, where he was commanded by Samuel Adams and Jonathan Williams, assembled with John Rowe, John Hancock, Wm. Phillips, and John Pitts, Esqrs. and a great number of others, not to land any of the said tea, but to proceed to Griffin's wharf, and there discharge the rest of his cargo. Capt. Hez. Coffin arrived in the brig Beaver, near the same time, and was ordered to pursue the same course.

"It being perceived, that Mr. Rotch rather lingered in his preparations to return the Dartmouth to London, and the twenty days being nearly expired, after which the collector might seize the ship and cargo, Mr. R. was summoned before the committee, and stated to them, that it would prove his entire ruin, if he should comply with the resolutions of the twenty-ninth and thirtieth of November, and therefore he should not do it. A meeting of the people was assembled at the Old South, on Tuesday, P. M. Dec. fourteenth, when Mr. R. appeared, and was enjoined forthwith to demand a clearance. It was ascertained, that one could not be obtained till the next day, and therefore the meeting was adjourned to Thursday at the same place.

"On Thursday, there was the fullest meeting ever known: two thousand men at least were present from the country. Samuel Phillips Savage, Esq. of Weston, was appointed moderator. Mr. Rotch reported that the collector would not give him a clearance. He was then ordered upon his peril to get his ship ready for sea *this day*, enter a protest *immediately* against the Customhouse, and proceed *directly* to the Governour, (then at Milton, seven miles distant,) and demand a pass for his ship to go by the Castle. An adjournment to three P. M. then took place. At three having met, they waited very patiently till five o'clock, when finding that Mr. Rotch did not return, they began to be very uneasy, called for a dissolution of the meeting, and finally obtained a vote for it. But the more judicious, fearing what would be the consequences, begged for a reconsideration of that vote, 'for this reason, that they ought to do every thing in their power to send the tea back, *according to their resolves*.' This touched the pride of the assembly, and they agreed to remain together one hour.

"This interval was improved by Josiah Quincy, jr. to apprize his fellow-citizens of the importance of this crisis, and direct their attention to the probable results of this controversy. He succeeded in holding them in attentive silence, till Mr. Rotch's return, at three quarters past five o'clock. The answer which he brought from the governour was, 'that. for the honour of the laws, and from duty towards the king, he could not grant the permit, until the vessel was regularly cleared.' A violent commotion immediately ensued. A person who was in the gallery, disguised after the manner of the Indians shouted at this juncture the cry of war: it was answered by about thirty persons, disguised in like manner, at the door. The meeting was dissolved in the twinkling of an eye. The multitude rushed to Griffiin's wharf. The disguised Indians went on board the ships laden with the tea. In less than two hours, two hundred and forty chests and one hundred half-chests were staved and emptied into the dock. The affair was conducted without any tumult: no damage was done to the vessels or to any other effects whatever.

"This was executed in the presence of several ships of war lying in the harbour, and almost under the guns of the Castle, where there was a large body of troops at the command of the commissioners. We are left to conjecture for the reasons why no opposition was made to this bold adventure. The names of the men, who dared to engage in it, have never been made publick. Three or four of them are yet living. They had the honour of a part in the act, which brought the king and parliament to a decision that America must be subdued by force of arms."

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BOSTON FROM DORCHESTER HEIGHTS.

The pretty peninsula of Dorchester Heights, which seems to throw its arm protectingly around the southern bay of Boston, was settled by a company of pilgrims, who came out to New England during the administration of Governour Winthrop, in Massachusetts. The party consisted of two Puritan clergymen, "with many godly families and people" from Devonshire and Somersetshire, who embarked in the "Mary John," in the spring of 1630. The historian states that they had some difficulty in the passage with the master of the vessel, Captain Squibb, "who, like a merciless man, put them and their goods ashore on Nantasket Point, notwithstanding his engagement was to bring them up Charles river." They obtained a boat, however, and, having laden her with goods, and manned her with able men, ("not more than ten, well armed, under Captain Southcot, a brave low-country soldier,") they followed the river for about ten miles. After landing their goods on a steep bank, they were alarmed by the information that there was encamped near them a body of three hundred savages. Fortunately they had been joined by an old planter, who knew enough of the Indian tongue and disposition to persuade the chiefs not to attack the party till morning. At daybreak, some of the savages made their appearance, but stood awhile at a distance. At last one of them held out a bass, and the pilgrims sent a man with a biscuit to exchange for it, and thus a friendly intercourse was established. Not liking the neighbourhood, however, they descended the river again, and an exploring party, having discovered some good pasture at Mattapau, (present Dorchester,) they settled there.

The neighbouring peninsula of Shawmut (now Boston) was destined to be the principal settlement, and Dorchester is at this day a rural suburb of the capital of New England. The fort which crowns its summit (from which this view is taken) is the scene of an important chapter in the history of the Revolution.

Boston had been occupied for some time by the British army under General Gage, who sailed for England in October, 1776, leaving General Howe in command. After the battle of Bunker's Hill, both armies remained quiet for several months; General Washington occupying both sides of the Charles river with about fourteen thousand men; and the English besieged in their quarters within the town, amusing themselves with private theatricals in Faneuiel Hall, varied occasionally with feats of horsemanship from a squadron of cavalry, who had turned the old South Church into a circus. As the cold became severe, the North "meetinghouse," an immense wooden building, was torn down and consumed for fuel, and the soldiers had made a holyday of felling a gigantick liberty-tree for the same purpose.

Washington became impatient of this inactive situation; and as soon as the ice in the bay and river became firm enough to allow the passage of troops, he called a council of war, and proposed an attack on Boston. The opinion against the measure was unanimous, and he reluctantly abandoned it. He soon after determined to take possession of Dorchester Heights, which command both harbour and town—a step which he knew must bring on a general action, during which he intended to cross over to Cambridge with a few chosen men, and force an entrance into the town. During the two or three preceding nights, he bombarded the town heavily from his camp to divert the attention of the garrison; and on the night of the fourth of March, a large detachment took possession of Dorchester Heights, and immediately commenced throwing up an intrenchment. The night was mild, but the ground was frozen almost impenetrably hard; and it was with excessive labour that a sufficient bulwark was presented by daylight, to cover them from the shot of the enemy.

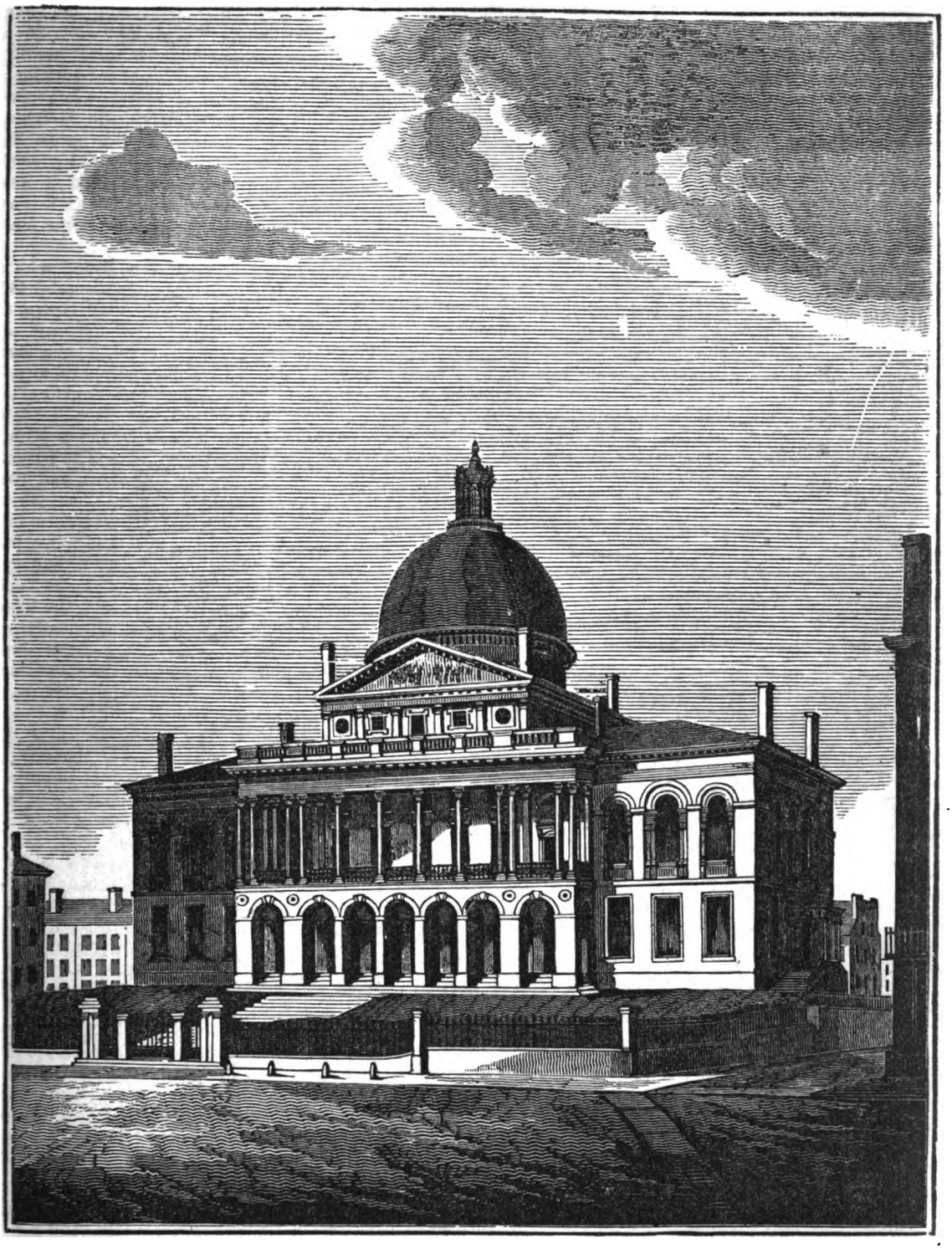
The morning broke—and a thin haze, which magnified the size of the works, overspread the landscape. The astonishment of General Howe, at discerning this phantom fortification looming up through the mist, upon heights which had been bare and desolate at sunset, was without bounds. The position was so commanding that the town could not be held unless the Americans were dislodged; but this seemed, from the advantages of the ground in favour of the Provincials, next to impossible. The British commander undertook it with great spirit, and two thousand troops were embarked on the same day to cross the harbour to the attack. The transports fell down to the Castle, a small island just below the town; but a tremendous storm suspended their operations. The next day a council of war was held, and it was thought advisable to evacuate the town immediately. The provincials went on completing their fortifications, undisturbed; and in a few days General Howe embarked with all his forces, accompanied by those Americans who adhered to the royal cause. The embarkation commenced at four in the morning of the 17th of March, and at ten in the forenoon General Washington entered the city at the head of his army. The English fleet sailed for Halifax. They were ten thousand strong, including the marines; and left stores to the value of 30,000*l.*, with several pieces of cannon, mortars, &c., &c.

The view of Boston from these heights is very commanding. The bay, with its fortified islands, stretches away to the right, beautiful from its shape and from the brightness of its water; the city, clustering upon its heights, rises in graceful lines to the pinnacled statehouse; and the country to the left is all that is lovely in cultivation, sprinkled here and there with gay and thrifty-looking villages. The calenture of speculation is just now at its height in America; and Dorchester, like other places, is laid out in lots, and busy with the builders of fancy cottages and hotels. If calculation has not overreached itself, the suburbs of Boston will soon sparkle with villas on every hillside within the horizon. Willis.

MEXICAN RESEARCHES.

A learned native of Mexico is engaged in deciphering the old Mexican characters, and has so far succeeded as to have discovered distinctive signs of verbs and substantives. A report is shortly expected, which will, no doubt, throw much light on subjects of important inquiry—subjects to which we, ourselves, have devoted much attention in order to arrive at conclusions relative to the remote population and history of the American continent.

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THE STATEHOUSE, AT BOSTON.

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VIEWS IN BOSTON

FANEUIL HALL AND ADJACENT BUILDINGS.

The accompanying engraving represents that ancient "cradle of liberty," immortal Faneuil Hall. The building was erected in 1742, at the sole expense of Peter Faneuil, Esq., and generously given to the town; the basement for a market, with a spacious and most beautiful hall, and other convenient rooms above, for the accommodation of the citizens on all publick occasions. The building was then one hundred feet by forty; and the hall capable of holding two thousand people, or more. This fine and convenient building was consumed by fire in 1761, excepting the brick walls: But the town voted to rebuild it immediately. Mr. Faneuil had then been dead several years. In 1805, it was enlarged by the addition of another story, and of forty feet to the width, thus making it eighty feet wide. There is a cupola on the building, from which is a fine view of the harbour of Boston. The hall is about eighty feet square, and twenty-eight feet in height; with galleries on three sides supported by dorick columns. At the west end, the wall is ornamented with a good full-length likeness of Peter Faneuil, of General Washington, Governour John Hancock, General Henry Knox, and others; and a bust of President John Adams. The lower part of the building is no longer used as a market; a large and elegant one having been erected by the city for that purpose in 1827. In the immediate vicinity, stands one of those old, antiquated "many-covered, gable-ended, top-heavy, old houses which constituted the compact centre of Boston in the days of the old English governors. It was long occupied by the late John K. Simpson, and is the only one of that venerable and picturesque heaps of triangles, which has not dropped beneath the merciless hand of improvement."

THE CAPITOL OF MASSACHUSETTS.

This elegant and spacious edifice, situated in Boston on elevated ground adjoining the Common, and near the centre of this ancient and flourishing city, was erected in 1795. The corner-stone was laid on the Fourth of July, by the venerable and patriotick Samuel Adams, then Chief Magistrate of Massachusetts, (assisted by Paul Revere, Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons.) He succeeded Gov. Hancock, who died in October, 1793.

The lot was purchased by the town of Boston of the heirs of Gov. Hancock, at four thousand dollars. The building was not finished and occupied by the Legislature till January 1798; when the members of the General Court walked in procession from the Old Statehouse at the head of State-Street, and the new edifice was dedicated by solemn prayer to Almighty God. The Old Statehouse, so called from the time of building the other, was long the place in which the General Court of the province of Massachusetts was holden. It has lately been well repaired, and is the place of the meetings of the city authorities and for publick offices.

The corner-stone of the present capitol was brought to the spot by fifteen white horses, at that time the number of States in the Union. The building is seen at a great distance in all directions, and is the principal object visible when the city is first seen by those who visit it. The form is oblong, being one hundred and seventy-three feet in front, and sixty-one feet deep. The height of the building, including the dome is one hundred and ten feet; and the foundation is about that height above the level of the water of the bay. "It consists externally of a basement story, twenty feet high, and a principal story, thirty feet high. This, in the centre of the front, is covered with an *attick* sixty feet wide, and twenty feet high, which is covered with a pediment. Immediately above arises the *dome*, fifty feet in diameter, and thirty feet in height; the whole terminating with an elegant circular lantern, which supports a pine cone. The basement story is finished in a plain style on the wings, with square windows. The centre is ninety-four feet in length, and formed of arches which project fourteen feet, and make a covered walk below, and support a Collonade of Corinthian columns of the same extent above.

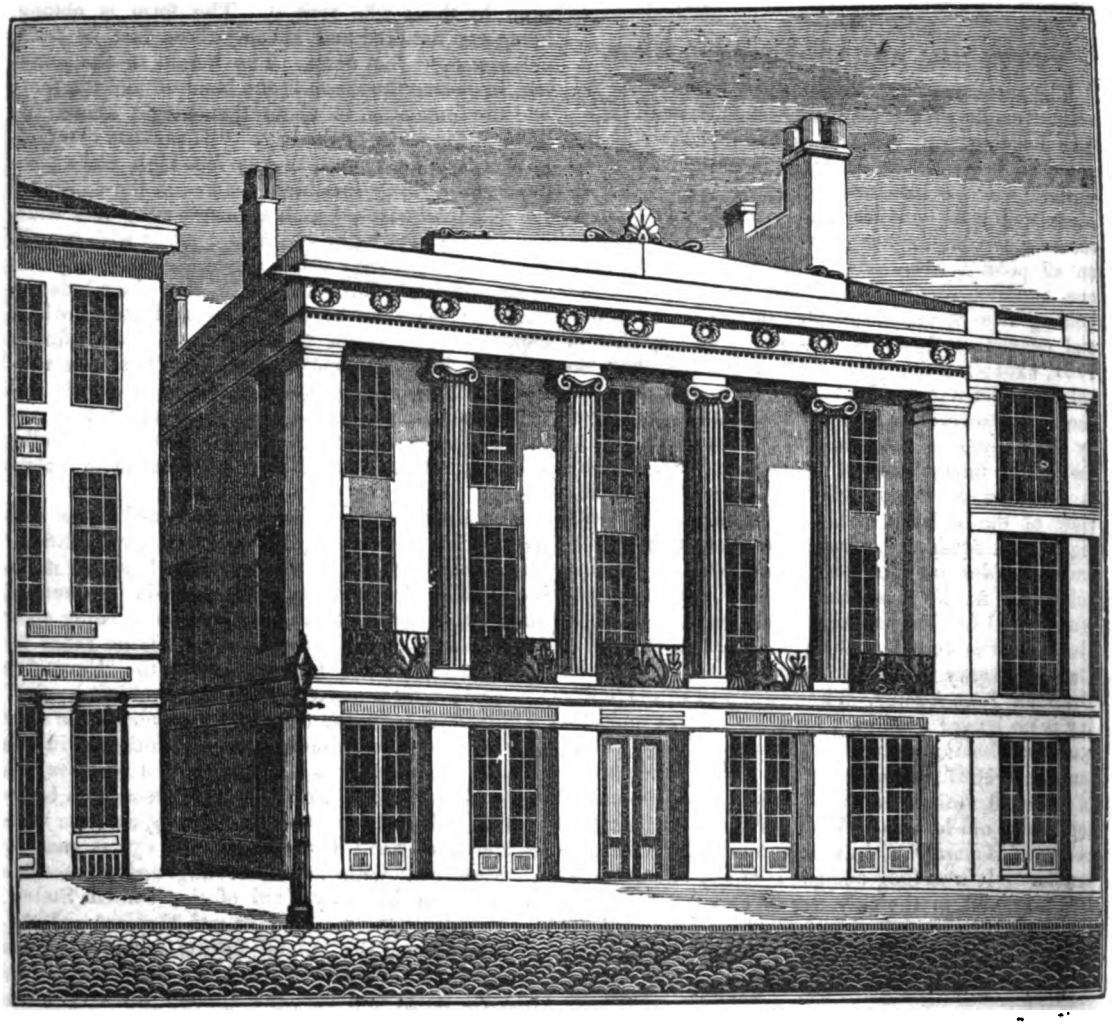
The largest room is in the centre, and in the second story, and is occupied as the Representatives' Chamber: it will accommodate five hundred members. The Senate Chamber is also in the second story and at the east end of the building, being sixty feet by fifty. On the west end is a large room for the meetings of the Governor and the Executive Council; with a convenient ante-chamber.

The view from the top of the Statehouse is very extensive and variegated; perhaps nothing in the country is superiour to it. To the east appears the bay and harbour of Boston, interspersed with beautiful islands; and in the distance beyond, the wide extended ocean. To the north the eye is met by Charlestown, with its interesting and memorable heights, and the Navy Yard of the United States; the towns of Chelsea, Malden and Medford and other villages, and the natural forests mingling in the distant horizon. To the west, is a fine view of the Charles River and bay, the ancient town of Cambridge, rendered venerable for the University, now two centuries old; of the flourishing villages of Cambridgeport and East Cambridge, in the latter of which is a large glass-manufacturing establishment; of the highly-cultivated towns of Brighton, Brookline, and Newton; and to the south is Roxbury, which seems to be only a continuation of Boston; Dorchester, a fine, rich, agricultural town, with Milton and Quincy beyond; and still farther south, the Blue Hills, at the distance of eight or ten miles, which seem to bound the prospect.

Near the Capitol, on the west, is the mansion-house of the eminent patriot, the late John Hancock, now exhibiting quite an ancient appearance; and on the east, about the same distance, is situated the dwelling of the late James Bowdoin, another patriot of the Revolution, a distinguished scholar and philosopher; and who, by his firmness, in the critical period of 1786, contributed most efficiently to the preservation of order and tranquillity in the Commonwealth. Large sums have been expended in repairs on the Statehouse, both within and without, since it was erected, and in improving the grounds and fences about it; and it is now in a condition of great neatness and elegance.

On a preceding page is a view of the Mall, and a part of the Common, fronting the Statehouse.

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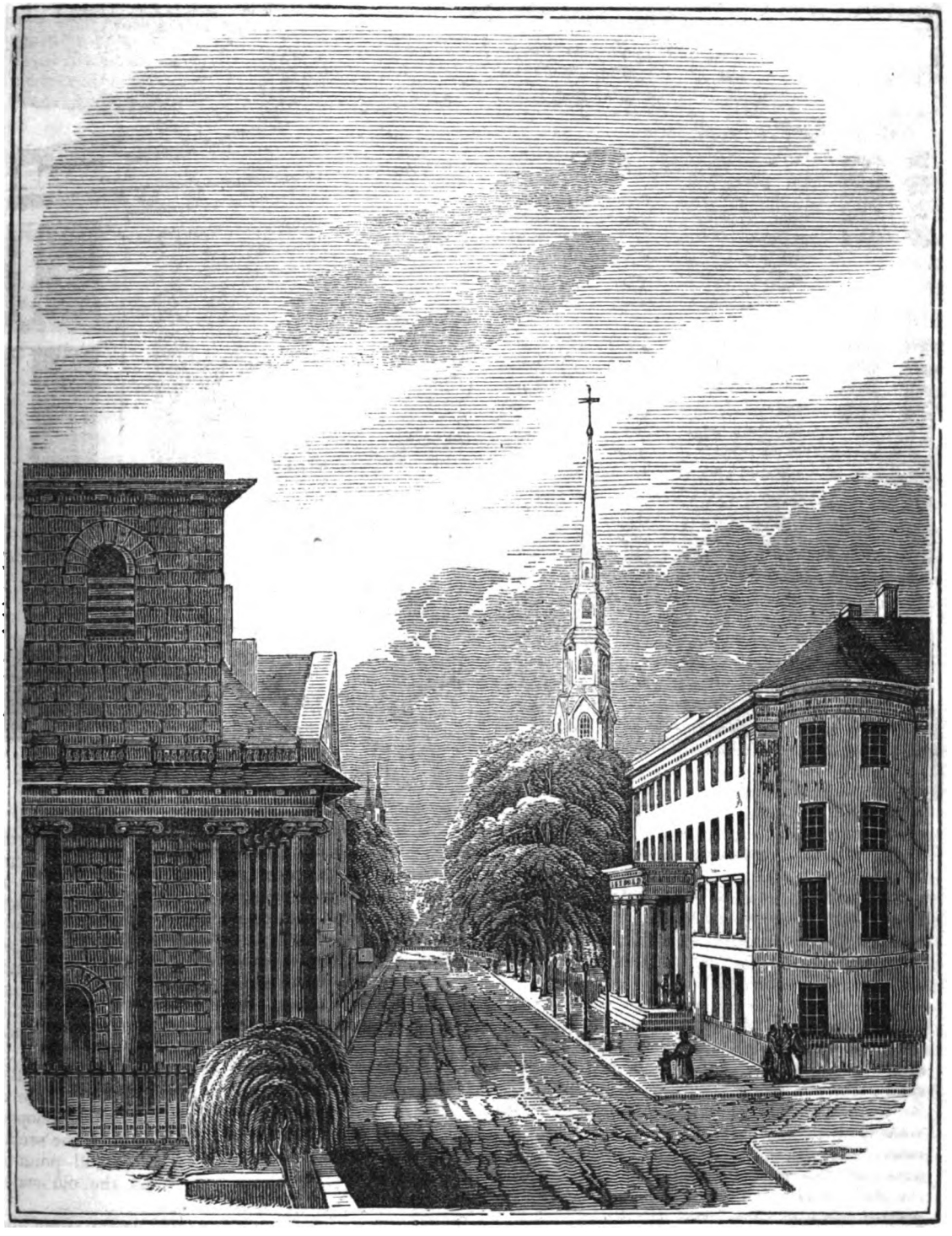
[View of Suffolk Bank, State Street, Boston.]

SUFFOLK BANK.

All who have visited State street, within the last year or more, must have noticed the elegant front of the Suffolk bank, with its range of granite pillars, forming perhaps the most splendid object in that beautiful portion of our city. The edifice occupies, we believe, the site of the ancient custom-house, and looks down upon the spot where the first American blood was shed by the hands of the British soldiery. It may therefore be said to throw its shadow across the very tract of ground, where the Revolution—the progress and consequences of which were to shake the world—began its career of violence. No succession of events, no brilliant nor mournful vicissitudes of our history, can obliterate the remembrance of what once occurred there, nor prevent this spot from being famous, so long as posterity shall feel an interest in the deeds and sufferings of their fathers. The massacre, if not of primary importance in itself, became so by the use which was made of its anniversary, for many years afterward, in kindling up the spirit of the people, and renewing as it were, the traces of their kindred blood upon the stones of King street. The event itself was little more than a riot; but it gave a mighty impulse to a revolution. When the former building was taken down, therefore, it might not have been undesirable to appropriate a part of its site to an historick monument, or to have connected such a design with the modern edifice, so that no stranger, nor school-boy should pass through the street, without being aware that his feet were treading now where the blood-tracks once had been. It would have been in consonance, we think. with the character of New England, to associate a memorial of this nature with the daily business of the people, and to consecrate even the exchange by some architectural or sculptural device, which should point to the past, as surely as the clock on the old state-house points to the noontide hour.

But we have gone somewhat astray from the proper subject of our article. The Suffolk bank was erected in the course of the year 1834. The cost of the carpenter's work, as we learn from a copy of the survey-bill, was more than eight thou

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VIEW IN TREMONT-STREET, BOSTON.

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sand dollars, and the net cost of the granite, furnished by the railway company, was ten thousand five hundred dollars. The entire cost of the edifice, in its finished state, is estimated at about forty thousand dollars. The architect was Isaiah Rogers, Esq. to whom the country is indebted for the designs of several of its most admired structures.

TREMONT-STREET, BOSTON.

The name of this street is traced to that given the peninsula, in 1630, by the first settlers at Charlestown, on the north side of the river. They called it Trimontain, on account of three hills to be seen on it. The street ran by the eastern base of one of these hills. But the enterprising citizens have removed the mountain, near which the avenue wound its way. The street remains, but has been made of much greater width and reduced nearly to a level. The city has still the misfortune to have many narrow avenues. Great improvements have been made in this respect however within a few years. But the work is not yet complete. From Court-street, Tremont-street extends southeast and passes the King's Chapel, so called in ante-revolutionary times; the cemetery inclosed with a plain, neat granite wall; the new block of buildings, on that and Beacon-streets; the spacious and elegant Tremont-House; the new Theatre; another and larger cemetery, crowded with sepulchral monuments and stones; Park-street-church; Hamilton-place; where an extensive lawn, or common, ornamented with walks and trees, bursts upon the view on the right, with a distant prospect of the western bay and the country beyond; on the left a large block of stone dwelling-houses, succeeded farther on, by a block of elegant brick buildings, St. Paul's Church, the Masonic Temple, the entrance of Temple-place, and a row of handsome houses for the distance of eighty rods still further, and the Common lying on the west side of the street, with a wide mall studded with lofty elms, for a border between. This street is near the centre of the city. For bustle and business and crowds, State-street, Washington-street and Kilby-street and Broad-street, surpass it. But for neatness, and for effect with stranger-visitors, Tremont-street, with its spacious edifices, and the Common, must be allowed to be far superior.

American Magazine.

ARNOLD'S ESCAPE.

Mr. Ebenezer Chase was a private in the New Hampshire militia, which relieved the Pennsylvania line at West Point in 1780, when those troops, being veteran, were wanted elsewhere. Mr. Chase, with several others, being off duty, was on the shore of the Hudson when Arnold deserted. When Gen. Washington assigned the command of West Point to him, he left his own barge in his possession. A temporary hut was erected on the east shore, for the accommodation of the four oarsmen who managed the barge. On the morning of his desertion, General Arnold rode down to the shore from his head quarters at Robinson's farm, very fast, as was his custom—threw the reins to his attendant, and orderd the barge to be manned. He then directed his course toward the Point; but on reaching the middle of the river, the boat was observed to take a course down stream, and move swiftly through the water.

The explanation was afterward made by the boatmen. He hoisted a flag of truce and told them to pull for the Vulture sloop-of-war, which lay below, saying that he had some business with her captain, and promised, if they would row him down to her as soon as possible, to give them a guinea and a gallon of rum each. On nearing the Vulture, and being within range of her guns, Arnold opened his plan, saying, 'I have served the ungrateful scoundrels long enough,' and declared if they would go with him they should have double pay, and be made sergeants in the British service. One of the men replied that 'he did not understand fighting on both sides.'—'Then,' said the General, 'you are prisoners.'

When they came alongside the sloop-of-war, Arnold ascended the deck, and was received by the marines with presented arms. He then ordered his men to come on board as prisoners of war. One of them, who had been their spokesman just before, said 'It was a shabby trick, as they had toiled to their utmost strength to get the boat along, now to refuse the promised reward, and make them prisoners to boot.' The English captain heard their murmurs, and stepping forward, observed—'General Arnold, I command this ship, and while I walk this quarter-deck no such transaction shall take place. I know the meaning of their words, sir, and will meet their comment.' Then addressing the men, he continued—'My good fellows, I respect your principles and fidelity to your country, although you are enemies to your king. You shall have the liberty to go or stay, as you please. Here,' taking them from his purse, 'are your guineas; steward, put up four gallons of rum for these men.' The boatmen thanked the gallant and generous sailor, and returned in safety to head quarters to report their proceedings to General Washington, who had just arrived in camp. Arnold, chagrined and enraged, retired without uttering a word, to the cabin of the sloop-of-war.

This statement was made by Mr. Chase, about a fortnight before his death, in 1831. He also stated that he saw Major Andre going to execution, riding in the centre of a troop of eight horses.

Arnold, before his escape, had received information that 'John Anderson,' the name with which he had filled Andre's pass, was taken. The information was sent him by the unfortunate person himself. This determined his purpose for sudden flight. He was afterwards distinguished for the inveteracy with which he carried on his predatory warfare against the property of his fellow-countrymen. After the war he went to England, where, although he received the countenance of the British government, his *good intentions* in his unsuccessful plot against the liberty of his country were despised by the British officers. The unfeeling wretch called upon the widowed mother and sister of his unfortunate victim (Andre.) The servant announced to them the name of General Arnold; and they immediately returned a message that they did not desire to see him.

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JAMESTOWN, VIRGINIA.

Our frontispiece represents a portion of the ruins of old Jamestown, which was the first permanent English settlement in North America. Previous to the settlement of a colony at this place, several expeditions had been sent out for the purpose from Great Britain, but all proved unsuccessful either on account of want of supplies or the hostility of the natives. The first expedition was under the command of Sir Walter Raleigh, having full power from Queen Elizabeth to "discover, occupy and govern remote heathenish and barbarous countries." They landed at Roanoke in July, 1584, took possession of the country for the crown of England, and named it *Virginia*, in honor of the virgin queen. The next year Sir Richard Grenville, with one hundred and seven adventurers, landed at Roanoke, but they were nearly all destroyed by famine and the Indians. The survivors were taken to England by Sir Francis Drake. Soon after their departure, Grenville arrived with another body of adventurers and supplies. These, like the others, suffered much from the hostile natives, and when in 1590, Governor White arrived with provisions for a colony he had left with Grenville's three years before, not an Englishman could be found!

It was nearly twenty years afterward, that another expedition under Captain Christopher Newport, sailed for America. After a four months' voyage, they entered the Powhattan or James' river, where one hundred and fifty colonists were left. The next year Newport brought from England one hundred and twenty more. Soon after, Sir George Somers, and Sir Thomas Gates reached the colony with about five hundred persons, but sickness and want determined them all to return to their native country. They actually sailed, but on the next day they met Lord Delaware with fresh supplies, and returned. The colonists then all joined vigorously in building a town, which they called Jamestown, in honor of their sovereign, and thus, in 1609, one hundred and seventeen years after the discovery of America, the first permanent settlement of an English colony was made in this country. Of this ancient anglo-American city, the "British Spy," (William Wirt) thus eloquently discourses in one of his "letters:"—

"The site is a very handsome one. The river is three miles broad; and, on the opposite shore, the country presents a fine range of bold and beautiful hills. But I find no vestiges of the ancient town, except the ruins of a church-steeple, and a disordered group of old tombstones. On one of these, shaded by the boughs of a tree, whose trunk has embraced and grown over the edge of the stone, and seated on the headstone of another grave, I now address you.

"What a moment for a lugubrious meditation among the tombs! but fear not; I have neither the temper nor the genius of a Hervey; and, as much as I revere his pious memory, I cannot envy him the possession of such a genius and such a temper. For my own part, I would not have suffered the mournful pleasure of writing his book, and Dr. Young's Night Thoughts, for all the just fame which they have both gained by those celebrated productions. Much rather would I have danced and sung, and played the fiddle with Yorick, through the whimsical pages of Tristram Shandy: that book which everybody justly censures and admires alternately; and which will continue to be read, abused and devoured, with ever fresh delight, as long as the world shall relish a joyous laugh, or a tear of the most delicious feeling.

"By-the-by, here on one side is an inscription on a gravestone, which would constitute no bad theme for an occasional meditation from Yorick himself. The stone, it seems, covers the grave of a man who was born in the neighborhood of London; and his epitaph concludes the short and rudely executed account of his birth and death, by declaring him to have been 'a great sinner, in hopes of a joyful resurrection;' as if he had sinned with no other intention than to give himself a fair title to these exulting hopes. But awkwardly and ludicrously as the sentiment is expressed, it is in its meaning most just and beautiful; as it acknowledges the boundless mercy of Heaven, and glances at that divinely consoling proclamation, 'Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

"The ruin of the steeple is about thirty feet high, and mantled to its very summit with ivy. It is difficult to look at this venerable object, surrounded as it is with these awful proofs of the mortality of man, without exclaiming in the pathetic solemnity of our Shakspeare,

> "'The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve;
> And, like the insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a wreck behind.'

"Whence, my dear S....., arises the irrepressible reverence and tender affection with which I look at this broken steeple? Is it that my soul, by a secret, subtile process, invests the mouldering ruin with her own powers; imagine it a fellow-being; a venerable old man, a Nestor, or an Ossian, who has witnessed and survived the ravages of successive generations, the companions of his youth, and of his maturity, and now mourns his own solitary and desolate condition, and hails their spirits in every passing cloud? Whatever may be the cause, as I look at it, I feel my soul drawn forward, as by the cords of gentlest sympathy, and involuntarily open my lips to offer consolation to the drooping pile.

"Where, my S....., is the busy, bustling crowd which landed here two hundred years ago? Where is Smith, that pink of gallantry, that flow

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er of chivalry? I fancy that I can see their first, slow and cautious approach to the shore; their keen and vigilant eyes piercing the forest in every direction, to detect the lurking Indian, with his tomahawk, bow and arrow. Good heavens! what an enterprise! how full of the most fearful perils! and yet how entirely profitless to the daring men who personally undertook and achieved it! Through what a series of the most spirit-chilling hardships had they to toil! How often did they cast their eyes to England in vain! and with what delusive hopes, day after day, did the little, famished crew strain their sight to catch the white sail of comfort and relief! But day after day, the sun set, and darkness covered the earth; but no sail of comfort or relief came. How often in the pangs of hunger, sickness, solitude and disconsolation, did they think of London; her shops, her markets groaning under the weight of plenty; her streets swarming with gilded coaches, bustling hacks, with crowds of lords, dukes and commons, with healthy, busy, contented faces of every description; and among them none more healthy or more contented, than those of their ungrateful and improvident directors! But now—where are they, all? The little, famished colony which landed here, and the many-coloured crowd of London—where are they, my dear S.....? Gone, where there is no distinction; consigned to the common earth. Another generation succeeded them: which, just as busy and as bustling as that which fell before it, has sunk down into the same nothingness. Another and yet another billow has rolled on, each emulating its predecessor in height; towering for its moment, and curling its foaming honors to the clouds; then roaring, breaking, and perishing on the same shore.

"Is it not strange, that, familiarly and universally as these things are known, yet each generation is as eager in the pursuit of its earthly objects, projects its plans on a scale as extensive and as laborious in their execution, with a spirit as ardent and unrelaxing, as if this life and this world were to last for ever? It is, indeed, a most benevolent interposition of Providence, that these palpable and just views of the vanity of human life are not permitted entirely to crush the spirits, and unnerve the arm of industry. But at the same time, methinks, it would be wise in man to permit them to have, at least, so much weight with him, as to prevent his total absorption by the things of this earth, and to point some of his thoughts and his exertions, to a system of being, far more permanent, exalted and happy. Think not this reflection too solemn. It is irresistibly inspired by the objects around me; and, as rarely as it occurs, (much too rarely) it is most certainly and solemnly true, my S.....

It is curious to reflect, what a nation, in the course of two hundred years, has sprung up and flourished from the feeble, sickly germe which was planted here! Little did our short-sighted court suspect the conflict which she was preparing for herself; the convulsive throe by which her infant colony would in a few years burst from her, and start into a political importance that would astonish the earth."

Around this "old cradle of an infant world" the Spirit of Romance and the Muse of Poetry love to linger, and the bosom of the true American glows with increased patriotism as he looks with reverential awe upon this small *beginning* of the mighty *progression* around him. And this spot, already hallowed by age and sacred associations, will furnish themes for the poets laureate of a future time, when this republic can count her many centuries upon the calendar of time.

The following *Ode*, written by JAMES K. PAULDING, our former Secretary of the Navy, appeared in the "Magnolia" for 1836, and may be appropriately appended to this article:—

ODE TO JAMESTOWN.

Old cradle of an infant world,
In which a nestling empire lay,
Struggling awhile, ere she unfurled
Her gallant wing and soared away.
All hail! thou birthplace of the glowing west,
Thou seemest the towering eagle's ruined nest!

What solemn recollections throng,
What touching visions rise,
As wandering themes old stones among,
I backward turn mine eyes,
And see the shadows of the dead flit round,
Like spirits when the last dread trump shall sound.

The wonder of an age combined
In one short moment memory supplies,
They throng upon my wakened mind,
As time's dark curtains rise.
The volume of a hundred buried years,
Condensed in one bright sheet, appears.

I hear the angry ocean rave,
I see the lonely little bark
Scudding along the crested wave,
Freighted like old Noah's ark,
As o'er the drowned earth it whirled,
With the forefathers of another world.

I see a train of exiles stand
Amid the desert, desolate,
The fathers of my native land,
The daring pioneers of fate,
Who braved the perils of the sea and earth,
And gave a boundless empire birth.

I see the gloomy Indian range
His woodland empire, free as air;
I see the gloomy forest change,
The shadowy earth laid bare,
And, where the red man chased the bounding deer,
The smiling labours of the white appear.

I see the haughty warrior gaze
In wonder or in scorn,
As the pale faces sweat to raise
Their scanty fields of corn,
While he, the monarch of the boundless wood,
By sport, or hairbrained rapine, wins his food.

A moment, and the pageant's gone;
The red men are no more;
The palefaced strangers stand alone
Upon the river's shore;
And the proud wood king, who their arts disdained,
Finds but a bloody grave, where once he reigned.

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The forest reels beneath the stroke
Of sturdy woodman's axe;
The earth receives the white man's yoke,
And pays her willing tax
Of fruits, and flowers, and golden harvest fields,
And all that nature to blithe labour yields.

Then growing hamlets rear their heads,
And gathering crowds expand,
Far as my fancy's vision spreads,
O'er many a boundless land,
Till what was once a world of savage strife,
Teems with the richest gifts of social life.

Empire to empire swift succeeds
Each happy, great, and free;
One empire still another breeds,
A giant progeny,
To war upon the pigmy gods of earth,
The tyrants, to whom ignorance gave birth.

Then, as I turn my thoughts to trace
The fount whence these rich waters sprung
I glance toward this lonely place,
And find it, these rude stones among.
Here rest the sires of millions, sleeping sound
The Argonauts, the golden fleece that found.

Their names have been forgotten long;
The stone, but not a word, remains;
They cannot live in deathless song,
Nor breathe in pious strains.
Yet this sublime obscurity, to me
More touching is, than poet's rhapsody.

They live in millions that now breathe
They live in millions yet unborn,
And pious gratitude shall wreathe
As bright a crown as e'er was worn,
And hang it on the green-leaved bough,
That whispers to the nameless dead below.

No one that inspiration drinks;
No one that loves his native land;
No one that reasons, feels, or thinks,
Can 'mid these lonely ruins stand,
Without a moistened eye, a grateful tear,
Of reverent gratitude to those that moulder here.

The mighty shade now hovers round—
Of HIM whose strange, yet bright career,
Is written on this sacred ground,
In letters that no time shall sere;
Who in the old world smote the turbaned crew,
And founded Christian empires in the new.

And SHE! the glorious Indian maid,
The tutelary of this land,
The angel of the woodland shade,
The miracle of God's own hand,
Who joined man's heart, to woman's softest grace,
And thrice redeemed the scourgers of her race.

Sister of charity and love,
Whose life blood was soft Pity's tide,
Dear Goddess of the sylvan grove,
Flower of the Forest, nature's pride,
He is no man who does not bend the knee,
And she no woman who is not like thee!

Jamestown, and Plymouth's hallowed rock,
To me shall ever sacred be—
I care not who my themes may mock,
Or sneer at them and me.
I envy not the brute who here can stand,
Without a prayer for his own native land.

And if the recreant crawl *her* earth,
Or breathe Virginia's air,
Or, in New England claim his birth,
From the old Pilgrims there,
He is a bastard, if he dare to mock,
Old Jamestown's shrine, or Plymouth's famous rock.

A RUSSIAN WEDDING.

I HAD a very natural wish to see a Russian wedding, and it was soon gratified. Count ——, brother to him whom I had the pleasure to know in Paris, very kindly invited me to accompany him the other evening to the marriage of Colonel ——— with Mademoiselle ———. The history of the parties was simple enough, and too frequent, perhaps, in all countries; it was a *marriage de covenance*. We found the chapel brilliantly lighted up; two small altars were raised in the centre, on which were placed the cup of wine, two coronets of gold, the holy gospel, and a consecrated image which was afterward to be removed to the nuptial chamber. The mutual friends were assembled, and formed a circle in their usual dress, the relations only being in full uniform with their cordons and decorations. The bridegroom arrived first, and joined the group, who were eager to express their congratulations on the occasion; in a short time appeared the bride, attended by her family and the usual attendants. It would be rare to see a handsomer person; she was dressed in white, with much taste and simplicity; the long veil flowed round her shoulders, and the usual emblem of marriage, a *bouquet* of orange-flowers graced her bosom. They were placed before the altars in face of the pope; to each was given a lighted taper, and the service began with a chorus from the *chantres de la cour*. During this commencement the bride appeared much agitated; but she soon mastered her emotion, though the heaving bosom and trembling taper still gave evidence of the internal struggle. The questions and replies, together with the interchange of rings, correspond with the rites of other churches; but there is one ceremony peculiar to the Greek church, which is at once symbolical and affecting. The pope takes the cup of wine, and invites the betrothed pair to drink of it alternately, as a tacit engagement to share in common the good and evil of their future lives; this idea is also renewed, when they walk three times round the altars, arm-in-arm, while the golden coronets are held over their heads by the assistants. The benediction is then pronounced, the new married couple are led to the holy place, where they kiss the pictures of the saints, and the ceremony is finished. In any other country it would be supposed, that when a lovely person, like Mademoiselle ———, was sacrificed at the altar by her friends, their object must have been to secure a rich and noble husband for a portionless daughter. But this was not the case; she had an independent fortune, and her future husband had neither title, connexions, nor a ruble beyond his pay. But here the epaulet is everything. He was a colonel in the army, and military rank is the only acknowledged grade in the state: she was thrown into the arms of a man, her inferior in every point, with her feelings perhaps already devoted to another, solely and simply that she might acquire an ascertained rank in the scale of Russian society.

Raike's City of the Czar.

False friends are worse than open enemies.

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THE MERCHANTS EXCHANGE, NEW YORK.

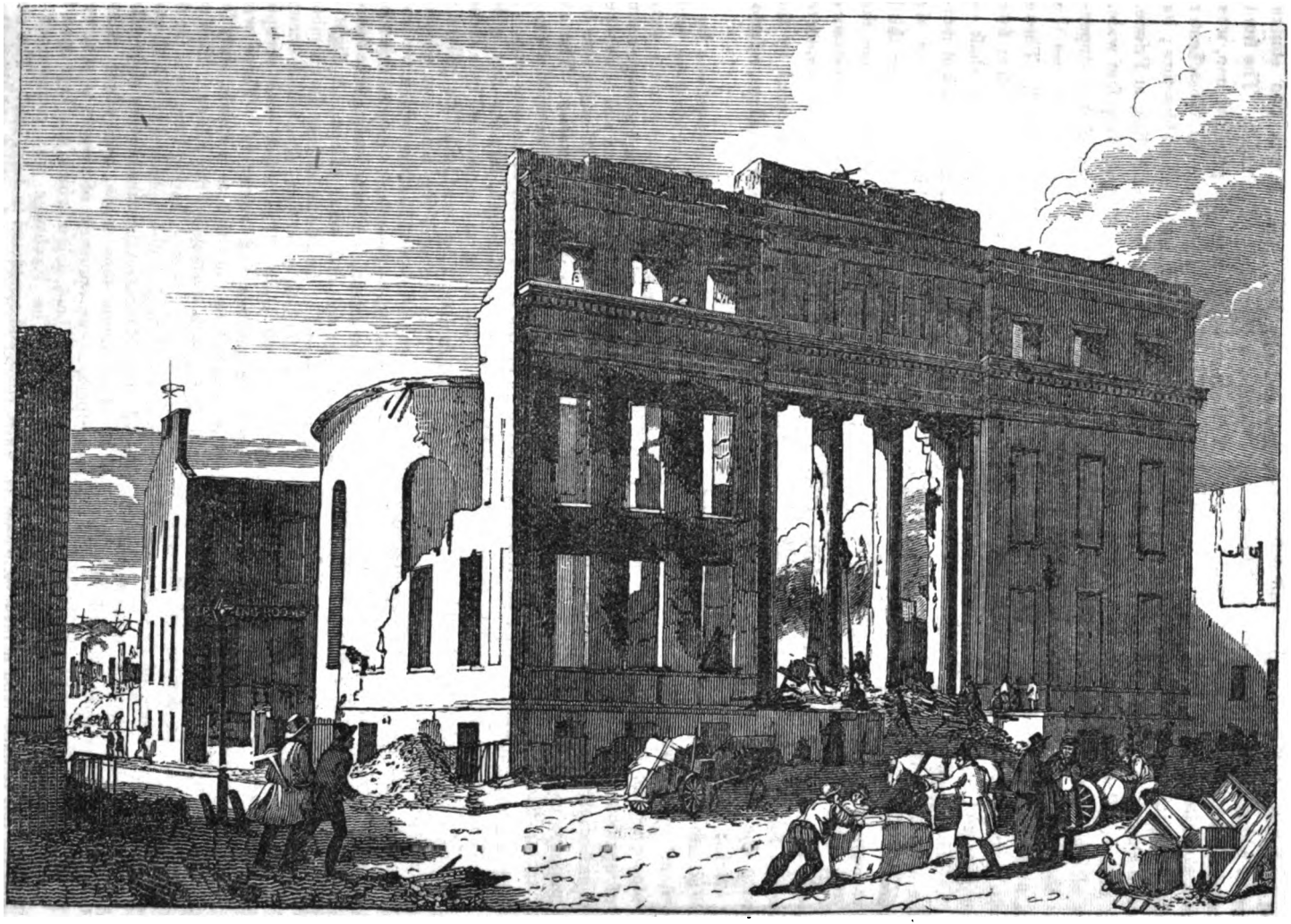
WALL STREET is known, the world over, as the mart of the money-changers in New York. It is, indeed, chiefly filled with bankers and brokers, who rejoice in fingering banknotes, half joes, eagles, and dollars, the former of whom are happy to receive your money on deposite and accommodate you occasionally with a loan at a *moderate* discount, and the latter of whom are ready to negociate a note for a *reasonable* advance, or to change *uncurrent* into current money at a *slight* charge. But there are no inconsiderable numbers of other gentry, who would be happy to acquaint themselves with your purse, as assurers, lawyers, notaries, speculators, stock-jobbers, packet-officers, money-collectors, customhouse officers, news-mongers, and agents in any line or transaction whatever. They are all but the *facilitators* of the merchant, the mechanick, the manufacturer, the farmer, and the gentleman, in all the money operations which the latter cannot, with facility, transact for themselves. The whole street is immeasurably active in the general pursuit of money. The business of every house relates to *money, notes or stock;* in every group the subject of conversation is money, notes or stock; the life, motion, and being, of every man in Wall street is money, notes or stock. Every thing is done by exchange, whether it be an exchange of money, of notes, of bonds, of stock, of estates, of opinions and information, or of nods and winks significantly appertaining to that mode of making money, called *speculation.* Here fortunes are won in an hour, and here too they are lost as soon. Gold is here the beacon of hope, and the mainspring of action; but also too often does it prove the *ignis-fatuus* of deluded adventurers, and the siren of evil and destruction.

Wall street is also the centre of commercial information and general news. Hither all citizens who are infected with the *cacoethus audiendi*, flock, to learn how the world wags, as well as to proclaim such items of intelligence as may have reached their understandings alone. The merchants particularly collect here in great numbers, at mid-day, to confer together upon the objects of trade, and to survey the general indications of the commercial atmosphere. For the greater convenience of these daily assemblages, which have become very necessary and important, a building has been particularly erected, called the Merchants Exchange, and devoted to that object. The noble edifice which has heretofore been used for this purpose, and a plan of which is given overleaf, was destroyed in the great conflagration of the 16th December last. Although a still more splendid structure will soon rise upon its ruins, yet we deem a particular description worth preserving.

The Merchants Exchange was situated on the easterly end of the block formed by Wall, William, Exchange, and Hanover streets, and extended one hundred and sixty-four feet front and rear, and one hundred and fifty feet deep. It was two stories high, besides a basement and an attick. The front on Wall street, which was the principal one, was built entirely of white marble from the Westchester quarries; of the Ionick order of architecture; its prototype, the temple of Minerva Polias, at Priene, Ionia. A recessed portico of about forty feet wide, in an elliptical form, with a screen of four stupendous columns and two *antæ* extending across the front, was very advantageously introduced. These columns were thirty feet high, and three feet four inches in diameter above the base. The shaft of each column was composed of a single block of marble. They supported an entablature of about six feet in height, upon which rests the attick, or third story; making a height of about sixty feet from the ground. On each side of the portico was an entrance to the basement, leading through a sort of corridor to Exchange street. The left was occupied by the Postoffice, and the right by brokers' offices, refectories, &c.

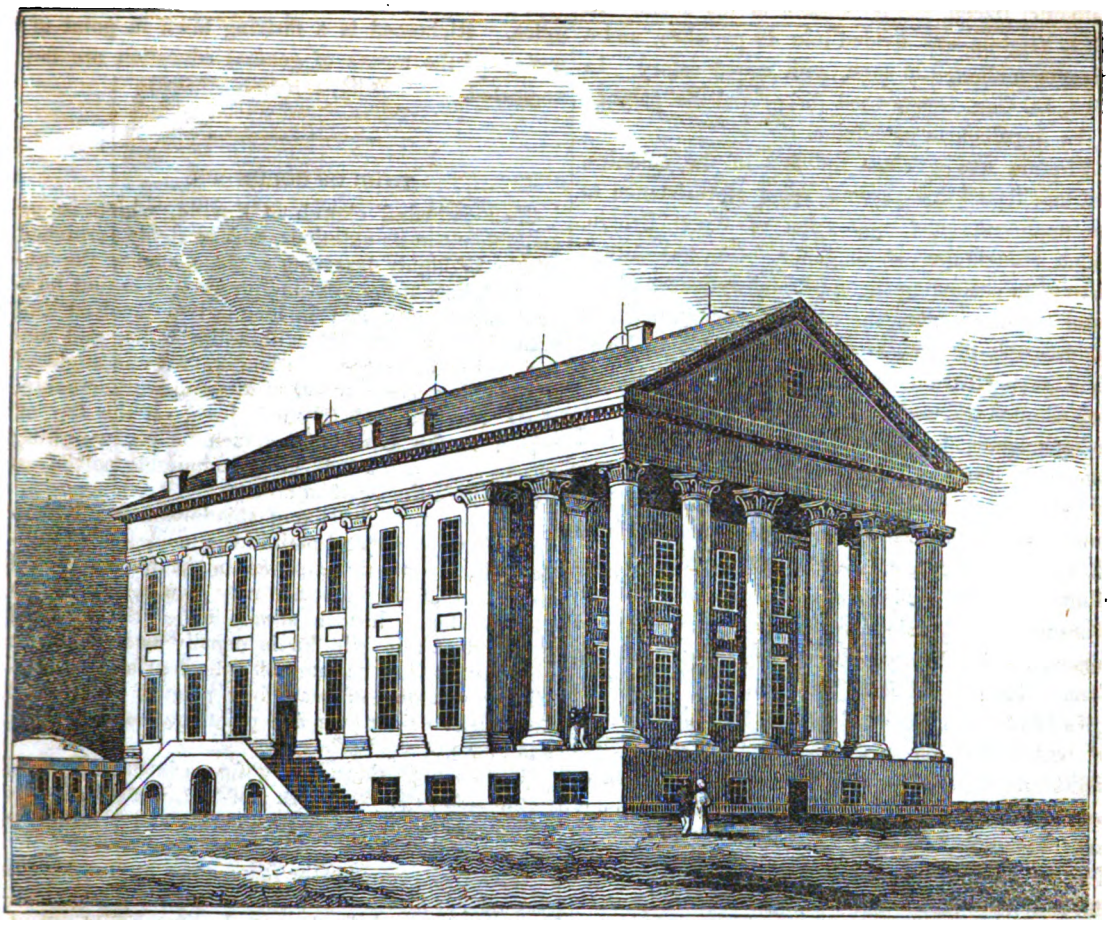
The front entrance to the Exchange was by a flight of stairs, or a dozen broad marble steps, with a pedestal at each end. On ascending to the portico, two doors opened in front to the exchange-room, and two on either hand to ensurance and newspaper offices, while on the right, a flight of stairs also led from the basement to the upper stories. The exchange-room was a spacious and beautiful area, in the centre of the building, and of an oval form. It was eighty-five feet in length, fifty-five feet wide, and forty-five feet high, and surmounted by a dome, which was supported by two Corinthian pillars at each wing. The centre of the room was adorned by that beautiful statue of Hamilton, which we have heretofore particularly described. Beyond this room was an auction saloon, and doors leading from thence to a reading-room and other offices. A flight of stairs at one end of the saloon led into the chambers of the board of trade, of brokers, &c., which occupied the second story. The attick was occupied chiefly by printers and engravers. There were stairs leading from the attick to a cupola, sixty feet in height, which surmounted the edifice. This cupola was of great service, having been used for the purpose of exchanging telegraphick signals with a telegraph at the Narrows, a distance of about eight miles. The observations thus made, and which related principally to the approach of vessels at sea, were recorded in a book below which was kept open for inspection. The Exchange was commenced in April, 1825, and completed in July, 1827. The cost, including the lot, was two hundred and thirty thousand dollars. It now appears like the ruins of a Grecian temple; nothing but its tottering walls remains standing. A much more magnificent structure is now in contemplation, which will cover the whole block.

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RUINS OF THE MERCHANTS EXCHANGE, (N. Y.)

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THE CAPITOL OF VIRGINIA, AT RICHMOND.

UNDER the auspices of James the First, of England, who had granted letters patent to the London and Plymouth companies, for the purpose of founding a colony in North America, Christopher Newport, sailed from London on the 20th of December, 1606; and after a disastrous passage of four months, entered the James river, and made a settlement upon its banks about forty miles from the sea, and called it Jamestown. This was the first permanent settlement that was made by the English in Virginia, although previous attempts had been made. The company consisted of 105 persons, and very soon received an accession to their numbers, swelling the amount to 200. The most difficult man amongst them, was Captain John Smith, whose name, it will be recollected, is identified with that of Pocahontas, the Indian girl who saved him from the barbarity of Powhatan. In 1614, Captain Smith explored the country, and made a map of it, which he presented to Prince Charles. In 1619, 150 women were sent to Virginia, and sold to the planters for about 150 pounds of tobacco, each; tobacco being then valued at three shillings the pound. Twenty negroes, were also sold to the colonists by the Dutch about the same time, whence may be dated the commencement of the slavetrade in this country. Virginia progressed, by no means rapidly or prosperously, under the various governours sent out by the British Crown. Their chief export was tobacco. None of the colonies suffered more than Virginia from the despotism of a royal government. In violation of chartered rights, the colony was divided into parts, and conveyed away by proprietary grants; not grants of woodlands and wildernesses, but of plantations that had long been cultivated under the encouragement of kings and charters. These oppressions produced a notable rebellion in Virginia, during which, great outrages were committed, and Jamestown was

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burned. The civil war was commenced by Col. Nathaniel Bacon, and terminated at his death. In 1712, Virginia was divided into 49 parishes, and a clergyman allotted to each, with stated salary. In 1713, Lt. Gov. Spottswood discovered the passage of the Appalachian mountains.

Virginia was amongst the first of the colonies, that manifested that glorious spirit of resistance to the oppression and aggression of Great Britain, which wrought our independence. She was always forward in seconding the spirit and measures of her sister colonies against the common enemy, and met the demands of her country with laudable zeal and disinterested patriotism. The constitution of Virginia was adopted the next day after the Declaration of Independence, but has been recently revised and amended. Nine of the signers of the declaration, including its immortal author, were natives of Virginia, viz. :—Thomas Jefferson, John Penn, Richard H. Lee, Fr. Lightfoot Lee, Carter Braxton, George Walton, George Wythe, Benjamin Harrison, Thomas Nelson, jr. Virginia also produced George Washington, Patrick Henry, Arthur Lee, James Madison, James Monroe, and John Marshall.

In 1830, Virginia contained 1,211,405 inhabitants, of whom 469,759 were slaves. The principal rivers are the Potomack, Shenandoah, Rappahannock, York, James, Appamattox, Elizabeth, Staunton, Kenawha, Ohio, Sandy, and Monongahela. The Blue Ridge extends through the central part of the state, and there are other mountains in the state. Iron, lead, coal, limestone, and chalk, are found in abundance. The chief towns are Richmond, Norfolk, Petersburgh, Lynchburgh, Fredericksburgh, Winchester, Portsmouth, Williamsburgh, and Shepherdstown. The university of Virginia is established at Charlottesville, besides which there are several other colleges.

Richmond, the largest city in the state, and the seat of government, has a population of 16,000, and is situated at the head of tide water on the James river. The town rises gradually from the river, and with its many elegant brick houses, presents a fine appearance. The publick buildings are a court-house, a state prison, an almshouse, a museum, eight churches, and the CAPITOL. We have presumed that the engraving would furnish the reador a better idea of this elegant structure, than any mere written description. It is appropriated chiefly to the purposes of the state, senate, and assembly. It stands on the highest ground in the city, and the views from its top are extensive and interesting. This city is one hundred and twenty miles from Washington, and one hundred and fifty from the mouth of the river. There are two bridges across the river at this place, and falls a short distance above. A canal has been dug around the falls, however, so that a continuous boat navigation is secured for two hundred and twenty miles. Richmond is a thriving town in point of trade, and the means of general education are not neglected.

TOMB OF COLUMBUS.

THE cathedral church at Seville, which is so magnificent in its exteriour, and so richly furnished within, is highly deserving a place among the noblest edifices of the kind in Europe. It is four hundred and twenty feet in length, two hundred and sixty-three in breadth, within the walls, and one hundred and twenty-six in height. At one angle of the building rises a tower of Moorish workmanship, three hundred and fifty feet high, on the top of which is the Giralda, a brazen image, weighing nearly a tun and a half, yet so admirably poised as to turn with the gentlest breeze.

The ascent to the top of this lofty tower is rendered easy by a spiral path in the inside, of so gentle an inclination that a horse might trot up it, and so wide, that two horsemen may go abreast. While the traveller is lost in admiration of the external grandeur of this pile, he is equally astonished, on entering, to view its internal splendour and wealth. Eighty windows of beautifully painted glass shed their mellow light over fine paintings, noble statues, and altars of solid silver.

Of this metal there is a profusion in this cathedral —the statues of St Isidore and St Leander, as large as life, and a tabernacle for the host, twelve feet in height, adorned with columns, being of silver.

The organ exceeds the famous one at Haarlem in the number of its stops ; the former having one hundred and ten, and the latter only sixty. Yet so effective are the bellows of this mighty instrument that, when completely inflated, they will supply the full organ for fifteen minutes. None but they who have heard it can conceive the effect of this astonishing combination of sounds when managed by a master-hand.

But the most interesting object to the intelligent American is the tomb of the great Columbus, the discoverer of the New World. It is in itself unworthy of the great man who sleeps beneath it, consisting of only one stone with this inscription—"*A Castella y Arragon otre mundo des Colom.*;" that is, "To Castile and Arragon Columbus gave another world." But no monument, however splendid, no inscription, however pompous, could have added to the fame of that illustrious man, or atoned for the base ingratitude with which he was treated ; indeed, had a sumptuous cenotaph been erected over his remains, it would have ill agreed with the fetters which once loaded his limbs, and which are buried in the same coffin with him.

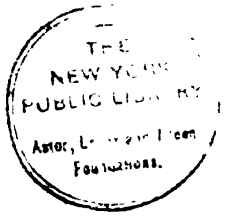
Besides this noble cathedral, Seville contains twenty-five parish-churches, five chapels, thirty-five monasteries, twenty-nine nunneries, with hospitals, and houses for other religious communities. Many of these convents are remarkable for the beauty of their architecture, and, as well as the churches, contain a profusion of fine paintings, among which are some by the celebrated Murillo.

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[Cathedral at Seville.]

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The city of Seville is of high antiquity, its foundation being ascribed to the Phenicians. The Romans gave it the name of Julia, which has been since corrupted to Sebilla, or Seville; by this people it was embellished with many magnificent edifices, of which scarcely any vestiges remain. While Spain was divided into petty monarchies, this city was under the dominion of different masters, and for a short time was the capital of an independent kingdom: it is now little inferiour in importance to Madrid.

Seville stands in the midst of a rich and fertile plain on the banks of the river Gaudalquiver, and is surrounded by a wall five miles and a half in circumference, defended by one hundred and seventy-six towers. The streets are crooked and dirty, but some of the squares are spacious and magnificent; and in the suburbs are many noble edifices, and a handsome promenade, called Allameda, having three walks, planted with trees, and ornamented with seats and fountains.

The population of Seville is estimated at ninety thousand—less than might be expected from the extent of the city; but two or three families are not crowded into one house, as in Madrid, nor are the houses elevated more than two stories; each house likewise is constructed round the four sides of an open area, in which it is common for the family, in summer, to take up their abode under tents. These areas, or courts, are usually adorned with a profusion of flower-pots, and many of them have fountains, which keep the air pleasingly cool, and, by sprinkling the tiles with which they are paved, prevent them from being heated by the rays of the sun.

Many of the streets of Seville are too narrow to admit a carriage, and the reason given for thus constructing them is, that they afford a shade from the burning rays of the sun, which would be otherwise insupportable.

BATTLE OF BLOODY BROOK.

Every incident connected with the early history of our country, in which the valour of our forefathers was signally displayed, comes down to us with all the interest of self-love, and all the freshness of romance. We love to dwell for reasons better felt than explained, on the deeds of our sires, and the times that tried their souls. There is something hallowed in the associations which gather around us, while reflecting on those instances of devotedness and chivalrous patriotism which distinguished their acts—a feeling of almost devotion. Too many of those deeds have gone down to oblivion "unhonoured and unsung;" and if perchance a fragment of the past is snatched from the grasp of time, it excites in us sentiments the more sacred from the lapse of years.

But there was a period in our country's story beyond that in which our forefathers struggled to make us a free and happy people—a time whose history is but faintly chronicled—when the sufferings of our pioneer ancestors were unwept and unrequited. That epoch would seem to have been swallowed up in the interest of the events which followed; yet those early periods afford us examples of unparalleled sufferance and unmatched heroism.

It was a gloomy era, when the fair face of our country was every where a dark wilderness—when our pilgrim fathers were at all times surrounded by the beasts and the savages of the forest—and when all was rude and cheerless. In the progress of scenes, from that time forward, many and dangerous were the vicissitudes by which they were marked. The eternal solitude which gave place to the busy hand of the settler, and the umbrageous darkness that disappeared from around his humble domicil, were yet the stilly haunts of the Indian. As the plain, in time, was made to yield support for the new-comer, and the cabins of the white men began to thicken along the valley, the red men retired to the mountain. His pleasant places on the uplands, beside the rivers stocked with the scaly tribes yielding to him sustenance, had become occupied. The level patches where he raised his corn, with the beautiful hills where his tribe loved to congregate were in the possession of the stranger. His nearer hunting-grounds were disturbed, and his game began to disappear. Thus dispossessed of his inheritance, and disquieted in his neighbouring solitudes, the primitive and rightful lord of the soil deeply fostered a secret hate against the cause of his grievances. As he gathered around his council fire, and reflected on the stranger's encroachments, or listened to the complaints of his brethren, and the exciting eloquence of his chiefs, his soul began to kindle within him, and his bosom to swell with rage. Already had the numbers of the pale faces become alarming, and their bold hardihood inspired a spirit of dread. The fearful missiles which the stranger so dexterously used, above all, excited his fears, and deterred him from manifesting his resentment. Continued irritation, however, overcomes apparent impossibilities, and gradually wears away the most obstinate objections. The cunning of the savage was deemed a match for his enemy; his fleetness, his distant retreats, and his poisoned arrows, were presented by the orators to force up his courage to the determined point. Nor was it long before the Indian's festering hate broke forth. The war-song now resounded along the mountain side. The fearful yell is heard in the distance, and each settler prepares himself for the worst. And now it was that the direful note of death rang along the Connecticut valley, and deeds of blood began to desolate the land.

For many years was this pleasant valley the scene of heroick struggles—of sufferings, and death. Long did the hardy white man sustain himself against the superiour numbers and wily arts of the savage; but sadly did he pay the cost of his attachment to the land of his choice, and the endearing associations of home. Frequent and deadly were the conflicts in which he engaged with his implacable enemy. Deep and lasting was the mutual hate of the combatants, and as deep and as artful were their schemes of destruction. Victory often crowned the untiring efforts of the foe, when painful captivity or indiscriminate slaughter ensued. To tell of the many murderous deeds and the deep agonies which marked the triumphs of the embittered savage, would long employ the pen, and harrow up the feelings of the soul. To the cruel preseverance of the Indian, in this war of extermination, were added the promptings of base cupidity. The Canadian Frenchmen now urged on the brutal force of the not less barbar-

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ous foe, by their liberal rewards and legalized bounties, for captives and for scalps. Still more powerful motives actuated the red men, while large numbers of the reckless whites joined them in the execution of their most desperate deeds; and it was said that the cruelty and brutality of the Frenchmen far exceeded those of the savage wild man.

It was thus with our forefathers, when an attack was anticipated from combined forces of the Indians on the little nucleus of farm-houses at the present beautiful village of Deerfield, Massachusetts. A little army had collected at Hadley, composed of the hardy peasantry of the valley, determined on decisive and desperate efforts against the common enemy. The produce which had been gathered and housed, at Deerfield, was necessary for the support of this band of determined yeomanry, and for the affrighted families who had there congregated; nor was it desirable that so much valuable sustenance should fall into the hands of the Indians, the more effectually to enable them to continue their bloody warfare. It was therefore resolved, that one hundred young men justly denominated "the flower of the country," should be selected to go with teams, in the face of danger, and transport the rich products of the soil from Deerfield to Hadley. The expedition was cheerfully undertaken by the requisite number of brave youths. Already were their teams loaded and on their way to the place of destination. The watchful enemy had, however, obtained intelligence of the expedition, and, with the greatest secrecy and celerity, collected in fearful numbers on a neighbouring hill, shut out from view by the dense forest with which it was crowned.

Here their eloquent chiefs encouraged them by every effort of language and of gesture, to deeds of bravery and desperation. There plans were matured, and every means devised, which power and stratagem could suggest, to destroy the devoted band, and to capture the treasures in their charge. And now their royal leader, with all the force and enthusiasm which had characterized the most potent warriour and consummate general that the history of savage life had ever revealed, broke forth, and thus revealed his great and impassioned mind:—

"Warriours! see you the treasures of the pale faces—the richest stores of the long knives? See you the young men, few and feeble, that yonder carelessly stroll in the valley? See you *our* numbers, and the brave warriours that stand around you, and feel not your hearts strong? Is not your arm powerful and your soul valiant? And who is he that goes before you? Who will direct you in the ambush and the fight? Is it not he who never knew fear—whose heart is like the mountain, and his arm like the forest-oak—the great chief of the Naragansetts, whose people are like the leaves, and whose warriours are the terrour of the pale faces? Follow him, and all is yours. Each hatchet give a fatal aim—sink deep these knives!—these arrows drink their blood! Away!—to death—our fathers and our homes!"

The wild spirit of the proud and lofty Philip, ran like electricity through the savage horde. Each burned for the affray, and quickly sprang into the trail of his great captain. Silently he glided from the mountain and cowered along the meadow-land that lay in a vale by the roadside.

Here, deeply immersed in the luxuriant wild-grass shrink one thousand warriours, fiend-like exulting in the anticipated victory and slaughter. Now came the train of teams, cautiously guarded as they had been thus far, by the chosen corps, and descended the small hill which conducted them into the green vale traversed by the road, and near which lay the concealed foe, ready to dart on their prey. Tradition says, that here the noble youths, dreaming little of danger from the enemy, rested for the moment, and gathered grapes from the clustering vines that hung thick with their rich fruit by the road. When, "sudden as the spark from the smitten steel," the thousand savage forms sprang from their ambush, and with hideous yells rushed to the onslaught. The vigorous youths, unterrified by the sudden assault, the yells, or the fearful numbers of their enemy, instantly rallied, and as quickly brought their rifles to their shoulders. They had received the cloud of arrows, as the savages approached within bowshot of their victims, but now, in turn, the fatal lead from a still more deadly weapon made many a warriour bite the ground. The certain aim of the young band had told death to as many of the savage clan. Still onward they pressed, over their dead, and thickly hurled their missiles. Again with deadly aim the fire of the little determined group of whites brought down the foremost of the desperate foe, and threw confusion into their ranks. A gleam of hope broke through the fearful prospect, and for a moment relieved the doubts which the overwhelming numbers and fierce desperation of the savages had inspired. But quickly in front was heard the animating voice of their valiant chieftain, and as quickly did they rally and return the destructive fire. The noble youths, though with half their numbers slain, resolved to sell their lives at fatal cost. Nor was a nerve thrilled with fear, or a heart disposed to falter, as their ultimate fate now became too plainly apparent. Still onward, with brutal force wrought to madness by the example and the thundering voice of the gigantick Philip, pressed the exulting foe.

To the utmost deeds, brave *Lathrop* now inspired the daring band, as each had caught from him the thrilling cry: "Our God!—our homes!—our country, and our sires!" But in an instant, pierced with many arrows, he falls among the slain. The herolick captain, "the bravest of the brave," now fallen the enemy express their fiendish joy in loud and terrifick yells. The fight thickens and man conflicts with man. The dying groans of the Christian nerves each youthful arm, which still deeper return successive blows.

Impelled with fury at the destruction which was yet making in their ranks by the almost superhuman efforts of the brave whites, they strove, with all the brutality of fiends, to complete their deadly work. At length, the numbers of the valiant youths was reduced to a solitary few; when the foremost of these on turning to animate his comrades, saw himself supported by seven only of his associates. These finding all efforts of victory hopeless, and that longer warfare would but add to the scalps of the victor dashed their weapons in the face of the foe, and attempted to escape. The two who stood last in the unequal contest, the most athletick of the chivalrous corps—bounding over the slain, took a direction to

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ward the Deerfield river, followed by two hundred Indians, hurling with almost deadly precision, their arrows and hatchets. The whizzing of the missiles urged the powerful remnant to their utmost speed.

One of these, plunging into the stream, vainly attempted to reach its opposite bank; pierced by the arrows of the savages, he sunk lifeless to its bottom, while the other running along the shore, screened by the under-brush on its banks, silently sunk into the water. Here, amid a thick and dark cluster of weeds and bushes, he supported himself by the trunk of an old tree lying on the edge of the stream, with his face sufficiently elevated to admit of respiration, until the Indians had relinquished their search for him, continually hearing near him their hasty tramp and fearful yells of disappointment. When all was still, and during the darkness of night, he swam across the river; and, stiff and cold, began his march for Hadley, where he arrived on the following day, the last and only living witness, as tradition says, of the battle of Bloody Brook. Reader, this youth was the writer's grandfather.

Returning to the spot which history has so justly designated as "Bloody Brook," the barbarous enemy, on completing their destruction of life, began that of the dead. The busy scalping-knife, was doing its frightful office, and the naked heads, severed from their lifeless trunks, were dancing high in the air, on points of poles. The sickening sight made the less savage foe revolt. Death had not done its last kind duties, when this infernal sport commenced. The convulsive throb still showed the struggle between life and death. The spouting blood, still warm with life, was seen to gush forth from the gaping wounds, and, trickling along the green sward, find a repository in the gurgling brook near by. The gory rills were fast purpling the little stream, and transporting the red tide down to oblivion—the richest flood that ever rivulet bore. All around was horrour, torture, and death; when suddenly appeared, on the crown of the hill, a large company of white men, who had come from Greenfield with all possible haste to the succour of their brethren. But, alas! it was too late! The scene we have described was presented instead. Filled with rage and madness, this furious band rushed down the hill upon the brutal force, yet floating in blood, and falling like lions among them, made terrible havock. Alarmed at this unexpected assault, the savages sprang, with fear and desperate fleetness from the scene, striving only to escape the death their barbarity so justly merited. But full many a warriour fell by the strong arm of the vengeful white man. Flight alone saved the few remaining enemy.

A sad duty now devolved on the final victors. They dug on the spot the sepulchre which to this day, contains the commingling dust of their youthful brethren, and over its mouth is to be seen a smooth flat stone, the only humble testimonial of posterity. Yes, there by the side of the road leading from the pretty villages we have mentioned, and near the little brook destined to give immortality to the event, may the curious traveller, as he passes through the green fields of the Connecticut valley, see the mound which designates the place where fought and sleep the unhonoured brave. Peace to thy manes, heroick youths! Thy country's history shall preserve thy memory.

Is it not a little curious, among the phenomena of mind, to mark the effect of external objects in recalling long-lost impressions. While standing on the spot thus hallowed by deeds of bravery, and while dwelling on the scenes which the imagination was picturing before me, I was all at once overwhelmed as if by a sudden rush of light from the darkness of the past. Circumstances, localities—the realities in all the vividness with which they were related to me, when but eight years of age, by my grandsire—started fresh into life. More than thirty years have elapsed since memory recalled one of those impressions, and yet every word that was dropped from the lips of that venerated man—his actions—his very look, while relating to me the affray at "Bloody Brook," came back upon me more freshly than a dream of yesternight. Every incident of that sanguinary fight, than which none in the history of our country was more fatally decisive, came up from the abyss of time, with all the vigour and clearness of present vision. He was then but eighteen years of age—of powerful mould, and great and muscular activity. The thrilling particulars which he described in his venerable age, thus presented themselves to my mind, a short time since, on that consecrated spot, to which neither history nor tradition has yet done justice.

N. Y. Knickerbocker.

THE ARMY IN THE FIELD.

BY LIEUTENANT G. W. PATTON, U. S. A.

I never see a shadowy plume
Upon a soldier's crest;
But I think of ye, my gallant braves,
Amid the far Southwest.
I never hear the pipe's shrill notes,
Amid the city's hum,
But I see your serried columns form
Where rolls the roaring drum.

A lengthen'd trail ye thrid, my braves;
And difficult its sign,
Thro' hammock, and thro' everglades,
By marsh and tangled vine.
Your homestead is the wilderness,
Your canopy the sky;
And the musick which ye love the most,
Lives in the battle-cry.

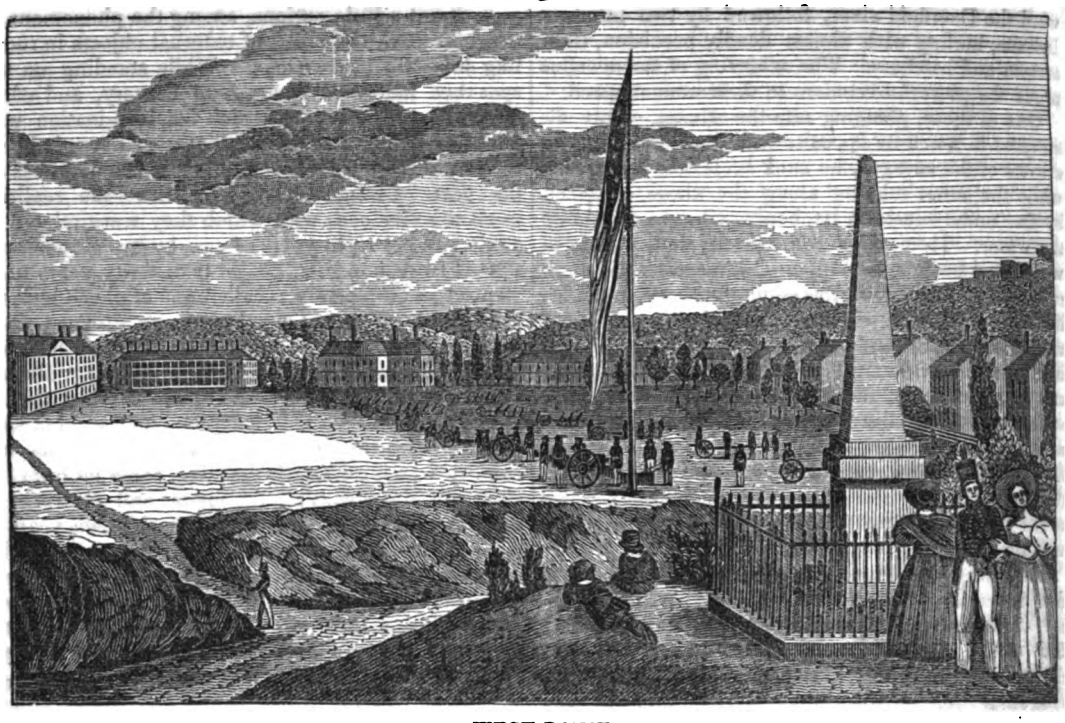
They little know, who lightly dwell,
Upon the griefs ye bear,
The task and toil, Oh! weary ones,
Which ye are doomed to share.
'Tis yours to quench the feudal fire,
The elements prolong;
To hunt the footsteps of the fierce;
To wrestle with the strong.

To scorch beneath the vernal sun,
Amid the hurried rout;
To scare the vulture from his feast
Where th' foremost steed gave out;
To seek in vain for gushing spring
Upon a thirsty waste;
To sink amid the mazy wood,
With the homeward path effaced.

'Tis yours to scorn what few deride:
Attempt where all may fail;
To stem the raging of the tide,
The rushing of the gale.
And when your hearts like lava-rock,
Heave like the mountain warm,
'Tis yours to roll unto the shock,
Like the torrent and the storm.

And oh! 'tis yours at midnight hour,
Upon the guarded plain,
To dream of smiles far, far away,
Ye ne'er may see again.
To vanquish Hope—to purchase Fame,
With blood of foe unseen;
Then find a grave without a name,
Beneath the hammock green.

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WEST POINT.

"Bright are the memories linked with thee
Beast of a glory-hallowed land!
Hope of the valiant and the free,
Home of their youthful soldier band."

If each bright spot on earth is indeed benignantly shone upon by some "bright particular star" in night's glorious canopy, then may we hope that the hallowed one which we have named is under no despicable influence. *Hallowed* by the footsteps of Washington and Kosciusko; consecrated by a nation to the Spartan-like training of a few devoted sons; nor less sacredly secluded by nature as the scene of retirement and study; it seems alike calculated to please the pensive sage and the aspiring youthful soldier; while even female loveliness vouchsafes to paint its memories in hues of hope and brightness, as the "*boast of a glory-hallowed land.*"

Courteous reader, if it has ever been your privilege, of a gentle summer's day, to sail down the picturesque river Hudson, are you not glad to recognise the lovely scene here presented, as the view of West Point from the Highlands? You have passed by Newburgh, and are entering the mountain gap, through which the waters have forced their rugged way. They seem baffled in the struggle, and you glance forward to the stern shore which seems to repel their progress; saying to the proud wave, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther;" when suddenly your eye is arrested by our nation's flag, proudly flying over a little sunny plain, a chance nook, where nature seems to have rested ere she began to pile the circumjacent mountains, and where signs of martial pomp, soon announce the location of the military academy. In the foreground is the new and spacious hotel, where my convivial host stands waiting to receive you; beyond it are the academick halls, the barracks, chapel and mess-house, appropriated to the cadets; and on the right are the comfortable dwellings, allotted as quarters for the academick officers. On the left, at the angle of the plain, are the traces of Fort Clinton; and on the right, towering far above Camptown, the suburb, occupied by soldiers and citizens, stands Fort Putnam, on Mount Independence, venerable in its ruins—stern monument of a sterner age, which survived the attempts of treason and the assaults of tyranny, only to yield its hallowed materials to the desecrating hands of a rapacious owner.* Of the three monuments which now meet your eye, the one on the right, and nearest to you, on a projecting tongue of land bordered with thick groves, is the Cadets' Monument, erected to the memory of the deceased officers and cadets of the academy. It cost $1200. The central one near the flagstaff, is a cenotaph, erected by Gen. Brown, to the memory of Col. Eleazar D. Wood, an early and distinguished graduate of the academy, who fell a the sortie of Fort Erie, in 1814. And the monumen on the left, over the levelled redoubt or citadel o Fort Clinton, is sacred to Kosciusko. It was com pleted in 1829, by the corps of cadets, at an expens of near $5000. You now approach the wharf, jus beyond which is the rock, from which a chain wa stretched across the river, in the time of the revolu tion, to prevent the passage of the British vessels.– They broke it, however, in 1777, when they force the passage of the Highlands; and some links of i near three feet long, and of bar-iron near two inche square, are still preserved in the store house.

The Military Academy was contemplated at a early period of our national existence; with a vie

* It is not more than twenty years since the owner of an a jacent farm, finding Fort Putnam to be within his limits, as e tablished by United States commissioners, proceeded to demoli the fort, using the materials for fences, &c. to compel the go ernment to purchase it at an exorbitant price. This was final done.

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to the preservation of military knowledge, and the enforcement of a uniform discipline in our army. As early as 1790, General Knox, then secretary of war, in a report on the organization of the militia, says: "Either efficient institutions must be established for the military education of youth, and the knowledge acquired therein be diffused throughout the country by the means of rotation; or the militia must be formed of substitutes, after the manner of the militia of Great Britain. If the United States possess the vigour of mind to establish the first institution, it may be reasonably expected to produce the most unequivocal advantages. A glorious national spirit will be introduced, with its extensive train of political consequences." In 1793, General Washington in his annual message to Congress, suggests the inquiry, "whether a material feature in the improvement" of the system of military defence, "ought not to be, to afford an opportunity for the study of those branches of the art which can scarcely ever be attained by practice alone." And in his annual message of 1796, he says: "The institution of a military academy is also recommended by cogent reasons. However pacifick the general policy of a nation may be, it ought never to be without an adequate stock of military knowledge for emergencies. Whatever argument may be drawn from particular examples, superficially viewed, a thorough examination of the subject will evince that the art of war is extensive and complicated; that it demands much previous study; and that the possession of it, in its most improved and perfect state, is always of great moment to the security of a nation. This, therefore, ought to be a serious care of every government; and for this purpose, an academy, where a regular course of instruction is given, is an obvious expedient which different nations have successfully employed."

On the 7th of May, 1794, Congress passed an act providing for a corps of artillerists and engineers, to consist of four battalions, to each of which, eight *cadets* were to be attached; making it the duty of the secretary of war to procure, at the public expense, the necessary books, instruments and apparatus, for the use and benefit of said corps. This was the first introduction of cadets as a grade of officers in the army of the United States. The term *cadet*, derived from the French, signifying a younger son, was previously applied in England to those young gentlemen, who, seeking the situation, were trained for publick employment, particularly in the service of the East India Company. In our own army it signifies an officer ranking between a lieutenant and a sergeant; this grade having been confined to the pupils of the military academy since its establishment.

In 1798, Congress authorized the raising of an additional regiment of artillerists and engineers, and increased the number of cadets to 56. In July of the same year, the president was empowered, by another act, to appoint four teachers of the arts and sciences necessary for the instruction of this corps. Thus, although the cadets were not collected in one point, nor buildings erected for purposes of education; still the principle upon which the present institution rests was fully sanctioned; a new grade was created in the army to which young men were exclusively entitled to be admitted; and means were provided for their education in the science of war, that they might be fitted for stations of command.

The military academy was established by an act of Congress, of March 16th, 1803, by which the military peace establishment was determined. By this act the artillerists and engineers were made to constitute two distinct corps. To the corps of engineers were attached ten cadets. The 27th section provided that the said corps, when organized, "shall be stationed at West Point, in the state of New York, and shall constitute a military academy." It is also provided that the senior engineer officer present shall be superintendent of the academy; and authorized the purchase of the necessary books, implements, and apparatus, for the use and benefit of the institution. In the following year, another act dated February 28, 1804, empowered the president to appoint one teacher of the French language, and one teacher of drawing.

Six years after, Mr. Jefferson, then president, and who had previously expressed some doubts of the constitutionality of the academy, thus calls the attention of Congress to the subject of its welfare: "The scale on which the military academy at West Point was originally established, is become too limited to furnish the number of well-instructed subjects in the different branches of artillery and engineering, which the publick service calls for. The chief engineer, having been instructed to consider the subject, and to propose an augmentation, which might render the establishment commensurate with the present circumstances of the country, has made his report, which I now transmit for the consideration of Congress. The plan suggested by him, of removing the institution to this place, (Washington,) is also worthy of attention. Besides the advantage of placing it under the immediate eye of the government, it may render its benefits common to the naval department; and will furnish opportunities of selecting, on better information, the characters most qualified to fulfil the duties which the publick service may call for." The proposal to remove the academy to Washington, like several subsequent ones, was promptly negatived; but on the above recommendation, an act was passed, increasing the corps of cadets by 156 additional members.

And in 1812, after the favourable notice of President Madison, Congress passed an act, dated April 29, which declares that "the military academy shall consist of the corps of engineers, and the following professors and assistants, in addition to the teachers of French and drawing already provided for, viz.: A professor of experimental and natural philosophy; a professor of mathematicks; a professor of the art of engineering, with an assistant for each." A chaplain was also to be appointed, and required to officiate as professor of geography, ethicks, and history. The number of cadets was limited to 260, the prerequisites for admission, the term of study and service, and the rate of pay and emoluments were prescribed.

Such were the essential provisions for establishing the military academy; and notwithstanding repeated efforts to change them, they still remain unaltered. The documentary history above given, is extracted from Col. Johnson's able report to the House of Representatives, dated May 17, 1834; a document which shows in detail how fully this institution has received the sanction and support of all the great statesmen of our nation, from the first establish-

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ment of our federal government. It also shows how unfounded are the prejudices which have been locally excited against the academy; and how substantial have been the benefits by which it has sought to repay the country for her maternal care and support.

The old buildings first occupied by the academy are long since gone to decay, and demolished. In 1812, the jurisdiction of 250 acres of land, was ceded by New York to the United States; and an appropriation of $12,000 having been made for the erection of quarters, the mess-hall, chapel, and south barracks were begun, and completed in the following year. The three brick edifices nearest the mess-hall, were erected in 1815–16, and the other three nearest the flagstaff on the same line, in 1820–21. The north barracks were built in 1817. Of the three stone dwellings west of the flagstaff, the farthest was erected in 1821; the others in 1825–26. The hospital and hotel were built in 1828–29; and the ordnance or gunhouse, in 1830. Appropriations have been made for a gymnasium and a chapel, which are now under construction. The water-works, for supplying all the buildings with water, or extinguishing fire, were completed in 1830, at an expense of $4,500. The annual expense of the academy is stated at $115,000; averaging about $425 for each cadet. This is one fourth less than the average cost of each cadet, prior to 1817, which was not less than $550 per annum. The library is well selected, of military, scientifick and historical works, containing nearly 10,000 volumes. The philosophical apparatus lately received from France is extensive, and constructed with the latest improvements. The chymical laboratory and mineralogical cabinet yet require enlargement.

Our biographical history of the academy shall be brief. Its superintendence was intrusted in its early stages to General Jonathan Williams, *ex-officio*, as chief of the corps of engineers. During this period from 1802 to 1812, the number of cadets was small, and the total number of graduates was only 71. This may satisfactorily answer the question, why we do not find more of them among the distinguished men of our country. The only professors recorded during this period, are George Barron, and afterwards Francis R. Hassler, professors of mathematicks; Francis De Masson teacher of French, and Christian E. Zoeller, of drawing. Mr. Hassler is now employed by the government on a trigonometrical survey of our coast.

From 1812 to 1815, the academy was placed under the direction of the succeeding chief engineer, General Joseph G. Swift. Among the professors, were the Rev. Adam Empie, chaplain; Andrew Ellicott, professor of mathematicks; Colonel Jared Mansfield, professor of natural philosophy; and Captain Alden Partridge, professor of engineering.

In 1815, Capt. Alden Partridge was appointed superintendent of the academy; the chief engineer, being, as at present, its inspector, *ex-officio*. The only new professor appointed was Claudius Berard, teacher of French.

Some traits of Capt. Partridge's character rendering a change desirable, he was relieved from his station in 1817; and succeeded by Colonel Sylvanus Thayer, of the corps of engineers; a gentleman every way qualified by nature and by acquirements both at home and abroad, for this responsible duty. Under his superintendence, an improved system of discipline was introduced; the course of studies much extended, so as to compare favourably with that of foreign military schools; and the studies required came to be thoroughly taught, Col Thayer assiduously devoted all his resources to the advancement of the academy, until 1833, when at his own request he was honourably relieved from this station, and appointed to direct the erection of fortifications in Boston harbour. He was succeeded in the superintendence of the academy by Major R. E. De Russey, of the corps of engineers, a gentleman of amiable character and extensive acquirements.

The chief professors of the academy not yet mentioned, are: chaplains, Rev. T. Picton, 1818; Rev. C. P. M'Ilvaine, 1825, now Episcopal bishop of Ohio; and Rev. Thos. Warner, 1828; professors of engineering, Claude Crozet, 1817, since chief civil engineer of Virginia; Major David B. Douglass, 1823, now civil engineer; and Dennis H. Malan, 1831; professor of natural philosophy, Edward H. Courtenay; professor of mathematicks, Charles Davis, 1821; acting professors of chymistry, Dr. James Cutbush, 1820; Dr. John Torrey, 1824; and Lieut. W. Fenn Hopkins, 1828; teachers of drawing, Thos. Gimbrede, 1819; Charles R. Leslie, R. A. 1833; and Robert W. Weir, 1834.

The total number of graduates, from its establishment to July, 1834, inclusive, is 785. Of this number 434 were in the service at the latter date, as officers of the army; 9 have been killed in battle; 84 died in service; 208 have resigned; and the remainder are disbanded or otherwise dismissed from the service. Of those who sleep on the battle-field, Col. Wood, Col. Gibson, and Capt. Williams, fell at the sortie of Fort Erie; Rathbone at Queenston Heights; Hobart at Fort George; Ronem at Chicaga; Burchstead and Wilcox at Fort Mimms; and Smith at Christler's farm, in Canada.

"Our whole army possesses now far more of the publick respect and confidence than it did not many years since. It is the great distinction of the academy at West Point, that has contributed largely and effectually to this elevation of the character of the military establishment. And it has accomplished a nobler service, by sending forth numbers annually, competent to superintend the construction of those chains of internal improvement, which are to be the eternal bonds of our national union. The rail-roads which connect the capital of Massachusetts with the heart of the state, and with important harbours in Rhode Island and Connecticut; the improved facilities of communication afforded to the whole country by the Susquehannah and Baltimore, Baltimore and Ohio rail-roads; and the similar construction between Charleston and Hamburgh, S. C. the new roads which have augmented the wealth of the territories of Michigan and Arkansas, by opening new channels of transportation; and the securities extended to the internal and foreign commerce of the nation, by important harbour improvements upon the shores of the lakes, and upon the seacoast; these are some of the enduring memorials of the usefulness of the military academy, and of the returns it has made for the care, and time, and money, which have been bestowed upon it. Other testimonials, and other rewards have

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been accorded to it, by the literary institutions of our land, which have invited its graduates to fill important professorships. The president and one of the professors in the college of Louisiana; the president of Hamilton college, and the vice president and the professor of mathematicks in Kenyon college, in Ohio; the professors of mathematicks in the college of Geneva, and in the university of Nashville; the professors of chymistry in the universities of Pennsylvania, and Virginia, have all been members of the academy, and have resigned their commissions in the army, upon receiving these honourable appointments. Very recently, two second lieutenants have accepted vacant chairs in the university of New York. No words can demonstrate with one half the force and impressiveness, the beneficial influence of the military academy upon the characters of its members, and upon the national reputation. Within the short period of thirty years, this institution, whose own high reputation is now sustained by professors, all of whom, with but one exception, have been educated within its walls, has not only furnished to the army gallant and accomplished officers, and to the country skilful engineers, but has sent forth principals and professors, to ornament and sustain colleges and literary seminaries. To this list of those who have been thus distinguished, might be added the name of Ritner, who graduated with a highly respectable rank, in possession of his comrades' affection and confidence; and became the professor of civil and topographical engineering in Washington college in Pennsylvania; and died at the moment when the prospect of serving his native state dawned upon him, and when his native state began to rejoice in the anticipation of his usefulness and success." In this complimentary summary, extracted from Col. Johnson's report, may now be included the distinguished professor of mathematicks and philosophy in the university of Pennsylvania. But while we would thus award honour where honour is due; and show that, estimated according to her contribution of national science, the military academy is "not a whit behind the chiefest," far be it from her sons to monopolize distinction, or to say that she has done any more than a national academy ought to have done, in return for all her advantages.

We shall conclude this hasty sketch by a review of the practical considerations which should influence those who are seeking or who may gain admission to the military academy.

The age of admissions is now limited from 16 to 21 years; as that is supposed to be the most suitable period for completing, or rather commencing a military education. The acquirements necessary for admission, are, an acquaintance with reading, writing, and the elementary rules and *principles* of arithmetick. Efforts have been made, and it has been recommended by some boards of visiters, to raise the standard of admission, requiring a knowledge of grammar, geography, and the French and Latin languages, as a prerequisite. The decisive objection to this proposition is, that it would close the doors of the academy against many who have not the pecuniary means of making these acquirements. But let it not therefore be supposed that those acquirements are the less valuable or necessary. On the contrary, as geography, history and the Latin language are now taught in the academick course, it is so much the more important that young gentlemen should be well versed in them before entering the academy; otherwise, they are obliged to acquire them by private study, or else remain ignorant of these essential branches of a liberal education. Many candidates fail of being admitted at the initiatory examination, because, although they can give the rules of arithmetick, yet cannot explain the principles on which these depend. As opportunity is afforded for gratuitous instruction on this subject at the academy, from the 1st of June, until the examination of candidates near the close of the month, they who are anxious for success would do well to avail themselves of this assistance.

The months of July and August in each year are devoted solely to military exercises; for which purpose the cadets leave the barracks and encamp in tents on the plain, under the regular police and discipline of an army in time of war. For this purpose the cadets are organized in a battalion of four companies, under the command of the chief instructer of tacticks and his assistants. The corporals are chosen from the 3d class, or cadets who have been present one year; the sergeants from the 2d class, who have been present two years; and the commissioned officers or captains, lieutenants, &c., are selected from the 1st class, or highest at the academy. All the other cadets fill the ranks as private soldiers, though necessarily acquainted with the duties of officers. In rotation, they have to perform the duty of sentinels, at all times, day or night, storm or sunshine, in camp, and evenings and meal-times, in barracks. Cadets who have been present two encampments, are allowed, if their conduct has been correct, to be absent the third, on furlough. The drills, or military exercises, consist in the use of the musket, rifle, cannon, mortar, howitzer, sabre and rapier, or broad and small sword; fencing, firing at targets, &c.; evolutions of troops, including those of the line; and the preparation and preservation of all kinds of ammunition and materials for war. The personal appearance of the corps of cadets cannot fail to attract admiration; especially on parade or review. The uniform, is a gray coatee, with gray pantaloons in winter, and white linen in summer. The dress cap is of black leather, bell-crowned, with plate, scales and chain. The splendid band of musick, which, under Willis, made hill and valley ring with notes of "linked harmony long drawn out," though changed, still pleases; and under its new leader, promises soon to deserve its former renown, as the best in our country.

The cadets return from camp to barracks the last of August, and the remaining ten months of the academick year are devoted to their arduous studies.—The ceremony of striking the tents and marching out of camp is so imposing as to be well worth an effort of the visiter to be present on that occasion. On the previous evening, the camp is brilliantly illuminated, and enlivened with musick, dancing and bevies of beautiful strangers; it presents quite a fairy scene.

For the sake of more full instruction, each class is divided into several sections, each having a separate instructer. Thus each cadet is called upon at almost every recitation, to explain a considerable portion of the lesson; for the morning recitations generally occupy two hours each. The written or delineated demonstrations are explained on a black-board in the presence of the whole section.

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The studies of the first year are algebra, geometry, descriptive geometry, trigonometry, and the French language. All the mathematical studies are practically taught and applied to numerous problems not in the books; on the resolution of which greatly depends the reputation and standing of each rival candidate for pre-eminence. The studies of the second year, are the theory of shades, shadows and perspective, practically illustrated; analytick geometry, with its application to conick sections; the integral and differential calculus or science of fluxions; surveying and mensuration; the French language, and the elements of drawing, embracing the human figure in crayon. This completes the course of mathematicks, and also of French; which the cadets learn to translate freely, as a key to military science, but which few of them speak fluently.

The third year is devoted to a course of national philosophy, including mechanicks, opticks, electricity, magnetism and astronomy; together with chymistry and sketching landscapes with the pencil, and topography with the pen, which complete the course of drawing.

The fourth and last year is appropriated to the study of artillery and infantry tacticks; the science of war, and fortification, or military engineering; a course of civil engineering, embracing the construction of roads and bridges, rail-roads and canals, with the improvement of rivers and harbours; a course of mineralogy and military pyrotecting; together with the elements of rhetorick, moral philosophy, and national and constitutional law.

To test the progress of the cadets in these studies, semi-annual examinations are held, commencing on the first Mondays of January and June; at the latter of which a board of visiters, appointed by the secretary of war, is present to make a critical official report of the state of the academy. The examination of all the classes usually occupies about a fortnight, and is very severe; but still is not considered the full test of individual proficiency. Each instructer makes a weekly class report, on which is recorded the daily performance of each cadet; those who excel being credited 3, and those who fail entirely marked 0. These marks are accessible to the cadets from week to week, and stimulate their exertions; finally, they are summed up at the end of the term and laid before the academick staff, and visiters; so that the standing of each cadet is influenced not only by his examination, but by all his previous recitations. A certain prescriptive proficiency being required of the cadets in each branch, those who fall below this limit are necessarily discharged from the service. Averaging the last 10 years, where a class of 100 enters the academy, it is reduced to about 70 at the end of six months, 60 at the end of one year, 50 at the end of two years, and 40 at the end of three years; not more than about 35 graduating.

There is a general merit roll of every class, made out at the end of each academick year; the merit of each cadet being expressed by a number denoting his proficiency or acquirements. But the final standing of each cadet, on which depends his rank in the army, is determined by the sum of his merit, in all the different branches; and this depends not only on his actual proficiency in any branch, but also on its relative importance. This latter is thus estimated at present by the academick staff, viz.:—Conduct 300; engineering 300; mathematicks 300; natural philosophy 300; chymistry and mineralogy 200; rhetorick, ethicks and law 200; infantry tacticks [illegible]; artillery 100; French 100; and drawing 100. Hence the individual who should excel in all the branches, would be credited with 2100 on the final merit roll, but no more than three or four such instances have ever occurred at the academy. The cadet, in each class, having the greatest sum of merit, is placed first on the roll, and so onward; and he who is deficient in only one single branch is discharged, or else turned back another year to receive a second probation.

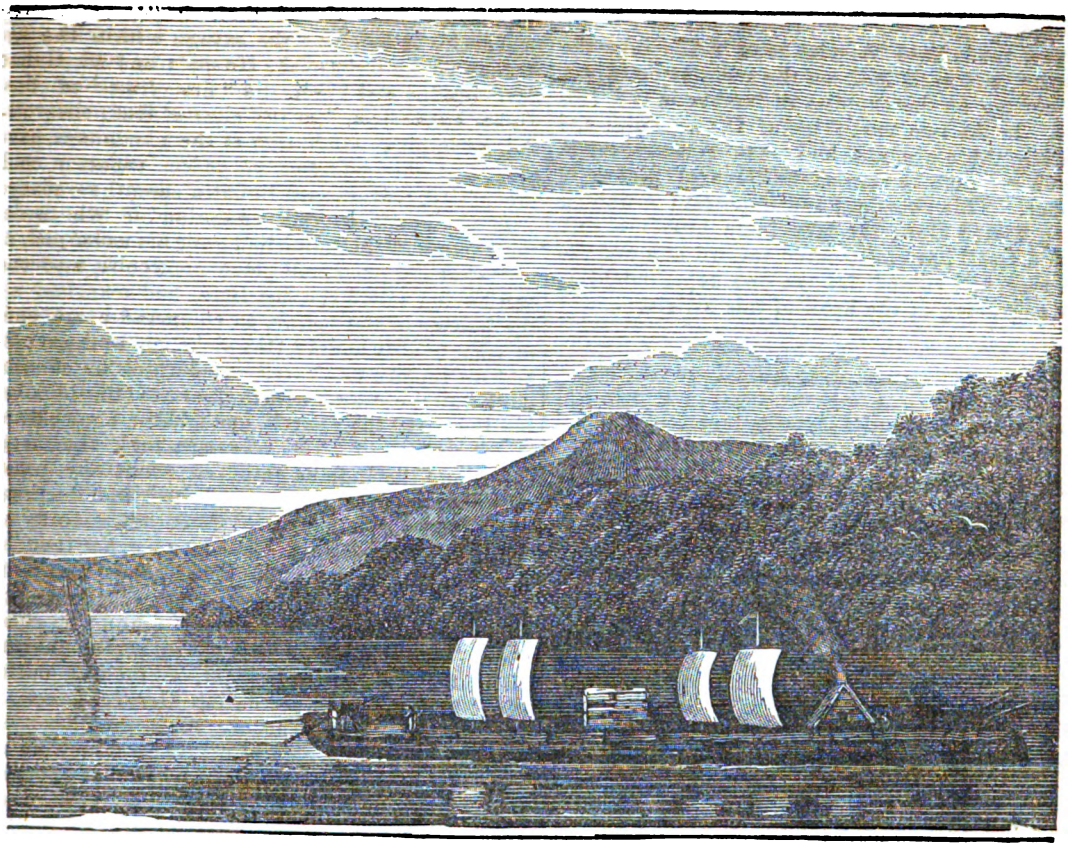
The graduates of the military academy are entitled by law to a preference over other applicants for commissions in the army. As the average number of vacancies is only about 25 annually, the army would soon be more than filled, did not a considerable number of the graduates voluntarily resign, in order to embrace other professions, particularly that of civil engineering. Although feeling under a moral obligation to offer their services to the country in case of any future emergency, they deem it right, as it is freely permitted, in time of peace to embrace other professions in which they may seek to be still more useful. Those who remain in the army are attached as brevet second lieutenants to the different corps, until they may receive higher rank on the occurrence of vacancies. American Magazine

RELICKS OF BY-GONE DAYS.

A MERCHANT in New York, who is a little curious in such matters, has in his possession, a CHAIR, which originally belonged to the *father* of Ex-President Madison, and which he afterward presented to his illustrious son. It is a neatly constructed article of dark mahogany, with a high, deep back, covered with Spanish figured leather, and supported by two circular legs, (one on each side.) The upper part of the back is carved after the style of the carvings around the altar in the Catholick cathedral at Malaga, where it is supposed to have been manufactured. In the centre of the top part of the back, was inserted the letter M, and on its being presented to the Ex-President the letter J. was prefixed. This curious relick was a present to its original owner in this country by his nephew, who was then a clerk in the house of Messrs. W. & M. H. Halin, merchants in Malaga.

The same gentleman has a HAT, which was presented to General Putnam by an intimate friend, soon after his encounter with the Wolf; which he afterward wore on occasions of hunting and fishing. It is a large broad-brimmed hat, made of oat-straw, neatly braided and sewed together, and bears this inscription, "*When this old hat was new.*" The General prized this singular-looking thing very highly, and wore it to church the first time he put it on.

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View of a Timber Raft, on Lake Champlain.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

Lake Champlain lies between the states of Vermont and New York, occupying the great glen, by means of which, the Hudson pierces the mountain chains. It is one hundred and forty miles in length, and varies in breadth, from half a mile to sixteen miles. Its surface covers not less than six hundred square miles, and its depth, like that of the higher lakes of the St. Lawrence—into which it has an outlet by the river Sorel—is in many places prodigious. It is in reality the lower plateau of a deep vale. Its direction is nearly north and south, and its bosom is interspersed with numerous islands. The largest of its general bays and headlands, are South bay and Cumberland head.

Ticonderoga and Crown Point, on the west shore, have been the theatre of important public events, which will long be remembered by the Americans. The waters of the lake are renowned also for the complete victory, gained by the gallant McDonough over the British fleet, on the 11th of September, 1814.

Lake Champlain was discovered in 1604. The Indians called it Caniaderi-Guarunte, signifying the mouth or door of the country. It is well stored with salmon, salmon-trout, sturgeon, pickerel, and other fish. A live seal was taken on the ice opposite Burlington, in February, 1810, which was four feet and five inches long. The ice freezes to a great thickness, and is usually passable from the first of December to the fifteenth or twentieth of March, and rarely disappears until the fifteenth of April. Nor is it uncommon, then, for miles of it to disappear in a few hours, much to the admiration of the inhabitants. This, however, does not take place till it has become very full of small holes, through which the air has escaped, and none but the most compact of the ice remaining, its specific gravity is of course greater than that of the water in which it sinks. Before the northern canal was opened to the Hudson, only about twenty vessels sailed on this lake. At the present time, sloops of from thirty to ninety tuns, with now and then a steamboat, may be seen in various directions; while great numbers of schooners, and, within a few years, countless canal-boats, some of them fitted with masts for sailing, also navigate the waters.

Formerly, the towns in the vicinity of the lake were poorly supplied with merchandise. The opening of the canal and establishment of steamboats have produced a wonderful change in this, as well as in other respects. Some of the towns have more than doubled in wealth, population, and business, since 1822, and numerous villages have sprung up into activity and thrift, from almost nothing; while goods are to be had in abundance and cheap.

The region between the lake and the north eastern branch of the Hudson, which heads six miles west of it, contains vast beds of iron ore.

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for which various forges and furnaces have been erected.

New roads have likewise been made into the interior, and mills built on the tributary streams, for cutting up the supplies of lumber in the forests. In the two townships of Crown Point and Moriah, there are not less than seventy mills, which are able to furnish millions of pieces of timber. This abundant and important article is often floated along the lake in an immense raft, with a small hut constructed toward one end for the men, and rigged like the one represented in our engraving at the head of this article.

THE BAPTISM OF POCAHONTAS.

It will be remembered by many of our readers, that, during the session of 1836–'37, Congress appropriated a sum of money to be expended in adorning the rotundo of the Capitol at Washington with four additional paintings, illustrative of events in the history of this country. The commission for executing these pictures was severally given to J. G. Chapman, H. Inman, R. W. Weir, and J. Vanderlyn. Mr. Chapman has completed his considerably in advance of the others. It is entitled, "The Baptism of Pocahontas." A more beautiful subject, viewed in all the historical and religious relations which it bears to our young republic, could not have been chosen. Mr. Chapman made diligent search and collected ample materials in this country and England for his picture, and all who have seen it award to the artist the highest praise for the design and execution.

Acquainted as we are with the excellence of Mr. Chapman as an artist and scholar, we were confident that his effort would be of the highest character, and honorable alike to himself and the country.

We have before us a descriptive pamphlet, containing an engraved key to the picture, by which we learn its general arrangement. We quote from the pamphlet:—

It was a memorable Sabbath morning when the sound of the church bells echoed through the silent forests about Jamestown, to gather to its consecrated aisles—the first dedicated to the worship of the living God in British America—the pioneers of civilization and Christianity in the new world, to witness the sublime spectacle of this converted heathen girl—POCAHONTAS—THE DAUGHTER OF POWHATAN—"THE FIRST CHRISTIAN EVER OF HER NATION," turning from her idols to God.

How long and earnestly the "winning of this one soul" had been looked to in the colony, and by its friends and promoters in England, the numerous letters and chronicles of that day express in terms that cannot be mistaken for transient impulse. They placed their hopes of lasting prosperity in bringing the savage within the influence of the light of the Gospel; and when the pure-minded girl knelt, the "first fruits of Virginian conversion," at the altar of God, they indulged in pious exultation at the glorious beginning, and the prospect of peace, security, and prosperity, that seemed to dawn upon the colony.

In obedience to the regulation of the town, the captain of the watch had gone his usual round, to "shut the ports and place centinells, and the bell having tolled the last time, had searched all the houses of the towne, to command every one, of what quality soever, (the sicke and hurt excepted,) to repaire to church, after which he accompanied all the guards with their armes (himselfe being last) into the church, and laid the keys before the Governour." The sergeants took their stations, and the Indians gathered about the place of ceremony, as Rolfe supported his destined bride to the rude baptismal font, hewn from an oak of her native forest. *Nantequaus*, her favorite brother, whom Smith calls "the most manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit he euer saw in a Saluage," stood nearest to her of her own kindred; an elder sister, with her Indian boy, sat in mute, anxious interest and curiosity in front, while her uncle, the sullen, cunning, yet daring *Opechankanough*, shrunk back, and probably even then brooded over the deep-laid plan of massacre which he so fearfully executed years after, when that spotless Indian girl had gone to reap her reward in heaven.

The Book of Prayer is closed; for not until after that time was there an established form for the baptism of those of riper years in the service of the Church of England. She bears upon her forehead the record of her vow—she renounces the idols of her nation—has confessed the faith of Christ, and is baptized. The Indian child clings closer to his mother, as the snowy mantle of swan-skin, tipped with a gay plumage that may be still seen among the thickets and along the shores about Jamestown, falling from her shoulders, discovers to her own the costume of her adopted people, and an unguarded movement of momentary excitement among the savage spectators is repeated through the congregation, as hands fall instinctively on match-lock and sword-hilt. It is the moment of the picture—another, and she is received into the fold of Christ, as pure and beautiful a spirit as ever knelt at his Holy Sacrament.

The following letter of Sir Thomas Dale contains so much directly connected with the CONVERSION AND BAPTISM OF POCAHONTAS, and throws so strong a light upon the character of that "*Religious and Valiant Gouernour*," that it is thought worthy of being copied almost entire, as it may be found in the fifth part of "*Purchas his Pilgrimes*," page 1768.

To the R. and my most esteemed friend M. D. M. at his house at F. Ch. in LONDON.

RIGHT Reverend Sir, by Sir *Thomas Gates* I wrote vnto you, of such occasions as then presented themselves, and now againe by this worthy Gentleman Captaine *Argall* I salute you:

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ient or such is the reuerend regard I haue of you, as ting I cannot omit any occasion to expresse the sin- in- cere affection I beare you. You haue euer giuen mee encouragements to perseuere in this Religeous *Warfare*, vntil your last Letters; not for that you are now lesse well affected thereunto; but because you see the *Action* to be in danger of their nonperformances who vndertooke the bussinesse, I haue vndertaken, and have so faithfully, and with all my might indeauoured the prosecution with all alacratie, as God that knoweth the heart can beare me record, what recompence, or what rewards, by whom, or when I know not where to expect; but from him in whose *Vineward* I labour, whose *Church* with greedy appetite I desire to erect. My glorious Master (*Prince Henry*) is gone that would haue ennamelled with his fauours the labours I vndertake, for *God's cause* and his *immortall* honour. Hee was the Great *Captaine* of our *Israel*, the hope to have builded vp this heauenly new *Ierusalem*, he interred (I thinke) the whole frame of this businesse, fell into his graue: for most men's forward (at least seeming so) desires are quenched, and *Virginia* stands in desperate hazard. You there doe your duties, I will no way omit mine, the time I promised to labour, is expired: it is not a yoke of Oxen hath drawne mee from this feast; it is not the marriage of a wife makes me haste home, though that Sallat giue me an appetite to cause me returne. But I haue more care of the *Stock*, then to set vpon a Dye, and rather put myselfe to the curtesie of noble and worthy censures, then ruine this Worke; and haue a Iury (nay a million) of foule mouthed detractors, scan vpon my endeauours, the ends whereof they cannot diue into. You shall briefly vnderstand what hath betide since my last, and how we now stand, and are likely to grow to perfection, if we be not altogether neglected, my stay grounded vpon such reasons, as had I now returned would haue hazarded the ruine of all.

Sir *Thomas Gates* hauing imbarked himselfe for *England* I put myselfe into Captaine *Argall's* ship with a hundred and fiftie men in my frigot, and other boats went vnto *Pamaunkie* River, where *Powhatan* hath his residence, and can in two or three dayes draw a thousand men together; with me I carried his Daughter, who had beene long prisoner with vs; it was a day or two before wee heard of them: At length they demanded why wee came; I gaue for answere, that I came to bring him his daughter, conditionally he would (as hath beene agreed vpon for her ransome) render all the Armes, Tooles, Swords, and men that had run away, and giue me a ship full of Corne, for the wrong he had done vnto vs; if they would doe this wee would be friends, if not burne all. They demanded time to send to their king; I assented, I taking, they receiving two pledges, to carry my message to *Powhatan*.* All night my two men lay not farre from the water side, about noone the next day they told them the great *king* was three daye's iourney off, that *Opochankano* was hard by, to whom they would have had them deliuer their message, saying, That what he agreed vpon and did, the great king would confirme. This *Opochankano* is brother to *Powhatan*, and is his and their chiefe *Captaine*; and one that can as soone (if not sooner) as *Powhatan* command the men.* But my men refused to doe my message vnto any saue *Powhatan*, so they were brought backe, and I sent theirs to them; they told me that they would fetch *Simons* to me, who had thrice plaid the runnagate, whose lyes and villany much hindered our trade for Corne: But they delayed vs, so as we went ashoare they shot at vs, we were not behind hand with them, killed some, hurt others, marched into the Land, burnt their houses, tooke their Corne, and quartered all night ashoare.

The next day we went farther vp the Riuer, they dogged vs and called to know whither we went; wee answered, To burn all, if they would not doe as we demanded, and had beene agreed vpon. They would, they said, bring all the next day, so we forbeare all hostilitie, went ashoare, their men in good numbers coming amongst vs, but we were very cautious, and stood to our Armes. The King's daughter went ashoare, but would not talke to any of them, scarce to them of the best sort, and to them onely, that if her father had loued her, he would not value her lesse then old Swords, Peeces, or Axes: wherefore shee would still dwell with the *English* men, who loued her. At last came one from *Powhatan*, who told vs, that *Simons* was run away to *Nonsowhaicond*, which was a truth as afterwards appeared, but that the other *English* man was dead, that proued a lie (for since M. *Hamor*, whom I employed to *Powhatan* brought him to mee), our Peeces, Swords, and Tooles, within fifteene dayes, should be sent to *Iames* Towne, with some Corne, and that his daughter should be my child, and euer dwell with mee, desiring to be ever friends, and named such of his people and neighbour kings as hee desired to be included, and have the benefit of the peace, promising if any of our men came to him, without leaue from mee, he would send them backe: and, that if any of his men stale from vs, or killed our cattell, hee would send them to us to bee punished as wee thought fit. With these conditions we returned, and within the time limited, part of our Armes were sent, and twentie men with Corne, and promised more which he hath also sent. *Opochankano* desired that I might call him friend, and that he might call me so, saying Hee was a greate *Captaine*, and did alwnys fight: that I was also a greate *Captaine*, and that therefore he loued mee; and that my friends should be his friends. So the bargaine was made and every eight or ten dayes, I have messages and presents from him, with many appearances that he much desireth to continue friendship.

Now you may judge, Sir, if the God of Battailes had not a helping hand in this, that hauing our *Swords* drawne, killing their men, burning their houses, and taking their corne; yet they

* The two hostages on the part of the Indians were the brothers of Pocahontas—one of the messengers to Powhatan was John Rolfe, her future husband.—*Smith.*

† Opochankano (sometimes written Opechankonough) headed the Indians in the massacre of the English planters on the 22d of March, 1622, in which nearly three hundred and fifty perished.

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tendered vs peace, and striue with all alacritie to keep vs in good opinion of them; by which many benefits arise vnto vs. First, part of our Armes, disgracefully lost long agoe (kept by the *Sauages* as *Monuments* and *Trophies* of our shames) redelivered, some repaire to our Honor. Our cattell to increase without danger of destroying, our men at libertie to hunt freely for Venison, to fish, or doe any thing else, or goe any whither, without danger; to follow the husbanding of our corne securely, whereof we haue about fiue hundred acres set, and God be praised, in more forwardnesse then any of the *Indians*, that I have seen or heard of this yeeres. Roots and Hearbs we haue abundance; all doubt of want is by God's blessing quite vanished, and much plentie expected. And which is not the least materiall, wee may by their peace come to discouer the Countrey better, both by our owne trauells, and by the relation of the Sauages, as we grow in familiaritie with them.

Powhatan's daughter I caused to be carefully instructed in the Christian Religion, who, after she had made some good progresse therein, renounced publickly her Countrey Idolatry, openly confessed her Christian Faith, was, as shee desired, baptized, and is since married to an English Gentleman of good vnderstanding (as by his letter vnto me, containing the reasons of his marriage of her, you may perceiue)—another knot to binde this peace the stronger. Her father and friends gaue approbation to it, and her vncle gaue her to him in the Church; She liues ciuilly and louingly with him, and I trust will increase in goodnesse, as the knowledge of God increaseth in her. She will goe into *England* with mee; and were it but the gaining of this one soule, I will think my time, toile, and present stay, well spent.

IMMORTALITY.

BY RICHARD H. DANA.

Is this thy prison-house, thy grave, then, Love?
And doth death cancel the great bond that holds
Commingling spirits? Are thoughts that know no bounds,
But, self-inspired, rise upward, searching out
The Eternal Mind—the Father of all thought—
Are they become mere tenants of a tomb?—
Dwellers in darkness, who the illuminate realms
Of uncreated light have visited and lived?—
Lived in the dreadful splendor of that throne,
Which One, with gentle hand the veil of flesh
Lifting, that hung 'twixt man and it, revealed
In glory?—throne, before which, even now,
Our souls, moved by prophetic power, bow down,
Rejoicing, yet at their own natures awed?—
Souls that Thee know by a mysterious sense,
Thou awful, unseen Presence—are they quenched,
Or burn they on, hid from our mortal eyes
By that bright day which ends not; as the sun
His robe of light flings round the glittering stars?

And with our frames do perish all our loves?
Do those that took their root and put forth buds,
And their soft leaves unfolded in the warmth
Of mutual hearts, grow up and live in beauty,
Then fade and fall like fair unconscious flowers?
Are thoughts and passions that to the tongue give speech,
And make it send forth winning harmonies,—
That to the cheek do give its living glow,
And vision in the eye the soul intense
With that for which there is no utterance—
Are these the body's accidents?—no more?—
To live in it, and when that dies, go out
Like the burnt taper's flame?

O, listen, man!
A voice within us speaks that startling word,
'Man, thou shalt never die!' Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality:
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,
The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,
Join in this solemn, universal song.
O, listen, ye, our spirits; drink it in
From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;
'Tis floating 'midst day's setting glories; Night,
Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears:
Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
The dying hear it; and as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

TO THE EVENING WIND.—BRYANT.

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice, thou
That coolest the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea.

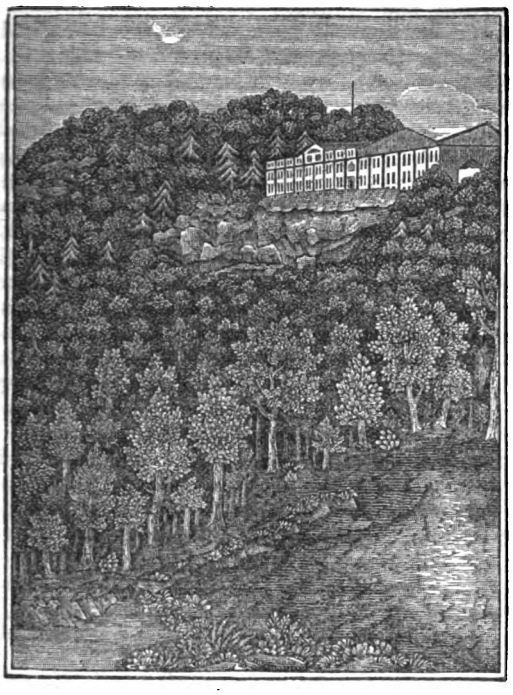
Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fullness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast:
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee: thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
That is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
Sweet odours in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

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THE MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

However widely European travellers have differed about other things in America, all seem to agree in their love of the Hudson. The pens of all tourists dwell on its scenery, and their affections linger about it like the magic lights which seem to have this river in their peculiar charge. Yet very few travellers have seen its noblest wonder. I may be singular; but I own that I was more moved by what I saw from the Mountain House than by Niagara itself.

What is this Mountain House? this Pine Orchard House? many will ask; for its name is not to be found in most books of American travels. "What is that white speck?" I myself asked, when staying at Tivoli, on the east bank of the Hudson, opposite to the Catskills, whose shadowy surface was perpetually tempting the eye. That white speck, visible to most eyes only when bright sunshine was upon it, was the Mountain House, a hotel built for the accommodation of hardy travellers who may desire to obtain that complete view of the valley of the Hudson which can be had nowhere else. I made up my mind to go; and the next year I went, on leaving Dr. Hosack's. I think I had rather have missed the Hawk's Nest, the Prairies, the Mississippi, and even Niagara, than this.

The steamboat in which we left Hyde Park landed us at Catskill (thirty-one miles) at a little after three in the afternoon. Stages were waiting to convey passengers to the Mountain House, and we were off in a few minutes, expecting to perform the ascending journey of twelve miles in a little more than four hours. We had the same horses all the way, and therefore set off at a moderate pace, though the road was for some time level, intersecting rich bottoms, and passing flourishing farm-houses, where the men were milking, and the women looked up from their work in the piazzas as we passed. Haymaking was going on in the fields, which appeared to hang above us at first, but on which we afterward looked down from such a height that the haycocks were scarcely distinguishable. It was the 25th of July, and a very hot day for the season. The roads were parched up, and every exposed thing that one handled on board the steamboat or in the stage, made one flinch from the burning sensation. The panting horses, one of them bleeding at the mouth, stopped to drink at a house at the foot of the ascent; and we wondered how, exhausted as they seemed, they would drag us up the mountain. We did not calculate on the change of temperature which we were soon to experience.

The mountain laurel conveyed by association the first impression of coolness. Sheep were browsing among the shrubs, apparently enjoying the shelter of the covert. We scrambled through deep shade for three or four miles, heavy showers passing over us, and gusts of wind bowing the tree-tops, and sending a shiver through us, partly from the sudden chillness, and partly from expectation and awe of the breezy solitude. On turning a short angle of the steep road, at a great elevation, we stopped in a damp green nook, where there was an arrangement of hollow trees to serve for water-troughs. While the horses were drinking, the gusts parted the trees to the left, and exposed to me a vast extent of country lying below, checkered with light and shadow. This was the moment in which a lady in the stage said, with a yawn, "I hope we shall find something at the top to pay us for all this." Truly the philosophy of recompense seems to be little understood. In moral affairs people seem to expect recompense for privileges, as when children, grown and ungrown, are told that they will be rewarded for doing their duty; and here was a lady hoping for recompense for being carried up a glorious mountain-side, in ease, coolness, leisure, and society, all at once. If it was recompense for the evil of inborn *ennui* that she wanted, she was not likely to find it where she was going to look for it.

After another level reach of road and another scrambling ascent, I saw something on the rocky platform above our heads like (to compare great things with small) an illumined fairy palace perched among the clouds in opera scenery; a large building, whose numerous window-lights marked out its figure from amid the thunder-clouds and black twilight which overshadowed it. It was now half past eight o'clock and a stormy evening. Everything was chill, and we were glad of lights and tea in the first place.

After tea I went out upon the platform in front of the house, after having been warned not to go too near the edge, so as to fall an unmeasured depth into the forest below. I sat upon the edge as a security against stepping over unawares. The stars were bright overhead, and had conquered half the sky, giving promise of what we ardently desired, a fine morrow. Over the other half the mass of thunder-clouds was, I supposed, heaped together, for I could at first discern nothing of the champaign which I knew must be stretched below. Suddenly, and from that moment incessantly, gushes of red lightning poured out from the cloudy canopy, revealing not merely the horizon, but the course of the river, in all its windings through the valley. This thread of river, thus illuminated, looked like a flash of lightning caught by some strong hand and laid along in the valley. All the principal features of the landscape might, no

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doubt, have been discerned by this sulphurous light; but my whole attention was absorbed by the river, which seemed to come out of the darkness like an apparition at the summons of my impatient will. It could be borne only for a short time; this dazzling, bewildering alternation of glare and blackness, of vast reality and nothingness. I was soon glad to draw back from the precipice and seek the candlelight within.

The next day was Sunday. I shall never forget, if I live to a hundred, how the world lay at my feet one Sunday morning. I rose very early, and looked abroad from my window, two stories above the platform. A dense fog, exactly level with my eyes, as it appeared, roofed in the whole plain of the earth; a dusky firmament in which the stars had hidden themselves for the day. Such is the account which an antediluvian spectator would probably have given of it. This solid firmament had spaces in it, however, through which gushes of sunlight were poured, lighting up the spires of white churches, and clusters of farm buildings too small to be otherwise distinguished; and especially the river, with its sloops floating like motes in the sunbeam. The firmament rose and melted, or parted off into the likeness of snowy sky-mountains, and left the cool Sabbath to brood brightly over the land. What human interest sanctifies a bird's-eye view! I suppose this is its peculiar charm, for its charm is found to deepen in proportion to the growth of mind. To an infant, a champaign of a hundred miles is not so much as a yard square of gay carpet. To the rustic it is less bewitching than a paddock with two cows. To the philospher, what is it not? As he casts his eye over its glittering towns, its scattered hamlets, its secluded homes, its mountain ranges, church spires, and untrodden forests, it is a picture of life; an epitome of the human universe; the complete volume of moral philosophy, for which he has sought in vain in all libraries. On the left horizon are the Green Mountains of Vermont, and at the right extremity sparkles the Atlantic. Beneath lies the forest where the deer are hiding and the birds rejoicing in song. Beyond the river he sees spread the rich plains of Connecticut; there, where a blue expanse lies beyond the triple range of hills, are the churches of religious Massachusetts sending up their Sabbath psalms; praise which he is too high to hear, while God is not The fields and waters seem to him to-day no more truly property than the skies which shine down upon them; and to think how some below are busying their thoughts this Sabbath-day about how they shall hedge in another field, or multiply their flocks on yonder meadows, gives him a taste of the same pity which Jesus felt in his solitude when his followers were contending about which should be greatest. It seems strange to him now that man should call anything *his* but the power which is in him, and which can create somewhat more vast and beautiful than all that this horizon encloses. Here he gains the conviction, to be never again shaken, that all that is real is ideal; that the joys and sorrows of men do not spring up out of the ground, or fly abroad on the wings of the wind, or come showered down from the sky; that good cannot be hedged in, nor evil barred out; even that light does not reach the spirit through the eye alone, nor wisdom through the medium of sound or silence only. He becomes of one mind with the spiritual Berkeley, that the face of nature itself, the very picture of woods, and streams, and meadows, is a hieroglyphic writing in the spirit itself, of which the retina is no interpreter. The proof is just below him (at least it came under my eye,) in the lady (not American) who, after glancing over the landscape, brings her chair into the piazza, and, turning her back to the champaign, and her face to the wooden walls of the hotel, begins the study this Sunday morning, of her lapful of newspapers. What a sermon is here preached to him at this moment from a hackneyed text! To him that hath much; that hath the eye, and ear, and wealth of the spirit, shall more be given; even a replenishing of this spiritual life from that which to others is formless and dumb; while from him that hath little, who trusts in that which lies about him rather than in that which lives within him, shall be taken away, by natural decline, the power of perceiving and enjoying what is within his own domain. To him who is already enriched with large divine and human revelations, this scene is, for all its stillness, musical with divine and human speech; while one who has been deafened by the din of worldly affairs can hear nothing in this mountain solitude.

The march of the day over the valley was glorious, and I was grieved to have to leave my window for an expedition to the falls a few miles off. The falls are really very fine, or, rather, their environment; but I could see plenty of waterfalls elsewhere, but nowhere else such a mountain platform. However, the expedition was a good preparation for the return to my window. The little nooks of the road, crowded with bilberries, cherries, and alpine plants, and the quiet tarn, studded with golden water-lilies, were a wholesome contrast to the grandeur of what we had left behind us.

On returning, we found dinner awaiting us, and also a party of friends out of Massachusetts, with whom we passed the afternoon, climbing higher and higher among the pines, ferns and blue-berries of the mountain, to get wider and wider views. They told me that I saw Albany, but I was by no means sure of it. This large city lay in the landscape like an ant-hill in a meadow. Long before sunset I was at my window again, watching the gradual lengthening of the shadows and purpling of the landscape. It was more beautiful than the sunrise of this morning, and less so than that of the morrow. Of this last I shall give no description, for I would not weary others with what is most sacred to me. Suffice it, that it gave me a vivid idea of the process of creation, from the moment when all was without form and void, to that when light was commanded, and there was light. Here, again, I was humbled by seeing what such things are to some who watch in vain for what they are not made to see. A gentleman and lady in the hotel intended to have left the place on Sunday. Having overslept that morning's sunrise, and arrived too late for that on Saturday, they were persuaded to stay till Monday noon; and I was pleased, on rising at four on Monday morning, to see that they were in the piazza below, with a telescope. We met at breakfast, all faint with hunger, of course.

"Well, Miss M.," said the gentleman discontentedly, "I suppose you were disappointed in the sunrise."

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"No, I was not."

"Why, do you think the sun was any handsomer here than at New York?"

I made no answer; for what could one say? But he drove me by questions to tell what I expected to see in the sun.

"I did not expect to see the sun green or blue."

"What did you expect, then?"

I was obliged to explain that it was the effect of the sun upon the landscape that I had been looking for.

"Upon the landscape! Oh! but we saw that yesterday."

The gentleman was perfectly serious; quite earnest in all this. When we were departing, a foreign tourist was heard to complain of the high charges! High charges! As if we were to be supplied for nothing on a perch where the wonder is if any but the young ravens get fed! When I considered what a drawback it is in visiting mountain-tops, that one is driven down again almost immediately by one's bodily wants, I was ready to thank the people devoutly for harboring us on any terms, so that we might think out our thoughts, and compose our emotions, and take our fill of that portion of our universal and eternal inheritance. Miss Martineau.

A gentleman, who has been traveling in Europe, has handed us the following pieces, which were given him by a lady of Florence, for whom they were written. Both of them are exceedingly pretty. That of Mr. Willis has been frequently published; but Mr. Wilde's has never appeared in print.

[Louisville Journal.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

They may talk of love in a cottage,
And bowers of the trellised vine,
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And milk-maids half divine;
They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
'Neath the shade of a spreading tree,
Of a walk with a nymph in the morning
Who trips with a footstep free;

But give me a sly flirtation
By the light of a chandelier,
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody over near;
Or give me a seat on the sofa,
With a glass of especial wine,
And mamma too blind to discover
The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage grows hungry,
Your vine is a nest for flies,
Simplicity cuts the graces,
And milk-maids talk of pies.
You sink to your shady slumber,
And wake with a bug in your ear,
And your nymph that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.

True Love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease,
True Love has an eye for a capon,
And would starve 'mid your shady trees;
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot's an invisible thing,
His arrow is tipped with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.

COMMENT BY THE HON. R. H. WILDE.

You may talk of your sly flirtation,
By the light of a chandelier,
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody over near;
Or boast of your seat on the sofa,
With a glass of especial wine,
And mamma too blind to discover
The small white hand in thine.

But the green sward give me, and the river,
The soul-shine of love-lit eyes,
A breeze and the aspen leaf's quiver,
A sun-set, and Georgian skies.
Or give me the moon for an astral,
The stars for a chandelier,
And a maiden to warble a pastoral
With a musical voice on my ear.

Your vision with wine being doubled,
You take *twice* the liberties due,
And early next morning are troubled,
With "PARSON OR PISTOLS for TWO:"
Unfit for this world or the other,
You're forced to be married or killed:
The lady you choose, or her brother,
And a grave, or a paragraph's filled.

True Love is at home among flowers,
And if he would dine at his ease,
A capon's as good in his bowers
As in rooms heated *ninety* degrees:
O'er sighs intermingled he hovers,
He foots it as light as he flies,
His dreams, the glances of lovers,
Are shot to the heart from the skies.

TO AN ABSENT SISTER.—Mrs. S. Osgood.

Mine own dear sister, wheresoe'er I go,
I hear thy voice melodiously low,
Thine eyes—thy soft, dark, eloquent, loving eyes—
Before me, in remembered beauty, rise.

Doth Nature robe her form in rich array,
Wreathing her brow with stars for jewels rare,
Zoning her waist with the wild rose of May,
And broidering all her vest with blossoms fair?

Do her sweet tones, sweet as thine own the while,
Forth from my home my willing feet allure,
To wander in the warm light of her smile,
And bare my forehead to her breathing pure?

I sigh and think if thou wert with me now,
Exulting in thy youth and health and glee,
How wouldst thou toss the ringlets from thy brow,
And join in all her joyous revelry!

How would thy heart's enthusiastick pulses beat!
Thy voice, with all its wealth of musick, rise,
Her ever-changing melody to meet—
Love in thy soul and rapture in thine eyes!

Oh! sweetest, loveliest, would that thou wert here!
Heaven loses half her holy light to me,
Earth is ungraced, with all her springtide year,
And life itself worth little without thee!

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AUBURN.

THE engraving on the opposite page, represents one of the most flourishing townships in the western part of New York.

AUBURN is situated in the old military tract, on the Owasco outlet, about two and a half miles north of the Owasco lake, and is on the great western turnpike, 169 miles west of Albany. It was first settled in 1793, by Col. John L. Hardenbergh—and was for many years known as "Hardenbergh's Corners."

The postoffice was first established here about the year 1800—the mails arriving only once a fortnight. In two or three years, this was changed to once a week—During the war, to once a day—and now, the mails constantly arriving at, and departing from the postoffice, are almost without number. In 1805, Dr. Crosset gave the village the name by which it has ever since been known. At that time, it consisted of but a few log dwellings, a store or so, a gristmill, &c., all situated near the bank of the creek, not far from the spot which is now occupied by the extensive flouring establishment of Messrs Leonard & Warden. In this year, the act was passed appointing a committee to decide as to the location of the county buildings, which at length decided in favour of Auburn. In 1807, the building of the courthouse was commenced—and the county courts were removed to this place from Aurora. Thus the village had become the *county town*—and, as a natural consequence, it was soon honoured with a newspaper. The "Western Federalist" was started by H. & J. Pace in 1808, and was continued by them till 1816. But it had a good effect all the time in giving the infant village a *name* abroad—and accordingly we find its condition constantly improving. The courthouse, clerk's office, and several frame houses had by this time been erected; and in 1811, we find the late unobtrusive settlement had increased to quite a goodly village. At this time, it was supposed to contain not far from 300 inhabitants; the courthouse was at this time the only publick building in the village, and even this was still in an unfinished state. Exertions were made to erect an Episcopal church, and during this year, the neat little edifice (destroyed by fire in 1832) was commenced: So also was commenced the old academy—a brick three-story building, which too, was destroyed by fire in 1816. Nor were these improvements confined to one class or to only one sect of the people—for in the same year, we find the few Presbyterians then in the place, meeting to form a society of that denomination.

The great epidemick, which in 1813 raged so generally throughout the country, marked many a victim among the citizens of Auburn—mostly, however, of the intemperate class.

By an act of the legislature, the village of Auburn was incorporated on the 18th of April, 1815—at which time it contained about 1000 inhabitants. From this time its improvements became more rapid and uniform; the streets, which had formerly been nothing but mud and hills, were now, for the first time, sought to be improved; walks were put down on the principal streets; and in a short time, people, with good care, might pass from one end of the village to the other without running much risk of being lost in the mud—an attempt which had hitherto been proved to be somewhat hazardous. In this year, the first fire company was formed.

In 1816, after the relative advantages of the several villages of the western district, had been canvassed by a committee appointed by the state, for the purpose of deciding upon the location for a state prison for said district, the choice was decided in favour of Auburn. The prison was accordingly commenced—and has now long been admired as a model, both in Europe and in this country.

During the same year, the first Presbyterian Society laid the foundation of their meeting-house on North street; which house was dedicated on the 6th of March the following year. In June, the "Auburn Gazette," (afterward "Cayuga Republican,") was commenced by Skinner & Crosby—and in September, the "Advocate of the People" was published by H. C. Southwick.

At this time, the bank of Auburn was chartered—capital stock, $200,000. In 1818, their present banking-house was erected.

In April, 1817, the village contained 1506 inhabitants—148 dwelling-houses—20 stores, and 40 mechanick shops. In September, 1828, its inhabitants numbered 2047—showing an increase of 548 in seventeen months.

The Auburn Theological Seminary (the situation of which is now very flourishing) was established by the synod of Geneva in 1819, incorporated in 1820, and went into operation in 1821.

During the same year, the Methodist Episcopal Society was organized. Their house on Chapel street was soon after erected; this has since been sold to the Roman Catholicks. The stone chapel, belonging to, and now occupied by this society, on North street, was erected in 1833. In 1824, the "Free Press" was commenced by Richard Oliphan; which, after having been continued till 1833, by uniting with the Republican, gave rise to the Auburn Journal.

In 1825, the number of inhabitants was 2982; in 1833, 3368, and in 1836, it is probably not far from 6,500. In 1825, the Baptist Society was organized; and in 1829, they erected their house on South street, (since sold to the Universalists,) and in 1834, erected their house on Genesee street. In 1827, the "Gospel Messenger," an Episcopal publication,) was commenced by Rev. Dr. Rudd. In 1829, the Second Presbyterian Society was organized; and soon they laid the foundation of their house on South street also.

The Auburn Musical Association was formed in 1830—and we believe is at this time in a flourishing condition. In 1833, the Universalist Society was organized; and in 1834, the Catholicks fitted up their church on Chapel street. About nine years since, great and lasting improvements were commenced in the appearance of the streets. Hills were reduced—valleys raised—and all so nearly brought upon a level as to entirely alter the general *contour* of the village. In addition to this, after these improvements were completed, the principal streets passed through an almost universal operation of M'Adamization—which renders them at once agreeable promenades, at most times wearing the same appearance of neatness and cheerfulness. The new county jail

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[AUBURN—Cayuga Co. N. Y.]

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was erected in 1833 at an expense of $8,000. It is of limestone, 72 by 45 feet, three stories high—the prison portion being entirely fireproof. It contains 14 cells, besides workshops, &c., in the third story.

In this year, the Cayuga county bank was chartered—capital stock $250,000—and in 1834, erected their splendid banking-house. In 1833, the "Cayuga Democrat" was commenced by F. Prince—and was discontinued in March, 1835. The Young Men's Association was formed two years ago. It has nearly one hundred members—and its reading-room is well furnished with the best foreign and American periodical, literature, &c. Success attend it.

It will be utterly impossible for us in this article and at this time to detail as fully as we could wish all the sources of prosperity which are daily opening upon Auburn, and which bid fair to place her in the same rank with the most flourishing places in the interiour of the state. A correspondent remarks that "the Auburn and Oswego canal is going on vigorously, and will be completed either this autumn or early next spring. The capital of the company has been doubled; it is now $200,000. This work will give our village water-power to an almost unlimited extent; and in connexion with present advantages, will place us on an *equal* footing, at least in this respect, to any other place in the state.

The Auburn and Syracuse railroad is now under contract the whole distance, and most of it is rapidly progressing. Next year it will be ready for travel, and in connexion with the Syracuse, Utica, and Schenectady railroads, will place Auburn within six or eight hours travel of Albany, or about sixteen or eighteen of New York.

A charter has been granted for the Auburn and Ithaca railroad: this is to pass for about forty miles through one of the richest agricultural sections of the state, connecting at Ithaca with the Ithaca and Oswego, and with the New York and Erie railroad; thus opening to our citizens a direct and speedy communication with the coal-districts of Pennsylvania on the south, as well as with the still unexplored regions of the west.

The Auburn and Rochester railroad, the stock for which is $2,000,000, will open many advantages in that direction; thus placing Auburn in one of the most advantageous situations, (so far as rapid communication with other places is concerned,) not to be surpassed by any other town in the state. As to health, and general prosperity, it is unrivalled.

During the present year, the new act of incorporation has taken effect, greatly enlarging the limits of the village, as well as placing in the hands of the trustees more power than they possessed under the old charter. The trustees elected last spring have entered upon the duties of their station with a zeal in every respect honourable to the village—and are, at this time, engaged in prosecuting improvements, which will prove a lasting honour to the place. The streets (or those not already done) are being graded and McAdamized, supplied with lamps, &c., an efficient night-watch established, and steps taken to advance the health and beauty of Auburn; and consequently the value of property.

Riches cannot purchase mental endowments. Imitate a good man, but never counterfeit him.

NAVAL REMINISCENCE.

The capture of the U. S. frigate President, by a British squadron off Long Island, near the close of the last war, was marked by many interesting circumstances which have been communicated to us by an eye witness.

It is well known that the President sustained considerable injury by striking on the bar near Sandy Hook, on the night she put to sea, which greatly impeded her sailing. This incident, and the delay occasioned by it, rendered it very doubtful whether she would be able to elude the enemy's vigilance, who were known to have a force of three frigates and a 64 gun ship cruizing along the coast. As the day dawned, the apprehensions of Commodore Decatur were realized. The whole of the enemy's squadron was in sight, and at no great distance, and in a brief interval their clouds of canvass were seen raised to the breeze, in eager pursuit. The largest of the frigates, the Endymion, a ship of equal size and force with the President, took the lead in the chase, and it was very apparent that her superiour sailing would render all hope of escape from her futile. Not that there was any disinclination to try the issue of a brush with her single-handed; on the contrary, such was the confidence in our naval superiority, and in the hero who commanded, that every heart would have exulted at the thought of such an encounter, without a fear of its consequences. But Decatur saw that if he commenced an engagement with the Endymion, it would hardly be decided before the ships would arrive, and determine the result against him. The chase continued fresh and animated until after sunset, when the enemy's ship having arrived within gun-shot, began to pour in a well-directed fire. At this moment, Decatur conceived a plan, which, with his characteristick decision he determined to carry, if possible, into execution. It was to run the President alongside of the Endymion, carry her by boarding, escape by her superiour sailing, and leave his own crippled vessel a prey to the enemy.

The conception was worthy of the hero, and was hailed with three enthusiastick cheers by the crew, when communicated to them. Orders were promptly given to wear ship for the purpose, but the enemy took the alarm, and stood off, thus frustrating the intrepid manoeuvre.

No alternative was now left but to fight the Endymion at her own distance, and matters soon wore a terrifick aspect. A running fire commenced on both sides, which was fatal to many of the officers of the President. Mr. Babbitt, the first-lieutenant, was killed early in the action, and Lieutenant Hamilton was soon after cut in two by an 18 pound shot. This amiable officer shook hands and took leave of a friend, as he departed to his station, and in a few minutes, when that friend was hastening to the quarter-deck to make a report to the commodore, he met his faithful servant, who exclaimed in a tone of anguish: "Oh, sir, poor Mr. Hamilton is just killed."

Meanwhile, the contest which had raged fiercely for more than an hour, began to abate, on the part of the enemy, and it was very evident that they were unable to continue it much longer. As their fire ceased, Lieut. Howell observed to a midshipman, who was standing by his side, "Well, we have flogged

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that fellow after all; he can fight no longer." He had scarcely uttered these words, when a gun flashed, and he exclaimed, "No, he is firing yet." The midshipman moved to look as he spoke, but hearing a groan at the moment, he turned round, and the gallant Howell was lying on the deck in the convulsions of death. That very flash was but the precursor of the fatal shot which struck him while he was speaking. The midshipman found that he had himself narrowly escaped the same shot, it having carried away a part of the hilt of his own dirk, which was hanging by his side.

By this time the Pomona and Tenedos frigates having come up, had taken their position to pour in upon the President their murderous broadsides, and further resistance to such unequal odds seemed madness. Painful as the necessity was, it now seemed imperious, and Decatur gave order for the flag to be struck.

Though it was in the latter part of January, the sun rose the next morning with a mild and vivifying radiance. The hostile attitude of the parties having been changed by the result into the relation of victors and vanquished, it now only remained to the victors to make the necessary preparations to transport their prize to Bermuda.

On Commodore Decatur, however, and the survivors was devolved the sad duty of consigning to their graves, the remains of those who had fallen in the bloody contest. The bodies of Lieutenants Babbitt, Hamilton and Howell, wrapped in tarry sheets, were borne to the ship's side, and prepared to be consigned to the depths below. Around stood the silent group, attended by a detachment of British marines, who were deputed to pay them the closing honours of war. The Episcopal burial service was read in an impressive manner by Decatur, and as he pronounced the words, "We commit these bodies to the deep," the marines fired their funeral knell, and they were simultaneously launched into the ocean.

One sudden plunge—the scene was o'er;
The sea rolled on as it rolled before.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that when the prize-crew was sent on board the President, from the squadron, inquiry was immediately made by a British officer, if Lieutenant Babbitt was on board, and well. When told of his death, he was greatly affected, and observed that he had been a few months before a prisoner of war in the United States, and stationed in the village where the family resided with whom Mr. Babbitt expected to be allied by marriage, and that he had given them a pledge on his departure, that if ever the chances of war should place Mr. B. within his reach, he would do all in his power to alleviate the misery of such servitude.

Notwithstanding the favourable opportunity afforded by the weather to repair the President, and put her in a condition to reach Bermuda in safety, not a shot-hole was stopped up the next day, and she remained as she was when the last gun was fired. That night the spirit of the storm was visible on the face of the waters, and ere midnight, the winds and waves seemed to vie with each other in an effort to complete the work of destruction. A tempest of the most appalling description sprang up, to which the terrours of the battle were as nothing. The ship rolled and plunged, and every succeeding plunge was supposed to be the last. The idea that such a shattered vessel, pierced by a hundred balls, and leaking dreadfully, could survive the fury of the storm, seemed to all incredible. The American officers were placed in the ward-room, where they remained the whole night in that state of exciting and fearful suspense which the danger of their situation was likely to produce. The word passed repeatedly from one to another, that she was gone, and all immediately prepared to meet their impending fate as soon as possible. But Providence had ordained otherwise; and with the return of the morning came new hope. The violence of the gale did not abate, however, until evening, and when it subsided, not one of the other ships was any where to be seen. A plan was therefore formed by the prisoners to rise upon the prize-crew and recapture the frigate, which was defeated only by the premature disclosure of it by a drunken marine. Being ordered below for some insolence, he muttered something that alarmed the British officer, who exercised such vigilance afterward that it was found impracticable to carry th scheme into execution with any prospect of success

N. Y. Jour. of Com.

Wild-Orange Groves.—Nothing can be more gladdening to the traveller, when passing through the uninhabited woods of East Florida, than the wild-orange groves which he sometimes meets with. As I approached them, the rich perfume of the blossoms, the golden hue of the fruits, that hung on every twig, and lay scattered on the ground, and the deep green of the glossy leaves, never failed to produce the most pleasing effect on my mind. Not a branch has suffered from the pruning knife, and the graceful form of the trees retains the elegance it received from nature. Raising their tops into the open air, they allow the uppermost blossoms and fruits to receive the unbroken rays of the sun, which one might be tempted to think are conveyed from flower to flower, and from fruit to fruit, so rich and balmy are all. Tho pulp of these fruits quenches your thirst at once, and the very air you breathe in such a place refreshes and reinvigorates you. I have passed through groves of these orange-trees full a mile in extent. Their occurrence is a sure indication of good land, which in the southeastern portion of that country is rather scarce. The Seminole Indians and poorer squatters feed their horses on oranges, which these animals seem to eat with much relish. The immediate vicinity of a wild-orange grove is of some importance to the planters, who have the fruits collected and squeezed in a horse-mill. The juice is barrelled and sent to different markets, being in request as an ingredient in cooling drinks. The straight young shoots are cut and shipped in bundles, to be used as walking sticks.

They err who deem love's brightest hour
In blooming youth is known;
Its purest, tenderest, holiest power
In latter life is shown:
When passions chastened and subdued,
To riper years are given,
And earth and earthly things are viewed
In light that breaks from Heaven.

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HOMER VILLAGE.

This place derives its name from the town in which it is situated. The towns, generally, on what was called "the military tract" in this part of our state, when originally surveyed, received the names of distinguished ancients; the subdivisions have mostly been named in honour of Americans.

This village began to be settled in 1796 by people from New England. There were a few families who had previously settled in other parts of the town. The first house (a log-house,) was built in that year by James Moore; others were shortly after erected. The first *frame* house was put up in 1799 by Major E. Stimson on the ground now occupied by the third house (two stories high, four chimneys,) from the left one, see cut. The inhabitants had then to go thirty or forty miles to get their milling done. A grist-mill was ere long built, and was considered a very important acquisition to the settlement. It served the people for a mill and also for a place to hold religious meetings, until they could erect a house large enough for that purpose. The first sermon preached in this town was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Hillyer of New Jersey, about the year 1794, at the raising of a log barn on the hill east of the village. The reverend gentleman was on an exploring tour for the purpose of viewing a lot of land of which he was the owner, and which is still called by his name; falling in company with the men who were erecting the barn, while there he preached to them, standing by the side of a tree, his auditors being seated about him in the form of a kind of semicircle. The tree was marked for the purpose of perpetuating a knowledge of the location of the event. Subsequently the tree was cut down by an owner who considered it of more value to him, to use it for timber or fuel, than to let it stand as a memento of past events.

From the first settlement of this place, it has continued to increase gradually in population and business. New accessions have been made yearly by emigrants from Massachusets and Connecticut, and some from the eastern part of this state. It was with much difficulty that they made their way through the wilderness to this then new settlement. The early settlers were industrious, frugal, and moral; and a large proportion of them, religious people, who were proverbial for their friendly intercourse, and acts of kindness and hospitality to each other and to "new comers." Several of the first inhabitants have remarked to me, that, notwithstanding the deprivations they had to endure, those were happy days. Under God, we are indebted in no small degree to those Pilgrims for the distinguished, religious, moral, and intellectual privileges, which, as a people, we now enjoy, and for the good order that prevails throughout our community.

Homer village is pleasantly situated in the very rich and fertile valley of the Tioughnioya. The west branch of this stream passes through the village, and adds much to its beauty and business. The village extends from north to south about a mile; its principal (Main) street passes through the length of it, running a south-westerly direction, and is to a considerable extent lined on either side with shade-trees, and through the whole distance with flagged side-walks. This street is intersected by others at right angles, the side-walks of which are also flagged. The houses generally exhibit in structure and finish, architectural neatness and taste; some of them are quite elegant.

In the centre of the village is the green, containing six acres of land, and enclosed with a neat and durable fence. Here the publick buildings are situated, standing in a direct line, and make a very attractive and commanding appearance. First in order on the north, is the Episcopal church; (see cut) second, Cortland academy; third, the Congregational church; fourth, the old academy, now the Methodist church. A view of this, in the cut, is obstructed by Mechanicks' Hall, its steeple appearing to stand on the ridge at the east end of the hall; and fifth, the Baptist church. From the high ground in the vicinity, the village exhibits to its beholder an air of neatness and unostentatious elegance, not surpassed by any village in western New York.

The inhabitants are generally New Englanders and their immediate descendants, and evince some of the peculiar characteristicks of the people in their "father land." The population of the village is eleven hundred, and has increased during the last ten years at a ratio that will double every ten years. The village was incorporated in 1835, and includes the whole of lot No. 45, in the old township of Homer.

The Homer cotton factory does an extensive business, and manufactures large quantities of cloth for calico-printers. The capital invested is $40,000 and is owned almost exclusively by persons residing in the village and vicinity.

Other manufactures are prosecuted to considerable extent. Flour, linseed oil, leather, shoes, woollen cloth, axes, scythes, edge tools, stone-ware, ploughs, castings of various kinds, tin-ware, carriages, furniture, combs, bread, crackers, &c. &c. *There is no distillery in the town;* previous to the commencement of the temperance reform there were five or six. There is one brewery. A great amount of business is done by the merchants. There are now in the village three clergymen, five lawyers, and four physicians. There are three public and two private schools, where the common branches of education are taught.

Cortland academy has been for some time one of the most flourishing institutions of the kind in the state. It has six teachers, (four gentlemen and two ladies) and as many departments. The course of study pursued in this institution is designed to present a thorough preparation for admission to college, and for active business in the various spheres in which the youth of our country are called to act. It is furnished with a valuable philosophical and chymical apparatus, an extensive and valuable cabinet of minerals and geological specimens, and a library. Lectures are delivered on chymistry, natural philosophy, and geology. The healthful situation of the institution, the very few inducements to vice, the moral character of the community, and the assiduous attention of the teachers to the duties devolving on them, exert a very favourable and manifest influence over the habits of the students. This institution was founded February 2, 1819. The whole number of students who attended during the year ending December 1836, was 366—males 211, females 155. S. B. Woolworth A. M. principal.

S. S. B.

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WEST BLOOMFIELD, ONTARIO COUNTY, N. Y.

West Bloomfield is situated in the western part of Ontario county, New York, and on the great road from Albany to Buffalo. The town was settled by emigrants from New England in 1791. About this time a great part of the town was bought for less than twenty-five cents per acre. The land is generally high and rolling, and the town peculiarly pleasant and healthy. The soil is very good and well adapted to raising wheat, of which great quantities are annually floured and sent to market. By raising this valuable article, and by the increase in the value of land, the farmers have generally become wealthy. Instead of the land being now sold for twenty-five cents an acre, the farms at this time, including the buildings, are worth from fifty to one hundred dollars per acre. They are usually large and some of them very fine. The people in general are industrious, intelligent and moral. The principal religious denominations are Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists and Christians. Their houses of publick worship are seen in the annexed view. Commencing at the east end of the village, the first is the Methodist Chapel; the second is the house of the First Congregational Church; the third is that of the Second Congregational Church connected with the First Society. The fourth is the Baptist house, which is not yet completed. The cupola of the Christian house is seen over the hill south. Each congregation has a minister settled, or residing among them.

West Bloomfield Academy.—In this town a considerable attention is paid to the subject of education. In addition to the numerous common and select schools, the academy is well sustained and in a flourishing condition. As your valuable publication is widely circulated and doubtless falls into the hands of many teachers, and others interested in the education of the young, a brief notice of the internal regulations of this academy may not be uninteresting or unprofitable to none of your readers. During the past year in addition to the students from abroad more than one hundred of the youth in town have enjoyed the privileges of the institution.

While the general principles of education are often ably developed, the minutiæ of good government and instruction are seldom fully described. And, as the most *definite* information is often the most useful, a particular notice will be given of the course here pursued, from which the general principles adopted may be readily inferred. The teacher, after ten years' experience, has seldom if ever found a youth, or even a child, who did not decidedly *prefer* stillness, system and order in school, to noise, irregularity and confusion. By experience also, he has learned that it is much easier and pleasanter to *prevent* improprieties than to *correct* them after they have occurred. These objects are secured in a great measure by the influence of *two maxims*, and a *single rule*, Viz.: "*A time for everything* and *every thing in its time*;"—"*A place for everything* and *everything in its place.*" Rule: "*No communications in study hours.*" These are generally so presented and explained at the commencement of the term, as to meet the approbation of every scholar, and to lead all to feel an interest in their strict observance To secure the influence of the first maxim; "a time for every thing;" &c., a well-regulated clock is placed by the teacher in the school-room, where it can be seen by every scholar. By this the bell is rung twenty minutes before school-time to assemble the students, and afterward tolled four minutes till nine o'clock, when every scholar is expected to be in his seat. The teacher's bell is then struck, giving the signal for study hours, and the exercises commence immediately. After the school is opened with *short* devotional exercises, and sometimes a few remarks from the teacher, the scholars commence their studies; and, as the time for each recitation is marked down on one of the black-boards in the room, each scholar knows exactly the time when he will recite, for there is no waiting for lessons. In this school where the common studies, the higher branches and the languages are taught, there must be a considerable number of classes, and only about half an hour can be devoted to each recitation. At half past nine a class, uncalled, comes for recitation, to a seat near the teacher's desk to avoid interrupting the others. The recitation is finished as the clock strikes ten, which is the only signal for a recess, during which the studies are suspended, the mind unbent, and the whole time, seven minutes, allowed the students for free intercourse, and for doing all business; as leaving seats, changing books, going out, going to the fire in cold weather, asking questions, &c. In short, it is expected that everything will be so arranged in recess, that, during study hours, nothing, except study and recitations, shall take the attention of the students or teacher. And the recess is generally found amply sufficient for this, so that no scholar feels the need of any further privilege, and the teacher feels sure that he will not be interrupted in a recitation, to attend to scholars out of the class, to grant permissions, &c., except in extraordinary cases. At seven minutes past ten o'clock, the teacher's bell is rung, or the academy bell struck one or twice, when every scholar is expected to cease conversation, go immediately to his seat and have his book. This requires about one minute. Then the little bell gives the known signal for study hours, when all noise and all communications *cease immediately* and *entirely*, and the studies are resumed. A class already having the appropriate seat commences its recitation. At about half past ten they go to their seats, and another class comes and occupy the time till eleven, when there is another recess of seven minutes as before, and afterward two more recitations. The clock striking twelve dismisses the school for one hour. After the intermission, the bell

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WEST BLOOMFIELD, N. Y.

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Foundations.

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again, as in the morning, assembles the school at one o'clock. The first hour is devoted to reading, spelling, definitions, general questions, &c. At two a recess as before; after which two recitations, and a recess at three o'clock. The last hour is usually devoted to chirography, exercises in composition, &c., the teacher devoting his whole time to mending pens, and assisting the scholars. When the clock strikes four, the studies for the day are suspended, the account of the school taken, and the school closed with short devotional exercises. The duties of the school are the same from day to day, with the exception of half a day in each week, when the ordinary exercises are suspended, and the time devoted to declamations, compositions, topicks of *general information*, lectures, &c. The scholars not only have a definite time for each *recitation*, but are encouraged to appropriate, and *mark down* a *particular portion* of each day for the *preparation* of each lesson. While there is a time for everything, it is expected that scholars or teacher will do but one thing at a time, and devote to that their whole attention.

By having "a place for everything and everything in its place," is meant that every scholar have *his own seat and remain in it* at *all times*, except when he leaves it at the direction of the teacher; and also that each one have a definite place for his hat and cloak, and for each book, slate, inkstand, &c., and that he be careful always to have every article in its place. Here it is thought the youth may be learning a lesson which, if well practised, may be of use to him in subsequent life.

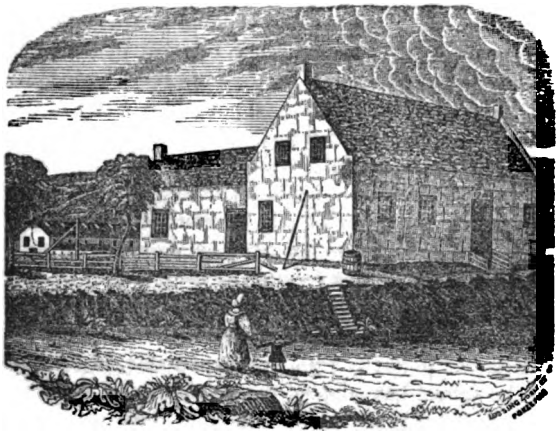
By the rule, "*no communications*," is meant that, when the little bell gives the notice for a study hour, all conversation and mental intercourse, such as whispering, writing and showing it to others, making signs, significant looks, &c., or in short everything which can possibly *communicate an idea* from one scholar to another *must instantly* and *entirely cease*, and be *wholly dispensed with until recess*. This rule is considered very important and inseparably connected with the best interests of the school. By it several valuable objects are gained. Every scholar is now sure that he will not be interrupted in his studies, and that his whole *time* will be his *own*. He is also aided in forming *proper habits* of *study*, or in learning to take off his mind from other subjects, and fix it intently on the one object of immediate pursuit. Furthermore, he learns not to expect the unnecessary assistance of his neighbours, but to *depend on his own mental resources*. Thus he is aided in the important object of *mental discipline*, so seldom acquired in our common schools. He is also learning *self-government*, which may be of great service to him in various situations of life in which he may afterward be placed. And, to secure these several objects, every precaution is taken to avoid whatever will take the attention of the scholars, or in any way occasion interruptions to their studies. No scholar asks questions across the room, or gets any permission to leave his seat, except in extreme cases, as that of sickness, when he raises his hand, and the teacher goes immediately to him, and grants him any privilege he needs. So if a scholar wishes to speak to the teacher, or if he wants any assistance in any of his studies;—if he is suffering with the cold, or in short, if he needs anything whatever in study hours, he makes the same sign, and the teacher who is generally where he can see every scholar, goes immediately to him and attends to the case, but converses in a low voice, so as not to interrupt or take the attention of the other scholars. The understanding is to *let the clock make* the noise; or in other words to have the school so still that the ticking of the clock can be constantly heard. Thus every scholar is expected to have as good an opportunity for close application to his books as he could have in his own private room. In such circumstances, it is not often the case, that every one does not willingly study, for he can have no intercourse with the other scholars, and idleness is rendered very unpopular. It takes a little time for scholars who have generally been accustomed to a different course to learn to practise on a system so definite, and especially to avoid *all communications* in school. But the subject is presented to them at the commencement of the term, and they are encouraged to make the effort; and, if some fail the first day, they are treated kindly, and encouraged to try again. In this way all the scholars form the habit of avoiding communications almost entirely. The school generally adopts the regulation by a unanimous vote. If there be one who does not vote in favour of the regulation, as is very seldom the case, he is soon led to see that his views are very unpopular, while the teacher and the whole school are opposed to them; and, furthermore, that so *small* a *minority must* conform to the *great majority*. For awhile the account of the school is taken *daily*, but after the habits are well formed, it is not taken so often. The account of the school is sometimes taken in this manner: after the studies of the day are finished, "all those who feel sure they have made no communication in study hours during the day," are requested to raise their hand. If any do not give the sign, they are asked individually in the presence of the school, how many communications they think they have made. When this is done, all are requested to raise their hand who think any *mistake* has been made in taking the account, that is, all who know of any communication having been made which has not been mentioned. If any raise their hand, they mention in the presence of the school, or to the teacher after school, whatever they suppose to be a mistake in the account. This is considered perfectly right and honourable, inasmuch as the school has adopted the regulation, it is taken for granted that all would prefer to have mistakes corrected, and that no one would act the part of dishonesty and hypocrisy. By treating the subject cautiously, and leading the scholars to feel that decep-

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tion and falsehood are among the worst traits of character, they soon form the habit of mentioning communications, or mistakes with great frankness and good feeling. After about one week the communications are faithfully recorded by the teacher, and they are generally read at the close of the term in connection with the scholars' names who have made them. And to show the success of the plan, it may not be improper here to state, that the whole number of communications thus recorded during the last term was only *twenty-four*, for the *whole school*—less than *one* for a *scholar* for the *whole term*, and the number for the present term, which is about to close, is only *twelve* for the whole school!

Under the influence of such a system, the government of the school is pleasant and easy. The scholars most invariably appear cheerful and happy. They generally *govern themselves* in accordance with the wishes of the teacher; while, with scarcely a word said by him from day to day, on the subject, the clock and little bell seem to have almost the whole control. If however anything farther be necessary, the course of discipline pursued is very mild and forbearing, but energetick and thorough. A case, however, of corporeal punishment does not occur *so often as once a year*, although scholars are found here with all the variety of disposition, feelings and habits of scholars *elsewhere*. In case of failure in duty, kind remarks or a slight privation is generally sufficient to correct all improprieties; as for instance, if a scholar is late in the morning, or at any other time, he loses the next recess. So if lessons are not prepared at the time, the delinquents are liable to stay, at recess or after school till they are learned, it being distinctly understood that *the time* to learn the lessons for *to-day* cannot be *to-morrow*.

POUGHKEEPSIE, DUTCHESS COUNTY. N. Y.

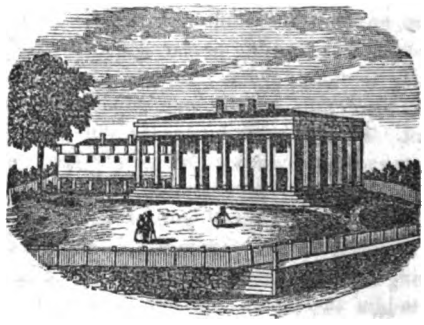


The Van Kleek House; 1702.

The village of Poughkeepsie, situated upon the east bank of the Hudson river, about midway between New York and Albany, is the shire town of Dutchess county, one of the most fruitful sections of the state. It contains about eight thousand inhabitants. It was settled by the Dutch about the commencement of the last century, and many of the descendants of the first proprietors are now among its population. Its name is derived from the Indian word *Apokeepsing*, signifying *safe harbour*. The orthography has been changed several times, until many, for the sake of brevity, write it Pokeepsie.

The foregoing cut represents the first dwelling erected there. It was built, in the year 1702, by Myndert Van Kleek, one of the earliest settlers of Dutchess. The house and grounds attached have remained in possession of his descendants till the present time. It belonged to Matthew Vassar, Esq., at the time it was demolished, in 1835, by the innovating hand of improvement. On the left of the picture, in the distance, is seen a part of the old brewery of M. Vassar & Co., manufacturers of the celebrated "Poughkeepsie Ale." Until within a few years this ancient edifice exhibited its portholes, a feature so common in the buildings of the early settlers, they being necessary for defence against the original possessors of the soil. In 1787, this building, then a publick house of some note, was used as a stadthouse; the eleventh session of the legislature of this state was held therein. George Clinton was then governour of the state, and Pierre Van Cortlandt, afterward mayor of New York, lieutenant-governour.

In 1830, a spirit of improvement, which for many years had lain dormant, was awakened in Poughkeepsie, and many valuable buildings were erected, new kinds of business introduced, and enterprise of every kind fostered and encouraged. In '33–4 several enterprising gentlemen, subsequently known as the "Improvement party," laid out about thirty acres of land, within the suburbs of the village, into streets, with a spacious square. They erected near the square a large publick hotel called the "Mansion house," and, in a short time, several elegant private dwellings grew up like magick around it.



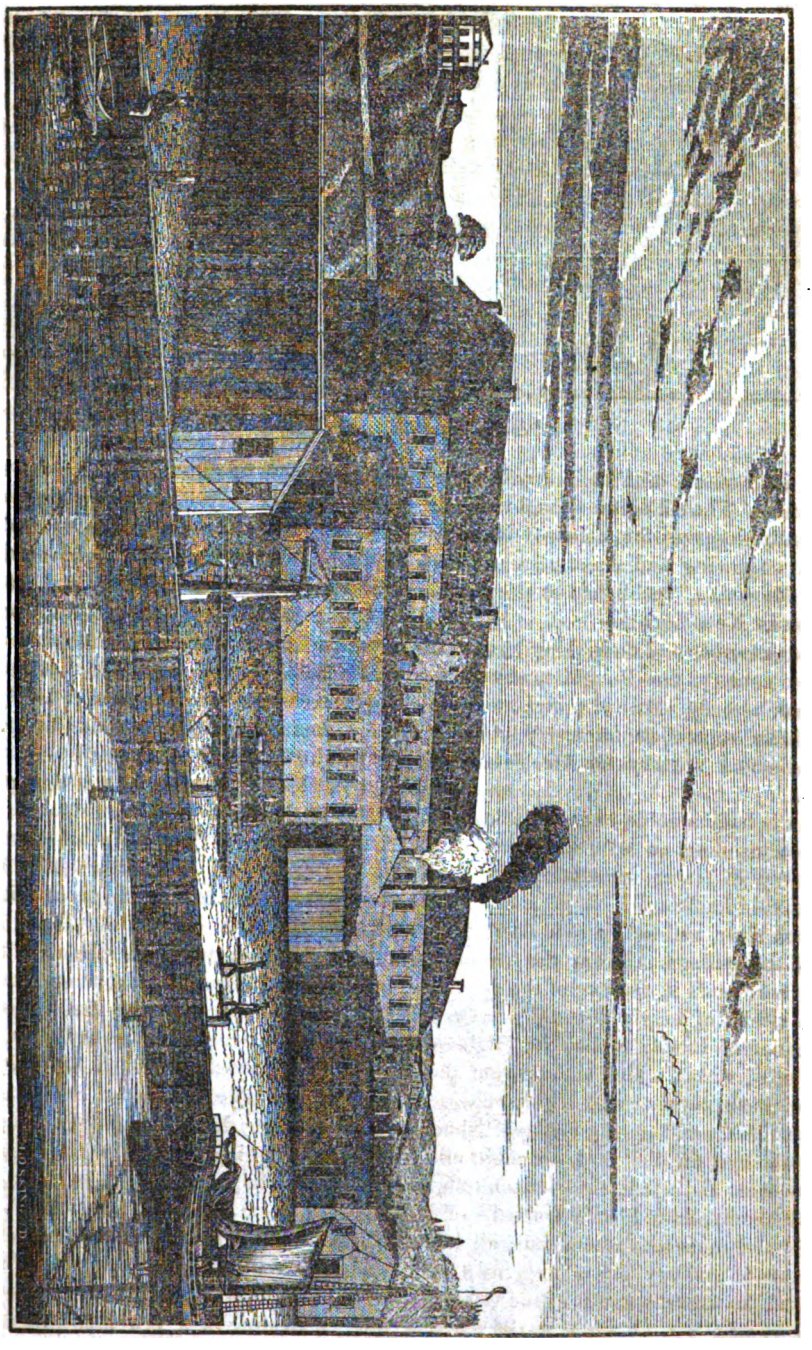
Mansion House.

About this time the business of whaling was commenced, and three ships were fitted out in rapid succession. The voyage of all proved disastrous, and one was entirely lost to the company. They

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progressed, however, fitted the two out again, formed another company, built an extensive wharf with stores, and now they have four ships at sea, and one at their wharf. The latter vessel returned two or three months since with a full cargo, and all are doing well.

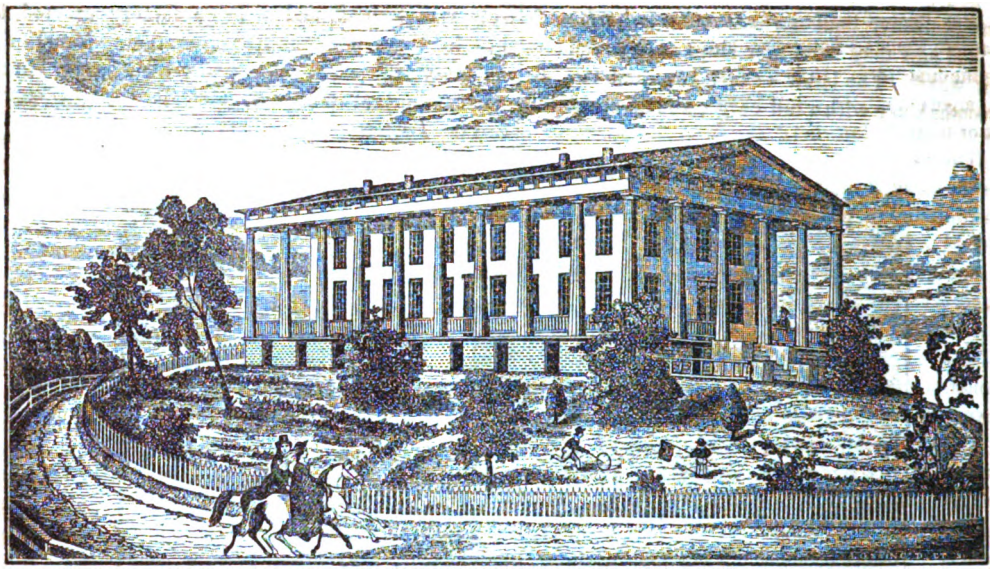
In addition to the whaling business, a silk company was formed, and a large factory erected, but they have not yet gone into operation. Many other manufacturing establishments were started, but the most important and extensive is the *Locomotive Engine Factory.*



Poughkeepsie Locomotive Engine Factory.

This establishment is situated on the Hudson, directly north of the wharf of the Poughkeepsie Whaling Company. It is much the most extensive of the kind in America, being capable of producing from seventy-five to one hundred locomotive engines, with their *tenders*, annually. It is under the direction of R. M. Bouton, Esq. one of the best engineers in the country. It is not yet in full operation.

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Poughkeepsie Collegiate School.

The literary institutions of Poughkeepsie are its pride and ornament. The collegiate school ranks the highest, and justly deserves the celebrity it enjoys. The subjoined engraving and description are from "The Youth's Magazine," published at the Methodist Book Room in New York:—

"Among the numerous and flourishing literary institutions of our country, the Poughkeepsie Collegiate School has already attained a high rank, and enjoys an enviable reputation for every attraction which an intellectual nursery for American youth should possess.

"Its situation is truly a noble one; standing upon an eminence commanding an extensive view of almost every variety of feature necessary to the perfection of a beautiful landscape. It is about a mile from the Hudson river, and half a mile from the business part of the village. From the colonnade which entirely surrounds it, the eye of the spectator can compass a circuit of nearly fifty miles. On the south, at a distance of twenty miles, the Highlands terminate the view, within which an apparent plain stretches to their base, covered with highly cultivated farms, neat mansions, and thriving villages. Similar scenery meets the eye on the east, but more undulating. On the west and north, the Hudson rolls on in its pride and beauty, dotted with the sails of inland commerce, and numerous steamboats, all laden with the products of industry and of busy men. In the dim distance, the azure summits of the Catskills, reared to the clouds, stretch away to the north, a distance of forty miles, where the far-famed 'Mountain House' is distinctly seen, like a pearl in their towering crest, at an elevation of nearly three thousand feet above the river. At our feet, like a beautiful panorama, lies the village of Poughkeepsie, with its churches its literary institutions, and various improvements in view, indicating the existence of a liberal spirit of well-directed enterprise. 'Nowhere, said an ardent champion of popular education recently, 'is nature more eloquent, than from that eminence;' and there, I may add, may the student of letters receive with grateful satisfaction, her impressive lessons, portrayed in characters not to be misunderstood, upon the fresh green fields, the towering mountains, the sheen of a lovely river, or the broad dome of heaven, when night spreads its mantle of shade over the earth.

"The Collegiate School was first projected in the spring of 1835, under circumstances somewhat peculiar, and which show from what small beginnings great results sometimes follow. Mr. Charles Bartlett, the present Principal, while on a visit here, was invited by the Hon. N. P. Tallmadge,* and one or two other gentlemen, to take a ride about the suburbs, to witness the various improvements, then progressing. Alighting at the base of the hill on which the school now stands, they ascended it, and while so doing, Mr. Bartlett was, (as he had been before,) solicited to take charge of our academy for boys, but, as before declined. When they reached the summit of the hill, and were gazing with admiration upon the scene around them, Mr. B. remarked, 'What a beautiful place this would be for a literary institution;' to which Mr. Tallmadge immediately replied, 'Will you take charge of one, if established?' 'I will,' was the prompt answer, and ten days after, a meeting of a few enterprising citizens was held, the ground bought for the sum of $12,000, and in a very short time, contracts were made for the erection of a building. In October, the following

* To the liberal enterprise of this gentleman, in connexion with others less publickly known, our village is greatly indebted for its flourishing literary institutions.

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year, it was completed, and in November ensuing the school was opened under the superintendence of Mr. Bartlett, assisted by eight competent teachers. During the first term, there were fifty pupils; the second, eighty-four; the third ninety-four; and the present or fourth term, there are one hundred and eight. The capacity of the school for accommodations, is for about one hundred.

"The building is modelled after the Parthenon at Athens, and is thirty-five by one hundred and fifteen feet in size, exclusive of the colonnade; inclusive, seventy-seven by one hundred and thirty-seven feet. It cost, exclusive of the ground, about forty thousand dollars.

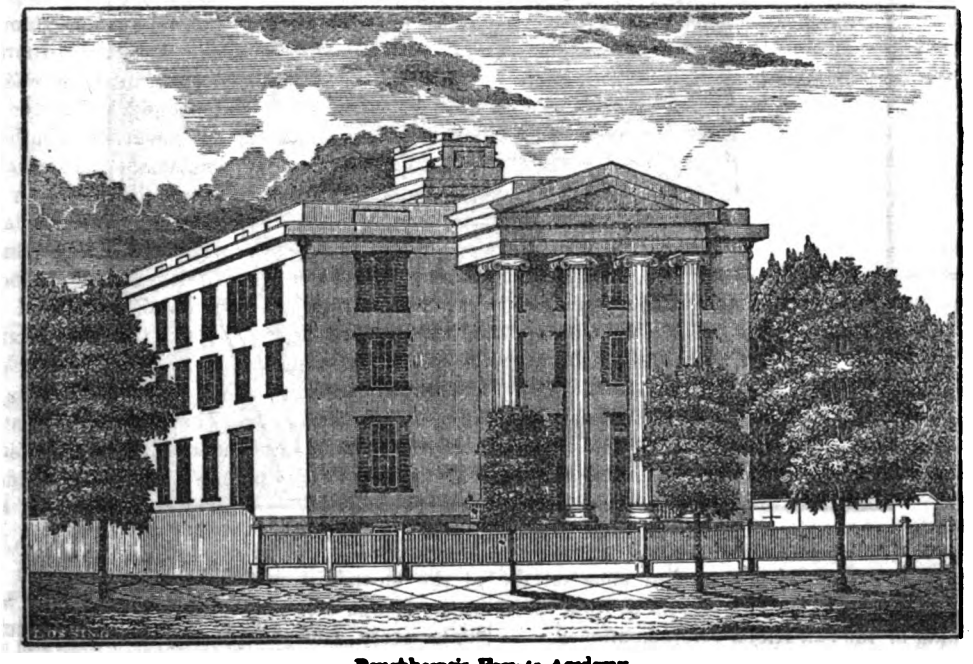
"Its interiour arrangement is simple, but elegant and convenient. There are two sets of apartments, one for the purposes of the school, the other for a family. The apartment for the school consists, in the basement, of two large halls for recreation during inclement weather. These halls are surrounded with small rooms, containing wardrobe, toilettes, &c., for the pupils, two or three occupying one room. At the end of the east hall is situated a general wardrobe and bathing-room, under the care of a matron; at the end of the west hall are the dining room, the ironing room, &c., in the rear of which are the kitchen, pantries, cellar, washrooms, &c.

"On the second floor is the school-room, which has on the north side three recitation rooms, and in its rear the library and cabinet, monitor's room, and a small recitation room. The family apartment is also upon this floor, and contains two large parlours, a sitting room, nursery, and a spacious hall.

"In the second story is the dormitory; each pupil occupies a cot in a recess, by himself, secured from view in front by a curtain. At the southern extremity of this dormitory, are study rooms for the teachers, who necessarily exercise a salutary supervision over the pupils. The family part of this story consists of five bed-rooms. The attic is finished for rooms, and a part of the family, including some of the smaller boys, are there comfortably lodged.

"The government of the school is parental; and while the pupil may there receive instruction in every branch of education, taught in incorporated and endowed colleges, he is subjected to a moral influence unknown in many of them, and entirely satisfactory to the most fastidious parent. Possessed of a highly cultivated mind, a moral character without blemish, religion without bigotry, and a quick perception of the various intellectual features and disposition of those under his care, the Principal manages his institution with deserved success. His dignity is tempered with so pleasing a familiarity, that *affectionate reverence* is the controlling power that keeps his pupils in the path of duty. This is no fulsome adulation, but a just tribute to the worth of an excellent man; and I doubt not that *men* will hereafter shine in the elevated circles of the great, the wise, and the good, who will refer with gratitude to the time when the moral precepts of Mr. Bartlett imbued the whole soul of the *boy* with a laudable ambition to become truly excellent in those qualities of the head and heart which constitute the character of the good man."

There is also in the village an academy for boys, and two excellent female schools of the higher order; the "Female Academy," and "Miss Booth's Female Seminary."



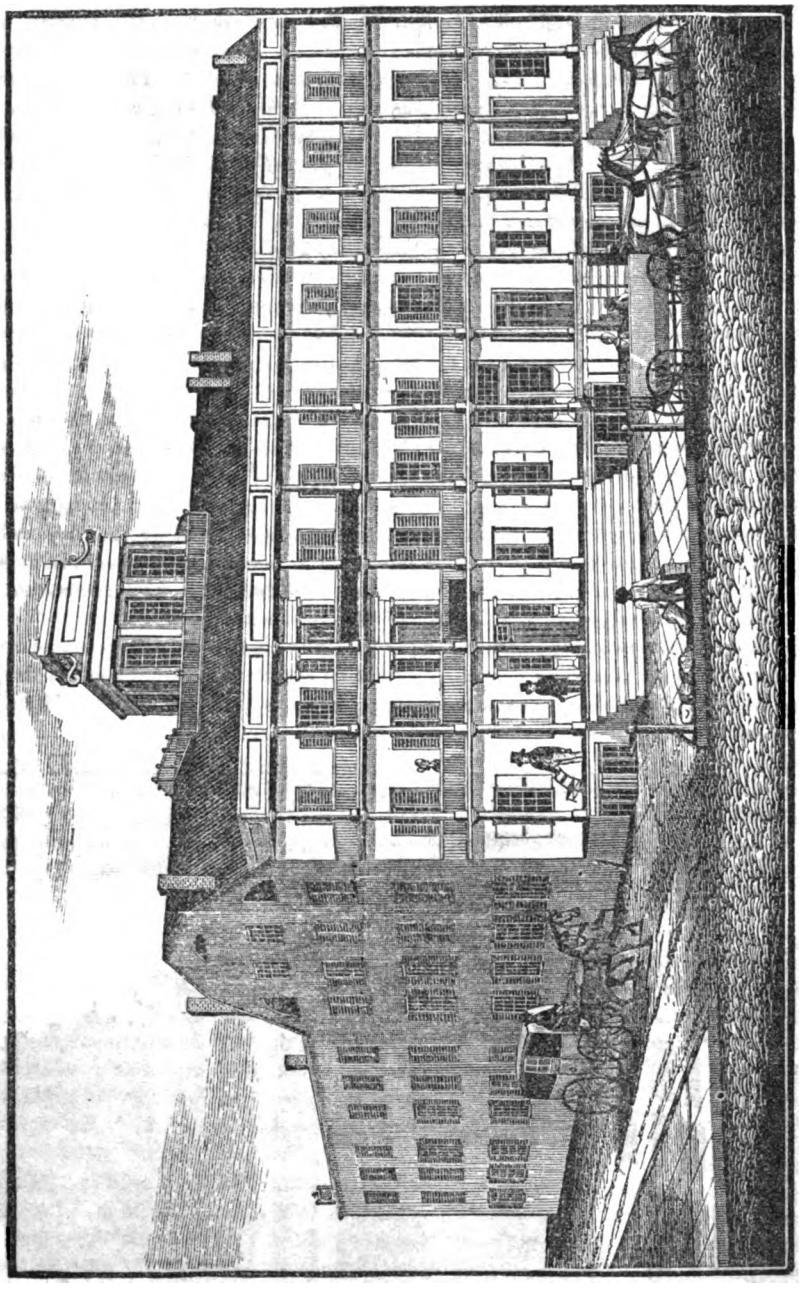
Poughkeepsie Female Academy.

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This institution is under the supervision of Mrs. Isabella Holt, a lady extensively known as an able and successful instructress. All the higher branches of English education are there taught, together with the French, Latin, Spanish, Italian, Greek, Hebrew, Drawing, Painting and Musick.

The publick houses of Poughkeepsie are of the first order; the principal are, the Poughkeepsie Hotel, (formerly Hatch's,) Hatch's Hotel, and the Exchange House upon the wharf at the steamboat landing.

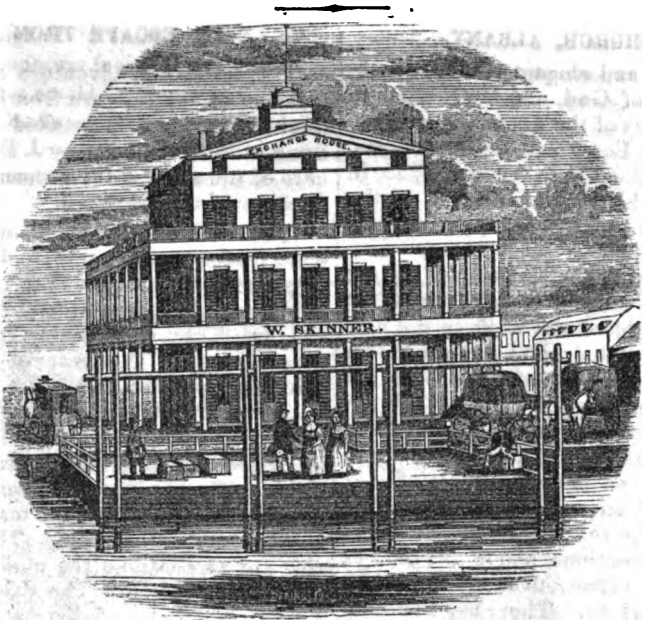
Poughkeepsie Hotel.—This house is situated in the centre of the village and is second to none on the river. It is kept by L. B. Van Kleek & Son, lineal descendants of the Van Kleek beforementioned.



Poughkeepsie Hotel.

The Exchange House.—This establishment is at the steamboat wharf, kept by Warren Skinner. It was erected about two years since, and affords every convenience and comfort which the traveller may desire.

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Exchange House.

We have omitted much that might be said of the enterprise and publick spirit manifested in the capital of Dutchess county, but space will not permit further detail.

THE MOON.

In the last number of the Monthly Chronicle we find some statements drawn from astronomical observations, which must be quite new to those who have hitherto supposed this planet to be inhabited by animal beings.

The most powerful telescopes ever yet constructed, do not enable us to see distinctly an object whose visual magnitude is so small as one second, corresponding to a mile on the surface of the moon. It therefore follows, that an object, say a town, on the moon, measuring a mile in each direction, would be too small to be discovered by any aid which telescopes have yet supplied. "If the moon be examined," says the writer, "for any length of time, with the aid of the most ordinary telescopes, the observer cannot fail to be struck with the unalterable character of the outlines of light and shade upon her surface. These are so distinct and well defined, that they may be delineated with great exactness; and a map exhibiting their appearance at any time will continue at all times to exhibit that appearance with the same fidelity and precision."

The first inference which he draws from this circumstance is, that the same side of the moon is always turned toward us, and as she turns round on her own axis, in twenty-seven days and eight hours, the Selenites, inhabitants of the moon, so denominated from the Greek word "moon," must have three hundred and twenty-eight hours' daylight, followed by three hundred and twenty-eight hours' night. The next is that there are no clouds suspended around her; and a third inference drawn from other data, is, that there are no indications whatever of seas and water in the moon; and if there is any atmosphere at all, it must be a thousand times less than that of the earth.

It would require a perfect airpump to produce such a degree of rarefaction under a receiver, and such an atmosphere would, as regards all the phenomena of animal and vegetable life, be a vacuum. The following description gives a frightful picture of this "silvery orb of night."

The character of the entire surface of the moon, so far as telescopick power has made it known to us, is just what might have been expected in a world deprived of air and water, and the tribe of beings to whose life these are necessary. This most inhospitable planet exhibits a wide waste of surface, diversified by nothing but lofty mountains and cavernous valleys. Chains of mountains and insulated hills are spread over every part of the surface, and lift their menacing and precipitous sides frequently to the height of five perpendicular miles. In many places huge masses of earth spring directly from the plain and carry their peaked summits to the altitude of twenty thousand feet. Nor is the extent of the bases of the stupendous eminences less astounding than their heights. The diameters of the bases of several detached hills of this kind, which measure five miles in height, vary from twenty-four to forty-six miles.

Squatters.—The Cleveland Herald says that the squatters in Wisconsin go on the principle that might makes right. They are combining their exertions to put down interlopers at the land sales where their claims will be offered, and the Milwaukie Sentinel recommends a general organization of the settlers throughout the several counties. A general meeting of squatters was to have been held at Milwaukie on the tenth of November, for the purpose of devising ways and means of securing their rights at the sales this fall.

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ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, ALBANY.

This very spacious and elegant edifice, consecrated to the worship of God, and instruction in the doctrines and duties of the gospel, is situated at the corner of South Ferry and Dallius streets. It was finished and dedicated in August, 1829, in fifteen months from the commencement of the work. The services on the occasion were performed by Bishop Hobart.

The dimensions of this handsome building are as follows, viz.: its length, eighty-four feet; width, sixty-two; height of the walls to the cornice, thirty-two feet: with a semi-octagonal vestibule projecting sixteen feet, and rising to the front pediment of the main roof. The building is of rough, unwrought stone, (from three and a half to two feet in thickness,) and of the Gothic style, the design being from an ancient temple of that order. The original plan embraces the erection of a stone tower in the rear, of twenty-two feet square, elevated two sections above the belfry; to be surmounted with turrets, to correspond with those on the main building. There are five windows on each side, and two in front, supported by centre rods, diverging at the head, so as to form three distinct Gothic arches to the casements and frames of each window. The mullions are diagonally disposed, and contain glass of five and a quarter inches square. The angles of the walls, and the partition wall at the landing of the gallery stairs, are supported by buttresses of two feet square; having in each three abutments, capped with cut stone, and surmounted with quadrangular Gothic pinnacles. The nave is finished with a deep Gothic frieze and cornice, and the parapet carried up in the form of battlements.

On the right and left of the entrance-way, are niches prepared for statuary. The front door is ten feet wide, on each side of which are columns supporting the arch of a window above the impost of the door. The naves of the vestibule roof are finished with cornice and chainwork, and the angles surmounted with pinnacles.

The interior finish is also Gothic, painted in imitation of oak. Below, there are one hundred and thirty-eight pews, and sixty-six in the gallery. The pulpit, screen and altar were designed and drawn by Mr. George Vernon, and built by Mr. J. Bigelow. The screen is twenty-four feet wide, supported by four octagonal Gothic columns, in panel-work, and rising about eighteen feet from the chancel floor. The columns are finished at the top with pinnacles, ornamented and encircled by leaves and vines; in the centre of the screen, and immediately over the pulpit, there rises a pediment, supported by clustered columns and an arch; the pediment is also surmounted with a richly ornamented pinnacle extending to the ceiling, and standing in relief, in a niche prepared to receive it. The top of the screen and bases of the pinnacles are finished with castellated battlements, and the panel-work in quatre foil. The church is supplied with a large and splendid organ, from the factory of Henry Erben in New York.

The way to cure our prejudices is this, that every man should let alone those that he complains of in others, and examine his own.

AN ESCAPE FROM INDIANS.

The following adventure occurred during an invasion of our Niagara frontier by the British in the last war, and is detailed in a recent Guide-Book at Niagara Falls, by J. De Veaux, Esq. The hero of the story is the present comptroller of the finances of this state:—

The roads had been deeply broken up, and were frozen in that state, and it was impossible to proceed with wagons; a very little snow enabled the inhabitants slowly to move along with sleighs. They were fleeing from a relentless and cruel enemy. The rear of the fugitives was brought up with a two-horse sleigh, driven by a young man who was walking by the side of his horses. In the sleigh lay his brother, who one week before had his leg amputated just below the thigh. His condition was very feeble, and to proceed rapidly, rough as the roads then were, would have been death to him. There was no alternative but to continue the moderate pace at which they were moving. The driver was armed with a rifle. At that, and distrustfully, behind him, he alternately looked; for he knew the foe was near at hand. At length, the war-whoop with its accompanying yells, broke upon their ears. The disabled brother besought the other to leave him to his fate, and by flight to save his own life.—"No," he replied, "if we are to die, we will perish together."

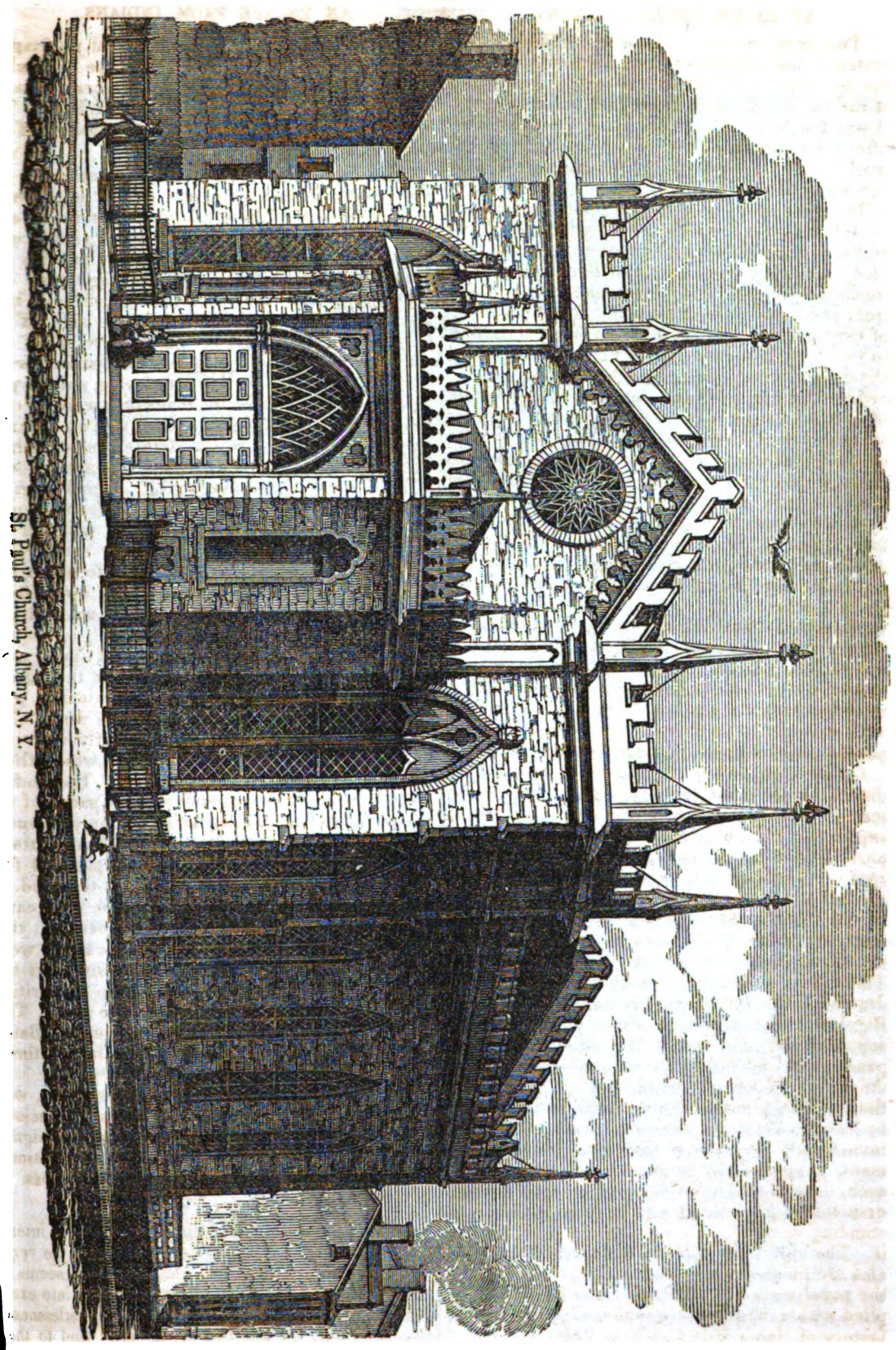
The party of Indians that pursued them were in full sight; and one far in advance of the others, called to them to stop, making threatening gestures and raising his rifle. With the same slow pace the horses proceeded; the driver coolly collecting himself for the conflict, in which there were such fearful odds against him. The Indian sprang forward and was within a few paces of the sleigh, when the young man, suddenly turning himself, quickly raised his rifle, and firing, fatally wounded his pursuer. The savage plunged forward, fell, and his body rolled out of the road. A yell of vengeance from the band in the road, came like the knell of death upon the brothers. At that moment, a friendly party of the Tuscaroras were seen descending the adjacent mountain; and the well-directed fire they opened upon the British Indians, obliged them precipitately to retire. The driver of the sleigh was the Honorable Bates Cooke, and the invalid was his brother, Lathrop Cooke, Esq.

Mr. B. Cooke, at the battle of Queenston, was pilot of the boat that led the van on that occasion; the boat was brought to the exact point designated, and the men, though fired upon by the sentinel, who gave the alarm, were landed without loss.

The difference between good and bad intentions is this: that good intentions are so very satisfactory in themselves, that it really seems a work of supererogation to carry them into execution; whereas evil ones have a restlessness that can only be satisfied by action: and to the shame of fate be it said, very many facilities always offer for their being effected.

Benevolence is the light and joy of a good mind: "it is better to give than to receive."

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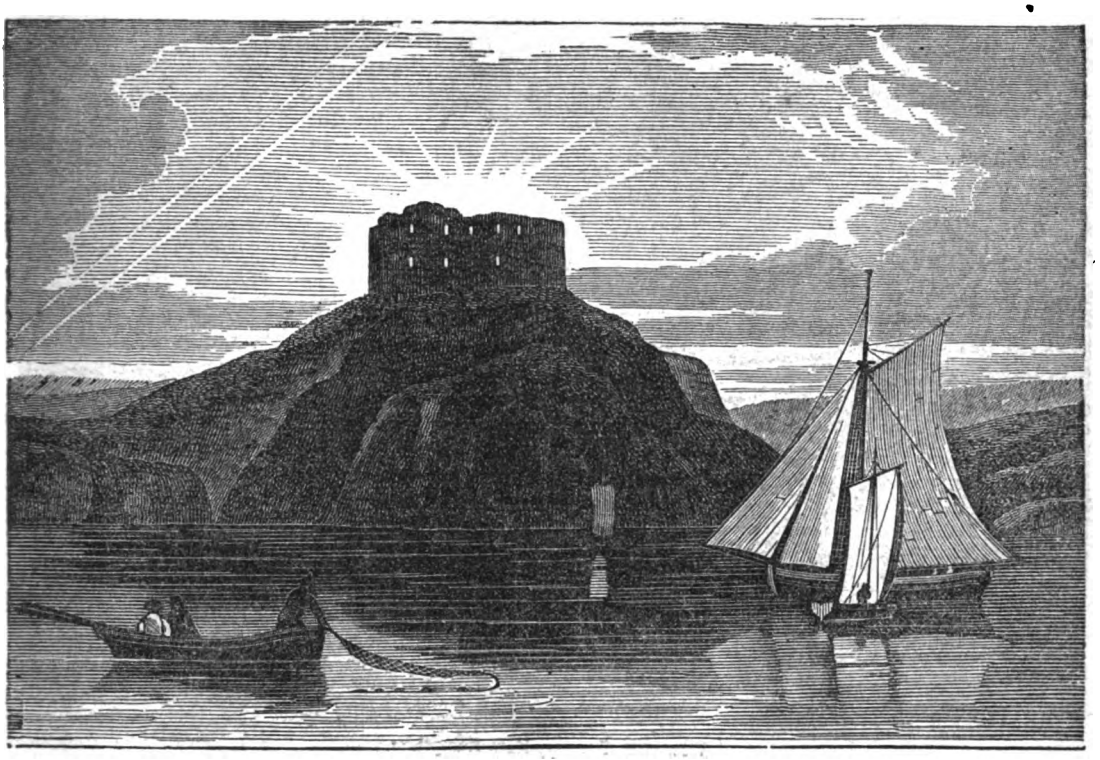


St. Paul's Church, Albany, N. Y.

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Ruins of the old fort Conanicut, Rhode Island.

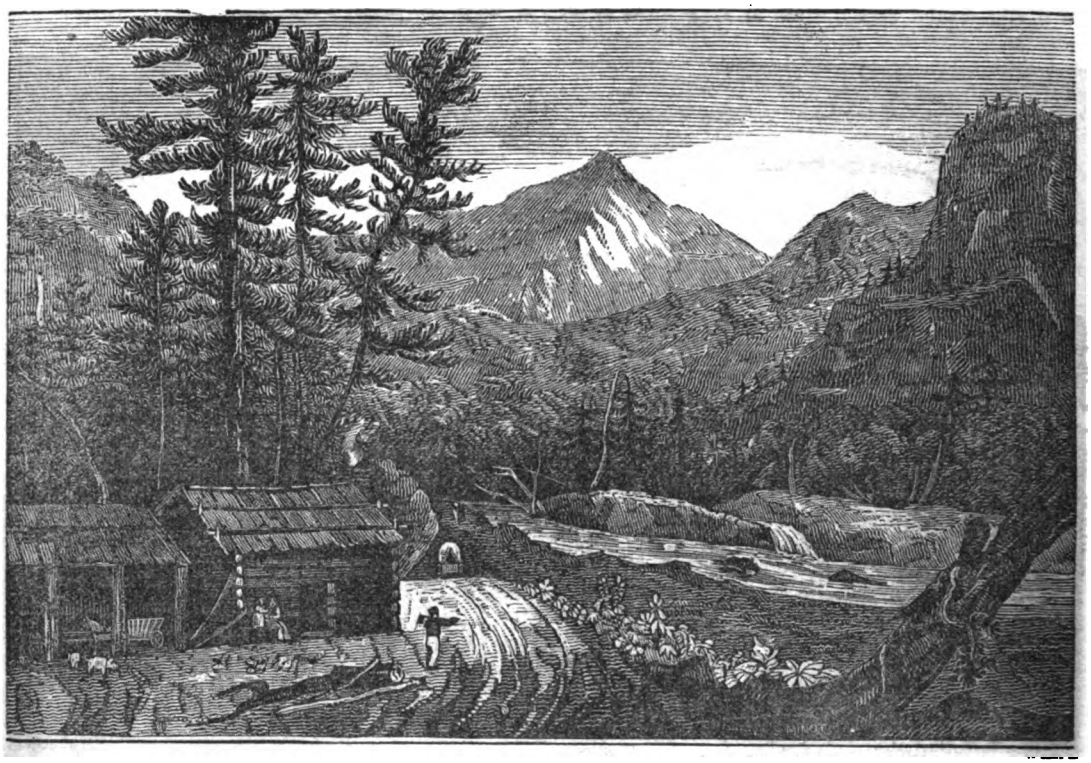
The island of Conanicut or Connanicut, as it is sometimes written, lies in Narraganset Bay, in the county of Newport, and state of Rhode Island, about three miles west of the pleasant town of Newport. Conanicut extends toward the north between seven and eight miles, and as far south as the most southern portion of Rhode Island; its average breadth being about one mile. The western shore is about three miles from the Narraganset coast; and on this point is the village of Jamestown. It was purchased of the Indians in 1657, and was incorporated by its present name, in 1678. The soil is remarkably luxuriant, producing grain and grass in great abundance. There are about five hundred inhabitants in the village. The south end of the Island is called 'Beaver's Tail' and here the Rhode Island light-house was erected in 1749, for the convenience and safety of vessels sailing in the bay of Narraganset, and the harbor of Newport. The ground at this place is twelve feet above the surface of the sea at high tide. From the earth to the top of the light-house cornice, it is fifty-eight feet. There is a gallery around this part of the building, and within stands the lantern, which is eleven feet high and eight feet in diameter.

In the same quarter of the island may be seen the "Old Fort Conanicut." This is an ancient circular fortress. It once served to guard the passage of Narraganset Bay, but is now in a dilapidated and deserted state. The present appearance of its ruins is correctly delineated in the above engraving.

Besides the truly delightful Conanicut and Rhode Island, Narraganset Bay embosoms many other beautiful and exuberantly fruitful isles, such as Prudence, Patience, and Hope, with a few smaller islands. Its chief harbors, independent of Providence and Newport are Wickford, Warren, Bristol, Greenwich and Pawtuxet. The rivers Providence and Taunton, and numerous lesser streams, flow into this capacious bay, which is "at once the ornament and the nursing-mother of Rhode Island." But to describe this elegant sheet of water, is to delineate much of the most beautiful and useful in nature. It opens into the southern coast of the State, between Seaconnet rocks on the east and Point Judith on the west, and spreading out the noble harbor of Newport, and narrowing and shallowing inland for nearly twenty-eight miles, amid the most diversified and attractive scenery, it terminates in the convenient though not very deep harbor of Providence. Varying from one mile to fifteen, its average breadth is about ten miles; and its waters afford plentiful supplies of the finest oysters, lobsters and fish.

It was at the head of this bay of Narraganset, that Roger Williams, the great founder of Rhode Island, fixed himself and his followers, when he fled from religious controversy in Massachusetts, in the year 1636, nearly two centuries since, calling the place of their retreat "Providence." Mrs. Hutchinson, the female Antinomian leader, soon followed Mr. Williams, and settled on "Red Island," now termed Rhode Island, which name it

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View near Conway, New Hampshire.

derived from the Dutch, and, contrary to the common opinion, signifies the same as the former appellation. These two little colonies were united by charter procured by Williams from Charles I. in 1643—4. A second charter was obtained from Charles II, in 1663, and is the basis of the present government; Rhode Island being the only state in the union without a written constitution. The last historic event, particular to this little colony for upward of one hundred years, was the foundation of Brown University in 1664. This tranquil period was terminated in 1765, by the stamp-act, against which, and every other violence of the British government, the people of Rhode Island opposed a steady and effectual resistance. As early as 1774, the royal stores and artillery in the colony were seized; and when the day of open war dawned, one of the most effective generals of the Anglo-American nation sprung like a youthful lion from among the farmers of Rhode Island. Though morally united from the outset of the contest, it was however, the last of the "thirteen" which acceded to the present form of government under the constitution of 1787. Her acquiescence was not obtained until May, in 1790.

Conway lies on both sides of the river Saco, which falls into the Atlantic ocean, in Maine, between the towns of Saco and Biddeford. It is about sixty miles distant from Portland; and the principal road from Portland to the White Mountains, passes through Conway. There is a fine view of these remarkable mountains from Conway; and they are at the distance of about thirty miles. A distant view of them is given in the engraving above.

The scenery about Conway is interesting and picturesque in a high degree. It is a flourishing town of nearly two thousand inhabitants. The soil is excellent; a great part being alluvial, or intervale. But the river sometimes rises suddenly, by the freshets, nearly twenty feet above its usual level; which sweep off the bridges, and cause other evils and inconveniences to the inhabitants. Conway is adjoining Fryeburgh, in the county of Oxford, Maine; and it is nearly the same distance from Concord, the capital of New Hampshire, that it is from Portland. The view here presented, contains some evergreens of the fir kind; and a hut, or log house, such as were, and still are the dwellings of the early settlers in New Hampshire and Maine.

DESERT OF CALIFORNIA.

This immense plain, the existence of which was, until very recently, wholly unknown, is situated in the central part of Upper or New California, in Mexico. It is limited on the north by a mass of rocks, which separate it from the head waters of the Lewis river, on the west by an irregular chain of mountains, extending in parallel ridges along the shores of the Pacific Ocean, on the east by the western branches of the Colorado, and on the south by the valley of the Colorado. Its area is equal to that of Virginia, and consists of an elevated plateau or table-land, flanked on all sides by descents more or less inclined.

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SCHENECTADY LYCEUM.

SCHENECTADY, in the state of New York, is the seat of Union College, one of the most flourishing among the higher institutions of learning, in the United States. But, until the erection of the edifice here represented, the town was destitute of any proper accommodation for a school or academy. This deficiency has been fully supplied by the structure before us, which, as to its exterior, is a striking and beautiful piece of architecture, and in its interior, presents a novelty of arrangement, apparently well adapted to the purposes which its founder had in view. The form of the school-room is octagonal. The teacher's desk is so situated that he can overlook the whole school-room; while the scholars sit with their backs to him, and are separated from each other by partitions between the seats. Thus all the scholars have the consciousness of being continually under the eye of the superintendent, and, as he is himself unseen, they cannot, as in other schools, take advantage of any momentary withdrawal of his attention. The second story contains the hall of the Lyceum Society, and is otherwise devoted to literary and scientific purposes.

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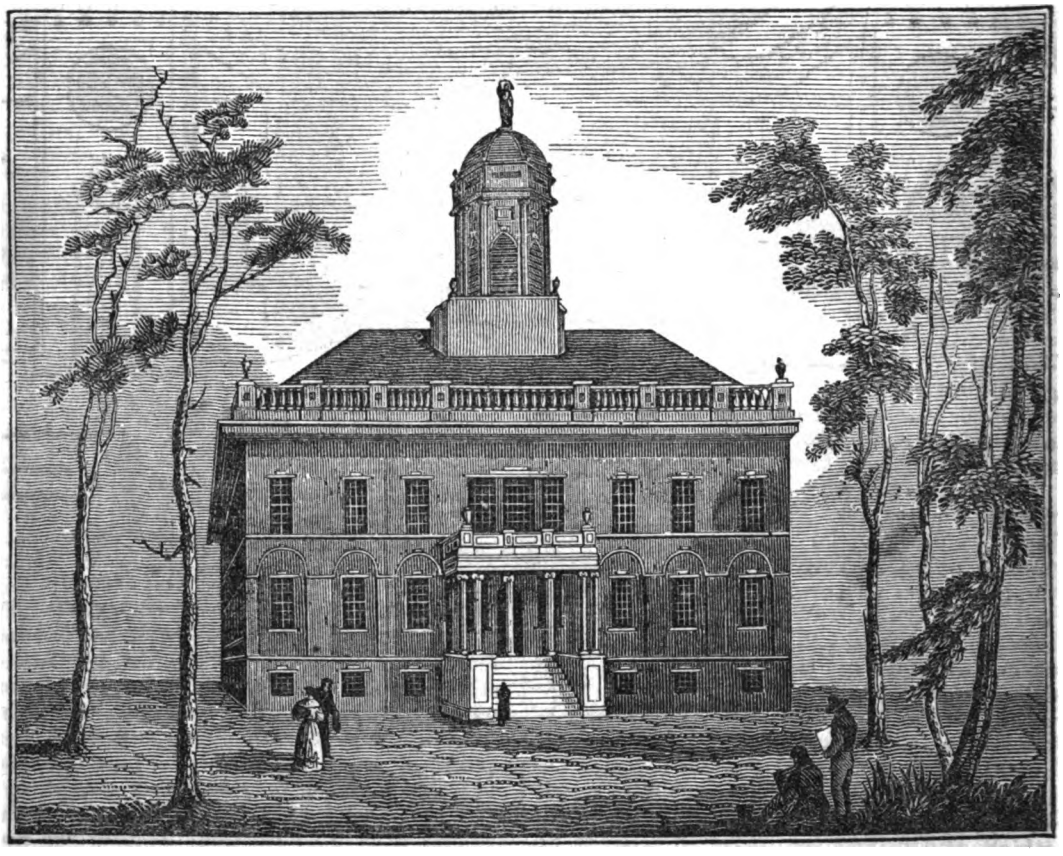
The edifice is in the form of an octagon, with belfry and steeple, and is built of brick, stuccoed in imitation of granite. The architecture is modern gothic, of which many specimens now exist in our country, in churches and other buildings, to which the peculiarities of its style are adapted. There is something more pleasant to the beholder, in its somewhat fantastic variety, than in the severe and simple beauty of the Grecian architecture. The two buildings in front of the Lyceum, on each side of the gateway, likewise belong to the establishment, and are constructed in a similar style with the principal edifice.

CITY-HALL, AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

Augusta is a flourishing city in Georgia, situated on an elevated plain, on the southwest side of the river Savannah, which divides Georgia from South Carolina. It is in a westnorthwest direction from Charleston, at the distance of one hundred and thirty-eight miles. From the city of Savannah, at the mouth of the river, it is one hundred and twenty-three miles, and in a northnorthwest direction; and it is eighty-seven miles eastnortheast, from Milledgeville, the capital of the state of Georgia. Opposite Augusta, is a bridge over the Savannah river, which serves to facilitate the intercourse with a part of South Carolina.

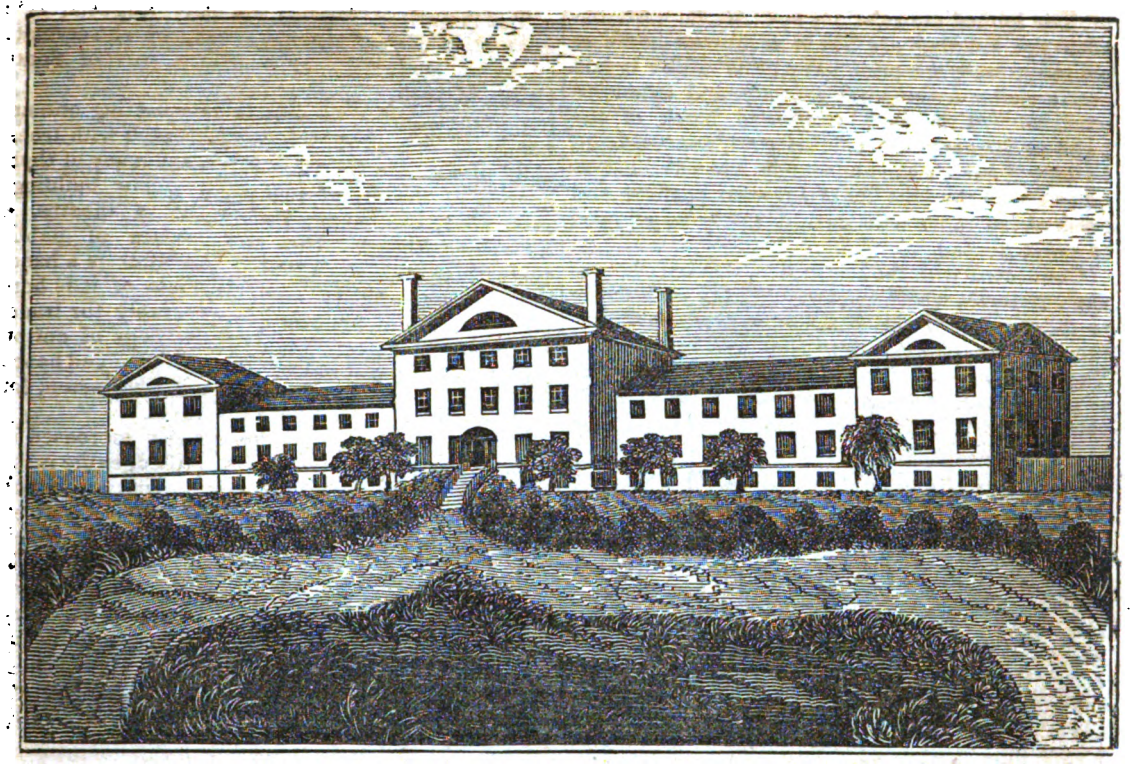
Augusta has wide streets, intersecting one another at right angles, and ornamented with trees. The houses are mostly of brick, and many of them are spacious and elegant. The public buildings are an academy, a court-house, a theatre, a hospital, two markets, six houses of public worship, and the city-hall. The latter is a handsome edifice; and a correct view of it is here given. Augusta is situated favorably for trade. Upward of one hundred thousand bags of cotton are deposited here annually, and conveyed hence down the river, to Savannah and Charleston, for the northern and European markets.

The state of Georgia has greatly increased in population within a few years. Milledgeville is the seat of government, but many towns are much larger and more populous. Savannah has fifteen or sixteen thousand inhabitants, and is the principal seaport. A college has lately been established at Athens, by the name of Franklin college: and there is a law for an academy in every county. An increased attention is paid to education in the State, and it has a large school fund. Far the greater part of the people are employed in agriculture; cotton and rice are the staples of Georgia.



City-Hall, Augusta, Georgia.

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Retreat for the Insane, Hartford, Ct.

HARTFORD CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

RETREAT FOR THE INSANE.

This Institution is situated on a commanding eminence, at the distance of a mile and a quarter, in a southwesterly direction, from the State House in Hartford. The elevation overlooks an ample range of fertile country, presenting, on every side, a most interesting landscape, adorned with every beauty of rural scenery, that can be found in rich and cultivated fields, and meadows of unrivalled verdure; in extensive groves, and picturesque groups of forest, fruit and ornamental trees; and above all, in the charming diversity of level, sloping and undulating surfaces, terminated by distant hills, and more distant mountains.

The city of Hartford is conspicuously seen on the left, and in different directions, five flourishing villages, rendered nearly continuous by numerous intervening farm-houses. On the east, the prospect is enlivened by the perpetual passing and repassing of carriages and travellers, on the two principal thoroughfares of the country that extend along the front of the building, one at the distance of fifty or sixty rods, the other within three-fourths of a mile. Still farther eastward, but within a mile and a half, the prospect is frequently enlivened by the splendid show of passing steamboats, and the white sails of various watercraft, plying up and down the Connecticut, which is distinctly seen in many long windings.

This site was selected as one pre-eminently calculated to attract and engage the attention, and soothe and appease the morbid fancies and feelings of the patient, whose faculties are not sunk below or raised above the sphere of relations that originally existed. And if he is not beyond the reach of genial sensations, connected with external objects, he will undoubtedly feel the conscious evidence that this situation most happily unites the tranquillizing influence of seclusion and retirement, with the cheering effect of an animated picture of active life, continually passing in review before his eyes, while himself is remote, and secure from the annoyance of its bustle and noise.

The edifice for the accommodation of the patients, and those who have the care of them, is constructed of unhewn free-stone, covered with a white, water-proof cement. Its style of architecture is perfectly plain and simple, and interests only by its symmetrical beauty, and perhaps by the idea it impresses of durability and strength, derived from the massy solidity of its materials, yet notwithstanding these, its general aspect is remarkably airy and cheerful, from the amplitude of its lights, and the brilliant whiteness of its exterior. The whole building is divided into commodious, and spacious apartments, adapted to various descriptions of cases, according to their sex, nature and disease, habits of life, and the wishes of their friends. The male and female apartments are entirely separated, and either sex is completely secluded from the view of the other. Rooms are provided in both male and female apartments, for the accommodation of the sick, where they are removed from any annoyance,

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and can continually receive the kind attentions of their immediate relations and friends. Attached to the building are about seventeen acres of excellent land, the principal part of which is laid out in walks, ornamental grounds and extensive gardens. With each wing and block of the building is connected a court yard, encompassed by high fences, and handsomely laid out, designed to afford the benefits of exercise, pastime, and fresh air to those who cannot safely be allowed to range abroad.

Connected with the Institution, there are horses and carriages, which are appropriated exclusively to the benefit of the patients, and which afford them much pleasant exercise and amusement. The male patients frequently employ themselves in the garden, and amuse themselves at the backgammon board, draughts, and the like. The female patients employ themselves in sewing, knitting, drawing, painting, playing on the piano, and other amusements. The various exercises and amusements are adapted to the age, sex, and former habits of the patients, and in all cases the two sexes are kept entirely separate. There is a library in the Retreat, composed of light and agreeable works, and several periodicals and newspapers are constantly taken, for the perusal of which the inmates manifest much fondness. On the sabbath, those that are in a proper condition, are taken to church, and unite in religious worship. Every thing connected with the Institution, is designed to make it a pleasant and agreeable residence for all the inmates.

This Institution commenced its operations on the first of April, 1824, under the immediate charge of the late Eli Todd, M. D. He pursued a course of medical and moral treatment which has been crowned with a success, second to no other similar public Institution of which we have any knowledge. The same system of management has been adopted by his successor, Silas Fuller, M. D. recently of Columbia, and has also been attended with similar success. Dr. Fuller has for many years had the charge of a private establishment for the insane, and has been distinguished for his success in treating this afflictive disease. The general system of moral treatment in this Institution is, to allow the patients all the liberty and indulgences consistent with their own safety and that of others; to cherish in them the sentiment of self-respect; to excite an ambition for the good will and respect of others, to draw out the latent sparks of natural and social affection; and to occupy their attention with such employments and amusements, as shall exercise their judgment, and withdraw their minds as much as possible from every former scene and every former companion; and give an entire change to the current of their recollection and ideas. By pursuing this course, together with a judicious system of medication, many "of these once miserable beings, cut off from all the 'linked sweetness' of conjugal, parental, filial, and fraternal enjoyment, are now restored to the blessings of health, to the felicities of affection, and to the capacity of performing the relative duties of domestic and social life."

AMERICAN ASYLUM FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

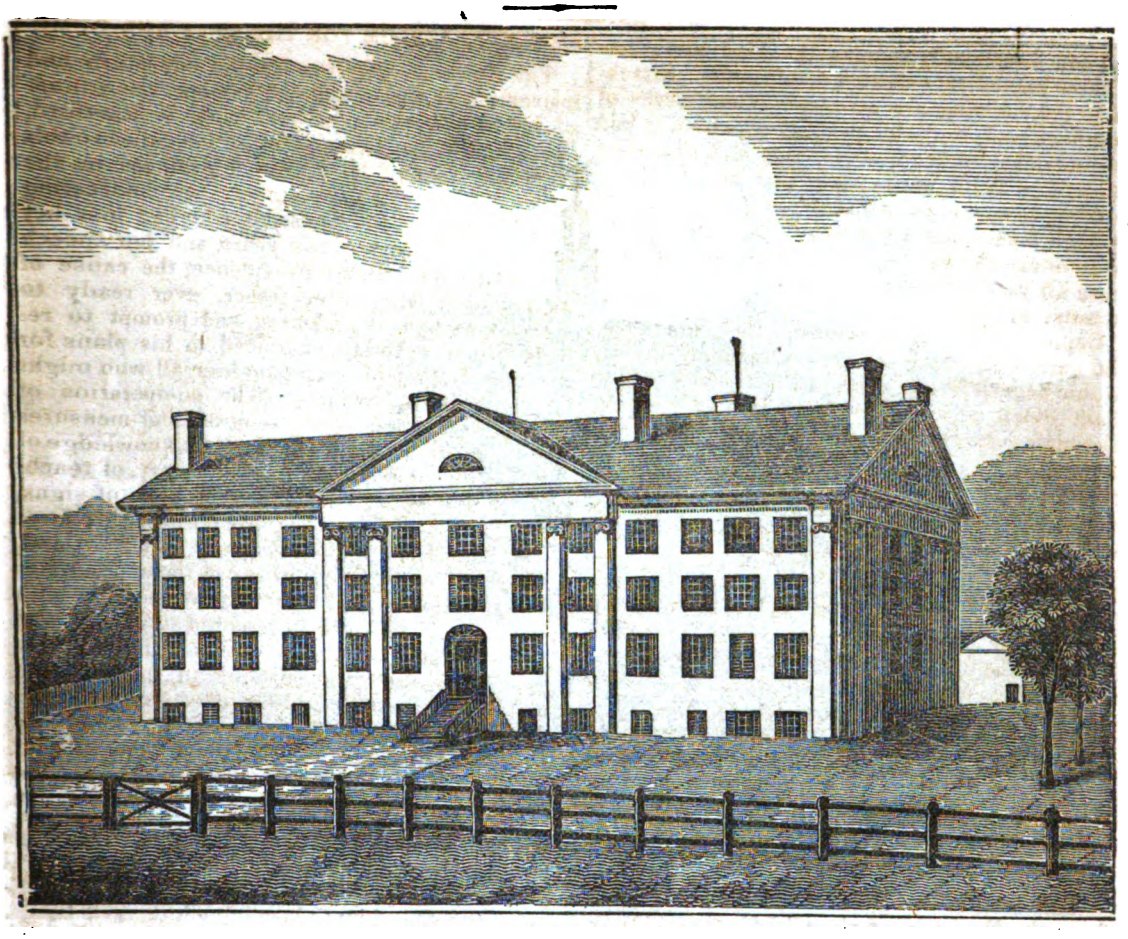
The American Asylum for the education and instruction of deaf and dumb persons, was founded by an association of gentlemen in Hartford, Conn., in 1815. Their attention was called to this important charity, by a case of deafness in the family of one of their number. An interesting child of the late Dr. Cogswell, who had lost her hearing at the age of two years, and her speech soon after, was, under Providence, the cause of its establishment. Her father, ever ready to sympathize with the afflicted, and prompt to relieve human suffering, embraced in his plans for the education of his own daughter, all who might be similarly unfortunate. The co-operation of the benevolent was easily secured, and measures were taken to obtain from Europe a knowledge of the difficult art, unknown in this country, of teaching written language through the medium of signs, to the deaf and dumb. For this purpose, the Rev. T. H. Gallaudet visited England and Scotland, and applied at the Institutions in those countries for instruction in their system; but meeting with unexpected difficulties, he repaired to France, and obtained, at the Royal Institution at Paris, those qualifications for an instructer of the deaf and dumb, which a selfish and mistaken policy had refused him in Great Britain. Accompanied by Mr. Samuel Clerc, himself deaf and dumb, and for several years a successful teacher under the Abbe Sicard, Mr. Gallaudet returned to this country in August, 1816. The Asylum had, in May preceding, been incorporated by the State Legislature. Some months were spent by Messrs. Gallaudet and Clerc in obtaining funds for the benefit of the Institution, and in the spring of 1817, the Asylum was opened for the reception of those for whom it was designed, and the course of instruction commenced with seven pupils.

As the knowledge of the Institution extended, and the facilities for obtaining its advantages were multiplied, the number of pupils increased from seven to one hundred and forty, which for several years past has not been much above the average number: and since its commencement in 1817, instruction has been imparted to four hundred and seventy-seven deaf and dumb persons, including its present inmates.

In 1819, Congress granted the Institution a township of land in Alabama, the proceeds of which have been invested as a permanent fund. The principal building, of which our cut is a front view, was erected in 1820, and the pupils removed to it in the spring of the following year. It is one hundred and thirty feet long, fifty feet wide, and, including the basement, four stories high. Other buildings have been subsequently erected, as the increasing number of pupils made it necessary; the principal of which is a dining-hall and workshops for the male pupils. Attached to the Institution are eight or ten acres of land which afford ample room for exercise and the cultivation of vegetables and fruits for the pupils.

The system of instruction adopted at this Institution is substantially the same as that of the French school at Paris. It has however been materially improved and modified by Mr. Gallaudet

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Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Hartford.

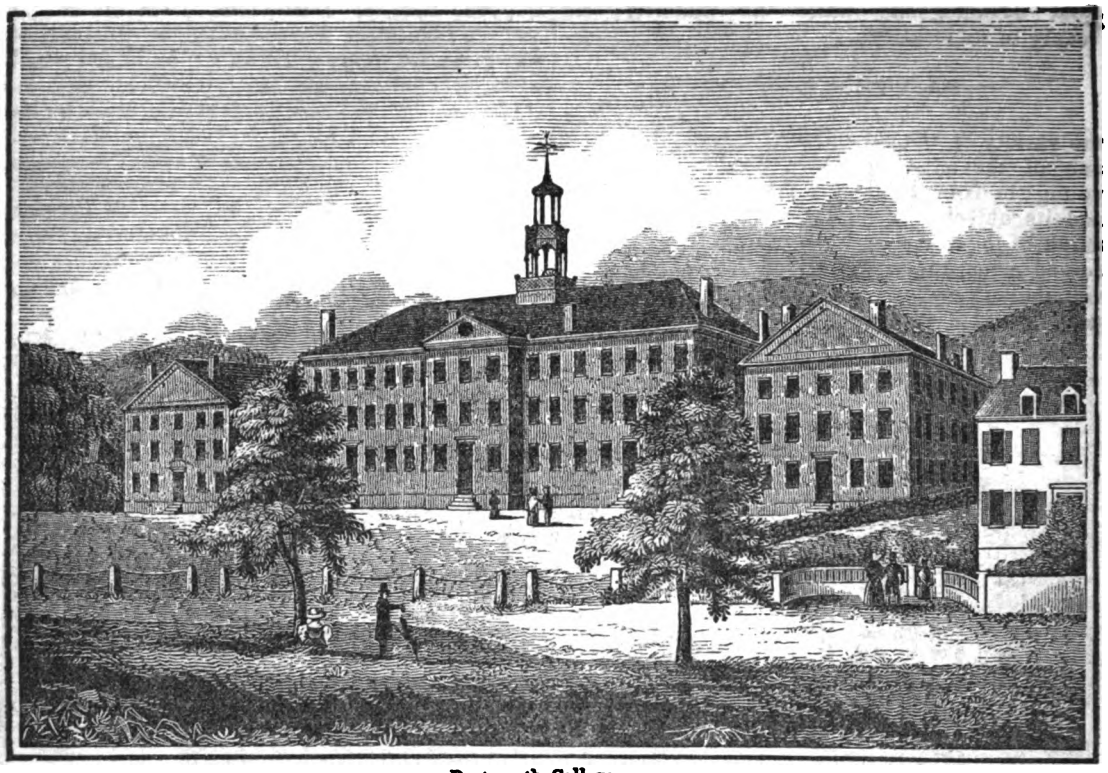
and his associates. This system, and indeed every other rational system of teaching the deaf and dumb, is based upon the natural language of signs. By this we mean those gestures which a deaf and dumb person will naturally use to express his ideas, and make known his wants previous to instruction. These gestures or signs are rather *pictorial*, that is, an exact outline of the object, delineated by the hands in the air; or *descriptive*, giving an idea of an object by presenting some of its prominent and striking features; or *conventional*, such as may have been agreed upon by a deaf and dumb person and his associates. As there are very few objects which can be expressed with sufficient clearness by the delineation of their outline alone, a descriptive sign is usually connected with it. Thus in making the sign for a *book*, the outline is first delineated by the forefinger of both hands. To this is added the descriptive signs of opening the book, placing it before the eyes, and moving the lips as in reading. It may therefore simplify the classification of natural signs if the first two divisions be united; and it will be sufficiently accurate to say that all the signs used by the deaf and dumb, are either *descriptive* or *conventional*.

Do not bite at the bait of pleasure till you know there is no hook beneath it.

A STRANGE SENTENCE.—Galignani's (Paris) Messenger gives the following: 'The government, a few years ago, left to three criminals condemned to death, the choice of dying on the gallows, or adopting the following conditions:—The first was to take tea, the second coffee, and the third chocolate, and to live as long as they could, but were to eat nothing with either; these conditions were eagerly accepted. The last, who took chocolate, died in eight months: he who took coffee, lived two years; and the tea drinker survived three years. The man who took chocolate died in a state of complete decomposition, and so much eaten by worms, that, during his life, his limbs separated one by one from his body. The man who drank coffee was so disfigured after his death that one would have said that the fire of heaven had burnt his entrails, and calcined him from head to foot. The tea drinker became so thin and almost diaphanous, that it was perfectly easy, with a candle in one's hand, to read a newspaper through his body by the intervals that separated the ribs!'

The modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the ignorant, may be compared to the different appearances of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation.

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Dartmouth College.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

This institution is located about a half of a mile from the Connecticut river in Hanover, Grafton county, New Hampshire. Its immediate site is the easterly side of a large and beautiful plain, around which stands the village—elevated, and commanding an extensive and agreeable prospect of the highly picturesque scenery of the adjacent country.

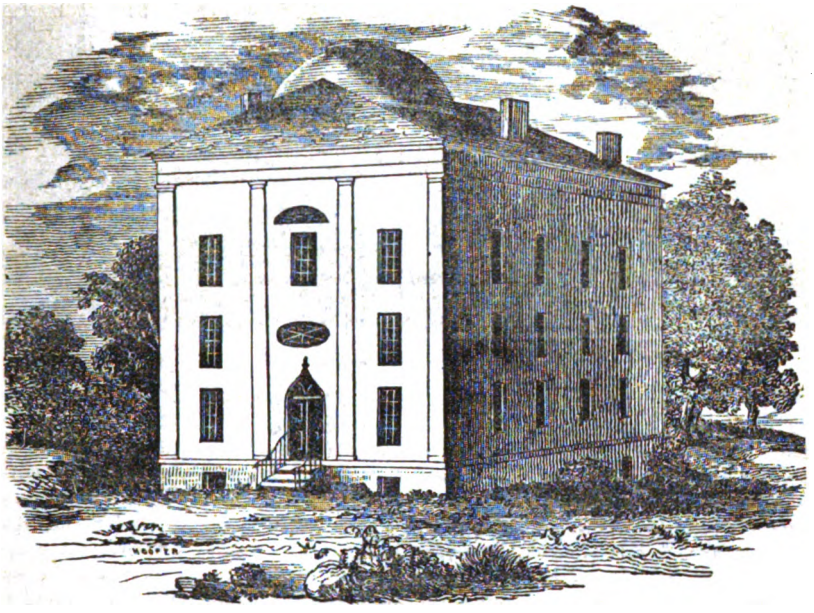
Its history is singular and curious. It owes its existence to the philanthropic exertions of the Rev. Eleazar Wheelock, D. D. of Lebanon in Connecticut, for the improvement and education of the Indians. This gentleman, observing the distrust and dislike with which the English were received among them, formed the design of establishing a seminary for the preparation of teachers from among the natives themselves, who might, therefore, return to them qualified for all the duties of instructing, while they would be free from the difficulties which their prejudices and enmities threw in the way of the English missionary. His representations were favorably received by the community, and his efforts assisted by donations from many individuals who regarded with pity the unhappy condition of the unfortunate aboriginals. The school was first opened in Lebanon, and from the name of the most liberal of its patrons, called Moor's school. After an experiment of some years, however, during which that part of the country had become thickly settled, its founder took the resolution of changing its location for one nearer the frontiers, where its immediate object might be more successfully prosecuted, and the natives more easily induced to avail themselves of its privileges. When his purpose became generally known, very liberal proposals were made by several of the then colonies to induce him to locate it within their limits. That of Governor Wentworth, however, appeared to combine most of the advantages which he sought, and accordingly its present site was selected in the province of New Hampshire. Together with about twenty students he set off for Hanover, then an entire wilderness. For the purpose of enabling him to receive donations, as well as of rendering it more permanent and more extensively useful, he solicited, and through the influence of the governor, obtained a charter for the establishment of a college with all the usual privileges and immunities—thus presenting the singularly curious and anomalous spectacle, of an incorporated literary institution, in the midst of the forest, remote from civilized society, where instruction was to be given in the polished compositions of the Greek and Roman languages, in log huts, and amid the lairs of wild beasts—and affording a striking though an extremely interesting contrast between the condition of its earlier students, and that of those who resort to that pleasant village and throng its spacious and convenient Halls at the present day. Perhaps, indeed, no institution now combines more conveniences for the student and means of acquiring an education, with fewer of the causes which discommode and interrupt its pursuit. The seclusion and retirement of its situation, its remoteness from large cities and towns, and consequent freedom from many of the temptations to the neglect of study, and the allurements to dissipation and vice, render it one of the safest and

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most advantageous—while the salubrity and beauty of its location,

——olim sylvestribus horrida dumis——

the variety of the surrounding scenery render it one of the most agreeable residences for the young in New England. As its establishment and its object were entirely novel, it attracted much of the attention of the community, and received many donations from philanthropic individuals both in this country and in England, the most liberal of whom was the Right Hon. William Leggee, Earl of Dartmouth, from whom the embryo institution derived its name. Instruction was given for many years in the buildings which were erected by the first president and his students. In 1786, nearly twenty years after the incorporation of the college, Dartmouth Hall was erected, a large and convenient edifice in which, besides rooms for students, are a beautiful chapel, the Libraries, Lecture rooms, &c. In 1829--30 by the liberality of its friends, two new buildings were erected solely for the use of the students—the whole presenting a pleasing and elegant appearance.



[Geneva Medical College.]

GENEVA MEDICAL COLLEGE.

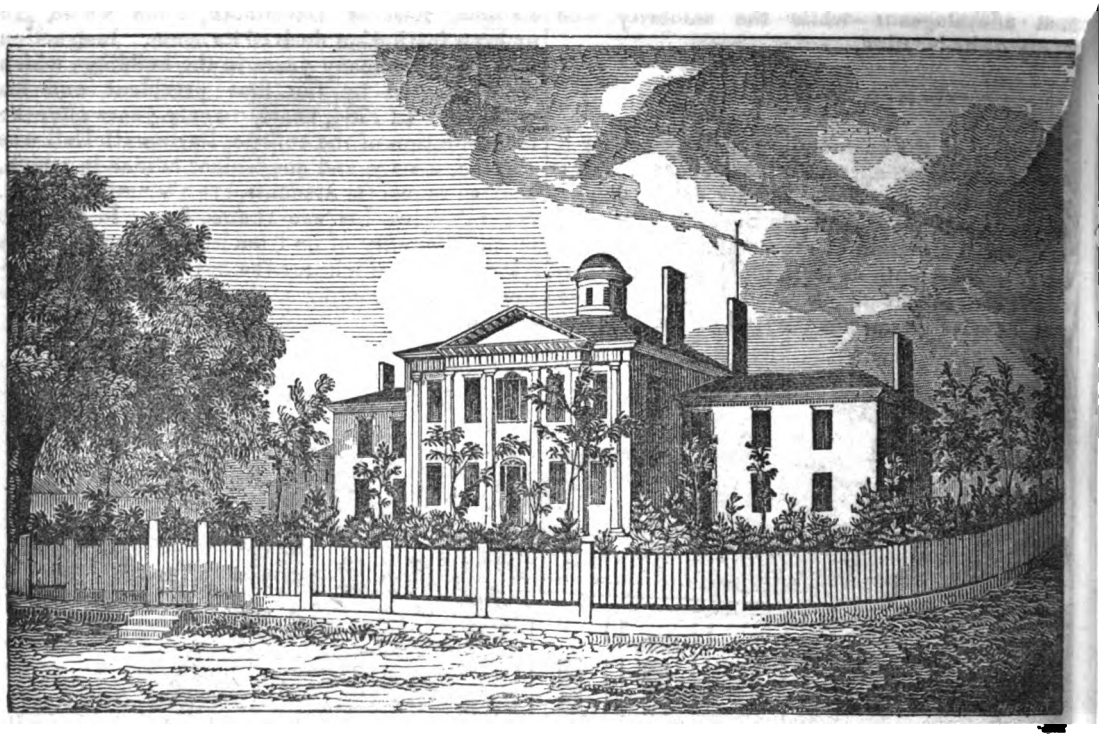
The above cut represents the Medical Institution of Geneva College; an institution which promises ere long to be one of the most important of which the state of New York can boast. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the Seneca Lake, and we believe there are few villages in the world which can compare with it, in the picturesque beauty of its surrounding scenery, as well as in the associations which it brings to mind of an interesting race of inhabitants who have disappeared entirely before the march of civilization. The location for a medical college, is admirably adapted to the wants of the great west; and the moral and highly intellectual character of the inhabitants of Geneva, render it peculiarly fitted for elevating the standard of medical education in the western portion of the United States.

The respective chairs are all well filled—that of Chymistry, by the venerable and talented Dr. Edward Cutbush; of the Principles and Practice of Medicine, by Thomas Spencer; who is considered by far the strongest man in that particular branch in the state; Materia Medica and Obstetrics, by Dr. C. B. Coventry, of Utica; and Anatomy and Surgery, by Dr. J. Webster, of New York, the favourite pupil and the successor of the late distinguished Dr. Godman.

The classical department has at its head the Rev. Benjamin Hale, D. D., President; and in Mathematicks and Natural Philosophy, Horace Webster, A. M.; Chymistry, E. Cuthbert, M. D.; Civil Engineering and Statisticks, Gen. J. G. Swift; Latin and Greek Languages and Literature, D. Prentice, A. M.; History, Belles Lettres, and Modern Languages, Theodore Irving, Esq.

We are happy to announce that in all its departments, Geneva College is in a highly flattering condition, and that by the continued increase in the number of its pupils, New York will have reason to be proud of its usefulness, and our western youth to congratulate themselves on the advantages thus offered to them for the acquisition of learning at so pure a fountain.

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Hall of the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Massachusetts.

AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

This building is pleasantly situated in the village of Worcester, Massachusetts. The central part was erected in 1819 and '20, and dedicated on the twenty-fourth of August of the latter year. The wings were added in 1831. The whole building is of brick, and is the liberal donation of the late Isaiah Thomas, LL. D. to the society.

The society was organized in 1812, and held its first meeting at the Exchange Coffee-House, in Boston, November the nineteenth, of that year. Its officers are annually elected on the twenty-third of October, that being the day on which Columbus discovered America. The first anniversary meeting of the society was held at Boston, October twenty-third, 1813, when an address was delivered in King's Chapel by the Rev. William Jenks, D. D. There are now two meetings of the society in each year; the first on the twenty-third of October, and the second on the last Wednesday of May.

The objects of the institution are the collection and preservation of American antiquities.

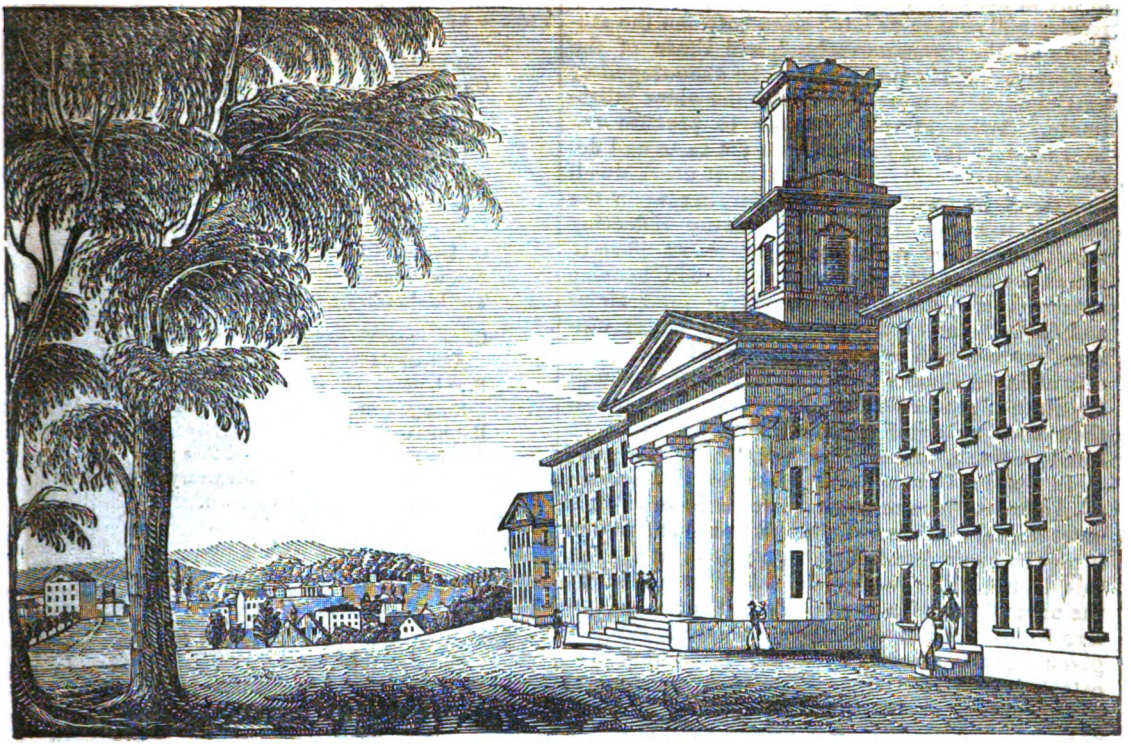
It was the intention of its founder and munificent patron, Mr. Thomas, that its library should embrace as perfect a collection of American literature as possible. No institution had proposed the accomplishment of a similar object, and the general preference given in our libraries to European over American books, had prevented in a great measure the collection of them, only to a very limited extent. It seemed very desirable that a remedy for an evil of this description should be provided. So little care had been taken for the preservation of the productions of our early American authors, that many of them were found with extreme difficulty, while others were irrecoverably lost. By the establishment of an institution of this character, a convenient receptacle would be provided for the early as well as modern literature of the country, and when its objects should be generally known, individuals possessing books, pamphlets, maps, or manuscripts, might have a convenient place to deposite them, where they might be useful to the public.

Interesting materials of the history of the country are profusely scattered in every town, which have never yet found a place in any of our public libraries. It is among the principal objects of this institution to collect and preserve these, as well as all the productions of American authors.

Beside providing the society with a spacious building for the accommodation of its library and cabinet, Mr. Thomas also gave it between four and five thousand volumes of books, among which are many valuable works illustrating the history of the country, as well as many rare and interesting specimens of early printing. He also provided the society with a fund for the permanent support of a librarian, and otherwise richly endowed the institution with the means of making annual purchases of books and for meeting incidental expenses.

Visiters can have easy access to the library of the society, and it is always open to such as have occasion to use the books. As it is not local in its objects, but general or national, and from the means it possesses of making itself useful to the public, it must, eventually, rank among the largest as well as the most interesting public libraries of the country.

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Amherst College, Massachusetts.

AMHERST COLLEGE.

The town of Amherst, in the county of Hampshire, and state of Massachusetts, lies eighty-five miles west from the city of Boston, and about eight miles northeast from Northampton, which is the capital of the county. Amherst contains several thousand inhabitants, and is constantly increasing in business, wealth and population. Here are an academy and a seminary called "Mount Pleasant Institution." There are nine or ten instructers attached to the latter establishment, which has much celebrity throughout the state.

Institutions, conducted upon so liberal a scale and with so much ability as this is understood to be, justly deserve to be known, and to receive attention and patronage from the community. We wish there were others like it in the various sections of the commonwealth. In fact, every inland town should possess one academy—at least one private or incorporated academy, higher in its objects and character than the common schools; for although the last are excellently-well managed, particularly in Massachusetts, and constitute places of instruction of vital and manifest importance to the country; yet most of them are open to scholars but a small portion of the year; and therefore cannot afford that opportunity for learning, which they might impart if open every day, situated in the same town, or employed as it were, in a sort of rivalry with academical seminaries of another, superior or more permanent description. The proper establishment or maintenance of an incorporated or private academy in any place in the interior, produces results of the most valuable and enduring nature. It assembles together numbers of young persons of both sexes, from the capitals and towns along the seacoasts and remote quarters of the country; children, who and whose parents, guardians and friends, would never, perhaps, under other circumstances, visit the spot. Here these pupils can receive instruction without interruption, or pursue their studies without being diverted by the fashions and follies, the temptations and vices of the more populous, or metropolitan places. Here youthful strangers from divers and distant points meet one another, and enter into acquaintances or friendships, which are agreeable and useful in youth, and form a source of pleasure and satisfaction in after-life; while at the same time, when increased in age and knowledge, these students return to their parents or relations, they are imperceptibly led, through these connexions and intimacies, to diffuse among the people of the various sections from whence they came, a better knowledge of each other and their common country; doing away many little prejudices and dislikes that would otherwise exist among the great mass, and consequently contributing in no small degree to cement more closely and firmly together the general bond of union. Here also the sons and daughters of the yeomanry may be educated in the higher and more elegant branches, and that, too, without heavy expenses, or being obliged to neglect those domestic exercises and duties, which they are occasionally so properly called upon to perform, in the cottage and farmhouse, and which promote habits of industry and morality in younger days, and contribute alike to health and prosperity, cheerfulness and the enjoyment

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of life in maturer years. Besides, a praiseworthy rivalry will sooner or later arise between the students of the grammar-school, and those of the academy. This emulation will be encouraged or participated in, more or less, by the older inhabitants. Attempts will be made to procure the best masters for each institution; a taste and desire for study will penetrate almost every dwelling; and in short, without enlarging upon the subject, it must be obvious to every reflecting mind, that under such circumstances as those to which we have adverted, our youth will become apter scholars, more enlightened in their views and feelings, of better manners, and better citizens, more useful to themselves and the community at large, than if bred and educated in places destitute of academies, or having no other schools than such as some transient persons might be hired to teach, three or four months in the year.

In respect to seminaries of learning, the town of Amherst, for one of its size, is favored in a most liberal manner. We have already stated that it possesses an Academy and an Institute. But this is not all. The inhabitants likewise enjoy the advantages of a University. These they derive from Amherst College. A view of which is given in our engraving. This institution was established in 1821. Its resources were comparatively limited at first, and its success by some considered doubtful. But it is now in a highly prosperous state. It has a fund of fifty thousand dollars, made up from the contributions of individuals. This fund is invested under the direction of five trustees, chosen by the subscribers; and the interest is annually appropriated toward the support of the college. There are seven or eight professors, including the president, three or four tutors, besides other officers; and from one hundred and fifty to two hundred students. The yearly expenses of a student are from ninety to one hundred and eighteen dollars, including college bills and board. There are three vacations per annum; the first for four weeks from commencement, which takes place from the fourth Wednesday in August; the second, for six weeks from the fourth Wednesday in December; the third for three weeks from the third Wednesday in May.

The number of volumes in the libraries, is seven thousand and upward; and the terms of admission and the courses of study are similar to those of Yale college.

The numerous difficulties which Amherst college encountered in its infancy, are fresh in the recollection of many persons, as well as the violent opposition which was raised against the application of the trustees, for a charter from the general court.

If thou be ignorant, endeavor to get knowledge, lest thou be beaten with stripes; if thou hast attained knowledge, put it in practice, lest thou be beaten with many stripes. Better not to know what we should practice, than not to practise what we know; and less danger dwells in unaffected ignorance, than in inactive knowledge.

Here is something inexpressibly tender. It is addressed by a wife to a desponding husband:—

WEDDED LOVE.

Come, rouse thee, dearest!—'t is not well
To let the spirit brood
Thus darkly o'er the cares that swell
Life's current to a flood;
As brooks, and torrents, rivers, all,
Increase the gulf in which they fall,
Such thoughts, by gathering up the rills
Of lesser griefs, spread real ills;
And with their gloomy shades conceal
The landmarks hope would else reveal.

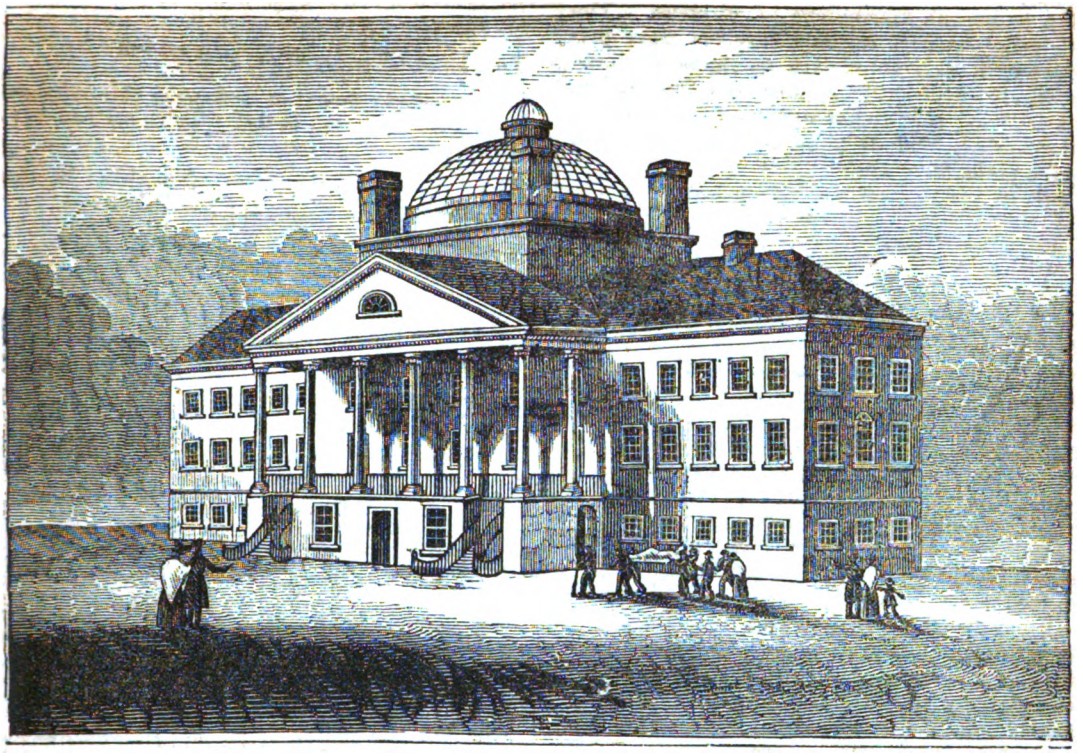
Come, rouse thee now!—I know thy mind,
And would its strength awaken;
Proud, gifted, noble, ardent, kind—
Strange thou shouldst be thus shaken!
But rouse afresh each energy,
And be what Heaven intended thee;
Throw from thy thoughts this wearying weight,
And prove thy spirit firmly great.
I would not see thee bend below
The angry storms of earthly wo.

Full well I know the generous soul
Which warms thee into life;
Each spring which can its powers control
Familiar to thy wife:
For deemst thou she could stoop to bind
Her fate unto a *common mind*?
The eagle-like ambition, nursed
From childhood in her heart, had first
Consumed with its Promethean flame
The shrine, than sank her so to shame.

Then rouse thee, dearest! from the dream
That fetters now thy powers;
Shake off this gloom—Hope sheds a beam
To gild each cloud which lowers;
And though at present seems so far
The wished-for goal, a guiding-star,
With peaceful ray, would light thee on,
Until its utmost bounds be won:
That quenchless ray, thou 'lt ever prove,
Is fond, undying, *wedded love!*

The more accurately we search into the human mind, the stronger traces we everywhere find of his wisdom who made it. If a discourse on the use of the parts of the body may be considered as a hymn to the Creator, the use of the passions, which are the organs of the mind, cannot be barren of praise to Him, nor unproductive to ourselves, of that noble and uncommon union of science and admiration which a contemplation of the works of infinite wisdom alone can afford to a rational mind; while, referring to Him whatever we find of right, or good, or fair in ourselves, discovering his strength and wisdom even in our own weakness and imperfection, honoring them where we discover them clearly, and adoring their profundity where we are lost in our search, we may be inquisitive without impertinence, and elevated without pride; we may be admitted, if I dare say so, into the councils of the Almighty, by a consideration of his works. The elevation of the mind ought to be the principal end of all our studies, which, if they do not in some measure effect, they are of very little service to us.

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MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL, BOSTON.

This has been pronounced the finest building in the State. It stands on a small eminence open to the south, east and west. It is one hundred and sixty-eight feet in length, and fifty-four in its greatest breadth, having a portico of eight Ionic columns in front. It is built of Chelmsford granite, the columns and their capitals being of the same material. In the centre of the two principal stories are the rooms of the officers of the institution. Above these is the operating theatre, which is lighted from the dome. The wings of the building are divided into wards and sick-rooms. The staircase and floorings of the entries are of stone. The whole house is supplied with heat by air-flues from furnaces, and with water by pipes and a forcing-pump. The beautiful hills which surround Boston are seen from every part of the building, and the grounds on the southwest are washed by the waters of the bay. The premises have been improved by the planting of ornamental trees and shrubs, and the extension of the gravel walks for those patients whose health will admit of exercise in the open air.

Toward the close of the last century, a gentleman died in Boston, leaving a bequest in his will of five thousand dollars toward the building of a hospital. This circumstance was attended with the beneficial effect of awakening the attention of the public to the subject. Nothing, however, was effected before August, 1810, when two physicians living in Boston, addressed a circular, in which the advantages of a hospital were stated to several gentlemen of Boston, possessed of ample fortunes, and disposed to contribute to institutions in which the public good was concerned. In the beginning of 1811, fifty-six gentlemen, living in different parts of the commonwealth, were incorporated by the name of the Massachusetts General Hospital. Their charter allowed the corporation to hold property to the amount of thirty-thousand dollars yearly income. It also granted to the Hospital a fee simple in the estate of the old Province-House, on the condition that one hundred thousand dollars should be raised by subscription within ten years. Little exertion was made before the autumn of 1816, when a subscription was commenced that was attended with uncommon success. In the towns of Boston, Salem, Plymouth, Charlestown, Hingham, and Chelsea, (including a few subscriptions in some other towns,) 1047 individuals subscribed either to the Hospital or the Asylum for the Insane. More than two hundred of these contributed one hundred dollars or more, and several from one thousand to five thousand, and one, twenty thousand dollars. Donations of equal and larger amounts have since been made, which have increased the funds of this institution, for immediate use and permanent stock, to a greater sum than any other of our institutions has realized, excepting the University at Cambridge.

In 1816 the Trustees purchased the estate at Charlestown belonging to the late Mr. Barrel, formerly called Poplar Grove, and have there built two brick houses, besides the requisite outhouses, for an Insane Hospital. In 1817, they purchased four acres in a field at the west end of Boston, called Prince's Pasture, and on the fourth day of July, 1818, the corner stone of the present Hospital was there laid, in the presence

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of many persons of great dignity in public life, and a numerous assemblage of citizens. The civil, religious and masonic services were performed with such impressive pomp, as rendered the whole scene truly solemn and interesting. This building was so far completed on the first of September, 1821, as to be in a fit condition to receive patients.

LANGUAGE.

It has been a question among philosophers, whether other portions of the animal kingdom do not have the gift and power of language, to some extent, as well as man. And there are not a few, who cast their opinions into the scale favorable to the conclusion that such is the case, for it is evident that there is a communication between many kinds of animals, by means of sound well understood by them. If we view closely the different dialects of barbarians, semi-barbarians, and civilized nations, we shall find that the strength, beauty and comprehensibility of language depend in a great measure upon the character and pursuits of these respective people. The savage of our western wilds, whose wants are few, and his pursuits without variety, has a language composed of few words, for he finds no necessity for more. Yet he is perfectly intelligible to all of his tribe or nation. And so with all nations of antiquity. The human language was a perfect barren, compared with its present profusion of words and ideas, except among the Greeks and Romans, where arts, science and a variety of civil pursuits were followed. According to the pursuit, was the character of the language, and that avocation of a public nature, such as commerce, military, agriculture, or the polite arts, which gave the ascendancy to either of the three great human powers, Reason, Imagination and Passion, moulded the language in accordance with such ascendancy.

In Greece, where intellect was the governing power, and the passions were kept in control by its force, the language became refined—and hence the beauty of Greek poetry, which is a transcript of the language in its greatest purity. The language is the reflection of the moral character, and hence, when the mind was under the control of passion, language assumed a form little superior to brute communication. In eastern countries, where the aggrandizement of the prince and empire was the chief aim of the subject, and splendor in all its phases dazzled the people, imagination was given full power over the language; and hence the poetical character of the ideas of the orientals, and their corresponding fantastical mode of expression.

As mankind advanced, language assumed more symmetry, strength, and beauty. The English, or the Anglo-Saxon language, has greatly improved, and its improvement apparently kept pace with the increasing refinements of the English people.

In the year 700, the LORD's prayer begun thus:—

'Uren Fadar thie art in heofnas, sic gekalgod thin noma, to cymeth thin rick; sic thin willa suc in heofnas and in eatho.'

Two hundred years after, thus—

'Thee ure Fader the ert on heofnum si thin namage hal-god. Com thin ric. Si thin willa on eorthan swa, on heofnum.'

About two hundred years after this, in the reign of Henry II., it was rendered thus:—

'Ure Fader in heaven, rich
Thy name be hailed eber lich,
Thou bring us ty michell bliss:
Als hit in heavenly doe
That in yearth beene it also,' &c.

About one hundred years after, in the reign of Henry III., it ran thus:—

'Fader thou art in heaven blisse,
Thine Helye name it wurt the bliss
Cumen and not thy kingdom,
Thin holy will it be all don
In heaven and in earth also,
So it shall be in full well Ie tro,' &c.

In the reign of Henry VI. it began thus—

'Our Fader art in heavens, haliewid be thi name; thy kingdom come to thee: be thee will don in earth as in heaven,' &c.

In 1537, it began thus:—

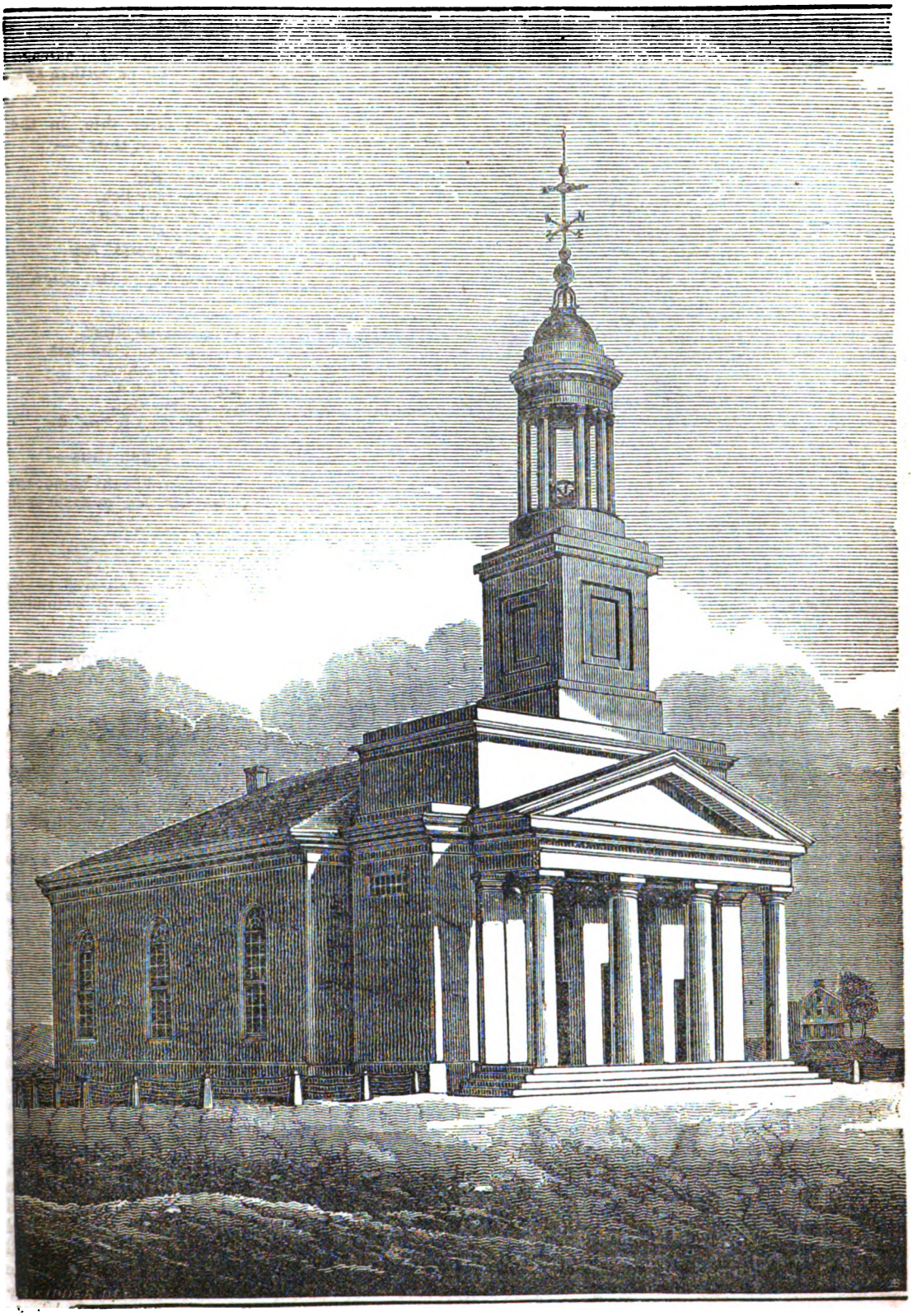
'O, our Father who art in heaven! hallowed be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be fulfilled as well in earth as it is in heaven,' &c.

The following is a version of the hymn in St. Luke, (chap. 1, 46,) usually called the Magnificat. Its date is not known:—

'My soule hogis, or lofys, God, and my spirit joyed in God my hele.
For he has by holdyn tho mekenes of hys handemayden.
Lo therefore blyssed me schal say all generations.
For he has done grete things, for he is mighty, and holy the name of hym.
And hys mercy from progeny to progenys, to tho dredande hym.
He made power in hys arme, he sparbylde tho proude in thought of theire herte.
He put down tho mighty of sete, and heghed tho meke.
Tho hungry he fillede with godys, and tho ryche he lefte vyde.
He toke Israel hys chylde, unthought of hys mercy.
As he spake to our fadyrs, Abraham, and sede of hym in worldys.'

GIVE me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe. I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire that kings and queens would be proud of; I will build a school-house upon every hill side and in every valley over the whole habitable earth; I will supply that school-house with a competent teacher; I will build an academy in every town and endow it; a college in every state, and fill it with able professors. Stebbins

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Adams Temple, in Quincy, Mass.

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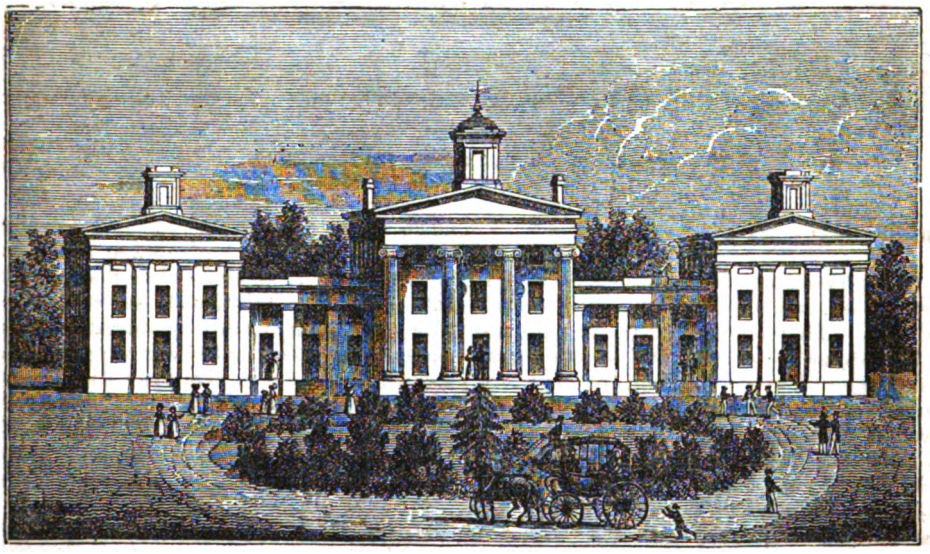
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ADAMS TEMPLE, IN QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS.

This house of public worship, for the congregational society in Quincy, was erected in 1827. The former church was of wood, and was built in 1732; and afterward enlarged. It is built of stone taken from the granite quarries in that town, presented by Hon. John Adams, some time President of the United States. The Rev. Peter Whitney, pastor of the church in that place, made a suitable address when the corner-stone was laid. A plate with an appropriate inscription was deposited under the corner-stone in a lead box. Among other facts, it mentions that John Quincy Adams was then President of the United States; that the population of the town was two thousand, and that of the United States thirteen millions. In his address on the occasion, Mr. Whitney said:—

"In conformity to the wishes of the great benefactor of *us* and of our country, the late President Adams, we are now erecting a temple for the worship of that incomprehensible Being, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain. When ages after ages shall have passed away, when all now living on earth, and successive generations for centuries to come, shall have finished their probation, and gone to the unseen and eternal world, these walls of granite we are about to erect will stand, we trust, among the recollections of time, a monument of the interest we felt for the worship of God, and for the accommodation of our successors on the stage of life, till the stones themselves of which it is constructed shall be crumbling into dust. In this temple, when completed, may the truth, as it is in Jesus, be preached in all its purity and simplicity. Here may the prayers of devout and humble souls ascend with acceptance to the throne of everlasting mercy. And here may that *faith*, which looks beyond things seen and temporal, to those which are unseen and eternal, which directs the aspirations of the soul to the presence and enjoyment of God in heaven, be animated and confirmed. Our hearts rejoice in the contemplation of the increasing virtue and wisdom of the world; and we offer our prayers to God, that *we* may so finish our course on earth as to enter on our immortal destiny with qualifications for ceaseless progress in goodness."

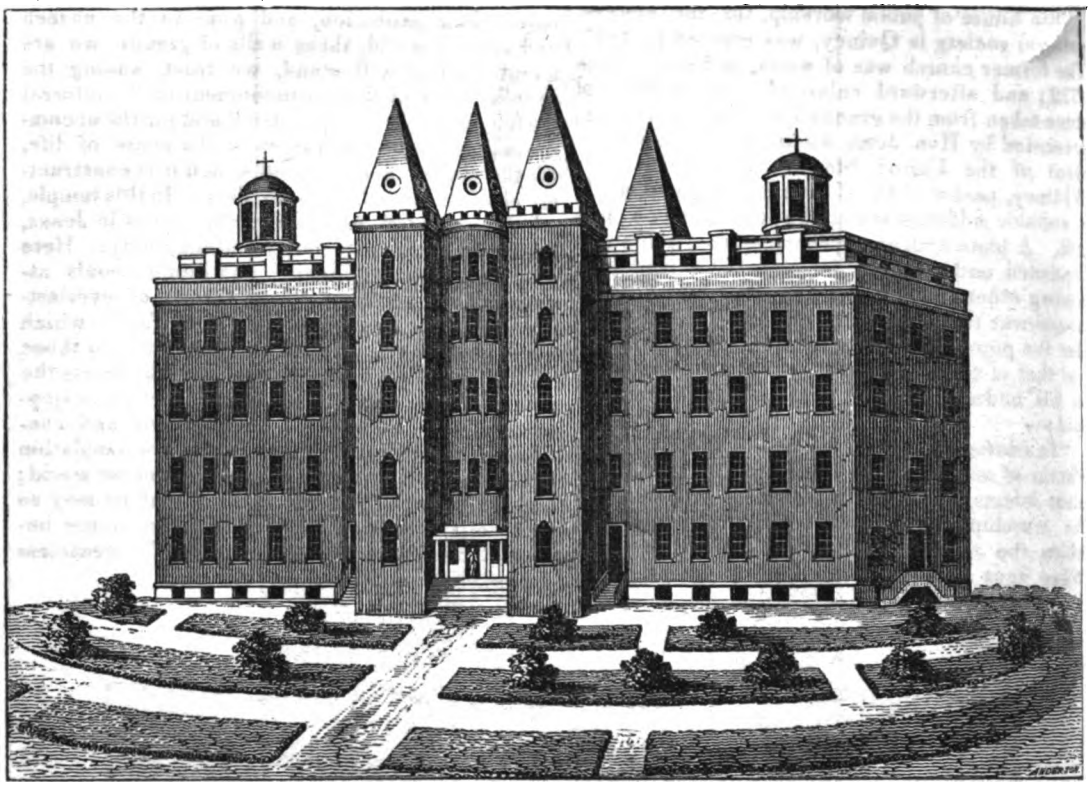


Smithville Seminary, North Scituate, Rhode Island.

This Seminary is located near the junction of the Hartford and Brooklyn Turnpike roads, nine miles from Providence. The stages on these roads leave Providence successively every morning, passing the Seminary and return at evening.

The Railroad line, leaving Providence on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 12 o' clock, A. M., also passes the Seminary and returns on succeeding days.

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[Washington Medical College, Baltimore, Md.]

WASHINGTON MEDICAL COLLEGE.

"The College buildings are constructed in a style of architecture which will vie with the proudest collegiate edifices. They are situated on the southeast corner of Market and Hampstead Hill streets, on the most elevated ground within the limits of Baltimore, and command a magnificent view of the Patapsco, of the city and the surrounding country. The buildings will range one hundred and ninety-five feet on Hampstead Hill st., and consist in part of a circular centre building, forty feet in diameter, having four stories at unequal height, for the convenience of Lecture halls, Laboratory, Dissecting rooms, Museum, Library. This part of the edifice is flanked at four corresponding equi-distant points by turrets, six stories high, castellated with obelisk roofs, and decorated with Gothick windows and doors. The two wings (the eastern already finished and occupied) are each sixty feet by forty, being five stories in height. The apartments are numerous, spacious and lofty, affording ample room for a classification of the patients, and, when completed, will contain between three and four hundred beds. The apartments appropriated to house students will accommodate forty or fifty individuals, and are most agreeable and inviting to young gentlemen who may prefer to reside in the College edifice. There are also apartments specially designed for strangers who may be taken ill in our city, and who prefer being retired from the noise and confusion of a hotel, and wish a place where good nurses, medical attendance, and every convenience contributing to their comfort will be provided. It is believed that this peculiar feature will render this Institution very popular with strangers who may take apartments here, and who can have the attendance of any physician they prefer, and will be free to receive their friends and visiters as unrestrained as in their own homes. No infectious diseases are admitted within the wards of this hospital."

FACULTY.

James H. Miller, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology.

Samuel K. Jennings, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeuticks, and Legal Medicine.

Wm. W. Handy, M. D., Professor of Obstetricks and Diseases of Women and Children.

John C. S. Monker, M. D., Professor of Institutes and Practice of Medicine.

Edward Foreman, M. D., Professor of Chymistry.

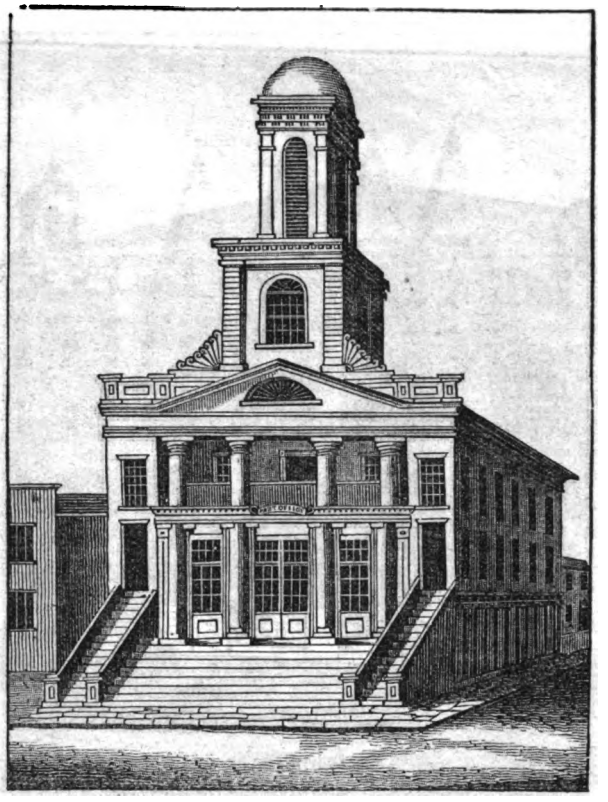
John R. W. Dunbar, M. D., Professor of Surgery and Surgical Anatomy.

Washington R. Handy, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.

OFFICERS OF THE COLLEGE.

James H. Miller, *President.*
John C. S. Monkur, *Treasurer*
Edward Foreman, *Secretary.*
Samuel K. Jennings, *Dean* [1838.]

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[Buffalo Postoffice.

BUFFALO POSTOFFICE.

The city of Buffalo is situated on the east end of lake Erie, at the head of the Niagara river, of the great Erie canal, and at the mouth of Buffalo creek. It is a city of rapid growth, and of extensive trade. Splendid stores occupied and filled with goods tastefully displayed at the windows—blocks of new stores and other buildings going up—steamboats arriving and departing, crowded with passengers, and loaded with freight—omnibuses rolling through the thronged streets—all these seem to impress one with the idea that he is in the heart of one of the great Atlantick cities.

Among the public buildings the postoffice is worthy of attention. It is situated on the corner of Washington and Seneca streets in the old Baptist church. O. H. Dibble, postmaster, H. Case, assistant.

The first mail ever received here was in March, 1803. It was brought from the east on horseback. It was afterward brought regularly, once in two weeks, in this manner; subsequently a stage-wagon was used. As the country advanced in improvement, he route was changed to twice and three times a week, and finally to a daily route.

There are at the present time, sixty-six mails per week received, made up, and despatched from this postoffice.

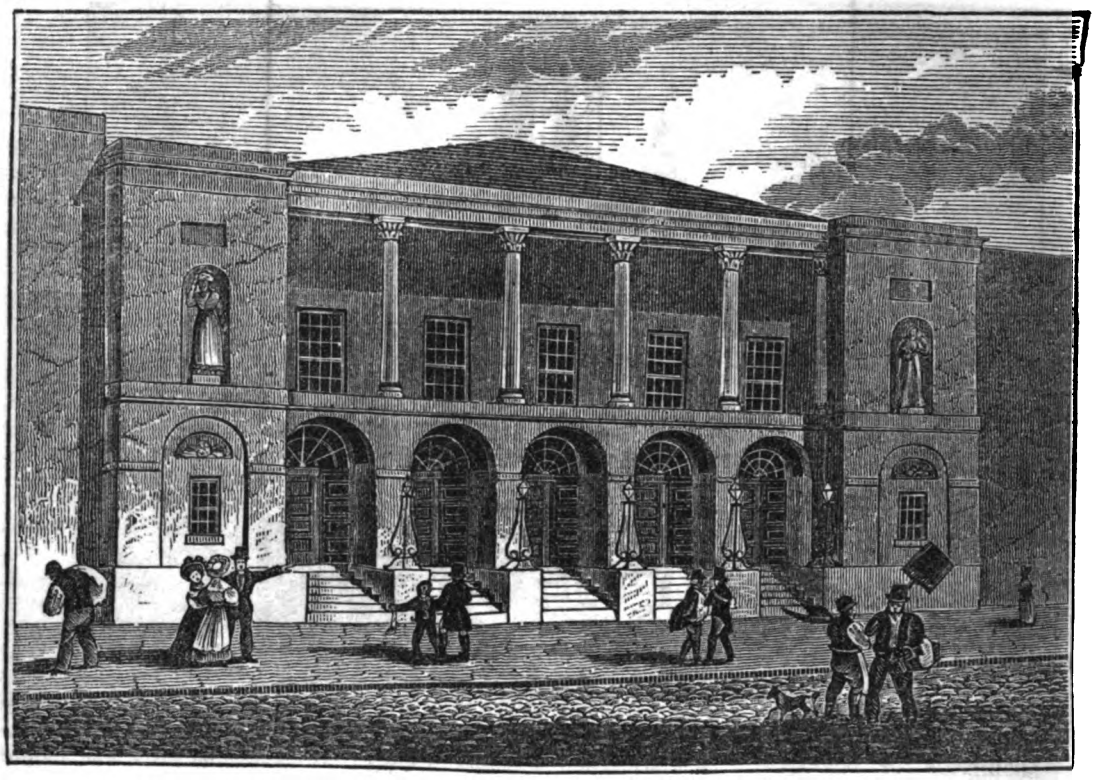
The amount of postage on letters received for distribution is $40,000 per quarter. The amount received for, and delivered in the city alone, is $5,900; which together with the amount charged on letters mailed there, makes the amount of business annually about *two hundred and sixteen thousand one hundred dollars.*

PUMICE-STONE.

Pumice-stone is a substance frequently thrown out of volcanoes, and which is found of considerable use in the arts. It is very full of pores, and resembles the frothy slag produced in our iron furnaces. It is of two colours, black and white, the former being that which it has when thrown out of the volcano, the latter, as Cronstedt conjectures, being produced by exposure to the air. M. Majellan considers it rather as a volcanick ejection than a volcanick production; and describes it as of a white, reddish-brown, gray, or black colour. It is of a rough and porous consistence, being made up of slender fibres parallel to each other, and very light, so that it swims on water. It strikes fire with steel, though with difficulty. A hundred parts contain from six to fifteen of magnesia, with a small proportion of calcareous earth, and the greatest part silex. Another kind of pumice, which seems to be a ferruginous granite altered by fire, was discovered by Dolomieu at Stromboli.

Pumice-stone is used for rubbing and smoothing the surface of metals, wood, pasteboard, and stone. It cuts most bodies rapidly when rubbed with water

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Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA THEATRE.

THEATRICAL exhibitions by a regular company were performed in Philadelphia, as early as 1754; and a theatre was erected in that city, in 1759. The building was at Society Hill, in South-street; then the outskirts of the city. In spite of the opposition of those who conscientiously disapproved of theatrical entertainments, the company continued their exhibitions till 1776, when a new theatre was opened in the same part of the city. But the revolution put an end to their performances.

In 1793, a theatre was built in Chestnut street, and was occupied as such for twenty-seven years; and the performances were generally of a high degree of excellence. The building was burnt in 1820, and as was generally believed, by design. Another theatre was soon after erected on the same spot. And there are now three buildings of the kind in Philadelphia, which are considered an honor to the city and the architects.

The principal front of the building, a view of which is here presented, is on Chestnut street, near Sixth street. It is in the Italian style, and the material marble. Its most prominent features are an arcade, supporting a screen of composite columns, and a plain entablature, and is flanked by two wings. These are decorated with niches, containing statues of tragedy and comedy, which are considered the best productions from the chisel of Rush; and immediately below them are semicircular recesses, with basso-relievos, representing the tragic and comic muses.

The approach to the boxes is from Chestnut street, through an arcade of five entrances, opening into a vestibule fifty-eight feet long by eight feet wide, communicating, at each end, with the box-office, and a drawing-room. The audience part of the house is described on a semicircle of forty-six feet in diameter, and containing three tiers of boxes. The form of the house is such as to place the mass of the audience within thirty-five feet of the stage. The dome is forty-six feet in diameter. The whole building is one hundred and fifty by ninety-two, and will accommodate two thousand people.

This theatre combines beauty and convenience, with great security. There are three large doorways, which will discharge a crowded house in a few minutes. It was designed and executed by W. Strickland. When it was opened in 1822, an appropriate address was made, written by Mr. Sprague of Boston.

A COMPANION that is cheerful and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse, is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning, nor men that cannot well bear it, to repent the money that they spent when they be warmed with drink. And take this for a rule: you may pick out such times and such companions, that you may make yourselves merrier for a little than a great deal of money—for "'t is the company, and not the charge, that makes the feast."

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Residence of Washington Irving, Esq.

RESIDENCE OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

READER, hast thou ever perused the "Sketch Book, by Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.," and laughed thyself to weeping, while following the fortunes of poor Ichabod Crane, the hero of Sleepy Hollow? If not, get it quickly, laugh, and add another day to thy mortal existence.

I was yet a lad when mirth and sympathy drew tears from my eyes as I read the adventures of the renowned Ichabod, the schoolmaster and psalm-singer of that dreamy vale called Sleepy Hollow. When I read of his school discipline, his unrivalled psalmody, his unrequited love for the beautiful Katrina Van Tassel, and his horrible midnight race with the Headless Horseman, *alias*, Brom Bones and an illuminated pumpion, I believed every word to be as true as the witch stories of Cotton Mather. And when in after years I passed the residence of the good old Baltus Van Tassel, its projecting eves covered with green moss, and the spacious "stoop," still festooned with woodbine and honeysuckle as in days "lang syne," I almost imagined I saw the blooming face of Katrina peering through the seven-by-nine glasses of a primitive window, and I involuntarily listened as I passed along the margin of the vale, to catch the distant nasal strains of Ichabod.

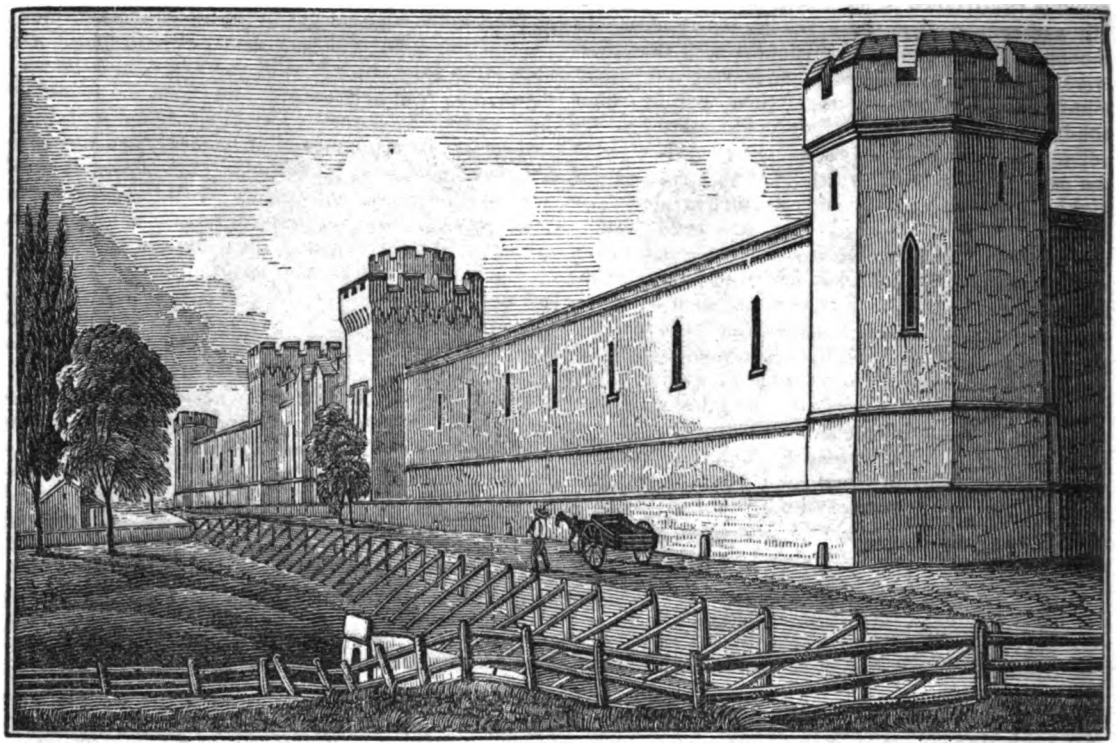
But the hand of modern improvement has changed that primitive scene. In 1835, WASHINGTON IRVING, Esq., purchased this relick of the days of the Knickerbockers, whose vicinity he has immortalized in story, and converted the old low-roofed mansion where Ichabod ate minced pies, and ogled with his "green glassy eyes" the fair Katrina, into the elegant and picturesque Anglo-Dutch edifice portrayed in the above picture. The grounds about it have been cleared, the thick copse that concealed the 'Taappan Zee" from view has been levelled, and Mr. Irving has rendered it one of the most delightful summer residences in this country. To the traveller, the scholar, the man of taste, and indeed to every American, a new interest is added to the *locale* of one of Irving's best sketches. The genius of the Pioneer of American Literature sheds its lustre around this rural retreat, and many a child of genius, as he approaches the delightful spot, will feel that he is treading upon holy ground.

The constellation of American literature is now bright with many luminaries; but Mr. Irving's fame beams in splendour not yet equalled by his successors, in the eyes, not only of his countrymen, but of transatlantick admirers. He has established a fame in England as permanent as that of her best writers.

Previous to the appearance of the "Sketch Book" scarcely a single work from an American pen had been deemed worthy of republication by the London publishers. But no sooner did the English publick become acquainted with "Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.," than they sought to know him better. The first authors of that country bestowed upon Mr. Irving the meed of just praise; and a celebrated magazine writer pronounced him the "Goldsmith of the age." Attention was then turned to the budding genius of America, and its talented representative was received as an honoured guest into the highest literary circles of the British metropolis.

High as Mr. Irving stood in the literary world, the appearance of "Bracebridge Hall, or the Humourist," increased his reputation as a pleasing and elegant writer. The work gives a faithful picture of English feelings and manners, their old popular customs, May-day sports, and Christmas revelries. The "Alhambra" and "Astoria" are among his subsequent standard productions. His writings are few when compared with many of his contemporaries, but they all have that elegance of finish so necessary to establish an enduring fame, which few of the more voluminous authors exhibit.

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Eastern State Penitentiary, Pennsylvania.

EASTERN STATE PENITENTIARY, PENNSYLVANIA.

The annual increase of the number of convicts, and the insufficiency of the prisons in Philadelphia for their accommodation, induced the legislature, in 1821, to authorize the construction of another, in which the separate confinement of every convict, day and night, could be fully accomplished. This prison is represented in our engraving.

The Eastern State Penitentiary is situated on one of the most elevated, airy, and healthy sites, in the vicinity of Philadelphia. The corner-stone of the front building was laid on the 22d of May, 1823. Large sums have been expended for the purpose of giving an unusual degree of solidity and durability to every part of this immense structure, which is the most extensive building in the United States. The ground occupied by it contains about ten acres.

The front of this building is composed of large blocks of hewn and squared granite; the walls are twelve feet thick at the base, and diminish to the top, where they are two feet and nine inches in thickness. A wall of thirty feet in height above the interiour platform encloses an area six hundred and forty feet square: at each angle of the wall is a tower for the purpose of overlooking the establishment; three other towers are situated near the gate of entrance. The facade or principal front, is six hundred and seventy feet in length, and reposes on a terrace, which, from the inequalities of the ground, varies from three to nine feet in height; the basement or belting course, which is ten feet high, is scarped, and extends uniformly the whole length. The centre building is two hundred feet in length, and consists of two projecting massive square towers fifty feet high, crowned by projecting embattled parapets, supported by pointed arches, resting on corbels or brackets. The pointed munnioned windows in these towers contribute in a high degree to their picturesque effect. The curtain between the towers is forty-one feet high, and is finished with a parapet and embrasures. The pointed windows in it are very lofty and narrow. The great gateway in the centre is a very conspicuous feature; it is twenty-seven feet high, and fifteen wide, and is filled by a massive wrought iron portcullis, and double oaken gates, studded with projecting iron rivets, the whole weighing several tuns; nevertheless, they can be opened with the greatest facility. On each side of this entrance, which is the most imposing in the United States, are enormous solid buttresses, diminishing in offsets, and terminating in pinnacles. A lofty octangular tower, eighty feet high, containing an alarm-bell and clock, surmounts this entrance, and forms a picturesque proportional centre. On each side of this main building, which contains the apartments of the warden, keepers, domesticks, &c., are screen wing walls, which appear to constitute portions of the main edifice; they are pierced with small, blank, pointed windows, and are surmounted by a parapet; at their extremities are high octangular towers terminating in parapets, pierced by embrasures. In the centre of the great courtyard is an observatory, whence long corridors, eight in number, radiate. On each side of these corridors the cells are situated, each at right angles to them, and communicating with them only by small openings, for the purpose of supplying the prisoner with food, and for the purpose of inspecting his movements without attracting his attention; other apertures, for the admission of cool or heated air, and for the purpose of ventilation, are provided. A novel and in-

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genious contrivance in each cell, prevents the possibility of conversation, preserves the purity of the atmosphere of the cells, and dispenses with the otherwise unavoidable necessity of leaving the apartment, except when the regulations permit; flues conduct heated air from large cockle stoves to the cells. Light is admitted by a large circular glass in the crown of the arch, which is raking, and in the highest part sixteen feet and six inches above the floor, which is of wood, overlaying a solid foundation of stone. The walls are plastered and neatly white-washed; the cells are eleven feet nine inches long, and seven feet six inches wide; at the extremity of the cell, opposite to the apertures for inspection, previously mentioned, is the door-way, containing two doors; one of lattice-work, or grating, to admit the air and secure the prisoner; the other composed of planks to exclude the air, if required; this door leads to a yard eighteen feet by eight, the walls of which are eleven and a half feet in height, attached to each cell. The number of the latter in the present plan is only two hundred and sixty-six, but it may be increased to eight hundred and eighteen, without resorting to the addition of second stories.

This penitentiary is the only edifice in this country, which is calculated to convey to our citizens the external appearance of those magnificent and picturesque castles of the middle ages, which contribute so eminently to embellish the scenery of Europe. Mr. John Haviland was the architect.

Indian Skeleton.—In New Brunswick, N. J., between South Amboy and Cheesequakes, immediately along the shore of the Raritan bay, are several beds of potter's clay, which are chiefly used for making the kind of pottery called stone ware, although some of the finest of it is used in the manufacture of porcelain and delft ware: from its being so beautifully variegated with red, green, and other colours, it is called peach-blossom clay. Immediately upon the upper surface of the clay, there is a layer of sand, ranging from five inches to twenty feet in thickness. In removing this sand, there have been found at different times, vegetable relicks, such as wood completely carbonized, and in a state of lignite, and some nearly pure charcoal. Amber is found here, which the workmen call *rosum*. It is also found washed up on the beach after an easterly storm.

A few years since, while the workmen were engaged in removing a portion of this sand, they discovered several feet below the surface, the bones of the feet of a man, and upon examination, they found a whole skeleton of an Indian chief. He had been buried in a sitting posture, with his face toward the east, and by his side were found, in a perfect state of preservation, a war-club, three pipes, several heads of arrows made of hornstone, some stone hatchets, and other articles—plainly showing that at one time he was a powerful chief of the Delawares, a tribe of Indians that once owned New Jersey The articles found with him have carefully been preserved. The war-club is about one inch in thickness, three inches wide at the top, two inches at the handle, and cut out in the middle to the thickness of one inch, and it is about two feet long. On both sides from the top, until about one third the way down, it is regularly carved; no doubt the record of his chieftain authority. The pipes found with him, are cut out of solid stone, (soapstone,) and has also a rude engraving on its surface. The skeleton itself was again decently interred in a wild and secluded spot, by Col. Morgan, there to remain until the last trump shall "wake it with its warning."

But a handful (less than forty) of that once powerful tribe now remain. Like the leaves of autumn they have fallen and been scattered. A few short years, and the name of *Lenni Lelappe* will be forgotten for ever.

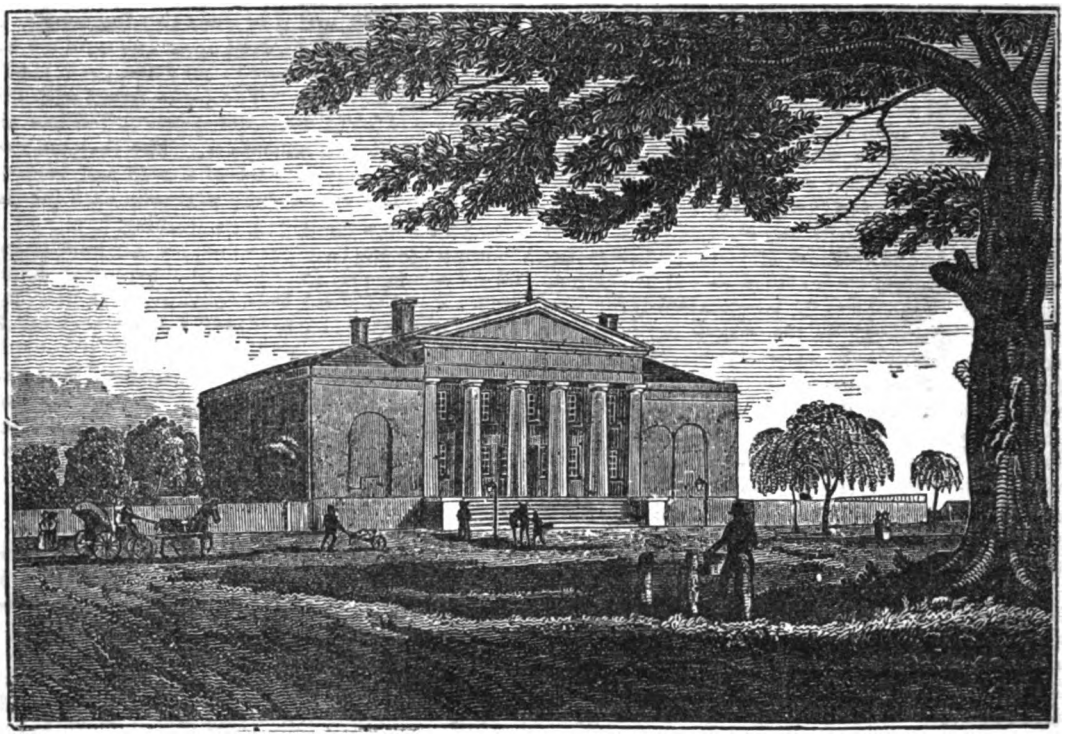
Four years since, a chief whose head had numbered seventy winters, was sent by his tribe, from the shores of lake Michigan, to claim from the state of New Jersey, an extinguishment of their last reservation, the fisheries on the Delaware river. And was this aged chief met with sneers and scoffs, and sent away because he was an Indian? No—his demand was heard, the claim of his tribe admitted, and paid from the state treasury. "The last link was broken," which bound him to his native soil, and he left us for ever.

Curious Discovery at Pompeii.—A letter from Naples of the twenty-third of October, published in the Paris National, says: Professor Zahn has this moment returned to town with the intelligence of a most curious discovery that has just been made at Pompeii. A complete table-service in silver has been found. It consists of forty-four plates, a large dish, three small vessels, two spoons, and four forks. The workmanship is admirable, and the articles are all in the highest state of preservation.

Tail of a Gigantick Lizard.—The tail of a gigantick lizard or crocodile, completely converted into stone of the hardest texture, has been found about twenty yards below the surface of the earth, in the shaft of a coalpit which has been recently opened near Chesterfield, in Derbyshire. In about three years time, when other shafts shall have been formed, it is probable there will be discovered the cast of some extraordinary animal of large dimensions, in solid stone, equal to the present fragment, which is so singularly perfect, that it shows every wrinkle and indent of the external muscles and texture of the skin. The head of an immense animal was found a few days since, in a bed of chalk, at the back of Kemp town. It measures three feet one and a half inches in length, and one foot nine inches thick.

Discovery of Marble.—In the island of Tiree, on the west coast of Scotland, an engineer has lately discovered some beautiful blocks of white marble, and an inexhaustible strata of variegated granite, undulating streaks of red, white, and black. At the Ross, in the island of Mull, comparatively pure red and white granite occurs in vast abundance. This is by far the most beautiful variety in the country, or perhaps in the world. One of the many blocks forming the *debris* of an adjoining mountain, was found to measure twelve cubick feet to the tun—no less than one hundred and four square tuns of workable granite

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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB IN PHILADELPHIA.

This institution was established in 1820, and the building erected in 1824. It is constructed of granite; the front is ninety-six feet, and the width is sixty-three feet. The legislature of Pennsylvania granted eight thousand dollars to the funds of the institution, and to which were added donations from some liberal individuals. The state made provision also for the maintenance of fifty indigent pupils, for several years. Maryland and New Jersey gave support to the institution; the former by an appropriation of thirty-five hundred dollars for a number of years, to support indigent deaf and dumb children of that state; and the latter, by maintaining twelve pupils, for an indefinite period. The children are taught industrious habits, and their minds so cultivated by their skilful teachers, that they acquire much useful information. The pupils continue in the asylum from four to six years. The system pursued in the institution is agreeable to the theory of the Abbe Sicard; and substantially conformable to that adopted in the American asylum at Hartford.

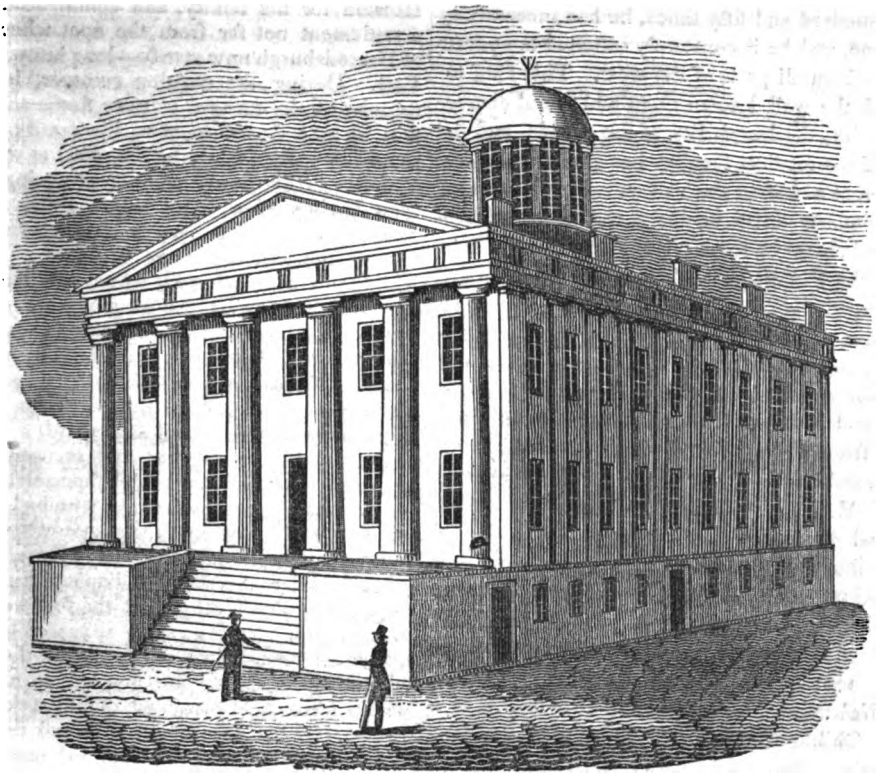
THE MISSISSIPPI.

We have never viewed a grander spectacle than that which the mighty stream, rolling its vast floods along our city to the deep, now presents. The Mississippi even in its mildest mood is terrible. When it pours among its dark waters beneath the gentle gleamings of a midsummer's sunset; or when its gilding ripples are burnished by the silvery effulgence of the midnight moon, its course is still mighty—fearful—resistless; and we think of its fair lonely journeying, and the scenes it has witnessed, and we look upon its placid surface shadowed by the forests of its banks, and it seems to us in all its majestick magnificence only as the giant slumbering from his labour.

But when the beautiful spring time is over and the balmy moonlit evening of summer is past, and Autumn's shadowy glory is no more; when winter broods over desolated nature, then it is that the "terrible Mississippi," assumes all its fearfulness of aspect, and we realize that we are gazing upon the mightiest stream, with but a single exception that flows upon our globe. All then is unmingled grandeur—sublimity—magnificence.

Turn your eye even now, reader, over its troubled surface, and what a spectacle does that mighty mass of volumed water present! The opposite shore is desolate, bleak and cheerless: the naked banks rise steep from the rushing stream mantled with ice—the trees are leafless and drear—at intervals through their bare, weather-beaten trunks you catch a glimpse of an ancient mound upon the smooth prairie, while far away in the blue distance, standing out against the dim eastern horizon, is perceived the long line of white cliffs or the summits of the bluffs, sweeping away from the view. Bloody Island in the midst of the rushing stream stretches out its barren, sandy shores, sad and gloomy as a graveyard! ah! a graveyard; and when the associations connected with its dark history are permitted to throng the mind, the appellation is no misnomer. A graveyard!—let it bear the title; whatever our view respecting the scenes it has witnessed, the name is appropriate.

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Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky.

TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

The new hall of this institution, represented in the cut, is the fruit of the munificence of the city council of Lexington. Early in 1839, a vote was passed granting forty-five thousand dollars for the erection of a new edifice, and the enlargement of the library, apparatus and museum; and three thousand dollars were added to that sum by several citizens, to purchase a suitable lot of ground. On the 4th of July, 1839, the corner-stone was laid, with the usual masonic ceremonies, and the house was covered in November. The whole will be completed by the first of September next, and will present the most capacious, well arranged and perfect establishment of the kind in America.

Dimensions of the hall, including the portico in front, are 63 by 160 feet, three stories high. In addition to three very spacious lecture rooms, there is a very large library room, a large museum room, a private room for each professor, 5 dissecting rooms, janitor's apartments, &c. &c. The whole establishment will be lighted, warmed and ventilated, in the most advantageous manner, and will embody every desirable convenience for such an institution. The anatomical department, public and private, is so arranged and so provided for, as to make it equal, at least, to any other in this country, in every respect.

Of the appropriation by the city council, fifteen thousand dollars were set apart, especially for the library, museum and apparatus; to expend which in the best practicable way, Professors Peter and Bush visited the eastern cities of America, and Europe, in the last spring and summer. The greater part of their purchases has been received, and the residue is expected early in the coming season. They embrace the finest, rarest, and most valuable wax and other artificial preparations in Europe, almost without number; the most splendid articles of chemical and philosophical apparatus; forty-one magnificent pictures, more than two by three feet each, of the most important medicinal plants, drawn from living vegetables, in the *Jardin des Plantes*, in Paris, by *Chazel;* the rarest, as well as the most modern medical works that could be found in London and Paris, sufficient to swell the Medical Library to at least seven thousand volumes.

The graduates of this school are about twelve hundred, scattered throughout the great valley, some of them occupying the station of professors in kindred establishments. The class of 1839–40 numbered two hundred and fifty-six, being larger than for the last five years.

The number of surgical operations performed by

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Professor Dudley, in Lexington, is immense. More than one hundred and fifty times, he has successfully cut for stone, and he is constantly solicited to operate on persons from all parts of the west. This fact, together with the well known quiet and moral character of the city, the hospitality of the people, and the standing of the medical faculty, has given the school its high prominence in the valley. The course of lectures regularly opens on the first Monday of November, and closes on the last day of February. The cost of all the Professors' tickets is one hundred and five dollars, in the notes of good and solvent banks, of the states whence the pupils respectively come. The dissecting ticket (which is optional) is ten dollars, and the matriculation ticket, five dollars. Good boarding and lodging (fuel and light included) may be had at from three to four dollars per week.

The examination of candidates for the degree of Doctor of Medicine, commences on the first day of March, and the degrees are conferred about the fifteenth of the same month. The graduation fee is twenty dollars. The faculty now consists of Professors *Dudley*, Anatomy and Surgery; *Bush*, (adjunct) Anatomy and Surgery; *Cross*, Institutes and Medical Jurisprudence; *Smith*, Theory and Practice of Medicine; *Richardson*, Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children; *Mitchell*, Materia Medica and Therapeutics; *Peter*, Chemistry and Pharmacy.

[1841.]

From the Louisville Literary News-Letter.

LOGAN.

Among the earliest and most respectable of the emigrants to Kentucky—says an interesting writer—was Benjamin Logan. His father immigrated to this country from Ireland early in the last century, and settled in the state of Pennsylvania, whence he soon after removed to Virginia, where he died. To his eldest son, the subject of the present sketch, descended, by the laws of the state, all the real property of the father, as he had deceased intestate: but to this disposition, Logan would not consent; and, as the farm was too small to divide, he caused it to be sold, and the proceeds appropriated to the benefit of his younger brother and sisters. By their united assistance, he purchased a farm on a fork of the James River, which was secured to his mother for life. Logan was at this time but fourteen years of age. Seven years afterwards he accompanied Col. Beauquette in an expedition against the northern Indians, as sergeant of the company, and conducted himself with a bravery prophetic of his future career. On his return he married, and removing west of the Alleghanies, bought a farm and commenced a settlement on the banks of the Holston, a river which rises in the mountains of Virginia, and, flowing south-west, unites with the Clinch to form the Tennessee.

In '74, Logan accompanied Lewis and Dunmore in the Scioto expedition, and distinguished himself at the memorable battle of the Kenhawa. The next year he removed to Kentucky, where he remained until the spring of '76, when he returned to the Holston for his family, and commenced with them a settlement not far from the spot where the town of Harrodsburgh now stands—long known as Logan's Fort. During the ensuing summer, however, the assaults of the savages were so fierce and incessant, that he was forced to send his family to Harrodsburgh for safety, while he remained at the settlement to cultivate his farm. The next spring, a few settlers having joined him, Logan again removed his family to the Fort, resolved to sustain himself against the assaults of the savages. This removal had hardly been effected, when, early one morning, the 20th of May, as the women were employed in milking the cows at the entrance to the garrison, with several of the men attending them, a body of Indians suddenly made their appearance, and, before a retreat could be effected, fired on the settlers, killing two men and wounding a third. The party at once rushed into the fort and secured the postern before the savages could avail themselves of the surprise. But Harrison, the man who had been wounded, was still lying upon the spot where he fell, in full view of the garrison and exposed to the foe, who, doubtless, forebore to dispatch him at once, in expectation that a sally from the fort would be made to save him. Such a rescue appeared little less than madness: certain death to several of the party seemed inevitable should the attempt be made, and the whole force now consisted of but a dozen men—a number far too few for an effectual defence. The wife and children of the wounded man were within the fort, and their lamentations may be conceived better than described. At this distressing crisis, Logan declared himself ready to sally forth and bring in the wounded man, if any one would accompany him. At length, one of the settlers, named Martin, consented to the proposition, and the gate being opened the pair rushed forth. No sooner did they make their appearance, than Harrison exerted himself vigorously to rise: seeing this, Martin supposed him able to effect his escape without assistance, and instantly retreated into the fort. But the wounded man fell back again almost lifeless from exhaustion, and Logan sprang forward to his relief. A shower of rifle-balls instantly poured upon the devoted man from every tree, and bush, and thicket. Regardless of danger, he seized his companion in his arms and bore him triumphantly into the garrison, though the fire of the foe continued without intermission. Wonderful to relate, Logan received not a solitary wound, though his clothes, and hat, and the gate of the fort were completely riddled with rifle-balls! Such an exploit would have added glory to the most illustrious name on the page of history or romance!—The garrison was now more vigorously assailed than ever by the savages, and every individual within its walls—men, women, and children—were engaged to the extent of their several ability, in the defence. But so obstinate and protracted was the siege, that the scarcity of ammunition soon became alarming in the fort, and so closely was it blockaded, that any attempt to obtain relief from Holston—the nearest place of supply—seemed utterly impracticable. In this desperate situation, Logan resolved to undertake the hazardous office of courier, and charging his friends to sustain themselves until his return, he left the fort one dark night, and,

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crawling through the Indian encampment unperceived, he took up his march for Holston. Avoiding the travelled route, he pursued his lonely way through a wilderness never before trodden by the foot of civilized man, and, after incredible privation and suffering, reached his place of destination in safety. He immediately obtained a supply of ammunition, and returning to the fort by the route he came, found his friends reduced to the last extremity of suffering. The defence was now conducted with such energy, that, in a few days, the arrival of an hundred men under Col. Bowman induced the Indians to retreat.

During the whole of the years '77 and '78, the savages, especially the Shawnee tribe, were so exceedingly annoying, that in the summer of '79 an expedition was resolved on against Chillicothe, their principal village, in which Logan was chosen second in command, Col. Bowman commanding in chief. The expedition, embracing one hundred and sixty volunteers well versed in Indian warfare, left Harrodsburgh in July, and arrived within a mile of the village in the night, without being discovered. Spies were now sent on, as usual, to learn the situation of the foe, and they returned with a report so favourable that an attack was resolved on immediately, and the detachment was put in motion. The mode of assault upon the town was arranged thus:—Logan was to advance in silence to the left side of the village, with half of the force—Bowman to make a similar movement to the right with the other half, and then, having encircled it, at a concerted signal, a simultaneous attack was to commence. Logan conducted his troops successfully to the post appointed him, and, with solicitude awaited the arrival of Bowman. Hour after hour stole away until the dawn began to break, and nothing had yet been seen of the commander. Logan now directed his men to conceal themselves as well as they could in the grass, still anxiously expecting the signal for attack. These movements before long aroused one of the village dogs from his slumbers, and forthwith the animal began to bark most furiously, and rushed out in the direction of the ambush. The noise awoke one of the savages, who advanced towards the party very cautiously for the purpose of reconnoitering. He had nearly fallen into the midst of the detachment, when a gun on the opposite side of the village from one of Bowman's party broke the stillness, and the Indian, with a shrill war-whoop, fled to the council-house. Logan now saw that all concealment was at an end, and gave an order for instant onset, in full expectation of a gallant support from the other detachment. The whole village was now roused, and the Indians rushed in one mass to the council-house in the centre; Logan advanced and took possession of the deserted cabins, and at length planted himself within rifle-shot of the foe, anxiously expecting every moment the signal for a general assault from his commander. But no signal was given, and soon the savages having recovered from their panic, commenced a heavy fire, and indicated a disposition to surround the detachment and cut off its retreat. The novel proposition was now suggested by the gallant Logan, to contrive a portable breastwork of the *puncheons* forming the floor of the cabins, and, under its defence, rush upon the garrison of the savages and carry it by assault. The success of such a manœuvre, if seconded by Bowman, would, doubtless, have been most signal; and its effect upon all the other Indian tribes would have been highly favourable to the peace of the settlers; but, just as the movement was resolved on, a messenger from the commander of the expedition brought orders to Logan to *retreat*. Most reluctantly was he forced to obey; and now commenced a scene most tumultuous and distressing. Every individual sought his own safety at his own discretion and in his own way; and the Indians, though surprised at such a causeless flight, sallied forth from their fortification, and poured on the fugitives a shower of balls. They soon fell in with Bowman's party, which, panic-struck, to Logan's astonishment, were standing on the identical spot, from which he had parted with them on the preceding night. By great exertion on the part of Logan, assisted by Harrod, Bedinger, Bulger and some other gallant spirits, order was, at length, to some degree, restored; but the savages poured in from all sides a heavy, and somewhat fatal, fire. Forming his men into a hollow square, Logan soon repelled the foe; but rallying again, they made a simultaneous attack on his front, rear, and both flanks. The square was again formed—the Indians were again repelled—the retreat was recommenced, when again the same deadly fire opened upon the harrassed fugitives from every tree and thicket. Disheartened by these repeated attacks, the men began to waver, and a panic seemed once more about to seize them, when Logan, by an act of decisive, desperate bravery, dispersed the savages, slew their chief, and led off his men without further loss:—this exploit was to take the boldest of his men, and dashing on horseback into the coverts of the enemy, cut them down without distinction or delay. The loss in this retreat was nine killed and several wounded, while but two Indian scalps were borne off. Yet though the expedition was, on the whole, a signal failure, Logan returned to Kentucky with a brilliant reputation for gallantry and generalship.

From this period for several years Logan pursued the peaceful calling of a farmer. In the summer of '88 he was called on to conduct an expedition against the north-western Indians, but nothing of any great moment transpired in the enterprise, except the destruction of a few villages and cornfields. On his return, Logan devoted himself to the civil affairs of the state, which then began to demand all the talent and energy within her borders. In course of his residence in Kentucky, Logan became a magistrate, a legislator, a captain, a colonel, and was finally honoured with the rank and title of general. His education in early life was very inconsiderable, though his talents, had they been cultivated, would undoubtedly have distinguished him in the cabinet, as much as his valour distinguished him in the field. He was calm, contemplative, and taciturn in his manners; athletic, handsome, and dignified in person, and in character irreproachable. His descendants have just cause to be proud of their ancestry.

THE woman who values her mental qualities more than her beauty, is superior to her sex. She who esteems herself more on account of her beauty than of her talents, is of her sex.

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AN HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE NATCHEZ, OR DISTRICT OF NATCHEZ,

IN THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI; FROM 1700 TO 1798.

BY MANN BUTLER.

(From the Western Messenger.)

THE earliest information of THE NATCHEZ or DISTRICT OF NATCHEZ, (as it was differently termed,) is furnished by the French. That spirited people, although behind the Spaniards and English, in the career of maritime discovery which so brilliantly marked the fifteenth century, soon made up for their backwardness. Early in the following century Canada was discovered, Quebec founded, and the great chain of northern lakes explored. In 1673, the party of Joliet and Marquette set off from Michilimackinac, and revealed to Europeans the noble river which gives name to the state of Mississippi.* This discovery was soon followed by a succession of enterprises under La Salle, Iberville, and Bienville, which extended the occupation, and sometimes the settlements of France, along the gulf of Mexico, from the bay of St. Bernard's in the West, to the Mobile in the East. It was not, however, till 1700, according to some French writers, that fort Rosalie was built at Natchez; others represent it as still later, in 1719. This ancient memorial of the distinguished people who first explored these beautiful regions in the Southwest, is said to have been so named by Bienville, in compliment to Rosalie, Countess De Pontchartrain. An obscure trace of a part of this ancient fortification still survives, to leave a faint impression of the romantick changes of Mississippi fortune, from the dominion of France, Britain, and Spain, to the beneficent and enterprising rule of the great Republick of North America.

The governour who founded this advanced fort in the interiour of our continent, is said to have been very anxious to fix the seat of government of the province of Louisiana, on the mountain bluffs of Natchez. This brilliant destiny was, however, overruled in favour of the more commercial, though in all other respects, inferiour position of New Orleans. If beauty of site, lofty hills, in this generally low and flat region, fertility of soil, and salubrity of climate, could have overbalanced the temptations of wealth, Natchez would have become the seat of the French empire in the Southwest. As it is, Nature has lavished her choicest treasures to adorn and enrich this beautiful spot. A lofty bank, two hundred feet above the ordinary level of the river, commanding a view of the most majestick stream of Western America, which sweeps far to the right and left, presents one of the most remarkable points in this region. Here, the French, with the taste characteristick of that polished people, established the seat of their government for the district of Natchez.

During the government of France, the divisions of the province of Louisiana, were Biloxi, Alebamos, Natchitoches, Yazoos, Wabash, and Natchez, with New Orleans. For French Louisiana extended to New France, or Canada. It is the district of Natchez, however, and principally while under the government of British and Spaniards, that forms the subject of the present sketch.

* Marquette's Journal. Butler's Ky.

What the country had been under the French dominion, may well be inferred from its condition some years afterward, when the British received possession of it from France, by virtue of negociated treaties at Paris in 1762 and 1763. True it is, that the cession was nominally made to Great Britain by France. As it was she who surrendered to Great Britain "the port and river of Mobile, and everything on the left side of the Mississippi she possessed, or had a right to possess, except the island of New Orleans."* Still the virtual grantor was Spain, for whose benefit France alienated her province of Louisiana partly to Great Britain; and the residue to the Spanish government, as a compensation and exchange in its hands, for the British conquest of Havana. Among the first acts of ownership exercised by Great Britain over this portion of her brilliant conquests obtained from the house of Bourbon, in the war of 1755, was the proclamation of seventh October, 1763. By this instrument, the country embraced by Appalachicola, the gulf of Mexico, lakes Maurepas and Pontchartrain, the Mississippi as far north as thirty-one degrees, and a line due east to the Chatahooche, was erected into the government of West Florida.† This is the first appearance of the geographical term, West Florida, which had previously formed a part of Louisiana, and extended to the Perdido river. These British limits were, however, upon a representation of the Board of Trade to the king, extended to the Yazoos, or Yazoo north, and the east line abovementioned. This appears in the commission issued to Governour Chester, second March, 1770.‡ By these official acts, the District of Natchez was, under the British government, established as a part of West Florida. But the country, sparsely settled, and surrounded by numerous tribes of Indians, presents no brilliant picture at this period of its history. Long as the country had been in the occupation of the French, for more than seventy-eight years, their settlements, (as they did all over the West,) merely dotted the country. Along the coast of the gulf of Mexico, up the rivers, at points remote and insulated, from Mobile, Biloxi, New Orleans, and Natchez, to Michilimackinac and Quebec, the French settlers composed only broken strings of population. Hunting, not agriculture, seems to have been the favourite employment of the people; and too often were the sons of France seduced by the romantick and perilous charms of savage life, from pursuing the sober but slow arts which conduct nations to the proud achievements of civilization, over the wilderness of nature. No Europeans have, to such an extent, and so happily, amalgamated with the natives of America, as the French. It is the key to the Indian attachment which is shown to them above all other foreigners. The earliest Indian alienation of the District of Natchez by treaty, that is known to the writer, is described in the following affidavit of a surveyor in the employment of the British government:‖ "The Natchez district is bounded to the westward by the river Mississippi, and extends from Loftus Cliff up the said river to the mouth of the Yazoo, the distance being one hun-

* Treaty of Paris, 1763. † Hall's Law Journal, 5 vol. 486; also Land Law U. S. ‡ Idem 412. ‖ See Land Law U. S. vol. 2 Appendix 1, p 275.

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dred and ten miles. The said district was purchased from the Choctaw nation, by the British superintendent of Indian affairs, at a treaty held at Mobile, in May, 1777, and the lines as above described were marked and surveyed by me in 1779." This description, it must be observed, contains no eastern boundary; the cession, however, is recognised by the same Indians, in a treaty concluded with our government at Hopewell, in 1786.

By this treaty the United States were authorized to retrace and mark the "old line of demarkation heretofore established by and between the officers of his Britannick majesty and the Choctaw nation, which ran in a parallel direction with the Mississippi and eastward thereof." The Choctaws relinquished all right and title to the same from latitude thirty-one degrees north, to the Yazoo. This line is laid down upon the maps in our land-offices, as about twenty miles east of the Mississippi. There are other Indian treaties of 1765, between the Creeks and the Choctaws with the British government; but they alienate lands on the seacoast, and do not effect the present subject. Such is the aspect of the District of Natchez presented by political regulations; its actual living condition, its manners, its domestick government and history must be found in other testimony. Fortunately for a curious posterity, such evidence is furnished by the memoranda of a settler, who, when a boy of eight years old arrived at Natchez, in September, 1776.

Calvin Smith, now in his seventieth year, enjoying the ample fruits of a life skilfully devoted to agriculture, has not been unmindful of the curiosity of his countrymen to learn the incidents of early Mississippi history. To the curious cares of this ancient settler, the reader is indebted for the following primitive picture of the Natchez district. The facts are unvarnished, the colouring as much so, the form alone has been changed. Where dates have been forgotten or unknown to Mr. Smith, the papers of William Dunbar, (better known by the marked courtesy of a republican people, as Sir William Dunbar,) have been resorted to. This gifted and scientifick gentleman, after leaving Scotland in 1771 settled at Baton Rouge in 1776. The journal of his plantation from 1776, an extensive correspondence, (all most liberally placed in the author's hands by Doctor William Dunbar,) offer a rich mine of southwestern history, in its early British and Spanish days.

Mr. Smith was the son of a New England clergyman, who emigrated to Natchez in 1776. At that time, our annalist relates, that the town of Natchez consisted of ten log-cabins, and two framed houses, all below the bluff. The bank of the river extended between three and four hundred yards to the edge of the water, at an ordinary stage. There were six or eight families, and four mercantile establishments, in a small way. The latter consisted of one Barber, his two nephews in one firm, James Willing was a second, Hanchett & Newman a third, and Broomart a fourth. At this time no settlement existed between Natchez and St. Catherine's creek. On the latter there were only twenty families settled. The site of the fort* was overgrown with forest trees which would have measured two and a half feet through. There were likewise several iron guns lying about, which were supposed to have been left by the French. The whole site of the present city of Natchez was, in 1776, a thick canebrake. The country settlements were quite sparse and scattered. Next to the settlement on St. Catherine's creek, (which has been previously mentioned,) there were on Second creek, about fifteen families scattered from its junction with the Homochitto for ten miles up the stream. At Ellis's Cliffs there was a solitary settler—Richard Ellis; and his brother William was the only settler south of the Homochitto. He lived at the point of high land, between Buffalo creek and the Mississippi.

In the absence of county, township, and parish divisions, the different inhabited parts of the country were denominated settlements. Thus the Jersey settlement lay next south of the one upon Second creek, on the northern side of the Homochitto, and contained ten families; Cole's Creek settlement embraced eight families; Petit Gulf, (now Rodney,) and Bayou Pierre settlements contained about six families; Black River settlement embraced about six families; and but a solitary settler, by the name of John Watkins, lived at the Walnut Hills, now the flourishing city of Vicksburgh. Thus seventy-eight families composed the white population of Mississippi, in so recent a period as 1776, none of whom were know to have removed to the country before 1772. Let us now extend our notice to the surrounding country.

The nearest white settlements out of the present state of Mississippi, to the Natchez, were at Point Coupee and Oppelousas, some eighty or a hundred miles distant, and on the opposite side of the Mississippi river. Natchitoches and Washitaw settlements were two hundred miles, and the Post of Arkansas an old French settlement, was 300 miles distant. No roads existed through the interiour; there were paths to the Choctaw towns, and thence to the Tennessee; there was likewise a trace to Pensacola. The latter, during the British dominion, formed the seat of government for West Florida; of which Mississippi, it will be recollected, constituted a part. The government was as simple as the people were plain in their manners; their wants were great, but the means of gratifying them few. The only court in the Natchez was held by the commandant, who acted as judge; two assistants, a clerk and sheriff, completed the simple government, whose decrees a small garrison enforced. The jurisdiction of this court extended, in all civil cases, to suits involving sums less than one hundred dollars, and in criminal cases only embraced slaves. An appeal lay from the commandant to the governour at Pensacola. The condition of the settlers was poor and embarrassing. The stock of the farmers consisted of horses, cattle, and a few sheep, but scarcely any hogs; slaves were few, and sometimes obtained from the West Indies as the country advanced in prosperity.—Trade had scarcely penetrated the country with the inspiring energies which a good market for the produce of labour never fails to effect. Peltries were the principal article of traffick, and they were obtained from the northern territories. In 1778, the British merchants did encourage the production of tobacco; but with the government of

* Variously named, by the French Rosalie, by the British Panmure, which is retained in the Spanish records now in the probate court of Natchez; and Carlos by the Spaniards.

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their nation, the patronage was withdrawn for a long and dreary interval. At this period of Mississippi history, it may be gratifying to contrast it with the condition of the hardy and vigorous commonwealths which now flourish upon the waters of the Ohio and the Upper Mississippi. Arkansas, Missouri, Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky and Tennessee, were then portions of the great Indian wilderness that constituted the wide domain and productive park, which was roamed over by the sparse tribes of the red man. A few scattered and insignificant French villages existed at the Arkansas Post, St. Genevieve, St. Louis, Kaskaskia, Cahokia, Vincennes, Michilimackinac, and Detroit. The white man did not possess a foothold beyond these feeble points, within the first five of the above states. In Ohio he had no possession; in Kentucky he was limited to a few stations containing one hundred and two fighting men in 1777. In Tennessee, now possessing a population about equal to that of Kentucky, the white settlements were confined to a few stations on Cumberland and Holston. Yet the population of those regions amounted, by the census of 1830, to 3,010,702. If the average ratio of annual increase at 1833* for eight years be added to the above, say twenty-five per cent. for that time, the above total of population will become 3,763,377. What a contrast to the solitude of the wilderness! the barbarity, the savage state of the Indian! Such are some of the conquests over barbarousness effected by the indomitable enterprise of American freemen. There were some circumstances favourable to the prosperity of the American colonists in Mississippi, which, however superiour their unshackled energies were in other respects, were not enjoyed by our countrymen in the Northwest. The Indian nations in the Southwest, either originally less warlike than the northern tribes, or exposed more directly, and for a longer time, to the arts and the arms of the whites, were comparatively harmless and pacifick; offering little if any obstruction to the settlers, and frequently affording them an asylum from the vengeance or the justice of the Spanish government. "The Spaniards would as soon go to h**l," said Man to Fulsome, when meditating the Natchez insurrection of 1779, as demand us from the Choctaws. The latter tribe have been immemorially distinguished for their aversion to shed the blood of the whites. The contrast of northern settlement is deeply marked in a war of twenty years, characterized by every feature of ferocious and bloodthirsty warfare. It raged from 1774 to 1794, the date of Wayne's battle of the Maumee. The country was contested by inches, and won by blood. In fact, the white man, without his disposition for agricultural labour, and consequent superiour rate of population, could not have conquered the Indian. The success of the latter is to be attributed to his industry and fecundity, much more than to his superiour art or valour. It is, however, to be observed, that had not the Indians been furnished with arms and ammunition by their British allies, the contest in the northwestern region of North America would have been as hopeless, as it has proved over the rest of the world, between the civilized and barbarous races of man.

* American Almanack, for 1832, p 162.

At the period when our materials begin, the American Revolution had just broken out. The first effects of this brilliant era of American history upon those remote settlements, were the visits of Colonels Gibson and Linn, in 1776 from Fort Pitt to New Orleans to procure military stores for the defence of the American forts on the Ohio. This mission was eminently successful, owing to the friendship of the Spanish government.* It was followed by that expedition of Major David Rogers in 1778 for the same purpose, which after reaching the neighbourhood of Cincinnati terminated most fatally.† Towards the latter end of February, 1778, James Willing, formerly of Philadelphia, and who was one of the merchants found by Smith at Natchez, was despatched by the old Congress to New Orleans, on a similar commission to that of Gibson, Linn and Rogers. This person had lived some time in the country, a fellow-subject with the planters on the coast, as the banks of the Mississippi are familiarly termed by the French. He had shared liberally in the hospitalities which have ever distinguished a country sparsely settled, and particularly in southern regions. He had feasted at the tables, and had drank the wine of the river planters, as a boon companion and friend. Who could have been less an object of apprehension as a military visiter through a region of profound peace, and which required, nay justified, no hostilities against its peaceable settlers? Yet, to the disgrace of the American commission which Captain Willing bore, on his arrival, he plundered the inoffensive inhabitants holding no hostile attitude—seizing their slaves, shooting their stock, and firing their buildings, from Natchez to Manshac. To these enormities, justified by no laws of war, and uncalled for by his commission, Captain Willing added the violation of his own protections given to the friends of the United States. On landing at Natchez, Willing, to the surprise of the inhabitants, unfurled the American flag, and claimed to take possession of West Florida. In a short time he had apprehended all persons who had anything worth plundering, and who were reported to be unfriendly to the cause of the United States, in other words were royalists, or in revolutionary phrase, tories. He seized their slaves, plate, and all kinds of goods.—Isaac Johnson, Colonel Hutchins, the Alstons, Hiram Stewart, and Alexander M'Intosh, were almost stripped of every moveable that was of any value. There were upward of a hundred negroes, with other valuable articles, plundered by this band of robbers. The plundered people were then compelled to take an oath not to bear arms against the United States, and were dismissed to their naked homes. After Willing had got his fill of plunder at Natchez, he set off for New Orleans, taking Reuben Harrison along with some more recruits. On this voyage, the planters on the coast, as far as Manshac, which terminated the British territory, fared still worse than those of Natchez. William Dunbar, (and a few of his friends who availed themselves of his sagacious advice,) saved their slaves by conveying them over to the Spanish side of the Mississippi.—When the party had arrived at New Orleans, the plunderers who had come from Pennsylvania, were unwilling to share with the recruits, the booty they

* See Butler's Ky., 2d edition, p 155. † Idem ants, p. 104

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had picked up at Natchez. These new partners in depredation, to the number of thirty or forty, were sent back under Reuben Harrison, now become a lieutenant, to collect what Willing had spared.—This new scheme of plunder was somehow conveyed to Natchez, where the wronged inhabitants proved less tame than the predatory gang may have expected. The people of Natchez, under Hutchins, Bloomart, M'Intosh and Percy, assembled at Ellis's Landing. Here an engagement took place between the Natchez settlers and Harrison's party; in which the leader and five or six of his men were killed by the planters in arms. This was the first battle fought in the country between white men, after the establishment of British government.

Orders now came from Governour Chester, at Pensacola, to fit up fort Panmure; and Col. Magellan was sent to raise a battalion of four companies. These were given to the command of Colonels Lyman, Bloomart, Bingaman, and M'Intosh. These troops were soon ordered to Baton Rouge, with the increasing prospect of a Spanish war. The place of this military force was filled by a Captain Foster, with a hundred men, who took full possession of the country.

On the sixteenth of June, 1779, war was declared by Spain against Great Britain. This was the signal to the colonial officers of Spain, in Louisiana, to retrieve, if possible, the bad fortune which had so eminently attended the military efforts of the French, as well as the Spanish branch of the house of Bourbon, in the war of 1755. Fortunately for Spain, Joseph De Galvez, a most enterprising officer, was at this time governour of Louisiana. This active commander, early in the fall of 1779, successfully directed an expedition against the British fort Bute on the Mauschac; and on the twenty-first of September, he likewise captured a more considerable fort at Baton Rouge, commanded by a Colonel Dixon. It is said, however, that the bad state of the defences aided the efforts of the Spaniards in no inconsiderable degree. By the capitulation of Baton Rouge all the British possessions, embracing fort Panmure at Natchez, a fort on Amite river, and another on Thompson's creek, on the Mississippi, were ceded to Spain: and she once more reoccupied the labours of De Soto, in his brilliant and unrivalled enterprise through the barbarous forests and swamps of Mississippi. Such an extension of the capitulation, and indeed the whole defence of Baton Rouge, greatly surprised the shrewd and bold planters of Natchez. At this point, the British had great resources both in the settlers and the Indians, upon which Col. Dixon might have confidently fell back. These interiour means seem to have been unknown or disregarded by the British officer. It was no doubt favourable to the humanity of the warfare, that the Indians were not introduced into the tragedy of war, always full enough of horrours, but never so much so, as when such murderous savages as the North American Indians are made its actors.

Natchez, for the first time, since the exploration of De Soto, became a Spanish territory, on the 21st September, 1779. This transfer of dominion was not, however, immediately acquiesced in, either by the British Planters, or the Indians. Deep dislike to the Spaniards existed in both nations; and though this did not instantly break out, the fire was only smothered, not quenched.

About this time, or 1780, Stephen Minor, an enterprising young man, descended the Ohio and Mississippi from Redstone, on the Monongahela, (now Brownstown, in Pennsylvania,) for the purpose of obtaining military supplies from New Orleans. He succeeded in his mission, and proceeded on his return by land, on the western bank of the Mississippi, with a caravan of loaded mules. In the course of his journey he was attacked by one of the violent intermittent fevers which so sorely infest the banks of southern streams. This prevented him from pursuing his route in company with his men, when the fit was upon him. In this condition he would lie by, until the ague had passed off, and then ride on to overtake his company at their stage, or rather encampment for the night. One day, when not far from the present post of Arkansas, he was as usual attacked by his fever, followed by an ague, that compelled him to stop. On recovering from his chilly fit, he followed the *trail* of his caravan, and after riding a few miles he came upon the murdered bodies of his men; his goods had all been taken off; and he was left sick in the heart of an Indian wilderness. Circumstances not a little disheartening, but such and even worse were often manfully endured by the pioneers. Minor partook largely of their indomitable spirit; he made the best of his way to the post, whence he returned to New Orleans, with nothing but his own energy to support him in a foreign colony, but at a bustling time, and at a point full of daring enterprise. Our adventurer devoted himself to the acquisition of the French and Spanish languages; and this attention, coupled with many manly qualities, soon attracted the notice of the Spanish officers at New Orleans. Accordingly, when in the spring of 1780, Governor Galvez undertook an expedition against Mobile, then in the possession of the British, Minor was readily enlisted into the governor's body-guard, the finest body of men which could be raised at New Orleans. In this expedition Minor had the good fortune to save the life of his general, by killing an Indian who was aiming at the governor. Another version of this story, however, represents that Hooper,(a white man of some notoriety in the early history of Natchez,) had drawn sight upon the governor, as he was reconnoitering the bay in an open boat; when a British officer, struck by the barbarity of the warfare, suddenly struck up Hooper's rifle, and thereby saved the general's life. Hooper, with the dogged spirit of a backwoodsman, then swore he would fight no longer in a cause so managed, and suddenly packing up his small baggage, he left the British camp. Galvez reduced Mobile again under the Spanish government,* and Minor was rewarded for his services by a commission in the Spanish service and by the continued favor of the government. These changes were so little known in the eastern part of the United States, that Congress in 1779, granted a commission to one James Robinson, a friend and companion of Willing, to carry on hostile enterprises on the Mississippi, supposing these western districts still under the British government. Upon Robinson's reaching Natchez, with some thirty or forty followers, he first found out that the Spaniards had got possession of the

* 14th of March, 1780.—Martin's Louisiana.

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country. The expedition was therefore entirely broken off, the men dispersed and the leader died. In the spring of 1781, Galvez set off from Mobile on an expedition against Pensacola, at that time also in the possession of the British. Here he was met by a large Spanish naval force from Havana, and he compelled General Campbell and Governor Chester to surrender this commanding point on the Gulf of Mexico.* But during these operations against Pensacola, and while, with characteristic British confidence, the Natchez settlers anticipated the success of Great Britain; in earnest of it, they undertook to reduce the Spanish fort at Natchez. The persons who took the lead in this daring enterprise were Colonel Anthony Hutchins,† Jacob Winfrey, Captain D. Bloomart, Christian Bingham, John and Philip Alston, and one Turner Mulkey, a Baptist preacher.

This party applied to Governor Chester, at Pensacola, for assistance, through a messenger, of the name of Christopher Man. The British governor received the communication with the welcome to be expected; but felt too much concerned for the welfare of the Natchez people to encourage them to take up arms against the Spaniards, until the prospects of maintaining Pensacola were more favourable. He, however, sent whatever supplies he could spare, with directions to Man, to remain with Fulsome, a Choctaw chief, until further orders. Man, however, eager to play a more active part than that warranted by his orders, urged Fulsome to push on the project of attacking Natchez and plundering the friends of the Spanish government. "In this latter project, if even Pensacola should fall," said Man to Fulsome, "we shall be out of Spanish jurisdiction; and the Spaniards would never look for us among the Choctaws. Then the credentials and supplies I have," continued he, "from Governor Chester are such, that the Natchez people will be ready as bulldogs to seize the Spaniards. If we succeed we shall have not only the plunder of the fort but also that of the Illinois boats, that will come down the river, richly laden with peltries." This scheme of war and rebellion too easily won upon the excitable parties to whom it was proposed. A body of fifteen or twenty whites and as many Indians, collected and proceeded to Natchez. An express started before them, brought out their confederates, and a plan of operation was soon adopted. Every man in the district capable of bearing arms, was summoned to meet at John Row's, accoutred for service, and to march against Fort Paumure, under the penalty of treason to the British government. This was sometime in May, 1781; it could not have been far from this date, as the capitulation of Pensacola by the British, took place on the ninth of May, and this intelligence was received some time after the rupture of this insurrection. The threat of declaring all malcontents enemies to the British government and sending them to Pensacola was not at all necessary to rouse the people The British government had a thousand ties of sympathy with a people themselves of British stock, that necessarily attached them to it in preference to the government of the Spaniards—foreigners in customs, and above all, in language, itself such a powerful conductor to social and national sympathies. Indeed, two individuals, and still more, two nations, speaking different languages, are too insulated from one another to enjoy or maintain intercourse and friendship.

The disaffection of the district was so decided that the people ran to arms with alacrity. Moreover, the idle condition, owing to the want of trade, left the people scarcely anything to do, after the short time required in this genial climate to *lay by*, or finish the cultivation of, their Indian corn. Hunting was the only additional employment. By such a people the enterprise against the Spanish government was embraced with all the eagerness of a frolick. There were not more than five or six men who stayed away from it. Alexander M'Intosh fled with all his disposable property into the Spanish fort; but the planters, who had been summoned to arms, assembled as directed, and after roll-call and detailing a small guard, they were dismissed. Any of them who lived near were, with a carelessness strongly evidencing their confidence, permitted to retire to their homes, on condition of appearing at nine o'clock the next morning. Such was the security of the insurgents, and such the supineness of the Spanish garrison! The next day the commissary procured plenty of provisions for this rapid assemblage. On the ensuing Sunday afternoon, a party of the revolters set off to visit the village of Natchez, then entirely *under the hill*. The road was covered by an intervening ridge from the fire of the fort, and on the south, a considerable ravine protected an object from its guns. Some of the soldiers, however, not well acquainted with the ground, attempted to pass the ridge in full sight of the garrison, when a discharge of grape-shot, from a six-pounder in the fort, rolled them down the hill with all imaginable expedition. Calvin Smith, a boy, at the time, too young to be pressed into service, was looking on. Commandant Bloomart pitched his camp in the hollow, in front of the present house of Job Routh, then occupied by John Row. The siege continued in this harmless way for several days, with more noise than effect, till a small six-pounder was discovered and fixed up by the insurgents. This piece had been ploughed up at the French Meadows, near St. Catharine's creek, and had lain there as worthless until this unexpected military demand again brought it into use. On examination, it proved to be injured in appearance only. Bloomart now opened his entrenchments against fort Paumure; and, in the meantime, intelligence was received of a large Illinois boat coming up the river. The insurgent chief instantly despatched forty or fifty men to waylay the boat at a point, where her burden would compel her to come close to the shore, in order to stem the current with *oars*. The prize was easily captured, and with it, a most acceptable reinforcement of two swivels, and a quantity of ammunition. The principal difficulty was that the prisoners were nearly as numerous as their captors; and the latter had no means of securing them but by compelling them to take an oath not to serve against his Britannic Majesty. The captured party were then permitted to dispose of themselves, at pleasure. Two days after this capture, the insurgents were able to open a considerable battery with the *bobtail*, (as they called the broken piece of artillery,) and the two prize swivels. The entrench

* 9th of May, 1781.—Martin's Louisiana.

† Father to the present gentleman of that name in the vicinity of Natchez, and maternal grandfather to John F. H. Claiborne.

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ment was carried within five hundred yards of the fort, when Bloomart, with a glass of bitters in his hand, (of which he was said to be very fond,) mounted *bobtail*, and drank the Spanish commandant's health, as loud as he could halloo. Very different from this reckless and daring conduct was that of the Spanish officer; some shots having, in the course of the day, passed through his house, it drove the womanish fellow out of his quarters. Still the insurgents were too distant to produce much effect with their light pieces of artillery. Bloomart, therefore, undertook to advance his entrenchments in the face of a heavy cannonade. The fort was strong, the ramparts eight or ten feet thick, and so old as to be like solid earth; on the inside of the wall was a heavy stockade, made of cypress, sawed, well-jointed, and too high to be escaladed. Nor was there any want of provisions for a siege of months; plenty of ammunition, and a well of water in the centre of the works. For this stage of fortifications, the Spanish fort of Natchez may well be pronounced to have been impregnable to all the rude means the country could afford. But art is a poor substitute for nature in any case; and in matters of war stout hearts are stronger than any walls. In this respect the Natchez insurgents were well armed, like the manly and gallant stock from which they were descended. Like their other countrymen on the frontier, the skill of these raw soldiers at the rifle, was unexcelled. If a man's eye could be seen through a port hole, two or three rifles were instantly discharged at it. Such sharp shooting soon produces a panic in a garrison, unless counteracted by active measures on the part of the commandant. It was singularly exhibited at the siege of Vincennes, by Clark, in 1779. Yet, during the siege, but one man was killed through a block-house window.

While things were in this condition, an old fellow found means to introduce himself into the fort; he informed the commanding officer that his assailants were undermining it. The information was well received, and the author was dismissed to obtain further intelligence, for which he was promised an ample reward. The signal concerted by the Spanish officer with this spy of Bloomart was to ring a large cow-bell near the fort gate. The emissary returned as agreed upon, and he assured the Spaniards that the enemy were springing a mine, but he could communicate no further particulars. He was again dismissed to procure further intelligence, but he did not return again. M'Intosh told the Spanish commander that he knew the fellow well, and that he was a great liar, on whom no dependence could be placed; this, however, did not allay the alarm of the Spaniards. A cow, with a large bell around her neck, was killed, by order of the commandant, while feeding on the ramparts, mistaken perhaps for the spy. A circumstance soon occurred which still kept the alarming intelligence of the spy active in the minds of the garrison. A few mornings afterward, a respectable sergeant of artillery reported, that, while charging a gun, he dropped a ball, the hollow sound of which, upon the ground startled him. He tried it again, and again; and then called the lieutenant of the guard. This officer concurred in the opinion of the sergeant, that a mine was sprung in that part of the fort. The commandant was then notified of the circumstance, and he, with the other superior officers, repeated the experiment, sounding with a ball, and beating a drum. These trials only confirmed the general panic at the belief that they were all to be blown up in a few hours, and notwithstanding everything that M'Intosh could say to the contrary, a white flag was hoisted on the pickets of the Spanish fort. A parley took place, and a capitulation of the Spanish garrison to the British party was agreed upon. The terms were to surrender the fort to the besiegers, the garrison to march out under arms, with colors, to a certain point, where they were to ground their arms, and to take an oath not to serve against the British government during the war. The Spanish troops were to be escorted to Loftus's Heights, and thence conveyed to New Orleans. Thus fell, in twelve days, a garrison of a hundred soldiers, well provided with every munition of war, before a heterogeneous assemblage of two hundred and seventy men, one six-pounder, and two swivels. This number was ascertained when the plunder of the Illinois boat was divided among the captors. In two or three days, the escort set off with the prisoners, and when parting with them, at the point agreed upon, a Spanish force was seen coming up the river. It was a detachment from Opelousas, with a large body of Indians. The escort had barely time to escape to Natchez with the news. The return was quicker than the descent. Captain Winfrey's, now (in 1838) Butler's plantation was on the direct road to Natchez. Here the party of united French and Indians landed, surprised a detachment of Natchez people, which was stationed at Winfrey's house, and killed fourteen out of twenty who composed the guard. From this point the hostile parties extended their depredations at such length as to drive the people into forts. There were two of them between Natchez and the French Meadows, about three miles apart. About this time William Ellis was found murdered at his plantation, on the south side of Homochitto. These outrages soon provoked heavy retaliation from the settlers, and forced the Spanish party to take a position on the White Cliffs. No sooner was this movement of the enemy known, than our countrymen repaired, in great eagerness, to meet them. So keen was the resentment of the people at the outrages inflicted by the Spaniards, that it was necessary to draft the men who should remain in charge of the fort. Some time about the middle of June, 1781, the people assembled, in a body of some two hundred men, and prepared to attack the enemy, (about three hundred strong,) at the same time, by land and water. Just at this period an express arrived from Pensacola with the intelligence, that it had surrendered to Governor Galvez. This news placed the Natchez people in no little consternation. Instead of fighting under the powerful flag of Great Britain, as they proudly believed themselves, they suddenly, by the revolution of events, found themselves unsupported insurgents against the monarchy of Spain. The plan against the Opelousas plunderers was unfortunately abandoned; and peace and pardon were solicited of the Spaniards. For this purpose, M'Intosh was despatched to New Orleans to arrange matters with the government. Mulligan, the commandant of the French party, was placed in possession of Fort Paumure, and he promised protection to all who would keep a white flag flying at their houses as a sign of submission. Illfated confidence! What people ever found protection which they did not exact by their own spirit and arms! The Natchez people were no

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exception to the remark. Plundering parties scoured the country, seizing the property of the people, destroying their houses, and committing the usual license of petty provincial warfare. This condition of things continued for about thirty days, when a battalion of Spanish troops, under the command of Colonel Guardpue, arrived from New Orleans, and took regular possession of the country. The change was great at first only; the leaders of the late insurrection were imprisoned, and their property sequestrated. Among these were Bloomart, Winfrey, and George Alston, who were made prisoners. Captain Bingaman was spared through the influence of M'Intosh. A Captain Turner gathered a band, and, in defiance of the government, stationed himself, with ten or twelve men, at Petit Gulf, (now Rodney,) and stopped all the boats which attempted to pass. In one of these predatory attacks he was at length killed. Many of the inhabitants fled to the Indians, where they were safe from the Spaniards. Some of these Natchez fugitives joined Colbert, a chief of the Chickasaws, and, though a Scotchman by birth, father to the half-breeds of his name. These formed with the Indians a formidable party, that stationed themselves at the present site of Memphis, on the Mississippi. Here all the boats passing were stopped, and plundered at pleasure. These attacks compelled the river navigation to unite, and arm themselves against the robbers. To add to the calamities usually brought on any country by civil war, a dreadful murrain broke out among the cattle; and very generally killed the stock which the Indians had left behind. Ten or fifteen a day, of a hundred head, would be carried off, after a few hours' sickness. This fatal disease, together with the injury done by the enemy to the corn crop in the summer, reduced the country to the brink of starvation, by the first of September.

Nor yet, were these the only misfortunes of the country; the Spanish officers, urged, it is said, by M'Intosh, loaded the people with various exactions and oppressions. This course of things, on the part of the government, as usual, drove the Holstons, father and son, (from the frontier, of whom the river Holston, in Tennessee, is said to have derived its name,) together with three men, of the name of Smith, into the woods, where they set the provincial government at defiance. Indians would not attack their companions and friends; and white men could not find them. So, for fear of the party uniting itself to the predatory gangs on the river, which infested the navigation, the government invited the malcontents back to their homes in peace.

But the Spaniards now found out that Colonel Anthony Hutchins had taken an active part in the late insurrection. Immediate means of severity were adopted against him and his estate; they compelled him to flee, and after many difficulties, in evading Indians, he got to Georgia, and thence to England. Colonel Hutchins afterwards returned, and raised a worthy and esteemed family in the neighborhood of Natchez, the seat of his persecution, where they still reside.

This season witnessed a calamity which rarely attended the white settlements in Natchez; it was a massacre of a party of whites, thirty in number, on the Big Black, by some Indians. These ferocious inroads of savage warfare, which stain our frontier story so deeply with blood, were happily more uncommon in the Southwest, at this period of our remarks, and even subsequently, than on any other portion of our borders. The year 1782 was rendered particularly miserable by the general failure of the crops; there was, moreover, a dreadful hydrophobia, which prevailed among the foxes, almost to their extirpation. Many cattle bitten by them died; but fortunately no human beings among the whites; although some Indians were said to have perished by this most agonizing phrensy. The spring of 1783 brought Col. James Green,* an emigrant from Tennessee. This gentleman had a short engagement with the Indians at the Suck in the Tennessee river; but gallantly repelled them with his swivels. The scarcity of grain in the Natchez, compelled Col. Green to procure supplies for his family from the French planters on the river coast. This gentleman had the misfortune to render himself odious to the Spanish government, by acting as a commissioner for the State of Georgia, to demand the delivery of that portion of her chartered and treaty limits lying north of the 31st degree of north latitude. Such a bold part for a Spanish subject, or, at least, a resident under the Spanish government, excited unappeasable suspicion, which only waited for the first decent pretext to wreak vengeance on the American spirit of Col. Green. The demand of Georgia was, as might reasonably be expected, laughed at by the Spaniards, though civily declined.

Some time in 1782, the first two flat boats loaded with flour, and owned by persons of the name of Tomlinson and Hyzen, arrived, from the upper waters, at Natchez. The cargo, consisting of eight hundred or one thousand barrels, was all bought by the government at $40 per barrel.

The monotony of provincial existence was now broken by the amusement of horse-racing, introduced by the Tennesseans into the district. These races were run, or, in jocky phrase, *came off*, at St. Catharine's Creek, in the neighborhood of Natchez. So keen was the passion for the sport, that females, as well as males, attended these backwoods or scrub races, quite as eagerly as the fashionables of more refined times, parade on the course to witness the feats of Arabian fleetness. Nor was the *suspicion* absent, that the retail of spirituous liquors, at these races, was participated in by the Spanish commandant. The military guard always attended these tempting scenes of public enjoyment, for the provident purpose of committing any disturbers of the peace of his Catholic Majesty to the *calaboose*. Matters went on smoothly with an idle people; they had no motive to work beyond the easy supply of immediate necessaries. When these were obtained, by the light labor necessary in a fruitful soil and genial clime, what but lethargy or violence was to be expected in an energetic people of high capacity, hoodwinked and obstructed by an arbitrary, jealous, and anti-commercial country? Americans of the present day, "who are so much used to the free untrammelled exertion of all the energies which God has so bountifully given them, cannot well imagine how luxurious soils, beneficent climates, the facilities of the ocean, and rivers second but to the ocean, can all be lavished upon man without his improving them. Yet such is the melancholy fact which has attended all the colonies planted on this continent by

*Father to Mrs. Matilda Carpenter, of Port Gibson, and grandfather to Abram A. Green, Esq., of Grand Gulf, Miss

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the Europeans, except our British ancestors."* Indeed these colonies were not altogether free from the mischief of metropolitan interference, though so much more so than the colonial establishments of the neighboring powers. "Monopoly of trade, the curse of over-government, and the arbitrary authority of any adventurer 'clothed in a little brief authority,' have thwarted the bounty of God, and kept a country a desert, which Divine Goodness had capacitated for an Eden." Such was the languishing condition of the Natchez, under the lazy, unenterprising, and arbitrary Spaniards. Thus, if a man got involved in a law-suit, the weaker and poorer party was almost certain to be defeated. At least, the administration of justice, rapid as it was, and destitute of all *our* "law's delay," was violently suspected by the people. Presents and entertainments to the powerful officers of Government, left but feeble confidence of justice in the minds of the poor and the humble. Nor is there a more blighting state of government than that in which justice between man and man, between rich and poor, between weak and powerful, is without certainty and confidence. There is no more abundant source of bad blood and bitter passions, than the heart-burnings produced by such an exasperating state of things. The dastardly spirit of even slaves is disturbed by injustice; it reaches the heart of the otherwise callous. What then must have been the feelings of the *American* settlers under *Spanish* justice? Not that our people are to be considered as a very orderly and subordinate one, even under their own free and light system of government; but how much less so under a rule of iron? Violators of the police or of the higher law, were constantly provoked, or imagined themselves so, to flee to the states or the Indians, rather than abide the suspected administration of Spanish law.

The year 1783 began to be distinguished by a more active industry among the people. This was produced by a demand for tobacco, on the part of the Spanish government. A commercial market brought its accompaniment,—flocks of merchants and mechanics. Where a demand for man's labor presents itself, whether on the mountain top, or the subterranean mine; in sickness or danger; there man will follow it. It has been the story of the human race in all ages of its existence.

The next year, (1784,) Stephen Minor,† (mentioned, on a former occasion, in this sketch, and now advanced to the rank of major,) was sent to Natchez. The command of this distinguished officer was endeared to his countrymen by his readiness to aid the Americans in their too frequent difficulties with the Spanish government. Had a riot been produced in a drunken frolic, had a Spanish soldier been insulted, possibly unceremoniously knocked down by one of our violent countrymen, Major Minor must be sent for. Major Minor could get the offender out of the dreadful calaboose. Many were the poor fellows saved from months' of close and sickening imprisonment by the friendly sympathy of this gentleman, who never better deserved the high confidence he enjoyed with the Spanish government, than in ameliorating its rigid police in its operation upon the irregularities of our bold and boisterous countrymen. Hundreds thus relieved, blessed, says Smith, the name of *Minor*. Natchez was almost the only point where the distant woodmen of Kentucky and Tennessee, after the toils of a thousand miles' perilous navigation, in frail flat-boats, found a market for the produce of their hard labors. Pent up for weeks after weeks in their unwieldly craft, on the constant look out for Indian attacks, at the period of our notice, or some other of the formidable dangers of the river, enduring a thousand nameless privations and hardships, what wonder that the weary boatman should too freely indulge in some relaxation at the termination of his worst dangers! Such was the state of things which, for so many years, rendered the western boatmen, at other places besides Natchez, a violent and disorderly class of men. They are a class of interior seamen or soldiers, just liberated from duty. At New Orleans, for many years, *Kentucky* was synonymous with riot and battle.

The vigorous cultivation of tobacco now introduced many settlers; and the products of their labors freely commanded foreign merchandise and negroes. But the jealousy of the Spanish government now began to take fire at the free emigration from the western parts of the United States, encouraged by this prosperity. Some of these emigrants from Tennessee were refused permission to remain in the country, although they had relations already there. The most that could be obtained from this *paternal* government, even with offers of security for good behavior of the emigrants, was permission to apply to the governor at New Orleans. In one instance, a man by the name of Case took his nephew, a late emigrant, through the wilderness from Natchez to Baton Rouge. It was the first time the attempt had been made by a white man. Having arrived at Baton Rouge, Case left his relation to prosecute the plain route, along the river bank, to New Orleans; while he himself returned home, marking the way, or *blazing* it, as the woodsmen call it, through the wilderness, for his nephew to follow. This circumstance of discovering a new road to the capital, is said to have had great influence with the governor, in permitting its traveller to remain in the country. The uncle afterwards received $100 or $150 for opening the route, which was then much travelled. One is forcibly reminded of the policy of the Spanish jealousy by the late seizure of Texas by American emigrants. Some years after this time elapsed, without presenting any thing to attract the notice of our curious chronicler. In 1787, Governor Gayoso was appointed governor of the Natchez. This gentleman may be familiar to our Western readers as the same officer who, in 1795, was appointed by Governor Carondelet to negociate a commercial agreement with Judge Sebastian, of Kentucky, for the exclusive benefit of Kentucky trade. (See Butler's Kentucky, p. 245.) To this officer is owing the establishment of the present city of Natchez, above the hill. He purchased the ground of Major Minor, in 1788, for the use of the king of Spain and his subjects, at $2000.* This is the commencement of what may be very properly termed *American* Natchez, in contradiction to the obscurer tenements too notoriously known as *Natchez under the hill*. It were vain to expatiate on this noble and beautiful city of the mountain bluffs

*Oration on Independence, July 4th, 1837, delivered at Port Gibson.

†Late husband to the widow Minor, and Father to Wm. J. Minor, President of the Agricultural Bank of Natchez.

*Such is the information of Christopher Miller, an ancient and respectable resident of Natchez.

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of the Mississippi; the beauties of its commanding situation must be visited to be appreciated. Under the beneficent dominion of our great republic, in the middle of the great cotton region of the United States, and on the banks of the Mississippi river, what destiny is too brilliant for this *capital of the South?* Yet, with all profuse promise of the present times, it was long before Natchez enjoyed a brick chimney; wood, as throughout the early times of western history, was the perishable and dangerous substitute. The Spanish government did, at length, erect a hospital for the use of the troops, and a chapel for the Roman Catholic worship, near the centre of the city. There was likewise a fort built below the hill, now, however, engulfed in the river, which has made such a prodigious encroachment on the Natchez side, and even on its mountain banks. Notwithstanding the bigotry of the Spanish government, notorious even in Catholic Europe, Protestant ministers of the gospel were occasionally permitted to preach. Mr. Smith recalled an *Episcopal* minister who enjoyed this privilege; and it may be recollected that a *Baptist* minister figured in the insurrection against the Spaniards.

The introduction of Kentucky tobacco into New Orleans, in consequence of an agreement for that purpose, between Governor Miro and General James Wilkinson, began to be felt as an interference in the limited market of the province. This contract, which was entered into for the joint benefit of both parties,* forms the nucleus of various surmises and intrigues in the history of Kentucky, and in the life of General Wilkinson. It was a fruitful source of vexation, if not of injustice, to the latter officer.† Many frauds were, however, alleged against the Natchez planters in the preparation of their tobacco for market. Even blocks of wood, covered with tobacco leaves and suckers, were said to have been sold as merchantable tobacco. The inspection at New Orleans was so lax or corrupt, that scarcely a carrat of tobacco was refused. This commercial interference of a distant portion of a foreign confederacy with the infant trade of the Natchez, must have been between 1788 and 1789. It is the 8th of August, 1788, that Governor Miro's permit to Gen. Wilkinson is dated, at New Orleans,‡ for introducing "the productions" of Kentucky into that port.

From this period, (1788–9,) nothing occurs, within the writer's reach, worthy of record, until the negociation of the first Spanish treaty, that of Lorenzo el Real. This was effected on the twenty-seventh of October, 1795, and provided for running the boundary line between the United States and Spain, along the northernmost part of the parallel of thirty-one degrees. This terminated, it might well be supposed, all further hopes, on the part of the Spaniards, to retain the southwestern portion of our confederacy. How pertinaciously Spain clung to these hopes, from the earliest buddings of the American Revolution, should be familiar to every American citizen, alive to the honor and interests of our republic. This eagerness had manifested itself through Count Luzerne, the French minister to the Old Congress, in pressing on that body, in conformity with his instructions:—1. that "the United States extend to the westward no farther than the settlements were permitted by the British proclamation of 1763. 2. That the United States do *not* consider themselves as having any right to navigate the Mississippi, *no* territory belonging to them being situate thereon. 3. That the settlements east of the Mississippi, (embracing the present States of Mississippi and Alabama, which were prohibited as above,) are possessions of the crown of Great Britain, and proper objects against which the arms of Spain may be employed for the purpose of making a permanent conquest for the Spanish crown." (Pitkin's U. S., 11, 92.) Spain did so employ her arms, as has been seen, and re-conquered Florida, (as it had been subdivided, under the British government, into east and west,) as far north as the Natchez. The preliminary treaty of peace, between the United States and Great Britain, of the thirtieth of November, 1782, however, (which preceded that negociated between the latter power and Spain,) extended the United States to thirty-one degrees north, and thus limited the Spanish acquisition of Florida. This limitation, though acknowledged by Spain in the treaty of 1795, was, nevertheless, not executed until every art of intrigue and procrastination was exhausted. In the first place, it was attempted to bribe the Kentuckians into arms against the rest of the confederacy, and to "form a government wholly unconnected with that of the United States;" (Journal of the H. of Rep. for Ky., 1806–6.) Nor were offers of money and arms wanting, on the Spanish side of these intrigues, to tempt the brave and patriotic woodsmen of that noble State, to forget the ties of kindred and freedom which bound them to the rest of their country. No doubt the French hostility to the United States stimulated those proceedings of the Spanish authorities; for the French republic was, at that time, not only in very ill-temper towards the United States, but it had, likewise some expectation, according to Mr. Monroe, of re-acquiring her alienation of Louisiana to Spain, which indeed was, at a later period, effected. (Pitkin's U. S. 11, 484, 485.) But when bribery and intrigue had failed in Kentucky, and signally to the honor and fidelity of that patriotic portion of our country, procrastination, in its most provoking and *Spanish* form, was resorted to. In 1796, Andrew Ellicott was, in pursuance of the Spanish treaty, appointed by the government of the United States, to survey and mark the boundary between them and Spain on the south. On the 2nd of February, 1797, after tedious delays, owing to the severity of the weather, Ellicott arrived at New Madrid. Here he was very ceremoniously informed by the Spanish commandant, that orders had been given by Gov. Carondelet, to stop any American from descending "till the posts were evacuated." Similar difficulties were presented at the Chickasaw Bluffs, (now Memphis, in Tenn.,) and Noyales, or Walnut Hills, (now Vicksburgh.) They were, however, evaded by the American officers, and information of their descent of the river, and official business, was forwarded to Gayoso De Lewas, then Governor of the Natchez. In consequence of this intelligence, that Spanish officer replied in a letter congratulating the American commissioner upon his arrival, but requesting him to leave his escort, of some thirty soldiers, under the command of Lieutenant Pope, "about the mouth of the Bayou Pierre." On the twenty-third, Ellicott reached Natchez, informed Gayoso of it, and desired

*Wilkinson's Memoirs, 2nd vol. Appendix 1 Deposition of Oliver Pollock.

†See Wilkinson's Memoirs, vol. 2nd, pp. 112, 116, and Butler's Kentucky, 160.

‡Wilkinson's Memoirs, 2nd vol. pp. 116.

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the appointment of an interview. The note was courteously answered, but no interview fixed. The American commissioner then wrote to the superior officer at New Orleans, Governor Carondelet, with the same result. He was not, however, at all daunted at this discouraging opening of his mission, but took post upon the top of a hill north of Natchez, about a quarter of a mile from the Spanish fort. Here an incident occurred, characteristic of the whole negociation. When Mr. Ellicott had fixed his quarters, he ordered the American flag to be hoisted. This privilege, which is permitted every consul in a foreign country, and which must still more properly belong to so grave a diplomatic commission as the one in question, authorized by a formal treaty, gave great offence to the Spanish officers. The flag was ordered, by the governor, to be taken down, but the order was resisted, and "the flag wore out on the flagstaff." Frequent threats were made to cut it down, but they were not executed. The American commissioner now received confidential information from American agents at New Orleans, as it is presumed:

1. "That the Spanish government did not intend to deliver up the posts: and that the Spanish commissioner would evade or delay, from one pretence or another, the commencement of the operations.

2. "That delay would reduce the treaty to a dead letter; and

3. "That the country either was, or would be, ceded to the republic of France." (Ellicott's Journal, p. 44.) This intelligence was kept secret, not only to shelter its authors from suspicion, and consequent vengeance, but also to sound the attachment of the people to the United States, and then secure the possession of the country to them. Fortunately, this attachment was not doubtful, with a large majority; many persons had emigrated to the country, while it was a Spanish colony, in order to escape the resentments, and recover from the losses, consequent upon the unfortunate part they had taken in the Revolutionary war, between the United States and Great Britain. The passions had burnt more fiercely, perhaps, in the southern portion of our confederacy than in any other part of it; their effects were proportionately severe upon the party ultimately losing in the strife. Other persons had settled in the country previous to all thoughts of the unhappy contest. Over the errors and differences of all these parties, American magnanimity, if not justice, should now throw the mantle of oblivion and forgiveness. And it may be well to remark, that toryism, however obnoxious it was, and justly so, to our republican fathers, may often have had the recommendation of as pure and conscientious conviction as the most fervid whigism. Owing, however, to the evident reluctance of the Spanish authorities to execute the treaty, by surrendering the posts within the indisputable territory of the United States, Ellicott contrived to supply his personal escort privately with as much ammunition as could be procured. These precautions became more necessary from the behavior of the Indians, who insulted our men, and walked about the commissioner's camp with drawn knives. Conduct such as this naturally became the subject of complaint to the Spanish Governor, and furnished new reasons for urging him to withdraw his objections to the military escort left at the Bayou Pierre. To divert Ellicott from his duty, various measures were now resorted to by the Spanish government. He was invited to New Orleans; and to land his troops at Loftus' Cliffs. Both these propositions were well and sturdily rejected by the American commissioner on the ground of treaty. This instrument specified Natchez, as the place of meeting for the joint commissioners.*

Nor was this tenacity a point of formality only with the American officer, for every mischief was to be apprehended from withdrawing the commission out of the friendly population which was found about their infant capital. This firmness was at length rewarded by a communication from Gayoso, through his aid, Major Stephen Minor, announcing that he was to act as commissioner, on the part of Spain, in marking the southern boundary of the United States; but what was still more important, the consent of the Spanish government was given to the stationing of the United States' guard at Bacon's Landing, about two miles above Natchez. But if the Spanish officers at any time seemed disposed to advance the execution of the treaty, it was sure to be accompanied, or soon followed, by something else, which tended to retard it. Thus, after giving leave to the descent of the American troops to Natchez, the cannon which had been taken out of the fort, (Fort Panmure it is believed,) were now hauled back from the landing and moved. Such tergiversation naturally excited great uneasiness in the minds of the friends of the United States. Our commissioner remonstrated against such fluctuating measures, and called for explanation of the reinforcements which were despatching to the Walnut Hills. In reply, Gayoso rather strangely informed him, that the military supplies objected to had been brought to Natchez from the Hills, and were sending *up* the river to fortify the Spanish post on the Arkansas against *Indian* attack; at the same time, Ellicott was requested to co-operate with Governor Gayoso, in sending back Lieut. Pope (who had been ordered, with a military party, down the Mississippi by our government.) So far from concurring in this suggestion, the American commissioner urged his arrival by the laconic advice of "the sooner here the better."

The procrastinating plan of the Spanish government now began to develope itself more openly and artfully. On the twenty-ninth of May, nearly fifteen months after the ratification of the treaty which required the evacuation, by the Spaniards, of the posts within the territory of the United States, Governor Gayoso issued a proclamation to the people of Natchez, full of art and equivocation. In this paper he informed the inhabitants that he would keep possession of the country "to support the rights of the inhabitants to their real property; and until we are sure," said he, "the Indians are pacific." It moreover promised, that while the crop was preparing, "none should be disturbed from that important object on account of their depending debts." But, as if these promises, so artfully addressed to the pecuniary interests of an agricultural population, were not sufficient to secure their wavering attachment, they were told "that no inhabitant should be molested on account of religious principles; and they shall not be hindered," said the proclamation, "in their private meetings: but no other public worship shall be allowed, but that generally established in his Majes-

*Article 2nd and 3d of the Treaty of 1795.

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ty's dominions, which is the Catholic religion." All persons were called upon "not to *deviate* from the principles of adherence to our (Spanish) government, until the negociations which are now on foot between his Majesty and the United States are concluded, and thereby the *real property* of the inhabitants secured."

Such an address, in defiance of a treaty now publickly known to the whole country, necessarily excited suspicions in the minds of the friends of the United States, most injurious to the good faith of Spain; and which must prove subversive of the provincial peace. The American commissioner now called upon the Spanish governor, at the request of many citizens friendly to the American government, requesting liberty for such inhabitants to leave the country, to save themselves from insult and oppression. The governor was again importuned to withdraw the cannon from the forts, and yield his objections to the descent of the American troops. In reply, Gayoso readily consented to the request of the inhabitants, declaring that it was the greatest *liberty* of a Spaniard to sell his property and depart: but at the same time acknowledging that he had positive orders to suspend the evacuation of the posts, until the matter should be amicably settled between the two courts, (American and Spanish.) In evidence of the spirit of the times, and the temper of the people, it may be mentioned, that a Mr. Green, Sen.,* (the only designation Mr. Ellicott gives him,) offered to assist the commissioner with a hundred men. This offer being indiscreetly spoken of, orders were given by the Spanish government to arrest Green. He, however, fortunately made his escape to Tennessee. Colonel Anthony Hutchins, however, went further than this, for he offered to seize Gayoso, and convey him among the Choctaws. These over-zealous suggestions were rejected by Mr. Ellicott, very creditably to his judgment, and the propriety of his official station. The people of the country were not to be governed by any such punctilios; nor was it necessary for them, as lawful citizens of the United States, wrongfully governed by Spain for twenty-two years, in violation of the very treaty by which Spain acquired Florida,—the treaty of Paris, in 1783.

The public commotion began to extend; and the Americans took every means to increase their strength, in order to meet the contest which, it appeared, the Spanish authorities would force upon them, rather than surrender the territory required by the treaty. Nor was the government of the United States insensible to the precarious condition of these southern outposts, so long detained from the rightful possession of the republic. Lieutenant Pope was now despatched by General Wayne down the Mississippi, for the purpose of taking possession of the forts which Spain had agreed to surrender to the United States. This officer was, however, like his countrymen who had preceded him, stopped at the Walnut Hills, a point notoriously within the undisputed jurisdiction of the United States. The politic representations of Ellicott induced the Spanish government to withdraw its objections, and accordingly, on the 24th of April, 1797, Lieutenant Pope arrived at Natchez. Still the execution of the treaty appeared as far off as ever. Gayoso complained that the British were about to invade Louisiana by way of Canada and Illinois! that to defeat this attempt, Nogales (now Vicksburgh,) must be fortified. Nor were the Indians neglected by the Spaniards: they were again tampered with, as had been the practice of Europeans, in all their wars upon this continent. Their well-known passion for war, and natural suspicions of the white man, and our land-loving countrymen particularly, were artfully stimulated against the new and dangerous people, who were about to occupy the country. The Indians were told the Americans would deprive them of their lands, (alas! how true that prediction has proved! yet such must have been the result of the settlement of any prosperous agricultural people in the country.) These intrigues with the Indians were counteracted by our officers. The tone of hostility began to rise: Governor Carondelet, in conversation with the celebrated Philip Nolan, (the *garcon* of General James Wilkinson,) threatened "the Natchez people with hemp, and the Americans with lead." He moreover asked this intrepid adventurer in Mexican trade, whether he would not take an active part in the punishment of the above parties; to which, with decent equivocation, the true-hearted patriot replied, "a very active one."*

He was at this time in correspondence with Ellicott and Wilkinson. A camp at Baton Rouge was now formed by the Spaniards. On the first of June, a proclamation appeared from Governor Carondelet, directed against ill-disposed persons who have nothing to lose, endeavoring to draw the people of Natchez into improper measures, whose disagreeable consequences would only fall upon those possessed of property. This instrument reiterated the old pretence of British invasion, by way of the Upper Mississippi, as a reason for suspending the demarkation of the boundary, and the surrender of the posts. The public excitement was thus completed; for this address was much less artfully adapted to the dispositions and feelings of the people, than that of Governor Gayoso. The latter appealed to their interests in the landed property of the country and its peace; the former to their attachment and obligation to Spain. Now there were many old British subjects in the territory, some refugees from the revolutionary difficulties of the United States, who would gladly have hailed the British, as older friends than the Spaniards. In this heated state of public feeling, an incident happened which nearly brought the Spanish government of Natchez to a violent, if not a premature end. One Hannah, a Baptist minister of religion, applied to Ellicott for leave to preach in his camp on the following Sabbath. The commissioner conveyed his application to Governor Gayoso, who truly said, on another occasion in his correspondence, that "it was not in his principles to act otherwise than as a gentleman," and he liberally granted this request, so different from the bigoted detestation of Protestant worship, unfortunately now for centuries, almost natural to Spaniards. The novelty of Protestant worship produced a crowded audience, and is supposed to have puffed the vanity of the clergyman, to an unfortunate, but natural degree. Elevated by

*This is the same Colonel Green mentioned as having died shortly after 1792. This error was accompanied by another, which cannot be better corrected than on this occasion. Colonel Green was the grandfather of Abram A. Green and Benjamin F. West, as also of Mrs. Matilda Carpenter, all of Mississippi.

*Philip Nolan had been an officer in the American service; but was stimulated by love of enterprise to engage in the mule and horse traffic of the Mexican frontier, in which he perished.

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late new distinction, the Protestant preacher got into a dispute with the Irish soldiers in the Spanish service, upon the mysteries of the Roman Catholic religion: this ended as usual between such theological parties, (and often between those much less excusable for their violence and bigotry) in blows and a severe chastisement of Hannah. Stung with these arguments, he applied personally to the governor for redress—adding, rather offensively, that he would redress himself, if the governor did not do it for him. Gayoso, with a moderation unusual to a Spanish governor, desired the offended priest to reflect a few minutes, and repeat his request; he did so, and renewed his demand in the same insolent and unbecoming manner. The governor then ordered the minister to prison within the fort, and his feet to be put in the stocks.

Such an event would, in an ordinary and unexcited condition of the country, have occasioned no disturbance; but, in the inflamed state of public sentiment which now prevailed, it was a spark applied to a magazine. The public passions were instantly roused by this impolitic exertion of a hated authority, into such open violence against the Spanish officers, that in ten hours they had all fled to the fort for the protection of their lives. In so short a time had the Spanish government been reduced from a province to a fort. The tumult had no distinct organization; it had spontaneously grown out of the public distemper, fired by the imprisonment of Hannah, as a citizen of the United States; and the apprehension that, contrary to fond and dearly cherished hopes, the laws of Spain were now to be enforced with rigor. Some of the patriots were in favor of attacking the fort and the Spanish galleys, and thus making themselves masters of the country and the river. "The opposition had now become very general over a great part of the district;" (Ellicott, p. 101.) But, as if one piece of misgovernment were not sufficient for the mal-adroitness of modern Spaniards, another proclamation appeared from Governor Carondelet, inflaming the people still more. In this unhappy effusion of Spanish treachery, the government (trumpeting, no doubt, the notes desired from Madrid) declares that "the anterior measures of the commissary of limits," meaning Ellicott, "and the commander of the Americans now at Natchez, the immediate rupture (if the American gazettes are to be believed,) already between France and the United States, engage us to be on our guard to defend our property with that valor and energy, which the inhabitants of these provinces have manifested on all occasions." This imprudent paper then goes on to say, that if the congress of the United States will *leave* Natchez and the Walnut Hills, the only bulwarks of Lower Louisiana, to stop the course of the British, or *give security* against any attempt by Great Britain, "we will then lay down our arms which they (the United States) have forced us to take up by arming their militia in time of peace, and sending a considerable body of troops by *round-about ways to sacrifice us.*" This paper was dated at New Orleans, on the thirty-first of May, 1797. But more formidable weapons than proclamations would not have discouraged the Americans. The difficulty was on the part of the United States' officers to prevent them from committing themselves prematurely. The people signed a declaration in favor of the United States, and held themselves ready, at a moment's warning, for defence. While both parties were thus at bay—the Spanish governor and officers in the fort—Gayoso addressed a note to Messrs. Ellicott and Pope, inviting them to meet him as private gentlemen without the fort; to see if some plan could not be devised to quiet the present disturbances in the country. The commissioner agreed to do so; but the lieutenant refused to have anything farther to do with the Spanish governor, except in writing. Ellicott would not attend alone. Both parties prepared for war, the militia were formed into companies, and the governor reinforced the fort. A public meeting was requested of the inhabitants at Belt's,* on the 20th instant, for the purpose of considering the condition of the district. Previous to the time appointed for the assemblage, Governor Gayoso requested a private interview with Ellicott. This took place at Major Minor's house,† where the governor arrived by a circuitous route from the fort, through the thickets and the canebrakes.

At this interview, a friendly understanding was arranged between the parties; and the commissioner promised to use his best endeavors at the meeting to preserve the peace of the country. During this interregnum, a band of Choctaws returning from a war-party, and finding the Spanish officers in their fort, were much struck by the fact, and admired the Americans as superior warriors. The people met at Belt's, and after considerable discussion, of no temperate complexion, a committee of safety was appointed to offer terms of neutrality to the Spanish governor. This committee consisted of Anthony Hutchens, Bernard Linlot, Isaac Galliard, William Ratcliffe, Cato West, Joseph Bernard, and Gabriel Benoist, with Commissioner Ellicott and Lieutenant Pope. The terms offered by the committee appear in their letter addressed to the governor, with his reply, proclamation, and the confirmation of Governor Carondelet. They substantially provided for the neutrality of the people, until the boundary between the United States and Spain should be run, and the jurisdiction determined, one way or the other. They were instantly acceded to by Gayoso, who proclaimed the fact to the country. Thus, the disturbed condition of the country and ferment of men's minds, were perfectly tranquilized by one of those *sedative* measures of popular government, which were found so efficient in the revolutionary struggle of the United States; and to which our people cling with an attachment at once strong and just. Not a single disturbance of the peace, or act of violence, attended this suspension of government, for nearly two weeks. Indeed, the natural elements of order and government which exist in every society, can scarcely be appreciated, until the complex artificial machinery, by which we are surrounded, is stopped for a while. Then man appears not to be quite that creature of laws and forms, which old society represents him.—Gayoso now left the fort, and the Spanish government, though mortally stabbed, appeared to be restored to its former supremacy. Another committee was now, according to the armed neutrality of Natchez, to be elected by the people; the governor's proclamation issued accordingly; and a committee was elected, which, in the words of Ellicott, put, as intended, a finishing stroke to the Span-

*About eight miles from Natchez, on Second Creek.

†The present Concordia, near Natchez.

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ish Government and jurisdiction in this quarter.* The body met on the fifteenth of July, to exercise its extraordinary jurisdiction, under a representative of the *absolute* King of Spain. Its authority, though so familiar and so easily adapted to the citizens of the United States, must have struck the Spaniards as a most heterodox anomaly in government, long as they have been unused to its free and popular system. It is passing strange that Governor Carondelet should have condescended to sanction this irregularity; but tyrants can sometimes *listen* to the plea of necessity, as well as urge it themselves for departing from the course of rigid law. The committee seems to have had an advisory authority, and to have rather exhibited the form of popular power than to have exercised it. On one occasion, however, their interference was more important. In November, 1797, Colonel Grandpre,† was announced as governor of Natchez. When the committee heard of this, they immediately informed the provincial government that he could not be received as governor in the district of Natchez. The appointment was not persisted in, and Major Minor seems to have been the last representative of Spanish authority in Mississippi. By the ensuing December, Captain Guion‡ arrived with a detachment of American troops. This officer seems to have been suspicious of the authority claimed by so irregular a body as the *Permanent* Committee. Nor can there be a doubt that however important a tribunal so anomalous may be, in certain critical conjunctures of the body politic, when the ordinary machinery of the government cannot act advantageously; yet when that crisis may have passed, it is equally important that the ordinary laws should resume their force. Some apprehension of this condition of things may have led to the disputes which are stated to have taken place between Captain Guion and the committee. But the shadow of Spanish government was now fast disappearing. Ellicott received a communication from Governor Gayoso on the tenth of January, 1798, informing him that he had orders from Madrid to evacuate the posts of Noyales or Vicksburgh, and Natchez. A despatch from Gayoso, addressed to the Natchez committee, dated in January, 1798, declares—that "from the moment that his majesty's troops withdraw from the fort of Natchez," the inhabitants within the treaty limits are "*absolved* from the oath of fidelity to his Catholic Majesty." A formality, the trouble of which the governor might have saved himself, after the ratification of a solemn treaty for the demarkation of limits between the United States and Spain.

The allegiance of the people of Natchez to the Spanish government was dispensed with by the treaty of San Lorenzo el Real, and this depended on a higher authority than the provincial governor of Louisiana, high and exalted as he might deem himself in New Orleans. The Spanish troops were sometime after withdrawn, and the American possession was completed. In the meantime, the boundary line between the two governments, at the northern termination of the thirty-first degree of north latitude, had been commenced. It was found to strike the Mississippi twenty-six geographical miles and twelve seconds, south of Natchez, which threw that city so far within the American boundary. Then it was, that Sir William Dunbar broke out in what was not very usual with him, an enthusiastic anticipation of the grand results which have befallen Mississippi, from the protecting arm of the powerful republic of North America. The line separating the United States from Spain was astronomically determined by Andrew Ellicott, on the part of the former; and William Dunbar, sen., on the part of the latter. It was also surveyed under their direction. After a portion of the line was determined, Sir William resigned; and was succeeded by Major Minor. But we have arrived at a point when this imperfect sketch may well be suspended—the American possession of Natchez. The territorial Government of Mississippi (embracing the present states of Alabama and Mississippi) was organized by Governor Sargent, the first American governor. He arrived at Natchez on the sixth of August, 1798.

*The second committee consisted of the following gentlemen: J. Bernard, Peter B. Bruin, Daniel Clarke, G. Benoist, Philander Smith, J. Galliard, R. Dixon, W. Ratcliffe, and Frederick Kimball.

†The same officer, it is presumed, who commanded the Spanish troops when they took possession of the country in 1781.

‡The father of Judge Guion, of Vicksburgh, Miss.

INDIAN RELIGION AND MORALITY.

A WRITER who resided some time among the Flathead Indians, and studied with much interest their character and customs, describes this tribe as believing in the existence of a good and evil spirit, and consequently in a future state of rewards and punishments. He says they held that after death the good Indian goes to a country in which there will be perpetual summer; that he will meet his wife and children; that the rivers will abound with fish, and the plains with the much-loved buffalo; and that he will spend his time in hunting and fishing, free from the terrors of war, or the apprehensions of cold or famine. The bad man, they believe, will go to a place covered with eternal snow, will always be shivering with cold, and will see fires at a distance which he cannot enjoy, water which he cannot procure to quench his thirst, and buffalo and deer which he cannot kill to appease his hunger. An impenetrable wood, full of wolves, panthers, and serpents, separates these "shrinking slaves of winter" from their fortunate brethren in the "meadows of ease." Their punishment is not, however, eternal, and, according to the different shades of their crimes, they are sooner or later emancipated, and permitted to join their friends in the Elysian fields.

The code of morality adopted by the Flatheads although short, is described as equally comprehensive. They hold that honesty, bravery, love of truth, attention to parents, obedience to their chiefs, and affection for their wives and children, are the principal virtues which entitle them to the place of happiness; while the opposite vices condemn them to that of misery.

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DESTRUCTION OF THE MORAVIAN TOWNS,

ON THE MUSKINGUM RIVER IN OHIO, IN 1781.

As early as the middle of the fifteenth century, a sect of harmless and peaceable Christians sprung up in Moravia, in the dominions of Austria, amid the general fermentation, which seems so remarkably to have seized the publick mind in Europe, about that time. These Christians, under the title of Moravians, or United Brethren, established themselves about the middle of the sixteenth century in Pennsylvania, at Freedenshutten, on Big Beaver, Wyolussing, and Sheshequon, on the Susquehannah. Here, these exemplary fathers devoted themselves to Christianizing and civilizing the Indians, with signal success. They exerted their best energies to keep down the spirit of war and devastation, so prevalent in a border country, by teaching, that "it must be displeasing to the Great Being, who made men not to destroy men, but to *love and assist one another.*" To carry these beneficent views more effectually into practice with the native tribes of our forests, these true missionaries of the Christian cross removed in 1769 into the heart of the northwestern wilderness, and established the towns of Gnadenhutten, Salem, and Shoebrun, on the banks of the Muskingum.

In this perilous position, the pious and philanthropick labours of these devoted servants of humanity were blessed with prosperity; and they gathered a flock of three or four hundred Christians out of the Ishmaelites of our wilderness. The arts of peaceful and civilized life were sown, and were producing much fruit worthy of the good seed; the red man was becoming reclaimed from his ferocity, and the standard of Christian civilization was successfully set up in the wigwams of the savage. But a blight was coming over this goodly prospect; war, with more than its usual fury, burst out again between the Indian and his white neighbours. The towns of the Moravians with their proselytes occupied the middle parties; exposed, as Gibbon remarks, with his usual point, to the fire of both parties. They were situated about sixty miles from the villages of hostile Indians, and "not much farther than the whites; hence they were called the halfway houses of the warriours." Both the parties at war passed by or through the Moravian towns, and committed whatever violations of neutrality their resentments or their caprices dictated. Nor were the Moravians exempt from the suspicions of both parties, for being auxiliaries to their enemies. Often indeed had neutrality been violated in favour of the whites, by communicating intelligence of schemes of Indian incursion. The attack on Wheeling Fort had been distinctly announced by the friendly Moravians; and might not similar intelligence have been conveyed to the Indians? It would have been but fair, between the belligerants, and quite consistent with the Moravian abhorrence of war from all quarters.

This condition of irritation and suspicion, continued with more or less aggravation, through the Indian war until the fall of 1781. At this time the hostility of their unconverted countrymen broke out against the praying Indians, as the Moravians were expressively called; their towns and their property were destroyed, and the missionaries were taken prisoners to Detroit. After some confinement, the British commandant became satisfied of the innocence of the pious labourers, and dismissed them to their beloved flock, for whose religious interests they braved such dangers and suffered such privations, as the pure spirit of Christian philanthropy can alone prepare the soul to endure. The Indians were left to shift for themselves in the Sandusky plains, where most of their horses perished from famine. This, too, when the labour of the Christian Indian had raised abundant corn, which they had not been allowed to gather. But the misfortunes of the band of Christian Indians, who seem so unhappily to have been before their time, and out of place, for the enjoyment of their peaceful doctrines, were also destined to come from men, bearing the name of Christians as well as themselves, and professing the same mild and merciful worship of our heavenly Father.

About the latter end of this year, the militia of the Pennsylvania frontier, (yet, however, in dispute with Virginia,) came to a determination of breaking up the Moravian towns. For this purpose, a party of men, under the command of Col. David Williamson, proceeded to the Indian villages, for the purpose of securing these suspected enemies. They, however, found the towns almost deserted; the few prisoners whom they did take, were delivered in safety to the commandant of Fort Pitt.

After a confinement of some time, the prisoners were released; much to the displeasure of the inhabitants, infuriated as they had almost necessarily become, by the horrible barbarities of Indian warfare.

In March, 1782, the militia of the same portion of the country resolved upon a second expedition against the Moravian towns. Col. Williamson again commanded the men, if command can be applicable to such insubordinate and lawless movements. They amounted to eighty or ninety persons, collected without any publick *authority*; but solely moved by the private determination of the party, and so far the character of our country is saved from some portion of the flagrant enormities which were perpetrated by this self-appointed military body. The object avowed was, to remove the Moravian Indians peaceably, but certainly to destroy their houses and their crops.

In this way they wanted to break up the halfway asylums for the depredators on the frontier, if they did not, as was perhaps unjustly suspected, originate in these villages. The white party took up its line of march from the Mingo bottom, on the west side of the Ohio; and on the second night thereafter, they encamped within one mile of the town of Gnadenhutten, the middle town of the Moravians, which extended on both sides of the Muskingum. When the party had reached the river, it was divided into equal portions, one of which was ordered to cross about a mile above the town, and to take possession of the western part of it; while the residue of the force was separated into three divisions, one to march above, another below, and the third opposite to the middle of the town, with orders to occupy it. The detachment intended for the western attack, on reaching the river bank, found no means of conveyance except a large trough designed for holding sugar-water, or maple-sap; and even that was on the opposite side of the river. The ice was floating in the river, and its waters high, but a young man of the name of Slaughter, Cassius-like, buffeted the flood and safely brought the trough over; still it was capa-

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ble of holding but two persons. It was then concluded to place the arms and ammunition of the men in this vehicle, while they should swim over. Thus, at the very outset of the attack, were the invaders placed at the mercy of the Moravians, had they intended hostilities even in defence of their houses and their families. When about sixteen men had effected the passage of the river; two of the sentinels, who had been posted in advance, discovered a Moravian Indian by the name of Shahosh; they shot and tomahawked him. The eastern detachment was then directed to commence the attack, in order to anticipate the alarm which must be produced by the firing: it was done. The detachment on the west proceeded to the town on that side, where they found the Indians in a cornfield, gathering the crop of corn, which had been left on the stalk, when they had been hurried off by their own countrymen in the preceding fall. This Indian party had obtained leave from the Delawares, to return to their old town, for the purpose of getting a supply of provisions to keep their people from starving. Could the situation of a people well be more deplorable than this? Permitted by the mercy of the Indians to come back and collect the fruits of their labour, for the support of their suffering people, and at their own towns to meet a hostile party of the whites, who treated them with a ferocity alone worthy of that corrupt religion which the Moravian Indians had in abhorrence abandoned.

"On the arrival of the white men at the town, they proposed peace and good will to the Moravians, and informed them, that they had come to take them to Fort Pitt, for their safety. The Indians surrendered, delivered up their arms, and appeared highly delighted with the prospect of their removal; they then began with all speed to prepare victuals to subsist the white men and themselves on the journey."

After this insidious capture, another party was despatched to Salem, to bring in the Indians there, who were also gathering corn. They too were successful. The Indians were all brought from Salem, to Gnadenhutten. Here they were secured as prisoners, and a council of officers was held upon their fate. This tribunal would not determine the matter, but with unmanly and unofficer-like dereliction from their duty, referred it to the men. Upon this, the private soldiers were drawn up in a line, and the awful question was accordingly submitted to them, by their own colonel, "whether the Moravian Indians should be taken prisoners to Pittsburgh, or *put to death*."

Those who were in favour of saving their lives, were directed to step out of the ranks; upon this, sixteen, some say eighteen, were only found in favour of mercy. The prisoners were then told to prepare for death. This cruel result seems to have been foreseen by the deceived Indians, when they were once confined in the guard-house. They began their devotions by singing hymns, praying, and exhorting each other to place a firm reliance in the mercy of the Saviour of men. When their fate was announced to them, these devoted people embraced, kissed, and bedewed each other's faces and bosoms, with their mutual tears, asked pardon of the brothers and sisters for any offence they might have given them through life. Thus at peace with their God and each other, on being asked by those who were impatient for the slaughter, they answered, they had commended their souls to God, and were ready. The particulars of this atrocious butchery, in cold blood, without form of trial, or shadow of publick authority, are too horrible, too bloody for detail. Suffice it to say, that the two houses in which the prisoners were confined, were made slaughter-pens for these betrayed Indians, who were, according to the strongest grounds of presumption, the suspicions of *both* parties, innocent of white men's blood. There was no exception of age or sex in this massacre, perpetrated by misnamed Christians; all perished "at one fell swoop" of these degenerate Americans. Ninety-six out of one hundred and fifty of these people, fatally confiding in the faith of their murderers, perished in this worse than Indian massacre. Worse because committed against all the lights of religion, law, and civilization.

Of the number massacred, "sixty-two were grown persons, one third of whom were *females*, and the remaining thirty-four were *children*." The houses and the remains of the dead were burned together.

Gladly does the author pass from an enormity, which makes him blush to own its authors as fellow-countrymen, to some of the circumstances which may, in some slight degree, palliate, though nothing can justify, a transaction so utterly at war with justice and mercy, and the professed principles of the American people. In the first place, "very few of our men imbrued their hands in the blood of the Moravians, even those who had not voted for saving their lives, retired from the scene of slaughter with horrour and disgust." Still they were accessaries to the foul massacre by their dastardly inactivity. In such momentous cases of high moral principle, he who is not for it, is against it. There is no medium, no middle ground, between crime and innocence, in such extremities; then, backwardness is the highest guilt.

Next, the country in which this expedition originated was a debateable land, claimed by Pennsylvania and Virginia, and had become the theatre of many disorders. The reins of government, never held very tight on a wild frontier, were more than usually lax in this territory. The boundary between the two states, although agreed upon in 1779 by Pennsylvania, and 1780 by Virginia, was not finally extended until 1785, when the counties in question were found to be comprehended in the jurisdiction of the former state. To this slight extenuation of the outrage must be added the fact, that there were circumstances calculated to implicate the Moravians in the exasperating and heart-rending ravages of a savage enemy. These had filled the hearts of the soldiery with bitterness; many of them were men who had recently lost relations by the hands of the savages, several of the latter found articles on the Moravians, which had been plundered from their own houses or those of their relatives. One man, it is said, found the clothes of his wife and children, who had been murdered by the Indians but a few days before. They were still bloody; yet there was no unequivocal evidence that these people had any direct agency in the war. Whatever of our property was found with them had been left by the warriours in exchange for the provisions which they took with them.

One conclusive proof of the innocence of the Moravians is found in the fact, that "when attacked

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by our people, although they might have defended themselves, they did *not*. They never fired a single shot. They were prisoners and had been promised protection, and every dictate of justice and humanity required that their lives should be spared."

No doubt the frontier was festering under the wounds of Indian barbarity; and that Indians were not thought entitled to the mercy they had never shown to others. Still this is but slight extenuation admitting at once the truth of a transaction which *brands its perpetrators with indelible infamy.*

Mann Butler.

THE COTEAU DES PRAIRIES.

A recent number of Silliman's Journal contains a notice of a tour to this interesting region by G. Catlin, read to the Boston Society of Natural History, in September last.

Mr. Catlin and his companion left the falls of St. Anthony with an Indian guide, crossed the St. Peters at "Traverse de Sioux," thence crossing one of the most beautiful prairies in the world, for the distance of one hundred and thirty miles to the base of the Coteau. This immense tract of country is of the richest soil, and is supplied with abundance of good water, flowing from innumerable springs. The country rises very gradually from the level prairie to the summit of the coteau, and from the base to the top, a distance of forty or fifty miles, there is not a tree or bush to be seen in any direction, the ground being covered with a green coat of grass, five or six inches high. On the summit of this plateau the travelers obtained a view of the object of all their toils and sacrifices, the far famed quarry of the red pipe stone, which is an anomaly in nature. It presents a perpendicular wall of close grained compact quartz, twenty-five or thirty feet high, and two miles in length. The beautiful wall is stratified in several distinct horizontal layers of gray, rose and flesh colored quartz, highly polished or glazed, as if by ignition. Here the Indians have procured the red stone for their pipes for ages. It would seem that they have long held this place in high estimation, there being numerous graves and remains of ancient fortifications in the vicinity. For the red stone pipe they appear to have a superstitious veneration, and some of the tribes have a tradition that the red men were created from this stone, and that it is thereby "a part of their flesh." Such was the superstition of the Sioux on the subject that Mr. C. had great difficulty in approaching the quarry, being ordered back by several hundred of them saying that 'no white man had ever been to it, and that none should ever go.' Mr. C. states that this is the only locality of this mineral, and the single fact of such a table of quartz resting in perfectly horizontal strata on this elevated plateau, is of itself a very interesting subject for investigation.

At the base of the wall rests a group of five stupendous bowlders or blocks of gneiss from fifteen to twenty feet in diameter, which the Indians appear to venerate, and solicit permission to dig and carry away the red stone for their pipes. These bowlders lean against each other and are the only blocks of this description within a distance of fifty miles. Thousands and tens of thousands of bowlders are scattered over the prairies in that region between the Coteau and the St. Peters, presenting every variety of quartz and granite of all hues, from a snow white to an intense red, yellow, blue, almost to a jet black, each one evidently from a distinct quarry.

The Coteau des Prairies is the dividing ridge between the waters which flow into the Missouri on the west, the St. Peters on the east, the Iowa on the south, and the Red river of Hudson Bay on the north. It is several hundred miles in length and varying from fifty to one hundred in breadth. It rises gradually and gracefully, swell after swell, on all sides, without tree, bush, or rock, except the one we have mentioned, every where covered with green grass, affording the traveler from its highest elevations a sublime view of the boundless ocean of prairies that lie beneath and around him, vanishing into azure in the distant horizon.

Private Fortunes in Ancient Times.—Crœsus possessed in landed property a fortune of £1,700,000, besides a large sum of money, slaves, and furniture, which amounted to an equal sum; he used to say, that a citizen who had not a fortune sufficient to support an army or a legion, did not deserve the title of a rich man. The philosopher Seneca had a fortune of £2,500,000. Lentulus, the soothsayer, had £3,500,000. Tiberius, at his death, left £23,625,000, which Caligula spent in less than twelve months.—Vespasian, on ascending the throne, estimated all the expenses of the state at £3,500,000. The debts of Milon amounted to £600,000. Cæsar, before he entered upon any office, owed £2,995,000: he purchased the friendship of Curoi for £500,000, and that of Lucius Paulus for £300,000. At the time of the assassination of Julius Cæsar, Anthony was in debt to the amount of £300,000: he owed this sum in the Ides of March, and it was paid before the Kalends of April; he squandered £147,000,000 of the public treasures. Appicus expended in debauchery £500,000; and finding, on examination of the state of his affairs, that he had no more than £80,000 left, he poisoned himself because he considered that sum insufficient for his maintenance. Julius Cæsar gave Servilla the mother of Brutus, a pearl of the value of £40,000. Cleopatra, at an entertainment, gave to Anthony, dissolved in vinegar, who swallowed it, a pearl worth £80,000. Claudius, the son of Esopus, the comedian, swallowed one worth £8,000. One single dish cost Esopus £80,000. Caligula spent for one supper £80,000, and Heliogabulus £20,000.—The usual cost of a repast for Lucullus was £20,000. Misalla gave £400,000 for the house of Anthony. The fish from Lucullus's fish ponds were sold for £35,000. Seaurus's country house was destroyed by fire, and his loss was estimated at £850,000.—Otho, to finish a part of Nero's palace, spent £187,500.

It is the men of study and thought who in the long run govern the world. The greatest moral truths spring from their discoveries; it is their writings which render their truths fruitful, which popularize them, which make them penetrate the minds of the people at large, and impress upon them an indelible character of rectitude. The spirit of union among men of science is the certain presage of the union of nations.—M. Arago.

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From the Southern Literary Messenger.

OLD CROSS-FIRE: A STORY OF THE NORTH-WESTERN BORDER.

BY GEO. S. M'KIERNAN.

The early history of North-Western Virginia is rife with incidents of a romantic character. The extraordinary perseverance and courage which characterized the pioneers of that region of country, and the almost incredible sufferings they were compelled to endure, are, perhaps, without a parallel in the history of any country but our own. Whilst many of those who penetrated far into the western wilds went thither to hew down the forest-trees, and make the wilderness assume the cheerful aspect of the abode of civilized man, a large number of persons were attracted to that country solely by the love of dangerous adventure, and a fondness for living in a state of comparative freedom from the forms of social life. The latter class of adventurers, though not so numerous as the first, furnished most of the heroes of those desperate partisan rencounters with the natives, which occupy so large a space in the annals of the West.

During the first eight years of that long and bloody war with the savage tribes, which commenced in the year 1774, the settlements on the upper portion of the Ohio river seem to have been peculiarly obnoxious to the Indians. Several furious assaults were made by large bodies of Mingoes, Wyandots, and Shawanoes, upon Fort Wheeling, and other stockade forts in that vicinity; and small parties of marauders were continually prowling about the settlements, employing themselves in burning houses, destroying crops, driving off cattle, and murdering the people as frequently as occasion offered.

Among the most notorious of the leaders of these savage brigands, was a Mingo chief, called by the settlers "Old Cross-Fire"—not so much on account of his years, as from the circumstance of his firing his rifle from his left shoulder. This chieftain had, at the head of his party, committed numerous depredations upon the settlements, but always succeeded in escaping unharmed, despite the many exertions made to arrest his infuriate career. Old Cross-Fire was an expert woodsman; and many a borderer was willing to bear testimony to his surprising skill as a marksman. He had frequently come in collision with major M'Colloch, Lewis Wetzel, and other famous Indian hunters; but all their stratagem and prowess were vainly exerted;—the Mingo invariably came off unscathed, and was emboldened to inflict his acts of wanton cruelty with increased temerity. His person was familiar to most of the settlers. He was of herculean fabric, his height being several inches over six feet; and every part of his vast frame was built in admirable proportion, if we except his arms, which, like those of Rob Roy M'Gregor, were so long that

> "The chief could stand in upright mien,
> And fairly grip his knees."

He carried a rifle of more than ordinary weight, which he *cross-fired* from his left shoulder, and, though contrary to the common rule, with almost unvarying accuracy and effect.

At the time of the incident about to be related, the Indians had, in a great measure, ceased their hostile incursions into Western Virginia. Most of them had retired farther west, to operate against the settlements on the lower section of the Ohio. Even Old Cross-Fire himself, who lingered about Wheeling long after his tawny comrades had changed their seat of war, was now seldom spoken of by the settlers. The prevailing idea was that he had forsaken his old theatre of operations for another that promised a better remuneration for his toils. The only individual who dissented from this opinion was Lewis Wetzel, one of the most successful Indian scouts ever known. Wetzel was, perhaps, possessed of a more thorough knowledge of the character and habits of the Mingo chief than any white man on the border, for he had often been an eye-witness of his crafty movements when beset by his enemies. The chief had long been the especial object of Wetzel's hatred; and though he had often laid deep plans to ensnare him, the wily savage always found means to frustrate them. In the course of his recent rambles through the country, Wetzel frequently discovered some peculiar mark or sign which confirmed him in his conviction that the Indian had not left the neighborhood. His friends endeavored to persuade him that he was mistaken; but he resolutely adhered to his opinion, and declared that he would yet "be the death of the cursed old red dog."

As Wetzel could not convince the settlers that Old Cross-Fire was yet lurking about the neighborhood, he ceased to mention his name; but never allowed a week to elapse without taking a scout through the country in the hope of coming in contact with him. The settlers, however, lulled themselves into security; and, apprehensive of no impending danger, engaged in agricultural pursuits. They cleared the rich bottom-lands, built substantial fences, planted their corn and potatoes, and soon gave an air of comfort, and a promise of plenty, to their infant settlement. Their implements of war were thrown aside as articles no longer useful. A man, it is true, was occasionally seen with a rifle upon his shoulder; but no other purpose was had in view than to shoot a deer or a wild turkey.

About this time a young man from the east of the Alleghanies arrived at the Wheeling settlements. He had performed the entire journey across the mountains, on horseback, at an inclement season of the year, and was nearly exhausted with fatigue and exposure to the elements. He was destined to Kentucky, but gladly accepted an invitation to pass a few days with colonel Zane, one of the earliest settlers at Wheeling, to whom he bore a letter of introduction.

Elliot Frazier had scarcely passed a day in the hospitable dwelling of colonel Zane, before he was seized with disease, the effects of his recent exposure, which confined him to his bed. His malady assumed a serious character, depriving him at times of his reason. He laid for many days unconscious of his condition, and insensible to what was passing around him. When at length his disease took a favorable turn, and his mind regained its suspended powers, he discovered that a beautiful being was hovering over his couch—tenderly administering to his wants, and manifesting, by the sweet smile that played upon her countenance, a pleasurable feeling at witnessing the improvement of his condition.

The good Samaritan who watched over the stranger-youth was Rose Mason, the fairest flower that bloomed on the banks of the Ohio. She was the adopted daughter of colonel Zane, the intimate friend

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of her gallant father, who had lost his life in a desperate conflict with the Indians, during the early stages of the war. Rose had received her education at one of the best seminaries the "old settlements" afforded in those days; but she had imbibed no sentiment that destroyed the native simplicity of her manners. She was a young lady of fine intellect; and her heart was filled with affection and gentle sympathies, to the exclusion of every unworthy passion. Although she was delicately sensible to every thing unbecoming her sex, she saw no impropriety in contributing all in her power towards alleviating the sufferings of a fellow mortal. She volunteered her services cheerfully to act the part of nurse to the patient. She felt a rational pleasure in supplying the invalid with every little comfort which his situation required. Under her soothing ministration Elliot regained his health.

The youth now often spoke of continuing his journey to Kentucky. Day after day, however, passed by, and he still remained at Wheeling. In sparsely populated regions strong personal attachments are quickly formed. The manly bearing of Elliot had rendered him a favorite among all the settlers, and they strongly urged him to abandon his original intention, and remain where he was. To this proposition he declared he could not accede; but when the image of Rose Mason presented itself before his mind's eye, he was nearly tempted to recall his words.

Since the arrival of young Frazier, a new feeling had found its way into Rose's heart—a feeling which she was unable to explain. When he spoke to her about his expected departure, a shade of melancholy would overspread her countenance and banish completely the bright smile that usually dwelt upon it. There was no dissimulation in the maiden; she felt that his absence would cause her to be unhappy, and she took no pains to conceal the sorrow with which she contemplated the event.

"Elliot," said she, one day, "you must agree to remain with us. We cannot spare you."

"It will never do!" exclaimed the youth—"I have been idling my time here too long already, and I'll jump aboard the first boat that passes down the river."

"We will all feel very unhappy when you are gone."

"Not more so than I will, Rose," replied Elliot. "The happiest days of my life," he continued, "were those of my recent sickness. If it were not wicked I could almost pray for another opportunity to have you for my ministering angel."

"Elliot!"

"Forgive me, Rose. I felt a deep sense of gratitude for your kind attentions, and I knew not how to express it."

"I am going to Short creek to-morrow, to visit a friend," said Rose, "and you must go with me."

"It is hard to refuse you," replied Elliot; "but I may miss an opportunity of descending the river if I go with you. The water is up now, and boats may be expected to-morrow."

"I will not excuse you," said Rose. "A day or a week is of no consequence to you. If you miss the first boat, you can wait for another."

"True; but"——

"I will listen to no more objections," interrupted the maiden; "you *must* be my companion to Short creek to-morrow."

"And why not for life?" asked Elliot.

No reply was made to this question. Rose had not anticipated such an interrogatory; nor did its full meaning, at first, flash upon her mind. But when its true sense became apparent to her, a thrill went to her heart, and a deep blush suffused her cheek. For the first time, she now found that she was in love. She spoke in an altered tone, without raising her head, which she had, unwittingly, cast down.

"You will go with me?" she said.

"Most surely, dear Rose," replied Elliot, who was delighted to find that he had not offended her by the abruptness of his words. "I can refuse you nothing," he added; "and the boats may come and go by fleets, for all that I care."

"I will depend upon you," said the maiden as she left him; for Rose's mind was filled with such strange ideas that she was glad to seek solitude.

Soon after the sun had arisen on the following day, Elliot Frazier was before the door busied in cleaning his rifle. Lewis Wetzel just then approached him from the direction of the high hill in rear of the fort.

"What's to be done to-day, Ellit?" inquired the hunter, as he came up to the youth, and lowered his gun to his feet.

"I am going to Short creek with Miss Mason," said Elliot. "I shall take my gun along, and if I can only get a glance at a buck's tail, I'll bring it home as a trophy of my skill in rifle shooting."

"If you see a deer, Ellit," said the scout laughing, "you'll be sure to git the buck fever."

"Never fear!" replied the youth.

"Sich things always happen to green hands," said Wetzel; "but you'll git over the fever by-and-by. That rifle of yourn aint exactly to my liking," he continued; and here he took the richly mounted rifle of the young man and deliberately examined it in all its parts. "It's too light, intirely; and as for these silver fixin's, they aint of any manner of use."

"They will not prevent it from shooting well," said Elliot.

"No! nor neither they wont," rejoined Wetzel; "but I'll be skinned if I'd have 'em on a gun of mine. Now, here's my old woman, Ellit," added the hunter, as he raised his weather-beaten rifle from the ground: "an uglier old rip you never laid your eyes on; but, then, there's no mistake in her. She always *tells*. Many's the red skin she's sent to his long home."

"It is a valuable piece, without doubt," said the youth.

"The red dogs think so, any how," returned Wetzel.

"I suppose you are almost out of practice in killing them?"

"Well, I may say you are about half right, Ellit; I haint had a glimpse of one since last fall. I've got a strong notion to put off down to Kaintuck with you. They say they are not scarce thereabouts; but I can't agree to leave these settlements until I finish that cursed rascal, Old Cross-Fire. The scamp has balked me so often that I have sworn vengeance on him. I know that he's still sneaking about these quarters, becase I come across some sign of him every now and then. I was out all last night and the night afore, in sarch of the old dog."

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"You do not imagine," asked Elliot, "that he is lurking about here now, do you?"

"That's exactly what I think," said Wetzel.

"He will not dare molest us, Lewis?"

"I wouldn't trust him."

"Lewis, how far is it to Short creek?"

"It might be twelve miles by the way you will have to go. Can you keep the track, think you?"

"Miss Mason knows the course; she will have to pilot us along."

"Well, she wont lose the path, you may depend; she's an oncommon nice young woman, Ellit; and she rides equal to a trooper, in the bargain. But yonder comes your critters."

In another moment the horses were brought to the door. Rose made her appearance, and was assisted into her saddle by Elliot; whilst Wetzel held her plump white pony by the bridle.

"It really does me good, child, to see you looking so well," said the scout to Rose. "Now, be careful," he enjoined, "in riding along them steep ridges, child. I'll be right down oneasy until I hear you've got safe to your journey's eend."

"Thank you, Lewis," said Rose; "we will try and not fall off our horses."

Elliot was now mounted, bearing his rifle in his left hand.

"I'll help you, Ellit, to bring your buck in," said Wetzel, with a significant smile—"only take care of the buck fever! Good bye."

Elliot and Rose moved off briskly, along the bridle path, up the hill. The narrowness of the road compelled them to ride singly—Rose taking the lead. After passing some distance along the top of the ridge, the path descended the opposite side, and led to a large run, in the bed of which they now were obliged to ride. The run was very rough, and had, for the most part, a ledge of rocks for its bed. The hoofs of the horses striking against the rocks, and the reckless splashing of the water, occasioned more noise than was desirable.

"I fear, Rose," said Elliot, "that this is a dangerous road for a lady to travel."

"I am not afraid," said she; "I have went over it several times."

"It is a miserably poor one, Rose, I must say. I despise a road that makes me ride behind you perpetually; and, here, I am splashing you outrageously!"

"We will soon leave the run, and go up another ridge. The road will be better, then, I hope."

"And so do I, with all my soul! I almost wish I had not brought my gun along, as I find more difficulty in carrying it over this awful road than I expected."

"Do you think you could shoot a deer, Elliot?"

"I do most assuredly, Rose; and I hope to convince you that I can before we reach our journey's end."

"Is your gun well loaded?"

"Loaded!" reiterated Elliot; "the inquiry was well timed, for I really forgot to charge my gun before starting. Now, if we were to see a deer, I should be vexed almost to death."

"There is our turning-off place," said Rose, as they reached the point at which the path diverged from the run, and they both rode out of the water.

"I must dismount here!" exclaimed Elliot, "to load my rifle. It will never do to ride through the woods with an empty rifle in one's hand, when he has powder and balls in abundance with him."

The young man dismounted his steed and fastened the bridle to a sapling near by; after which, he commenced loading his rifle.

"Make haste, Elliot!" exclaimed Rose, who still sat upon her saddle, "I see a deer up the run!"

"Indeed!" said the youth, as he hurriedly returned his ramrod; and quickly elevating his fire-lock as high as his breast, he cast his eyes in the direction designated by Rose's hand.

"I see him!" he ejaculated hastily. The animal, which was a fine buck, was probably a hundred yards up the run, standing apparently motionless, and looking directly towards the wayfarers. "I will give him a piece of cold lead," he added, "if he will stand long enough. Rose, will your pony frighten when I shoot?"

"Not in the least," she replied. "Try your skill, but be sure to hit him."

"Trust me that far, Rose," rejoined the youth.

He cautioned Rose to hold a tight rein, and be upon her guard, when he should fire. Carefully describing a small circuit along the adjacent hill-side, the novitiate hunter at last succeeded in gaining a favorable position from which to fire at the noble animal, which was still gazing at the horses. Elliot supported his piece against the side of a large tree, and, taking deliberate aim, fired. The buck fell upon his fore knees. Satisfied that his shot had been successful, his first object was to glance towards Rose to see whether the horses had remained steady. Both animals were standing where he had left them, and Rose waved her handkerchief in compliment to the young hunter's skill. Trailing his rifle at arm's length, he bounded towards his expected victim with a joyful countenance. The deer, however, suddenly recovered itself, and retreated, limpingly, up the ravine. Elliot started in pursuit of the fugitive—expecting every moment to see him fall from the loss of blood, which was, at every leap the animal made, staining the leaves, and clearly marking out his course. But the wounded buck continued on at a gait which slightly outstripped the toilsome march of his pursuer, until, at length, he fell from exhaustion of his vital powers. In a few minutes more the triumphant young hunter, to secure his prize from the beasts of prey until he could have him brought into the fort, had the lifeless buck swung high in the air on the top of a hickory sapling.

Elliot was full of pleasurable excitement. He had now killed his first deer, and he could not help smiling at the idea of telling Lewis Wetzel that his predictions about the "buck fever" had proved, by the event, erroneous. He lost no time in retracing his steps towards the place at which he had left Rose; and he derived a renewed pleasure from the reflection that he had borne out her own last injunction.

He had performed but a short distance of his retrograde march, when he discovered his horse galloping towards him, with nostrils distended, and the reins of his bridle broken and flapping against his breast. A familiar word spoken to the affrighted steed caused him to stop, and his master secured him. Tying together the broken reins as well as he could, he vaulted upon the saddle and dashed off down the ravine at full speed. The horse frequently started at some

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object on the way-side, and the free use of the spur became necessary to urge him rapidly forward. When he reached the point at which he expected to find his fair charge, she was gone!

The feelings of the youth at this juncture were peculiarly painful. The smile of delight, which had but a few moments before illumined his countenance, was now exchanged for an expression of mingled melancholy, mortification and anguish. It was impossible for him to conjecture what had become of Rose; but he had too much evidence before him to doubt that some serious event had transpired during the time that he was absent. He shouted aloud, but no response was made to his call. The more he reflected, the deeper appeared the mystery; and it was difficult to determine what course he should adopt. He resigned himself to despair; and, scarcely aware of what he was doing, galloped off up the bridle path which he and Rose had intended to pursue. Occasionally he would rein in his steed to enable him to examine the path, with the hope of detecting the traces of horse's feet; but the density of the leaves which covered the ground, effectually defeated the object. When he had nearly surmounted the hill, the sharp report of a rifle saluted his ears, whilst he distinctly heard a bullet whiz past his head. The horse, seized with renewed alarm, plunged precipitately down the hill—passing furiously over the brush and fallen timber, and calling into requisition all the coolness and equestrian skill of Elliot, to enable him to maintain his seat. Presently another shot was fired from a different quarter, which lodged itself in the withers of the horse, whose headlong speed now became redoubled.

It was apparent to the youth that he was beset by a party of Indians. A moment's reflection determined him to repair, with all possible expedition, to the fort, and have a detachment of men sent in pursuit of the enemy. He felt convinced that Rose had been captured by them; and inwardly reproaching himself as the cause of her calamity, he uttered a solemn vow to rescue her, or die in the attempt.

Within five minutes after the arrival of Elliot, every living being in the settlement was collected within the stockade fort at Wheeling. The story of the youth was told in a few words.

"This is a distressing affair," said colonel Zane, the commandant of the garrison. "It is fortunate, however, that major M'Colloch is with us to-day. Twelve mounted men under his command will capture the copper-colored rascals before sunset, and restore the dear child to us unharmed. What say you, major M'Colloch?"

"I am always ready, sir, for any thing in the shape of an Indian fight," replied the intrepid hunter.

"Then select twelve men—myself among the number—mount us on the fleetest horses we can find, and—but I need not tell you more. Time is precious. You pick the men, and I go now to get the horses in readiness."

"It shall be done," answered M'Colloch, "and quickly too! Lewis Wetzel!"

"Here!" replied Lewis, as he elbowed his way through the group of persons which had collected around the major.

"I put you at the head of the list, and will expect much from you," continued M'Colloch.

"Major Mac," said Wetzel, "I don't like the colonel's plan, any way I can sift it through. I 'spose we all want to have the child fotch back safe and sound, but I know very well the thing can't be done 'cording to the colonel's plan."

"Why not?" respectfully inquired M'Colloch, who reposed almost unbounded confidence in the judgment and skill of Lewis Wetzel.

"Because the very minute Old Cross-Fire finds himself"——

"Old Cross-Fire!" exclaimed a dozen voices at once.

"Aye, Old Cross-Fire!" repeated Wetzel, with rather a sneering emphasis, "he's at the top and bottom of this business; and, the very minute he finds himself hunted down by horsemen, he will scalp poor Rose, and then take good care to put himself and his cursed red-skin gang out of harm's way."

"But how do you know the Indian gang to be Old Cross-Fire's?" asked M'Colloch.

"Why, you see, major Mac, I jest tuck the trouble, a-bit ago, to pick out the bullet that was lodged in Ellit's horse. Here it is. I know the size of the old rascal's balls too well to be mistaken."

"Perhaps you are right," said M'Colloch, after he had examined the shapeless piece of lead.

"There's nary doubt about it," replied Wetzel.

"Upon reflection," remarked M'Colloch, "I agree with you that it is not prudent to go mounted. We will all go on foot."

"I don't like that neither," said Wetzel. "If we *all* go, there will be too many of us to do any good."

"How many do you think will be sufficient for the purpose?" inquired the major.

"Two at the outside," returned Wetzel; "or if the colonel's agreed, I'll go by myself."

"That will never do!" exclaimed several.

"I tell you, Lewis," said Elliot, who stepped boldly up to the hunter, "that *I* shall go at all hazards. It was through my indiscretion that Miss Mason fell into the hands of the Indians, and no power under the sun shall prevent me from aiding in her rescue!"

"Don't talk so fast," observed the imperturbable scout—"jest let me fix the thing, Ellit."

"Wetzel," said M'Colloch, "too much may be risked by sending out an inefficient force. Here comes the colonel; we will hear what he has to say about it."

The colonel, who now reappeared to announce that the horses were forthcoming, had Wetzel's objection to the original plan, and his desire to take the matter into his own hands, fully explained to him.

"What can you do by yourself?" asked the colonel of Wetzel.

"Why, colonel, I will do all that I can. I'll get the poor child out of their red paws, if I have to follow the skulking dogs all the way to the Sandusky towns."

"But you should have help," remarked the colonel.

"Colonel, you aint a gitting jubous of me, I hope, at this late day? Did you ever know Lewis Wetzel to act the fool when red-skins were about? Now, if we want to fetch back poor Rose, we must go about the business like true Indian hunters—not like fox hunters."

"Do you think you can bring the child back in safety, Lewis?" seriously asked colonel Zane.

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"I can't promise sartinly, colonel; but I know full well that I can do more towards it by myself than I can with a pack of noisy fellows along with me."

"Wetzel is right," said the colonel, after he had revolved the question in his mind. "In an affair of this kind, I have never found him wrong. Major M'Colloch, we will commit the business to him alone."

"I am glad to hear you say so, colonel!" exclaimed Wetzel, whose eyes now suddenly brightened with hope and joy—"I'll give a good account of myself."

"I shall go with you, Lewis," said Elliot, impatiently—"I will go at the risk of my life!"

"So you may," replied the hunter; "you will do no harm. You wont be headstrong, becase you're a green hand, and will have to do jest as I tell you. Besides, you ought to help Rose out of the bad box your foolery got her into."

"Where do you purpose going?" asked colonel Zane.

"Straight to the mouth of Short creek; that's the pint Old Cross-Fire always crosses at. It is gitting fur now into the arternoon, so we'll have to be brisk. Ellit, is your rifle and all your fixin's in good order?"

"All right," responded the youth.

"Then, come, let's be off."

The two adventurers shouldered their firelocks, and as they passed through the gate of the fortification, many a brief prayer for their success was uttered by the inmates of the fort; all of whom had been deeply interested auditors of the conversation above related. They pursued a well-beaten path four or five miles up the bank of the river, until they reached the mouth of a large run, which emptied itself into the Ohio, immediately opposite a small island in the latter stream. Here, nature appeared in her wildest aspect.

"This is a suspicious looking place," observed Elliot.

"Not a bit," said Wetzel. "There haint been an Indian here for a long, long time. A good while back, this was a famous place for 'em to cross over in their canoes; and many's the time I've laid for days and nights at a stretch, on the pint of that little island yander, watching the motions of the red-skins, to git a chance to riddle their hides with my old woman here,"—and the hunter patted the breech of his gun with manifest affection. "Old Cross-Fire," he continued, "used to paddle over, hereabouts; but me and him have had so many cracks at each other, along yander, that he's got afeard to ventur his old red hide in this quarter, any more. He's got his ferry at Short creek, now; and there's where we'll have to nail him."

"Do you think the old fellow himself carried off Rose?" interrogated Elliot.

"Jist as sartin he did as my name's Lewis Wetzel."

"Then, Lewis, I am resolved that my rifle shall kill the infernal old scoundrel!"

"Tut, tut, Ellit! Do jest as I tell you; I didn't fetch you along to talk that way. Boy, there's nary man in this part of the univarse that I'd trust with Old Cross-Fire."

"But if a fair chance should offer, Lewis, why may I not as well pull at him."

"Becase it wouldn't be of no use, at all; for I runs strong in my head that powder and lead can't kill him. My old woman here has tried so often to hush his jaw, without doing it, that I've made up my mind to try him some other way. He's got a charmed life—that's a clear case!"

"Fudge, Lewis! Do you believe in such old woman's stories?"

"Well, I don't know that I do, as a gineral thing; but I must say that I've satisfied myself that Old Cross-Fire is proof agin rifle balls, any how. But we must move along quicker, Ellit. We're only half way to Short creek, and we haven't a minute's time to spare."

"I can keep up with you—move along," said the youth.

"It's high time to quit talking, now," observed the elder hunter, in a softened tone, after they had left the run some distance in their rear. "A body has to be quiet when he gits about the Indians, or they'll be mighty apt to git about him."

Elliot promised to keep silence. The two hunters now quickened their pace, though care was taken to bring their feet to the ground as lightly as possible. Wetzel, who walked before his youthful companion, continually glanced his well-practised eyes around him, penetrating the mazes of the forest on every side. He moved with surprising stillness, and never uttered a syllable, unless it might have been to check his comrade for making unnecessary noise.

When the hunters reached the mouth of Short creek, the sun was nearly ready to disappear behind the bold heights on the opposite shore of the Ohio. The banks of the creek at its confluence with the river, were abrupt, though not high, and covered even to their extreme borders with a luxuriant growth of pawpaws. The outer edge of the beach of either stream was dry and sandy; but a wide strip of wet and unctuous earth next to the water's edge, had been exposed to view by the recent subsidence of a freshet.

"This is the eend of our tramp," whispered Wetzel to his companion. They were then standing at the lower angle of the junction of the streams—screened, however, from observation by the thick pawpaw grove which extended to the verge of the precipice.

"What is to be done now?" asked the youth, in a like low whisper.

"I'll see," said Wetzel. "You stay where you are, and do not budge a peg, nor make a bit of noise, while I go and look around a little."

He cautiously drew the branches aside, and glided through the bushes with a quietness peculiar to the skilful Indian hunter. After an absence of several minutes he returned, and made a signal to Elliot to follow him. The latter stepped forward as cautiously as as he could, and accompanied Lewis a few rods up the creek bank, when the elder hunter called the attention of his companion to the stumps of two bushes, on which the recent marks of the hatchet were visible.

"This one," whispered Wetzel, stooping down to the nearer stump, "was cut by Old Cross-Fire himself."

"How do you know that?" inquired Elliot.

"Can't you see that it was cut by a left-handed man? The highest pint of a stump is always where

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the heel of the hatchet cuts it; and that high pint is next to us on this stump, and on the left side."

"I understand you," said the youth. "Your reasoning is conclusive that the bush was cut by a left-handed man."

"Now look at the other stump," resumed Wetzel, "and give me your idea about that."

Elliot carefully examined the second stump, and ventured his opinion promptly.

"This one," said he, "was cut by a right handed man, because the highest point of the stump is on the right side."

"That's right, Ellit. I've larnt you that much, and it's worth minding, too."

"Why is the information so valuable?"

"It's valuble on this account, Ellit: you see it shows us that there have been at least two red-skins here—one left-handed and one right-handed one. The left-handed one is Old Cross-Fire, becase he's the only left-handed man I know of in these parts; and the other, I judge, is one of his hangers-on."

"But might there not have been more than two, Lewis?"

"So there might, but we can't tell," said Wetzel, as he moved near the bank, and cast his keen eyes upon the bosom of the water. "There's another discivery I've made," he added. 'Do you see that little green twig in the creek there."

Elliot glanced his eye in the direction denoted by his comrade's finger, and answered in the affirmative.

"Well, Ellit, that little twig is fast to Old Cross-Fire's canoe, which is there sunk in the water; and I arger that these bushes here were cut to make forks to fasten it to the bottom."

"Very likely," said Elliot.

"And I now arger that there might have been one or more Indians taking care of the canoe, while the old dog and his imp come ashore to cut the forks."

"You reason like a philosopher, Lewis. I will soon become an expert hunter, under your tutorage."

"Now, Ellit," said the scout, "you go back to your old place and keep quiet, and have a bright look-out, while I slip around the pint of that hill and see what's going on. Only be quiet, and do as I tell you. I'll be back before you get oneasy."

The two hunters separated: Elliot to seek his original cover, and the other to obtain some information of the expected enemy. The former examined the priming of his gun, and satisfied himself that every thing was in proper order for service. He seated himself upon the ground and kept remarkably quiet—busying his mind, most of the time, in fancying the situation of Rose. Sometimes he was ready to conclude that she had fallen a victim to savage cruelty, but he endeavored to dispel such gloomy ideas from his mind, and contemplate only the brighter side of the picture. He was unhappy, however, in spite of his efforts to restore his spirits to their wonted buoyancy. In the midst of his meditations, he felt something strike him upon the shoulder from behind. He sprang upon his feet and discoverd Lewis Wetzel standing near him.

"Its well I aint an Indian!" said the latter.

Elliot was much mortified to think that he had allowed himself to be surprised so easily.

"Lewis, you have learned me another lesson," said he, "and I shall profit by it."

"See that you do, Ellit," replied Wetzel, in a low voice. "You must be quiet now," he added, in a whisper.

"Did you see any thing?" asked Elliot.

"Yes; they are coming!"

"Who?"

"Old Cross-Fire, and three others."

"And Rose?"

"She's safe enough, riding the little white pony, and Old Cross-Fire is leading it along."

"Lewis, I'll shoot the impudent scoundrel if I die for it!" muttered the youth; and he clenched his teeth with rage.

"Hush, Ellit, hush!—Do as I tell you and all will be well. Crouch down as low as you can, and be quiet."

"The old red-skinned wretch!" growled the young hunter.

"Be easy, boy!" said Wetzel; "he is not to be shot, I tell you. I'll attend to him. Ellit, you are gitting feverish; I see it on you a'ready. Keep cool—keep cool—or you can never shoot to kill."

The eye of Wetzel was quick to perceive that his youthful comrade was laboring under some nervous excitement, occasioned by the novelty and probable danger of the situation in which he was placed.

"I'll be cool presently," he replied.

"Only do as I tell you, Ellit. Lay low, and draw your breath easy; and don't whisper another word, as you value your life, and Rose's too."

Some time elapsed before either made the slightest motion. At length, the tramping of the pony, approaching the creek, was distinctly heard; and Elliot made a motion towards raising his head to obtain a sight of Rose, but his purpose was promptly thwarted by the brawny arm of his companion, who breathed, rather than whispered, in his ear, his favorite injunction, "Be quiet!"

Wetzel's head was placed behind a cluster of green leaves, through the interstices of which he was enabled to obtain a view of the shore of the creek, opposite the place at which the canoe was sunk. He observed Old Cross-Fire conduct the pony to the margin of the bank, at which place he lifted his captive to the ground. The sobbing of Rose, at this time, was quite audible. As the sounds fell upon Elliot's ear, he trembled with emotion; and might have infringed Wetzel's order, had not the latter, anticipating something of the kind, turned his face towards him, and frowned him into silence.

Old Cross-Fire, setting no store upon Rose's saddle, merely stripped the pony of its bridle, which he slapped across the animal's back, and, with a second swing, threw it upon the beach below him. The pony cantered into the bushes, where it soon commenced feeding on the wild grass at its feet. In another moment, the Indians had lifted Rose down the declivity, and their whole party appeared on the beach. Two of them waded into the creek as far as the twig which had been observed by Wetzel, where they plunged their arms into the water, and each drew forth a wooden fork. Their canoe immediately rose to the surface. Dextrously throwing out the water it contained, they pushed it to the shore, where Old Cross-Fire and the other warrior had remained to stand guard over Rose. The fair captive was then placed in the bow of the canoe; one of the Indians seated himself about its centre; whilst another drew forth the paddle, stood erect in the stern

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and pushed off The old chief and one Indian remained on the beach, probably to await the return of the canoe.

All of these motions were distinctly observed by Wetzel, who quickly matured his own plans. The moment the canoe was pushed off, he made signs to Elliot to be in readiness.

"Aim!" said he, in a scarcely audible whisper, "at the fellow in the middle of the canoe. Pint directly at his body, and don't pull till I give the word."

Elliot directed the muzzle of his gun towards the water, and just then had his first view of the enemy. The sight of Rose slightly disconcerted him; but summoning all his manly energies into action, he cocked his rifle, and took accurate aim at the designated object. Wetzel, meanwhile, graduated his piece in nearly the same line of sight; and, at the instant the canoe reached the mouth of the creek, he gave the word, in a clear whisper—"Pull!"

Both rifles firing at precisely the same moment, blended their reports so admirably, that the ear could not have distinguished two separate discharges. Both Indians fell: the one in the centre of the craft dropped on its bottom; but the other, who had been standing upright in the stern, capsized the canoe in falling over. This was a contingency which Wetzel had, perhaps, not contemplated. He was prompt, however, in meeting it.

"Plunge in!" he whispered to Elliot, who had already made up his mind to do so, regardless of consequences. The youth dropped his rifle, and at one bound was over the bank, and at another in the water. He plied his limbs with almost superhuman strength. A shot was fired on the shore, but he scarcely heard it, so eagerly was he bent upon saving Rose from the frightful death by which she was threatened. For a short period after Rose had been thrown into the water, her dress buoyed her upon its surface. Gradually, however, it became saturated with the element, and in turn exercised an opposite influence. She was nearly exhausted when Elliot came to her relief. The youth brought the unconscious girl to the shore, and placed her in a position adapted to restore animation to her system.

Before Elliot had swam far from the shore, Lewis Wetzel, with a celerity of motion peculiar to himself, had reloaded his rifle, and stealthily placed himself at the edge of the precipice, nearly over the two Indians who yet remained on the beach. The comrade of Old Cross-Fire had already raised his gun to his shoulder to fire at Elliot, when Wetzel gained his new position. The rapid motion of the youth, however, ploughing his way through the water, somewhat baffled the savage; and before he had time to draw a satisfactory sight upon the swimmer, a ball from Lewis Wetzel's rifle pierced the Mingo's heart. At this moment, Old Cross-Fire was standing near his companion; his keen black eyes were directed towards the spot from which the two first shots were fired. His ample chest heaved from the working of the furies within; his nostrils were relaxed and distended alternately, and his giant frame was braced up in its full height. His ponderous rifle was held by his right hand, across the front of his body, ready to be placed to his left shoulder, at a moment's notice.

As soon as Wetzel fired his last shot, and before the Mingo chief had time to make a motion towards retreating, he dropped his gun, and leaped over the bank, with the fury of a tiger, upon his long-sought enemy. The force with which he sprang upon Old Cross-Fire laid the savage at full length upon the beach, with one arm and a portion of his body buried in the mire. Wetzel himself sunk to his thighs in the mud, and found it impossible to extricate himself. He had, however, the advantage of the Indian; for the latter was lying prostrate, somewhat stunned by his fall, and deprived moreover of the use of one of his arms. The hunter, whose side was now placed against the breast of the old chief, finding that his antagonist was reviving, seized his knife, and was about to plunge it to his heart, when the latter, by a sweep of his long arm, encircled Wetzel's body, and nearly crushed him to death. The scout made several attempts to use his knife, but the excruciating pain he experienced from the iron hug of the Mingo, paralysed his powers of action. At length, Old Cross-Fire made a tremendous effort to turn himself; and in doing so relaxed his arm in some measure, which enabled Wetzel to inflict a deep stab in the chieftain's side, from which the red current of life spouted freely. The savage uttered a yell of anguish, and his arm fell powerless by his side. Wetzel continued to use his knife until the vital spark no longer animated the breast of his victim. The dead body of the Mingo chief served the purpose of aiding the victorious hunter in extricating his legs from the mire. He secured the scalps of Old Cross-Fire and his comrade —the bodies of the two Indians first killed having sunk to the bottom of the river.

It was now night, but the moon was up, and the stars shone brightly. Wetzel went in search of Elliot and Rose. He found the latter much revived, and the youth was tenderly supporting her weakened frame, and making her sensible of the leading events we have related. She expressed a wish to proceed home immediately. Lewis, after a short search, found both the pony and its bridle. Rose was placed in the saddle, and the party returned in safety to the fort.

Asiatic Sheep.—Immense herds of sheep are driven over the country, wherever the requisite feed exists, of the variety termed *ovis steatopyga*, whose tails are so remarkably broad, heavy, and loaded with fat, that in order to prevent the wool from being torn off, the shepherd supprots them with a little pair of wheels. Thousands upon thousands may be seen continually in the neighborhood of Smyrna, drawing their massive sacral appendages on these miniature trucks. The males usually have four horns. This breed yield the coarse wool which is brought to the United States in such quantities from Adrianople and Smyrna.

Banana.—No fruit is more delicious or prolific than this. There are two species, known however among navigators by the terms *short* and *long* bananas. Each banana grows to about the size of an inch and a half in diameter, and six or ten inches in length. The stalk very much resembles common Indian corn, about which the fruit winds like a spiral staircase.

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EARLY HABITS, CUSTOMS &c. OF THE WEST.

THE FORT.

My readers will understand by this term, not only a place of defence, but the residence of a small number of families belonging to the same neighbourhood. As the Indian mode of warfare was an indiscriminate slaughter of all ages, and both sexes, it was as requisite to provide for the safety of the women and children as for that of the men.

The fort consisted of cabins, blockhouses, and stockades. A range of cabins commonly formed one side at least of the fort. Divisions or partitions of logs separated the cabins from each other. The walls on the outside were ten or twelve feet high, the slope of the roof being turned wholly inward. A very few of these cabins had puncheon floors, the greater part were earthen.

The blockhouses were built at the angles of the fort. They projected about two feet beyond the outer walls of the cabins and stockades. Their upper stories were about eighteen inches every way larger in dimensions than the under one, leaving an opening at the commencement of the second story to prevent the enemy from making a lodgment under their walls. In some forts, instead of blockhouses, the angles of the fort were furnished with bastions. A large folding gate, made of thick slabs, nearest the spring, closed the fort. The stockades, bastions, cabins, and blockhouse walls were furnished with port holes at proper heights and distances. The whole of the outside was made completely bullet proof.

It may be truly said that necessity is the mother of invention; for the whole of this work was made without the aid of a single nail or spike of iron, and for this reason, such things were not to be had.

In some places less exposed, a single blockhouse, with a cabin or two, constituted the whole fort.

Such places of refuge may appear very trifling to those who have been in the habit of seeing the formidable military garrisons of Europe and America; but they answered the purpose, as the Indians had no artillery. They seldom attacked, and scarcely ever took one of them.

The families belonging to these forts were so attached to their own cabins on their farms, that they seldom moved into their fort in the spring until compelled by some alarm, as they called it; that is, when it was announced by some murder that the Indians were in the settlement.

The fort to which my father belonged, was during the first years of the war three quarters of a mile from his farm; but when this fort went to decay, and became unfit for defence, a new one was built at his own house. I well remember that, when a little boy, that the family were sometimes waked up in the dead of night, by an express with a report that the Indians were at hand. The express came softly to the door, or back window, and by a gentle tapping waked the family. This was easily done, as an habitual fear made us ever watchful and sensible to the slightest alarm. The whole family were instantly in motion. My father seized his gun and other implements of war. My step-mother waked up, and dressed the children as well as she could, and being myself the oldest of the children, I had to take my share of the burthens to be carried to the fort. There was no possibility of getting a horse in the night to aid us in removing to the fort. Besides the little children, we caught up what articles of clothing and provision we could get hold of in the dark, for we durst not light a candle or even stir the fire. All this was done with the utmost despatch and the silence of death. The greatest care was taken not to awaken the youngest child.

To the rest it was enough to say *Indian*, and not a whimper was heard afterwards. Thus it often happened that the whole number of families belonging to a fort who were in the evening at their homes, were all in their little fortress before the dawn of the next morning. In the course of the succeeding day, their household furniture was brought in by parties of the men under arms.

Some families belonging to each fort were much less under the influence of fear than others, and who, after an alarm had subsided, in spite of every remonstrance, would remove home, while their more prudent neighbours remained in the fort. Such families were denominated 'fool-hardy,' and gave no small amount of trouble, by creating such frequent necessities of sending runners to warn them of their danger, and sometimes parties of our men to protect them during their removal.

CARAVANS.

The acquisition of the indispensable articles of salt, iron, steel and castings, presented great difficulties to the first settlers of the western country. They had no stores of any kind, no salt, iron, nor iron works; nor had they money to make purchases where those articles could be obtained. Peltry and furs were their only resources, before they had time to raise cattle and horses for sale in the Atlantic states.

Every family collected what peltry and fur they could obtain throughout the year, for the purpose of sending them over the mountains for barter.

In the fall of the year, after seeding time, every family formed an association with some of their neighbours for starting the little caravan. A master driver was selected from among them, who was to be assisted by one or more young men and sometimes a boy or two. The horses were fitted out with pack-saddles, to the hinder part of which was fastened a pair of hobbles made of hickory withs, a bell and collar ornamented his neck. The bags provided for the conveyance of the salt were filled with feed for the horses; on the journey a part of this feed was left at convenient stages on the way down, to support the return of the caravan; large wallets well filled with bread, jirk, boiled ham and cheese, furnished provision for the drivers. At night after feeding, the horses, whether put in pasture or turned out into the woods, were hobbled and the bells were opened.

The barter for salt and iron was made first at Baltimore. Frederick, Hagerstown, Oldtown and Fort Cumberland in succession became the place of exchange. Each horse carried two bushels of alum salt weighing eighty-four pounds the bushel. This, to be sure, was not a heavy load for the horses; but it was enough, considering the scanty subsistence allowed them on the journey.

The common price of a bushel of alum salt, at an early period, was a good cow and calf; and until weights were introduced, the salt was measured into the half bushel, by hand, as lightly as possible. No

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one was permitted to walk heavily over the floor while the operation of measuring was going on.

The following anecdote will serve to show how little the native sons of the forest knew of the etiquette of the Atlantic cities.

A neighbour of my father, some years after the settlement of the country, had collected a small drove of cattle for the Baltimore market. Amongst the hands employed to drive them was one who never had seen any condition of society but that of woodsmen.

At one of their lodging places in the mountain, the landlord and his hired man, in the course of the night, stole two of the bells belonging to the drove and hid them in a piece of woods.

The drove had not gone far in the morning before the bells were missed; and a detachment went back to recover the stolen bells. The men were found reaping in the field of the landlord. They were accused of the theft, but they denied the charge. The torture of sweating, according to the custom of that time, that is, of suspension by the arms pinioned behind their backs, brought a confession. The bells were procured and hung around the necks of the thieves. In this condition they were driven on foot before the detachment until they overtook the drove, which by this time had gone nine miles. A halt was called and a jury selected to try the culprits. They were condemned to receive a certain number of lashes on the bare back from the hand of each drover. The man above alluded to was the owner of one of the bells; when it came to his turn to use the hickory, "now," says he to the thief, "you infernal scoundrel! I'll work your jacket nineteen to the dozen. Only think what a rascally figure I should make in the streets of Baltimore without a bell on my horse."

The man was in earnest; having seen no horses used without bells, he thought they were requisite in every situation.—Doddridge's Notes.

CAPTURE OF VINCENNES BY GEN. CLARK.

In the Journal of Wednesday, we noticed briefly Judge Law's Address, before the Historical and Antiquarian Society of Vincennes. We give below his account of the capture of Lieut. Gov. Hamilton with the British forces under his command, at that post, in 1779, by Gen. George Rogers Clark. We have cited this passage, not because the events are wholly new to our Kentucky readers—for some of the brave associates of this gallant achievement still survive, to tell the heroic deeds of their youth, and the pages of Marshall and Butler have chronicled them—but because the form in which they are presented, coming to us mostly, in original documents, the relics of that time, and penned on the scene of action, gives to them an air of freshness, and, as it were, carries us back to the period of their occurrence. The "unpublished journal," referred to by Judge Law, was kept by Major Bowman, who held a Captain's command in the expedition. This, together with all the original documents extant respecting the campaigns of Clark, is in the possession of a gentleman of this city, who has been for some time engaged in preparing a biography of that renowned warrior.—Louisville Journal.

It was on the 5th of February, 1779, that a Spartan band of 130 men, headed by as gallant a leader as ever led men to battle, crossed the Kaskaskia river, on their march to this place (Vincennes.) The incidents of this campaign, their perils, their sufferings, their constancy, their courage, their success would be incredible, were they not matters of history. In my opinion, as I have before remarked, no campaign either in ancient or modern warfare, taking into consideration the force employed, the want of material, the country passed over, the destitution of even the necessaries of life, the object to be accomplished, and the glorious results flowing from it, is to be compared to it. And what is yet more astonishing, is the fact, that a battle which decided the fate of an empire, a campaign which added to our possessions a country more than equal in extent to the united kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, has scarcely even a page of our revolutionary annals devoted to its details, or making even honourable mention of the brave and gallant men who so nobly and successfully conducted it.

Time would fail me, and your patience would be perhaps exhausted, were I to follow, step by step, and day by day, this small, but brave, devoted, patriotic, and chivalrous corps, through the wilderness from Kaskaskia to this place. It would be but a repetition of daily sufferings, of fatigue, of peril, of constancy, of perseverance, and of hope. Day after day, without provisions, wading in ice and water to their necks, through the overflowed bottoms of the Wabash, carrying their rifles above their heads, their gallant chief taking the lead, foremost in difficulty and in danger, did these patriotic soldiers struggle on, faint, weary, cold and starving, until the prize was in view, and their object was accomplished. Look around you, my friends, and see what this portion of our beloved Union is now. Look ahead, and tell me, if you can, what it is to be a half century hence, supposing the improvements to progress as they have the last twenty years—and the advancement will be geometrical—and then go back with me sixty years since, *this very day*, and learn from an actor in the scene—one holding command, and from whose unpublished journal I make the extract, what the country was, and the difficulties and dangers, the perils and sufferings those endured who conquered it for you and yours: and should you, or those who are to come after you, to the latest generation, forget them, "may your right hands forget their cunning."

"February 22d, 1779. Col. Clark* encouraged his men, which gave them great spirits. Marched on in the water; those that were weak and famished from so much fatigue, went in the canoes. We came three miles farther to some sugar camps, where we stayed all night. Heard the evening and morning guns at the Fort. No provisions yet. The Lord help us.

"23d. Set off to cross a plain called Horse Shoe Plain, about four miles long, all covered with water breast high. Here we expected some of our brave

* I am indebted, and much indebted, to my friend Prof. Bliss, of Louisville, Kentucky, for the letters of Gen. Clark, and the extract from Major Bowman's journal of the capture of Vincennes, now for the first time published. Professor Bliss is now preparing for publication a "Life of Gen. Clark." With the talent and research which he possesses, and with the materials which he has already collected, I have no hesitation in saying, that it will be one of the most interesting works which has ever issued from the American press.

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men must certainly perish, the water having frozen in the night, and so long fasting. Having no other resource but wading this lake of frozen water, we plunged in with courage, *Col. Clark being first.* We took care to have boats by, to take those who were weak and benumbed with the cold into them. Never were men so animated with the thought of avenging the ravages done to their back settlements, as this small army was. About 1 o'clock, we came in sight of the town. We halted on a small hill of dry land, called "Warren's Island," where we took a prisoner, hunting ducks, who informed us that no person suspected our coming in that season of the year. Col. Clark wrote a letter by him to the inhabitants, as follows:

"*To the Inhabitants of Post Vincennes.*

"GENTLEMEN: Being now within two miles of your village with my army, determined to take your fort this night, and not being willing to surprise you; I take this method of requesting such of you, as are true citizens, and willing to enjoy the liberty I bring you, to remain still in your houses. And those, if any there are, that are friends to the king, will instantly repair to the fort, and join the HAIR-BUYER GENERAL, and fight like men. And if any such as do not go to the fort, shall be discovered afterwards, they may depend on severe punishment. On the contrary, those who are true friends to liberty, will be well treated. G. R. CLARK."

In order to give effect to this letter, by having it communicated to the French inhabitants, the army encamped until about sun-down, when they commenced their march, wading in water about breast high, to the rising ground on which the town is situated. One portion of the army marched up directly along where the levee is now raised, and came in by the steam mill. While another party under Lieut. Bradley, deployed from the main body, and came in by the present Princeton road. An entrenchment was thrown up in front of the fort, and the battle commenced from the British side by the discharge, though without effect, of their cannon, and the return on our side of rifle shot—the only arms which the Americans possessed. On the morning of the 24th, about 9 o'clock, Col. Clark sent in a flag of truce, with a letter to the British commander, during which time there was a cessation of hostilities, and the men were provided with a breakfast—the *first meal which they had had since the 18th, six days before.* The letter of Clark is so characteristic of the man, so laconic, and under such trying circumstances, shows so much tact, self possession and firmness, that I will read it:

"SIR—In order to save yourself from the impending storm that now threatens you, I order you *immediately* to surrender yourself, with all your garrison, stores, &c. &c. For if I am obliged to storm, you may depend on such treatment as is justly due to a *murderer*. Beware of destroying stores of any kind, or any papers or letters that are in your possession, or hurting one house in town. For, by Heavens, if you do, there shall be no mercy shown you. G. R. CLARK.

To GOV. HAMILTON."

Since the days of Charles the IXth, of Sweden, I doubt whether ever such a cartel, under such circumstances, was sent to an antagonist. Prudence, as Clark well knew, would, indeed, have been a "rascally virtue," on such an occasion. Hemmed in on one side by ice and water, with a fortified post bristling with artillery in front, with one hundred and thirty soldiers—part Americans, part Creoles, without food, worn out, and armed only with rifles, it was, as Clark knew, only by acting the victor instead of the vanquished, (as was the real state of the case, if Hamilton had only known the fact,) that he could hope to succeed. He acted wisely and he acted bravely; any other course and he would have been a prisoner, instead of a conqueror. The very reply of Hamilton to this singular epistle shows he was already quailing:—

"Gov. Hamilton begs leave to acquaint Colonel Clark, that he and his garrison are not disposed to *be awed* into any action unworthy British subjects."

The battle was renewed; the skill of our western riflemen, celebrated even in our days, wounded several of the men in the fort through the port-holes, the only place where a shot could be made effective. Clark, with the skill of a practised commander, must have seen and felt from the answer returned to his communication, that another message would soon be delivered to him from the same quarter; and he was not long in receiving it. The flag of truce brought him as follows:

"Gov. Hamilton proposes to Col. Clark a truce for three days, during which time he promises, that there shall be no defensive work carried on in the garrison, *on condition*, that Col. C. will observe on his part a like cessation of offensive work; that is, he wishes to confer with Col. Clark as soon as can be, and promises that whatever may pass between them two and another person, mutually agreed on to be present, shall remain secret till matters be finished; as he wishes that whatever the result of the conference may be, it may tend to the honour and credit of each party. If Col. Clark makes a difficulty of coming into the fort, Lieut. Governor Hamilton will speak with him by the gate.

HENRY HAMILTON.

February 24th, '7?."

If Governor Hamilton had known the man he was dealing with, he would have found ere this, that he would have made light of any difficulties in "getting into the fort;" and if not already convinced of the daring of the foe he was contending with, one would have supposed Clark's answer would have set him right.

"Col. Clark's compliments to Gov. Hamilton, and begs leave to say, that he will not agree to any terms, other than *Mr. Hamilton's surrendering himself and garrison prisoners at discretion.*

"If Mr. Hamilton wants to talk with Col. Clark, he will meet him at the church with Capt. Helm."

Laconic enough, surely, and easily understood; and so it was. For, in less than one hour afterwards, Clark dictated himself the following terms, which were accepted, a meeting having taken place at the church:

"1st. Lieut. Gov. Hamilton agrees to deliver up to Col. Clark "*Fort Sackville,*" as it is at present, with all its stores, &c.

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2d. The garrison are to deliver themselves up as prisoners of war, and march out with their arms and accoutrements.

3d. The garrison to be delivered up to-morrow at ten o'clock.

4th. Three days time to be allowed the garrison to settle their accounts with the inhabitants and traders.

5th. The officers of the garrison to be allowed their necessary baggage, &c.

Signed at Post St. Vincents, this 24th of February, 1779: agreed for the following reasons:

1st. The remoteness from succour. 2d. The state and quantity of provisions. 3d. The *unanimity* of the officers and men in its expediency. 4th. The honourable terms allowed—and lastly, the confidence in a generous enemy.

HENRY HAMILTON,
Lieut. Gov. and Superintendent."

It was on the twenty-fifth day of February, 1779, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, that the British troops marched out, and the Americans entered that fort, acquired with the tact, skill, judgment, bravery, peril, and suffering, which I have so briefly attempted to describe. The British ensign was hauled down, and the American flag waved above its ramparts; that flag,

"Within whose folds
Are wrapped the treasures of our hearts,
Where'er its waving sheet is fanned,
By breezes of the sea or land."

Time would not permit me, my friends, to dwell on the important results growing out of this conquest to our common country. A volume would be required to delineate fully all the advantages which have been derived from it to that Union, a portion of which we now constitute. Calculate, if you can, the revenue which the government already has, and will continue to derive from its public domain within the territory thus acquired. Bounded by the Lakes and the Miami on one side, and the Ohio and the Mississippi on the other, embracing three large states, with a population now of upwards of two millions, with a representation of six senators in one branch of our national councils, and eleven representatives in the other; and which, within the last half century, was represented by a single delegate, but in the next half century to come, will have fifty representatives; mild in its climate, rich in its soil, yielding in the abundance, variety, and excellence of its products, perhaps, a greater quantity than the same space of territory in the civilized world; inhabited, and to be inhabited by a race of industrious, hard working, intelligent, high minded, and patriotic people, attached to the institutions of their country; lovers of order, liberty, and law; republicans in precept and in practice; trained from their earliest infancy to revere and to venerate, to love and to idolize the Constitution adopted by their fathers, for the government of themselves and their posterity;—calculate if you can, the increase within this territory, of just such a population as I have described, within sixty years to come—its wealth, its influence, its power, its improvements, morally, and socially—and when your minds are wearied in the immensity of the speculation, ask yourselves to whom all these blessings are to be attributed; and whether national gratitude, in the fulness of national wealth and prosperity, can find treasures enough to repay those gallant men, and those who aided them in their glorious struggle, which I have thus attempted feebly to describe.

THE AMERICAN BOTTOM.

BY EDMUND FLAGG.

The American Bottom is a distinction applied to that celebrated tract of country which is now known by that name, so long since as when it constituted the extreme limit in this direction of the Northwestern Territory. Extending northward from the embouchure of the Kaskaskia to the confluence of the great rivers, a distance of about one hundred miles, and embracing three hundred thousand acres of land, of fertility unrivalled, it presents, perhaps, second only to the Delta of Egypt, the most remarkable tract of country known. Its breadth varies from three miles to seven. Upon one side it is bounded by a heavy strip of forest a mile or two deep, skirting the Mississippi; and upon the other by an extended range of bluffs, now rising from the plain in a mural escarpment of several hundred feet, as at the village of Prairie du Rocher, and again, as opposite St. Louis, swelling gracefully away into rounded sand-heaps, surmounted by Indian graves. At the base of the latter are exhaustless beds of bituminous coal, lying between parallel strata of limestone. The area between the timber belt and the bluffs is comprised in one extended meadow, heaving in alternate waves like the ocean after a storm, and interspersed with island-groves, sloughs, bayous, lagoons, and shallow lakes. These expansions of water are numerous, and owe their origin to that geological feature invariable to the western rivers—the superior elevation of the immediate bank of the stream to that of the interior plain. The subsidence of the spring floods is thus precluded; and, as the season advances, some of the ponds, which are more shallow, become entirely dry by evaporation, while others, converted into marshes, stagnate, and exhale *malaria* exceedingly deleterious to health. The poisonous night dews caused by these marshes, and the miasm of their decomposing and putrefying vegetation, occasion, with the sultriness of the climate, bilious intermittents, and the far-famed, far-dreaded "*fever and ague*," not unfrequently terminating in consumption. This circumstance, indeed, presents the grand obstacle to the settlement of the American Bottom. It is one, however, not impracticable to obviate, at slight expense, by the constructing of sluices and canals communicating with the rivers, and by the clearing up and cultivation of the soil. The salubrious influence of the latter expedient upon the climate has, indeed, been satisfactorily tested during the ten or twelve years past; and this celebrated alluvion now bids fair, in time, to become the garden of North America. A few of its lakes are beautiful water-sheets, with pebbly shores and sparkling waves, abounding with fish. Among these is one appropriately named "Clear Lake," or the *Grand Marais*, as the French call it, which may be seen from St. Louis of a bright morning, when the sunbeams are playing upon its surface, or at night when the moon is at her full. The earliest settlements of the Western Valley were planted upon the American Bottom, and the French villagers

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have continued to live on in health among the sloughs and marshes, where Americans would most assuredly have perished. Geologically analyzed, the soil consists of a silicious or argillaceous loam, as sand or clay forms the predominating constituent. Its fertility seems exhaustless, having continued to produce corn. at an average of seventy-five bushels to the acre, for more than a hundred years in succession, in the neighbourhood of the old French villages, and without deterioration. Maize seems the appropriate production of the soil; all of the smaller grains, on account of the rank luxuriance of their growth, being liable to *blast* before the harvesting.

Of the alluvial character of the celebrated American Bottom there can exist no doubt. Logs, shells, fragments of coal, and pebbles, which have been subjected to the abrasion of moving water, are found at a depth of thirty feet from the surface; and the soil throughout seems of unvarying fecundity. Whether this alluvial deposition is to be considered the result of annual floods of the river for ages, or whether the entire bottom once formed the bed of a vast lake, in which the waters of the Mississippi and Missouri mingled on their passage to the Gulf, is a question of some considerable interest. The latter seems the most plausible theory. Indeed, the ancient existence of an immense lake, where now lies the American Bottom, upon the east side of the Mississippi, and the Mamelle Prairie, upon the west side, extending seventy miles northwardly from the mouth of the Missouri, where the Bottom ends, appears geologically demonstrable. The southern limit of this vast body of water seems to have been at that remarkable cliff, rising from the bed of the Mississippi about twenty miles below the outlet of the Kaskaskia, and known as the "Grand Tower." There is every indication, from the torn and shattered aspect of the cliffs upon either side, and the accumulation of debris, that a grand parapet of limestone, at this point, once presented a barrier to the heaped-up waters, and formed a cataract scarcely less formidable than that of Niagara. The elevation of the river by this obstacle is estimated at one hundred and thirty feet above the present ordinary water-mark. For more than a hundred miles before reaching this point, the Mississippi now rolls through a broad, deep valley, bounded by an escarpment of cliffs upon either side; and, wherever these present a bold facade to the stream, they are grooved, as at the *cornice rocks*, by a series of parallel lines, distinctly traced and strikingly uniform. As the river descends, these water-grooves gradually rise along the heights, until, at the Grand Tower, they attain an altitude of more than a hundred feet; below this point the phenomenon is not observed. This circumstance, and the disruption of the cliffs at the same elevation, clearly indicate the former surface of the lake. Organic remains, petrifactions of madrepores, corallines, concholites, and other fossil testacea, are found imbedded in a stratum nearly at the base. Similar phenomena of the water-lines exist upon the cliffs of the Ohio, and a barrier is thought once to have obstructed the stream at a point called *the Narrows*, sixty miles below Louisville, with the same result as upon the Mississippi. The eastern boundary of the expansion of the latter stream must have been the chain of bluffs now confining the American Bottom in that direction, and considered a spur of the Ozark Mountains. This extends northeasterly to the "confluence;" thence, bending away to the northwest, it reaches the Illinois, and forms the eastern bank of that river. Upon the western side, the hills along the Missouri are sufficiently elevated to present a barrier to the lake until they reach the confluence of the rivers At this point spreads out the Mamelle Prairie, sixty or seventy miles in length, and, upon an average, five or six in breadth. West of this plain, the lake was bounded by the range of bluffs, commencing with the celebrated "Mamelles," and stretching north until they strike the river; while the gradual elevation of the country, ascending the Upper Mississippi, presented a limit in that direction.

The event by which this great lake was drained appears to have been of a character either convulsive or volcanic, or to have been the result of the long continued abrasion of the waters, as at Niagara. The rocks at the Grand Tower are limestone of secondary formation—the stratum being several hundred feet in depth, and imbedding hornstone and marine petrifactions throughout. They everywhere exhibit indications of having once been subjected to the attrition of rushing water, as do the cliffs bounding the Northern Lakes, which have long been chafed by the waves. The evidence of volcanic action, or violent subterranean convulsion of some kind, caused by heat, seems hardly less evident. The former workings of a divulsive power of terrific energy is betrayed, indeed, all over this region. In the immediate vicinity of the Grand Tower, which may be considered the scene of its most fearful operations, huge masses of shattered rock dipping in every direction, are scattered about; and the whole stratum for twenty miles around lies completely broken up. At the point in the range of bluffs where this confusion is observed to cease, the mural cliff rises abruptly to the altitude of several hundred feet, exhibiting along the facade of its summit deep water-lines and other evidence of having once constituted the boundary of a lake. At the base issues a large spring of fresh water, remarkable for a regular ebb and flow, like the tides of the ocean, once in twenty-four hours.* At this spot, also, situated in the southeastern extremity of St. Clair county, exists an old American settlement, commenced a century since, and called the "*Block-house*," from the circumstance of a stockade fort for defence against the Indians. By a late geological *reconnoisance*, we learn that, from this remarkable *tide-spring* until we reach the Grand Tower, the face of the country has a depressed and sunken aspect, as if once the bed of standing water; and was evidently overlaid by an immense stratum of calcareous rock. A hundred square miles of this massive ledge, have, by some tremendous convulsion of nature, been thrown up and shattered in fragments. The confused accumulation of debris is now sunken and covered with repeated strata of alluvial deposit. Evidence of all this is adduced from the circumstance that huge blocks of limestone are yet frequently to be encountered in this region, some of them protruding twenty or thirty feet above the surface. As we ap-

*A similar spring is said to issue from the *debris* at the foot of the cliffs on the Ohio, in the vicinity of Battery Rock. Its stream is copious, clear, and cold, ebbing and flowing regularly once in six hours. This phenomenon is explained on the principle of the syphon. Similar springs are found among the Alps.

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proach the Grand Tower—that focus, around which the convulsed throes of nature seem to have concentrated their tremendous energy—the number and the magnitude of these massive blocks, constantly increase, until, at that point, we behold them piled up in mountain-masses, as if by the hand of Omnipotent might. Upon all this vast Valley of the West the terrible impress of Almighty power seems planted in characters too deep to be swept away by the effacing finger of time. We trace them not more palpably in these fearful results of the convulsions of nature, agonized by the tread of Deity, than in the eternal flow of those gigantic rivers which roll their floods over this wreck of elements, or in those ocean-plains which, upon either side, in billowy grandeur heave away, wave after wave, till lost in the magnificence of boundless extent. And is there nothing in those vast accumulations of organic fossils—spoils of the sea and the land—the collected wealth of the animal, vegetable, and mineral worlds, entombed in the heart of the everlasting hills—is there naught in all this to arouse within the reflecting mind a sentiment of wonder, and elicit an acknowledgement to the grandeur of Deity? Whence came these varied productions of the land and the sea, so incongruous in character and so diverse in origin? By what fearful anarchy of elements were they imbedded in these massive cliffs? How many ages have rolled away since they were entombed in these adamantine sepulchres, from which nature's convulsive throes in later times have caused the resurrection? To such inquiries we receive no answer. The secrecy of untold cycles veils the reply in mystery. The *effect* is before us, but the *cause* rests alone with Omniscience.

How wonderful are the phenomena betrayed in the geological structure of our earth! And scarcely less so are the ignorance and indifference respecting them manifested by most of our race. "It is marvellous," says the celebrated Buckland, "that mankind should have gone on for so many centuries in ignorance of the fact, which is now so fully demonstrated, that so small a part of the present surface of the earth is derived from the remains of animals that constituted the population of ancient seas. Many extensive plains and massive mountains form, as it were, the great charnel-houses of preceding generations, in which the petrified exuviæ of extinct races of animals and vegetables are piled into stupendous monuments of the operations of life and death, during almost immeasurable periods of past time." "At the sight of a spectacle," says Cuvier, "so imposing, so terrible as that of the wreck of animal life, forming almost the entire soil on which we tread, it is difficult to restrain the imagination from hazarding some conjectures as to the cause by which such great effects have been produced." The deeper we descend into the strata of the earth, the higher do we ascend into the archæological history of past ages of creation. We find successive stages marked by varying forms of animal and vegetable life, and these generally differ more and more widely from existing species as we go farther downward into the receptacle of the wreck of more ancient creations.

That centuries have elapsed since that war of elements by which the great lake of the Mississippi was drained of its waters, the aged forests rearing themselves from its ancient bed, and the venerable monuments resting upon the surface, satisfactorily demonstrate. Remains, also, of a huge animal of gramnivorous habits, but differing from the mastodon, have, within a few years, been disinterred from the soil. The theory of the Baron Cuvier, that our earth is the wreck of other worlds, meets with ample confirmation in the geological character of the Western Valley.

As to the agricultural productions, besides those of the more ordinary species, the soil of the American Bottom, in its southern sections, seems eminently adapted to the cultivation of cotton, hemp, and tobacco, not to mention the castor-bean and the Carolina potato. The tobacco plant, one of the most sensitively delicate members of the vegetable family, has been cultivated with more than ordinary success; and a quantity inspected at New-Orleans a few years since, was pronounced superior to any ever offered at that market.

ART.—Charles Sprague.

When from the sacred garden driven,
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in heaven,
And cross'd the wand'rer's sunless path.
'Twas Art! sweet Art! new radiance broke
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground;
And thus with seraph voice she spoke,
'The curse a blessing shall be found.'

She led him through the trackless wild,
Where noontide sunbeams never blazed;—
The thistle shrunk—the harvest smiled,
And nature gladd'ned as she gazed.
Earth's thousand tribes of living things,
At Art's command to him are given,
The village grows, the city springs,
And point their spires of faith to heaven.

He rends the oak—and bids it ride,
To guard the shores its beauty graced;
He smites the rock—upheaved in pride,
See towers of strength, and domes of taste.
Earth's teeming caves their wealth reveal,
Fire bears his banner on the wave,
He bids the mortal poison heal,
And leaps triumphant o'er the grave.

He plucks the pearls that stud the deep,
Admiring Beauty's lap to fill:
He breaks the stubborn marble's sleep,
And mocks his own Creator's skill.
With thoughts that swell his glowing soul,
He bids the ore illume the page,
And proudly scorning time's control,
Commerces with an unborn age.

In fields of air he writes his name,
And treads the chamber of the sky;
He reads the stars, and grasps the flame
That quivers round the throne on high.
In war renowned, in peace sublime,
He moves in greatness and in grace;
His power subduing space and time,
Links realm to realm, and race to race.

If every one's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share,
Who raise our envy now.

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EARLY HABITS, CUSTOMS, &c. OF THE WEST.

HOUSE-FURNITURE AND DIET.

The settlement of a new country, in the immediate neighbourhood of an old one, is not attended with much difficulty, because supplies can be readily obtained from the latter; but the settlement of a country very remote from any cultivated region, is a very different thing, because at the outset, food, raiment, and the implements of husbandry are obtained only in small supplies and with great difficulty. The task of making new establishments in a remote wilderness, in a time of profound peace, is sufficiently difficult; but when in addition to all the unavoidable hardships attendant on this business, those resulting from an extensive and furious warfare with savages are superadded; toil, privations and sufferings are then carried to the full extent of the capacity of men to endure them.

Such was the wretched condition of our forefathers in making their settlements here. To all their difficulties and privations, the Indian war was a weighty addition. This destructive warfare they were compelled to sustain almost single handed, because the revolutionary contest with England gave full employment for the military strength and resources, on the east side of the mountains.

The following history of the poverty, labours, sufferings, manners and customs of our forefathers, will appear like a collection of 'tales of olden times,' without any garnish of language to spoil the original portraits, by giving them shades of colouring which they did not possess.

I shall follow the order of things as they occurred during the period of time embraced in these narratives, beginning with those rude accommodations with which our first adventurers into this country furnished themselves at the commencement of their establishments. It will be a homely narrative; yet valuable, on the ground of its being real history.

If my reader, when viewing, through the medium which I here present, the sufferings of human nature in one of its most depressed and dangerous conditions, should drop an involuntary tear, let him not blame me for the sentiment of sympathy which he feels. On the contrary, if he should sometimes meet with a recital calculated to excite a smile or a laugh, I claim no credit for his enjoyment. It is the subject matter of the history and not the historian which makes those widely different impressions on the mind of the reader.

In this chapter, it is my design to give a brief account of the household furniture and articles of diet which were used by the first inhabitants of our country. A description of their cabins and half-faced camps, and their manner of building them, will be found elsewhere.

The furniture for the table, for several years after the settlement of this country, consisted of a few pewter dishes, plates and spoons; but mostly of wooden bowls, trenchers and noggins. If these last were scarce, gourds and hard-shelled squashes made up the deficiency.

The iron pots, knives and forks, were brought from the east side of the mountains along with the salt and iron, on pack-horses.

These articles of furniture corresponded very well with the articles of diet, on which they were employed. "Hog and hominy" were proverbial for the dish of which they were the component parts. Jonnycake and pone were at the outset of the settlement of the country, the only forms of bread in use for breakfast and dinner. At supper, milk and mush were the standard dish. When milk was not plenty, which was often the case, owing to the scarcity of cattle, or the want of proper pasture for them, the substantial dish of hominy had to supply the place of them; mush was frequently eaten with sweetened water, molasses, bears oil, or the gravy of fried meat.

Every family, besides a little garden, for the few vegetables which they cultivated, had another small enclosure containing from half an acre to an acre, which they called a "Truck patch," in which they raised corn, for roasting ears, pumpkins, squashes, beans, and potatoes. These, in the latter part of the summer and fall, were cooked with their pork, venison and bear meat for dinner, and made very wholesome and well tasted dishes. The standard dinner dish for every log rolling, house raising, and harvest day, was a pot-pie, or what in other countries is called "Sea-pie." This, besides answering for dinner, served for a part of the supper also. The remainder of it from dinner being eaten with milk in the evening, after the conclusion of the labour of the day.

In our whole display of furniture, the delft china and silver were unknown. It did not then as now require contributions from the four quarters of the globe, to furnish the breakfast table, viz: the silver from Mexico; the coffee from the West Indies; the tea from China, and the delft and porcelain from Europe, or Asia. Yet our homely fare, and unsightly cabins and furniture, produced a hardy veteran race, who planted the first footsteps of society and civilization, in the immense regions of the west. Inured to hardihood, bravery, and labour from their early youth, they sustained with manly fortitude the fatigue of the chase, the campaign and scout, and with strong arms "turned the wilderness into fruitful fields," and have left to their descendants the rich inheritance of an immense empire blessed with peace and wealth.

I well recollect the first time I ever saw a tea-cup and saucer, and tasted coffee. My mother died when I was about six or seven years of age. My father then sent me to Maryland, with a brother of my grandfather, Mr. Alexander Wells, to school.

At Colonel Brown's, in the Mountains, at Stony creek glades, I for the first time saw tame geese, and by bantering a pet gander, I got a severe biting by his bill, and beating by his wings. I wondered very much that birds so large and strong should be so much tamer than the wild turkeys; at this place, however, all was right excepting the large birds which they called geese. The cabin and its furniture were such as I had been accustomed to see in the backwoods, as my country was then called.

At Bedford everything was changed. The tavern at which my uncle put up, was a stone house, and to make the change still more complete, it was plastered in the inside, both as to the walls and ceiling. On going into the dining room I was struck with astonishment at the appearance of the house. I had no idea that there was any house in the world which was not built of logs; but here I looked round the house and could see no logs,

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and above all I could see no joists; whether such a thing had been made by the hands of man, or had grown so of itself, I could not conjecture. I had not the courage to inquire any thing about it.

When supper came on, "my confusion was worse confounded." A little cup stood in a bigger one with some brownish looking stuff in it, which was neither milk, hominy, nor broth: what to do with these cups and the little spoon belonging to them, I could not tell; and I was afraid to ask any thing concerning the use of them.

It was in the time of the war, and the company were giving accounts of catching, whipping and hanging the tories. The word *jail* frequently occurred; this word I had never heard before; but I soon discovered, and was much terrified at its meaning, and supposed that we were in much danger of the fate of the tories; for I thought, as we had come from the backwoods, it was altogether likely that we must be tories too. For fear of being discovered I durst not utter a single word. I therefore watched attentively to see what the big folks would do with their little cups and spoons. I imitated them, and found the taste of the coffee nauseous beyond any thing I ever had tasted in my life. I continued to drink, as the rest of the company did, with the tears streaming from my eyes, but when it was to end I was at a loss to know, as the little cups were filled immediately after being emptied. This circumstance distressed me very much, as I durst not say I had enough. Looking attentively at the grown persons, I saw one man turn his little cup bottom upwards and put his little spoon across it. I observed that after this his cup was not filled again; I followed his example, and to my great satisfaction, the result as to my cup was the same.

The introduction of delft ware was considered by many of the backwoods people as a culpable innovation. It was too easily broken, and the plates of that ware dulled their scalping and clasp knives; tea ware was too small for *men;* they might do for women and children. Tea and coffee were only slops, which in the adage of the day "did not stick by the ribs." The idea was they were designed only for people of quality, who do not labour, or the sick. A genuine backwoodsman would have thought himself disgraced by showing a fondness for those slops. Indeed many of them have, to this day, very little respect for them.—Doddridge's Notes.

SUMMER WIND.

It is a sultry day; the sun has drank
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing. The plants around
Feel the too potent fervors; the tall maize
Rolls up its long green leaves; the clover droops
Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms,
But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,
As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven,—
Their bases on the mountains—their white tops
Shining in the far ether,—fire the air
With a reflected radiance, and make turn
The gazer's eye away. For me, I lie
Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,
Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,
Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind
That still delays its coming. Why so slow,
Gentle and voluble spirit of the air?
O come, and breathe upon the fainting earth
Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves
He hears me? See, on yonder woody ridge,
The pine is bending his proud top, and now,
Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak
Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes.
Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in waves!
The deep distressful silence of the scene
Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered sounds
And universal motion. He is come,
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,
And bearing on their fragrance; and he brings
Music of birds and rustling of young boughs,
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice
Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs
Are stirring in his breath; a thousand flowers
By the road-side and the borders of the brook,
Nod gaily to each other; glossy leaves
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew
Were on them yet; and silver waters break
Into small waves, and sparkle as he comes.—Bryant

THE TWO HOMES.

Seest thou my home? 'Tis where yon woods are waving,
In their dark richness, to the sunny air;
Where yon blue stream, a thousand flower-banks laving,
Leads down the hill a vein of light—'tis there.

'Mid these green haunts how many a spring lies gleaming,
Fringed with the violet, coloured by the skies!—
My boyhood's haunts, through days of summer, dreaming,
Under young leaves that shook with melodies.

My home—the spirit of its love is breathing
In every wind that plays across my track;
From its white walls, the very tendrils, wreathing,
Seem, with soft links, to draw the wanderer back.

There am I loved!—there prayed for! There my mother
Sits by the hearth with meekly thoughtful eye!
There my young sisters watch to greet their brother—
Soon their glad footsteps down the path would fly!

There, in sweet strains of kindred music blending,
All the home voices meet at day's decline;
One are those tones, as from one heart ascending—
There laughs my home—Sad stranger, where is thine?

Ask thou of mine? In solemn peace 'tis lying,
Far o'er the deserts and the tombs away;
'Tis where I, too, am loved with love undying,
And fond hearts wait my step. But where are they?

Ask where the earth's departed have their dwelling,
Ask of the clouds, the stars, the trackless air;
I know it not, yet trust the whisper telling
My lonely heart, that love unchanged is there.

And what is home? and where but with the living?
Happy thou art, and so canst gaze on thine:
My spirit feels, but in its weary roving,
That with the dead—where'er they be—is mine.

Go to thy home, rejoicing son and brother;
Bear in fresh gladness to the household scene:
For me, too, watch the sister and the mother,
I will believe—but dark seas roll between. Anon.

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INDIAN ATTACK UPON WHEELING, IN 1777.

At this time the principal fortifications of the Western country, if even they might well be termed such, were the forts at Wheeling, Redstone, Point Pleasant, and Fort Pitt, all in Virginia. The three latter were manned by regular state garrisons, but not in such numbers as to permit detachments of any force; the former, though supplied with ammunition by the state, was otherwise left to the resources of the settlers. In addition to these garrisons, many blockhouses or stations were scattered through the country, as far as Boonsborough and Harrodsburgh, in the *county* of Kentucky. Often these forts were resorted to, in periods of alarm alone; while the families would risk much to enjoy independence and privacy on their farms. The confinement of the crowded stations was so perpetually annoying, that many preferred to hazard their lives rather than endure their constant vexations.

Among the disastrous visitations of the savages, so common to the times, the attack upon Wheeling in the fall of 1777, is marked by more than usual sufferings.

In August, Gen. Hand, commanding for Virginia, at Fort Pitt, was informed by some friendly Indians from the Moravian towns on the Muskingum, that a large body of warriours, too formidable to be opposed in open battle, had arrived at their towns, on a war party against the Americans. Favoured by this friendly warning, the inhabitants on the Ohio generally repaired to their block houses; or withdrew to the interiour parts of Virginia, more remote from such barbarous dangers. Wheeling had most rapidly gathered a flourishing settlement of twenty or thirty houses, under the protection of its fort and the energy of the Zanes. Relying upon the scouts, who were constantly kept abroad, and the power of retiring into the fort, whenever danger should press them, the inhabitants of this place put off *their* retreat into their fortifications, until the enemy appeared in the midst of them.

On the night of the first of September, 1777, Capt. Ogal returned with twelve men, who had been on a scouting party, and brought information that no enemy was upon the border; but, as if to mock the most prudent precautions of our countrymen, a body of three hundred and eighty-nine painted warriours burst that night into the settlement, headed by the degenerate Simon Girty.* Seeing several lights in the fort, the enemy, with their characteristick wariness, thought they could effect more, by lying in wait for the whites, than by an open attack upon them. The Indians then arranged themselves in two lines, at some distance apart, extending from the river across the point between it and the creek, below the present town. This point seems to have been covered with Indian corn, itself in that soil a most luxuriant crop, and well fitted for concealing an enemy. In the middle of the field, between the ambushed lines, near a road which led from the fort into the field, six Indians were placed as a decoy.

The scheme was too successful, as indeed such ambuscades have ever been, in the conflicts of Indians with their civilized antagonists; not a little to the disgrace of the tacticks employed against the children of the forest. Indeed, the facility of artful concealment possessed by the Indians, and directed by their unrivalled knowledge of the ground, almost bids the arts of civilization defiance, without the most daring and powerful reconnoitring.

On the morning of the second, quite early, two men went into the field for some horses; passed the front line next to the town, and came in sight of the decoy guard. The white men now set out to run back, when one was immediately shot down; the other was allowed to escape as bait for the trap, and to bring on a pursuit. This was instantly adopted by Captain Mason, at the head of fourteen men, supposing there were but six Indians, as seen by the fugitive. The party took the route indicated to them, until they likewise had got enclosed between the fatal lines, which they perceived too late. Attempting an escape, the men were instantly cut to pieces with tomahawks. The captain and a sergeant attempted to ascend the hill toward the fort, followed by the enemy. The sergeant was so severely wounded as to compel him to drop and submit to his fate; and as his captain was passing, in a crippled condition, the wounded man handed him his gun. Mason could flee but little farther; yet after killing one of his pursuers, who had followed him close, he pushed another down the descending ground, while the uplifted tomahawk fell at his feet. The captain concealed himself by the side of a large log, until the Indians abandoned the siege. The screams of Mason's men brought Captain Ogal with twelve more men to their assistance. Still unwarned by their unfortunate fate, this party, as if led by some fascination, fell into the same snare with their unhappy predecessors. The captain alone happened to be left out of the Indian circle that closed upon his men and destroyed them: he threw himself into a bunch of briers, and thus escaped the fate that befell his followers. Thus, of twenty-six men, in a thin population, when white men were less numerous than red ones, only three escaped with their lives, and of these, two were severely wounded.

While this tragedy was performing just below the town, the inhabitants were removing themselves and their valuables into Wheeling fort. The attack had begun about daylight, and the enemy appeared in full force before the fort by sunrise, just as the gates of the fort were shut. The hurry, the distress and confusion of such a scene, can scarcely be conceived, and certainly not described.

Before the assault was made, the renegade, Girty, addressed the people of the fort from a window of one of the houses in the town, in order to induce them to accept the protection of the British. He expatiated upon the number and ferocity of his Indian force, and read the proclamation of Gov. Hamilton of Detroit, offering safety to all who would abandon the *rebellious* colonies and join the British. On the other hand, if they persisted in their obstinacy and fired one gun in their defence, Girty threatened the inhabitants with all the extremities of savage cruelty. He gave the garrison fifteen minutes to deliberate upon his proposals. Short as the time

* This man and his brother, are represented to have joined the Indians and British, owing to a disgust at being passed over in some military prowess in Pennsylvania. The information is not very authentick as to the causes of the abandonment of his native countrymen; but the ferocity of Simon, his excesses, beyond even Indian barbarity, were signalized from Wheeling to the Blue Licks.

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was, it was more than this gallant body of men required, though it was but thirty-three in number, opposed to hundreds of Indians. Col. Zane replied to the summons in the following terms:—"We have consulted our wives and children, and they are all resolved to perish sooner than place themselves under the protection of a savage army with you at its head; or to abjure the cause of liberty and of the colonies."

Girty still persisted in urging his insidious proposals and diabolical threats, until a shot drove him from his parleying station. The assault now began in deep and dreadful earnest, and raged with every possible violence on both sides, for three-and-twenty hours. This was no struggle for the mere honours of war; it was a contest for life and safety from savage torments; it was a battle for the scalps and lives of women and children. Thus nerved, who that were men, would not have fought? The brave garrison did its duty against their barbarian foes; till despairing of capturing the fort, and apprehensive of a reinforcement, the Indians retired; burning all the houses of the town, and slaughtering all the cattle, hogs, and horses, they could find about the fort. By these hostilities, the people were left in a condition little less distressful, than if they had fallen victims to the Indians. Life and hope made the only difference; for their provisions, their clothing and their bedding, had generally perished in the ashes of their houses. So hurried had been the retreat, that many escaped in the apparel of the night alone. It was indeed a desolate scene; yet well and nobly endured for the bustling commerce and ingenious arts, which have raised the modern town of Wheeling to its present high prosperity in western Virginia.

The failure of this siege is to be added to the numerous instances in the history of the western country, of the superiority of a slight fortification of logs to all the military arts of the Indians. It almost defies belief, that this superiority should be so decisive, as to enable thirty odd determined men, under its cover, successfully to defy a numerical difference of more than three hundred and fifty choice and exasperated warriours.

Shortly after the beginning of the siege, information was conveyed to some neighbouring forts of the attack; and exertions were immediately made among the generous and gallant spirits of the times, to relieve the beleaguered Wheeling fort. Open battle was not within the power of the sparse and scanty population; but Col. Andrew Swearingen set off with fourteen men, (to the no little dread of those he left behind, for their own safety, as well as that of the bold detachment,) for the purpose of throwing himself into the besieged place. The party descended the river in a large canoe, paddling all night; but owing to a heavy fog, they were much impeded on the way. At length, fearing they might pass the town in the night, they suffered the canoe to float down the stream, till they descried the light of the burning houses of Wheeling. They now apprehended that the fort, as well as the town, might have been destroyed. To ascertain the condition of things, Col. Swearingen, Capt. Beldenback, and William Bashears, landed above the fort, and safely reached it. Still apprehending that the enemy might be lying in wait, a view was cautiously taken in a circuitous manner, and finding that the enemy had in reality departed, the officers rejoined their companions at the river, and the whole repaired to the fort. But after such destructive surprises as the garrison had experienced, it required the best concerted means to renonnoitre the whole ground. For this purpose, two active men were directed to go out of the fort with apparent carelessness, but real caution, and examine the cornfield adjacent to the pallisades of the fort. Finding no appearance of an enemy remaining, Col. Zane, with a party of twenty men, completed the reconnoisance. In a short time, Maj. McCullough arrived with a reinforcement of forty-five men; the united troops then ventured to survey the field of slaughter and destruction. Here there were the bodies of the two white parties, cut into pieces with the tomahawk; cattle, horses, and hogs, lay weltering about; and lastly, the habitations of the people were a pile of ruins. It was long indeed, before the settlement recovered from the devastation of this siege. A vivid and natural picture of such desolation is drawn by our gifted Cooper, in the description of the fort of Heathcote in the valley of the Wish-ton-wish.

Mann Butler.

ANCIENT MEXICAN COTTON MANUFACTURE.

The cotton manufacture was found existing in considerable perfection in America, in the discovery of that continent by the Spaniards. Cotton formed the principal article of clothing among the Mexicans, as they had neither wool, hemp, nor silk; nor did they use the flax which they possessed for purposes of clothing; and their only materials for making cloth, besides cotton, were feathers, the wool of rabbits and hares, (known in commerce as coney's wool,) and the fibrous plant called the *maguei*. We are informed by the Abbe Clavigero, that "of cotton, the Mexicans made large webs, and as delicate and fine as those of Holland, which were with much reason highly esteemed in Europe. They wove their cloths in different figures and colours, representing different animals and flowers. Of feathers interwoven with cotton they made mantles and bed-curtains, carpets, and other things, not less great than beautiful. With cotton also they interwove the finest hair of the belly of rabbits and hares, after having made and spun it into thread; of this they made most beautiful cloths, and in particular winter waistcoats for the lords." Among the presents sent by Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico, to Charles V., were "cotton mantles, some all white, others mixed with white and black, or red, green, yellow, and blue; waistcoats, handkerchiefs, counterpanes, tapestries, and carpets of cotton; and the colours of the cotton were extremely fine," as the Mexicans had both indigo and cochineal among their native dies. They also used cotton in making a species of paper; one of their kinds of money consisted in small cloths and cotton; and their warriours wore cuirases, of cotton, covering the body from the neck to the waist.

Baine's History of the Cotton Manufactures.

The skins of sheep and goats were very early used instead of paper. The finest material of this sort is called vellum.

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THE MISSISSIPPI.

Extract from "The Far West."

It is surely no misnomer that this giant stream has been styled the "eternal river," the "terrible Mississippi;"* for we may find none other imbodying so many elements of the fearful and the sublime. In the wild rice-lakes of the far frozen north, amid a solitude broken only by the shrill clang of the myriad water-fowls, is its home. Gushing out from its fountains clear as the air-bell, it sparkles over the white pebbly sand-beds, and, breaking over the beautiful falls of the "Laughing Water,"† it takes up its majestick march to the distant deep. Rolling onward through the shades of magnificent forests, and hoary, castellated cliffs, and beautiful meadows, its volume is swollen as it advances, until it receives to its bosom a tributary, a rival, a conqueror, which has roamed three thousand miles for the meeting, and its original features are lost for ever. Its beauty is merged in sublimity! Pouring along in its deep bed the heaped-up waters of streams which drain the broadest valley on the globe; sweeping onward in a boiling mass, furious, turbid, always dangerous; tearing away, from time to time, its deep banks, with their giant colonnades of living verdure, and then, with the stern despotism of a conqueror, flinging them aside again; governed by no principle but its own lawless will, the dark majesty of its features summons up an emotion of the sublime which defies contrast or parallel. And then, when we think of its far, lonely course, journeying onward in proud, dread, solitary grandeur, through forests dusk with the lapse of centuries, pouring out the ice and snows of arctick lands through every temperature of clime, till at last it heaves free its mighty bosom beneath the line, we are forced to yield up ourselves in uncontrolled admiration of its gloomy magnificence. And its dark, mysterious history, too; those fearful scenes of which it has alone been the witness; the venerable tombs of a race departed which shadow its waters; the savage tribes that yet roam its forests; the germes of civilization expanding upon its borders; and the deep solitudes, untrodden by man, through which it rolls, all conspire to throng the fancy. Ages on ages and cycles upon cycles have rolled away; wave after wave has swept the broad fields of the Old World; a hundred generations have arisen from the cradle and flourished in their freshness, and, like autumn leaflets, have withered in the tomb; and the Pharaohs and the Ptolemys, the Cesars and the califs, have thundered over the nations and passed away; and here, amid these terrible solitudes, in the stern majesty of loneliness, and power, and pride, have rolled onward these deep waters to their destiny!

"Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury and your joy?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer!"

There is, perhaps, no stream which presents a greater variety of feature than the Mississippi, or phenomena of deeper interest, whether we regard the soil, productions, and climate of its valleys, its individual character and that of its tributaries, or the outline of its scenery and course. The confluents of this vast stream are numerous, and each one brings a tribute of the soil through which it has roamed. The Missouri pours out its waters heavily charged with the marl of the Rocky mountains, the saffron sands of the Yellow Stone, and the chalk of the White river; the Ohio holds in its floods the vegetable mould of the Alleganies, and the Arkansas and Red rivers bring in the deep-died alluvion of their banks. Each tributary mingles the spoils of its native hills with the general flood. And yet, after the contributions of so many streams, the remarkable fact is observed that its breadth and volume seem rather diminished than increased. Above the embouchure of the Missouri, fifteen hundred miles from the Mexican gulf, it is broader than at New Orleans, with scarce one tenth of its water; and at the foot of St. Anthony's Falls its breadth is but one third less. This forms a striking characteristick of the Western rivers, and owes, perhaps, its origin partially to the turbid character of their waters: as they approach their outlet they augment in volume, and depth, and impetuosity of current, but contract their expanse. None, however, exhibit these features so strikingly as the grand central stream; and while, for its body of water, it is the narrowest stream known, it is charged with heavier solutions and has broader alluvions than any other. The depth of the stream is constantly varying. At New Orleans it exceeds one hundred feet. Its width is from half of one mile to two miles; the breadth of its valley from six miles to sixty; the rapidity of its current from two miles to four; its mean descent six inches in a mile, and its annual floods vary from twelve feet to sixty, commencing in March and ending in May. Thus much for statisticks.

Below its confluence with its turbid tributary, the Mississippi, as has been observed, is no longer the clear pure, limpid stream, gushing forth from the wreathy snows of the northwest; but it whirls along against its ragged banks a resistless volume of heavy, sweeping floods, and its aspect of placid magnificence is beheld no more. The turbid torrent heaves onward, wavering from side to side like a living creature, as if to overleap its bounds; rolling along in a deep-cut race-path, through a vast expanse of lowland meadow, from whose exhaustless mould are reared aloft those enormous shafts shrouded in the fresh emerald of their tasselled parasites, for which its alluvial bottoms are so famous. And yet the valley of the "endless river" cannot be deemed heavily timbered when contrasted with the forested hills of the Ohio. The sycamore, the elm, the linden, the cotton-wood, the cypress, and other trees of deciduous foilage, may attain a greater diameter, but the huge trunks are more sparse and more isolated in recurrence.

But one of the most striking phenomena of the Mississippi, in common with all the western rivers, and one which distinguishes them from those which disembogue their waters into the Atlantick, is the uniformity of its meanderings. The river, in its onward course, makes a semicircular sweep almost with the precision of a compass, and then is precipitated diagonally athwart its channel to a curve of equal regularity upon the opposite shore. The deepest channel and most rapid current is said to exist

* A name of Algonquin origin—*Missi* signifying great, and *sepe*, a river.

† Indian name for the "Falls of St. Anthony."

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in the bend; and thus the stream generally infringes upon the *bend-side*, and throws up a sandbar on the shore opposite. So constantly do these sinuosities recur, that there are said to be but three *reaches* of any extent between the confluence of the Ohio and the gulf, and so uniform that the boatmen and Indians have been accustomed to estimate their progress by the number of bends rather than by the number of miles. One of the sweeps of the Missouri is said to include a distance of forty miles in its curve, and a circuit of half that distance is not uncommon. Sometimes a "*cut-off*," in the parlance of the watermen, is produced at these bends, where the stream, in its headlong course, has burst through the narrow neck of the peninsula, around which it once circled. At a point called the "Grand Cut-off," steamers now pass through an isthmus of less than one mile, where formerly was required a circuit of twenty. The current, in its more furious stages, often tears up islands from the bed of the river, removes sandbars and points, and sweeps off whole acres of alluvion with their superincumbent forests. In the season of flood the settlers, in their log-cabins along the banks, are often startled from their sleep by the deep, sullen crash of a "land-slip," as such removals are called.

The scenery of Mississippi, below its confluence with the Missouri, is, as has been remarked, too sublime for beauty; and yet there is not a little of the picturesque in the views which meet the eye along the banks. Towns and settlements of greater or less extent appear at frequent intervals; and then the lowly log-hut of the pioneer is not to be passed without notice, standing beneath the tall, branchless columns of the girdled forest-trees, with its luxuriant maize-fields sweeping away in the rear. One of these humble habitations of the wilderness we reached, I remember, one evening near twilight; and while our boat was delayed at the woodyard, I strolled up from the shore to the gateway, and entered easily into confabulation with a pretty, slatternly-looking female, with a brood of mushroom, flaxen-haired urchins at her apron-string, and an infant at the breast very quietly receiving his supper. On inquiry I learned that eighteen years had seen the good woman a denizen of the wilderness; that all the responsibilities appertained unto herself, and that her "man" was proprietor of some thousand acres of *bottom* in the vicinity. Subsequently I was informed that the worthy woodcutter could be valued at not less than one hundred thousand! yet, *en verite*, reader mine, I do asseverate that my latent sympathies were not slightly roused at the first introduction, because of the seeming poverty of the dirty cabin and its dirtier mistress!

ANCIENT MOUNDS ON THE AMERICAN BOTTOM, ILLINOIS.

* * * * * For the first time I found myself upon the celebrated "American Bottom," a tract of country which, for fertility and depth of soil, is perhaps unsurpassed in the world. A fine road of baked loam extended along my route. Crossing Cahokia creek, which cuts its deep bed diagonally through the bottom from the bluffs some six miles distant, and threading a grove of the beautiful *pecan*, with its long trailing boughs and delicate leaves, my path was soon winding gracefully away among those venerable monuments of a race now passed from the earth. The eye is struck at first by the number of these eminences, as well as by their symmetry of form and regularity of outline; and the most familiar resemblance suggested is that of gigantick hay-ricks sprinkled over the uniform surface of the prairie on everyside. As you advance, however, into the plain, leaving the range of mounds upon the left, something of arrangement is detected in their relative position; and a design too palpable is betrayed to mistake them for the handiwork of nature. Upward of one hundred of these mounds, it is stated, may be enumerated within seven miles of St. Louis, their altitude varying from ten to sixty feet, with a circumference at the base of about as many yards. One of these, nearly in the centre of the first collection, is remarked as considerably larger than those around, and from its summit is commanded an extensive view of the scene. The group embraces, perhaps, fifty tumuli, sweeping off from opposite the city to the northeast, in form of a crescent, parallel to the river, and at a distance from it of about one mile: they extend about the same distance, and a belt of forest alone obstructs their view from the city. When this is removed, and the prairie is under cultivation, the scene laid open must be beautiful. The outline of the mounds is ordinarily that of a gracefully-rounded cone of varying declivity, though often the form is oblong, approaching the rectangle or ellipse. In some instances they are perfectly square, with a level area upon the summit sufficient for a dwelling and the necessary purlieus. Most of them are clothed with dense thickets and the coarse grass of the bottom; while here and there stands out an aged oak, rooted in the mould, tossing its green head proudly to the breeze, its rough bark shaggy with moss, and the pensile parasite flaunting from its branches. Some few of the tumuli, however, are quite naked, and present a rounded, beautiful surface from the surrounding plain. At this point, about half a mile from the river-bank, commencing with the first group of mounds, extends the railroad across the bottom to the bluffs. The expense of this work was considerable. It crosses a lake, into the bed of which piles were forced a depth of ninety feet before a foundation for the tracts sufficiently firm could be obtained. Coal is transported to St. Louis upon this railway direct from the mines; and the beneficial effects to be anticipated from it in other respects are very great. A town called *Pittsburgh* has been laid out at the foot of the coal bluffs.

Leaving the first collection of tumuli, the road wound away smooth and uniform through the level prairie, with here and there upon the left a slight elevation from its low surface, seeming a continuation of the group behind, or a link of union to those yet before. It was a sweet afternoon; the atmosphere was still and calm, and summer's golden haze was sleeping magnificently on the far-off bluffs. At intervals the soft breath of the "sweet south" came dancing over the tall, glossy herbage, and the many-hued prairie-flowers flashed gayly in the sun-light. There was the *heliotrope*, in all its gaudy but magnificent forms; there the deep cerulean of the fringed *gentiana*, delicate as an iris; there the mellow gorgeousness of the *solidago*, in some spots along the pathway, spreading out itself, as it were, into

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a perfect "field of the cloth of gold;" and the balmy fragrance of the aromatick wild thyme or the burgamot, scattered in rich profusion over the plain, floated over all. Small coveys of the prairie-fowl, *tetrao pratensis*, a fine species of grouse, the ungainly form of the partridge, or that of the timid little hare, would appear for a moment in the dusty-road, and, on my nearer approach, away they hurriedly scudded beneath the friendly covert of the bright-leaved sumach or the thickets of the rosebush. Extensive groves of the wild plum and the crab-apple, bending beneath the profusion of clustering fruitage, succeeded each other for miles along the path as I rode onward; now extending in continuous thickets, and then swelling up like green islets from the surface of the plain, their cool recesses affording a refreshing shade for the numerous herds. The rude farmhouse, too, with its ruder outbuildings, half buried in the dark luxuriance of its maize-fields, from time to time was seen along the route.

After a delightful drive of half an hour the second group of eminences, known as the "Cantine Mounds," appeared upon the prairie at a distance of three or four miles, the celebrated "Monk Hill," largest monument of the kind yet discovered in North America, heaving up its giant, forest-clothed form in the midst. What are the reflections to which this stupendous earth-heap gives birth? What the associations which throng the excited fancy? What a field for conjecture! What a boundless range for the workings of imagination! What eye can view this venerable monument of the past, this mighty landmark in the lapse of ages, this gray chronicler of hoary centuries, and turn away uninterested!

As it is first beheld, surrounded by the lesser heaps, it is mistaken by the traveller for an elevation of natural origin: as he draws nigh, and at length stands at the base, its stupendous magnitude, its lofty summit, towering above his head and throwing its broad shadow far across the meadow; its slopes, ploughed with yawning ravines by the torrents of centuries descending to the plain; its surface and declivities perforated by the habitations of burrowing animals, and carpeted with tangled thickets; the vast size of the aged oaks rearing themselves from its soil; and, finally, the farmhouse, with its various structures, its garden, and orchard, and *well* rising upon the broad area of the summit, and the carriage pathway winding up from the base, all confirm his impression that no hand but that of the Mightiest could have reared the enormous mass. At that moment, should he be assured that this vast earth-heap was of origin demonstrably artificial, he would smile; but credulity the most sanguine would fail to credit the assertion. But when, with jealous eye, slowly and cautiously, and with measured footsteps, he has circled its base; when he has surveyed its slopes and declivities from every position, and has remarked the peculiar uniformity of its structure and the mathematical exactitude of its outline; when he has ascended to its summit, and looked round upon the piles of a similar character by which it is surrounded; when he has taken into consideration its situation upon a river-bottom of nature decidedly diluvial, and, of consequence, utterly incompatible with the *natural* origin of such elevations; when he has examined the soil of which it is composed, and has discovered it to be uniformly, throughout the entire mass, of the same mellow and friable species as that of the prairie at its base; and when he has listened with scrutiny to the facts which an examination of its depths has thrown to light of its nature and its contents, he is compelled, however reluctantly, yet without a doubt, to declare that the gigantick pile is incontestably the WORKMANSHIP OF MAN'S HAND. But, with such an admission, what is the crowd of reflections which throng and startle the mind? What a series of unanswerable inquiries succeed! When was this stupendous earth-heap reared up from the plain? By what race of beings was the vast undertaking accomplished? What was its purpose? What changes in its form and magnitude have taken place? What vicissitudes and revolutions have, in the lapse of centuries, rolled like successive waves over the plains at its base! As we reflect, we anxiously look around us for some tradition, some time-stained chronicle, some age-worn record, even the faintest and most unsatisfactory legend, upon which to repose our credulity, and relieve the inquiring solicitude of the mind. But our research is hopeless. The present race of aborigines can tell nothing of these tumuli. To them, as to us, they are veiled in mystery. Ages since, long ere the white-face came, while this fair land was yet the home of his fathers, the simple Indian stood before this venerable earth-heap, and gazed, and wondered, and turned away.

But there is another reflection which, as we gaze upon these venerable tombs, addresses itself directly to our feelings, and bows them in humbleness. It is, that soon *our* memory and that of our *own* generation will, like that of other times and other men, have passed away; that when these frail tenements shall have been laid aside to moulder, the remembrance will soon follow them to the land of forgetfulness. Ah, if there be an object in all the wide universe of human desires for which the heart of man yearns with an intensity of craving more agonizing and deathless than for any other, it is that the memory should live after the poor body is dust. It was this eternal principle of our nature which reared the lonely tombs of Egypt amid the sands and barrenness of the desert. For ages untold have the massive and gloomy pyramids looked down upon the floods of the Nile, and generation after generation has passed away; yet their very existence still remains a mystery, and their origin points down our inquiry far beyond the grasp of human ken. into the boiling mists, the "the wide involving shades" of centuries past. And yet how fondly did they who, with the toil, and blood, and sweat, and misery of ages, upreared these stupendous piles, anticipate an immortality for their name which, like the effulgence of a golden eternity, should for ever linger around their summits! So was it with the ancient tomb-builders of this New World; so has it been with man in every stage of his existence, from the hour that the giant Babel first reared its dusky walls from the plains of Shinar down to the era of the present generation. And yet how hopeless, desperately, eternally hopeless are such aspirations of the children of men! As nations or as individuals, our memory we can never embalm! A few, indeed, may retain their forlorn relick within the sanctuary of hearts which loved us while with them, and that with a tenderness stronger than death; but, with

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the great mass of mankind, our absence can be noticed only for a day; and then the ranks close up, and a gravestone tells the passing stranger that we lived and died: a few years—the finger of time has been busy with the inscription, and we are *as if we had never been*. If, then, it must be even so,

> "O, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
> In living virtue; that, when both must sever,
> Although corruption may our frame consume,
> The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom."

The antiquity of "Monk Mound" is a circumstance which fails not to arrest the attention of every visiter. That centuries have elapsed since this vast pile of earth was heaped up from the plain, no one can doubt: every circumstance, even the most minute and inconsiderable, confirm an idea which the venerable oaks upon its soil conclusively demonstrate. With this premise admitted, consider for a moment the destructive effects of the elements even for a limited period upon the works of our race. Little more than half a century has elapsed since the war of our revolution; but where are the fortifications, and parapets, and military defences then thrown up? The earthy ramparts of Bunker's Hill were nearly obliterated long ago by the levelling finger of time, and scarce a vestige now remains to assist in tracing out the line of defence. The same is true with these works all over the country; and even those of the last war—those at Baltimore, for example—are vanishing as fast as the elements can melt them away. Reflect, then, that this vast earth-heap of which I am writing is composed of a soil far more yielding in its nature than they; that its superfices are by no means compact; and then conceive, if you *can*, its stupendous character before it had bided the rains, and snows, and storm-winds of centuries, and before the sweeping floods of the "Father of Waters" had ever circled its base. Our thoughts are carried back by the reflection to the era of classick fiction, and we almost fancy another war of the Titans against the heavens—

> "Conati imponere Pelio Ossam—
> —atque Osse frondosum involvere Olympum,"

if a quotation from the sweet bard of Mantua, upon a topick like the present, may be pardoned. How large an army of labourers, without the use of iron utensils, as we have every reason to suppose was the case, would be required for scraping up from the prairie's surface this huge pile; and how many years would suffice for its completion? No one can doubt that the broad surface of the American Bottom, in its whole length and breadth, together with all the neighbouring region on either bank of the Mississippi, once swarmed with living men and animals, even as does now the depths of its soil with their remains. The collection of mounds which I have been attempting to describe would seem to indicate two extensive cities within the extent of five miles; and other groups of the same character may be seen upon a lower section of the bottom, to say nothing of those within the more immediate vicinity of St. Louis. The design of these mounds, as has been before stated, was various, undoubtedly; many were sepulchres, some fortifications, some watch-towers or videttes, and some of the larger class, among which we would place Monk Hill, were probably devoted to the ceremonies of religion.

The number of the earth-heaps known as the Cantine Mounds is about fifty, small and great. They lie very irregularly along the southern and eastern bank of Cahokia creek, occupying an area of some miles in circuit. They are of every form and every size, from the mere molehill, perceptible only by a deeper shade in the herbage, to the gigantick Monk Mound, of which I have already said so much. This vast heap stands about one hundred yards from the creek, and the slope which faces it is very precipitous, and clothed with aged timber. The area of the base is about six hundred yards in circumference, and the perpendicular altitude has been estimated at from ninety to upward of a hundred feet. The form is that of a rectangle, lying north and south; and upon the latter extremity, which commands a view down the bottom, is spread out a broad terrace, or rather a steppe to the main body, about twenty feet lower than the summit, extending the whole length of the side, and is one hundred and fifty feet in breadth. At the left extremity of this terrace winds up the sloping pathway from the prairie to the summit of the mound. Formerly this road sloped up an inclined plane, projecting from the middle of the terrace, ten feet in breadth and twenty in extent, and seemed graded for that purpose at the erection of the mound. This declivity yet remains, but now forms part of a cornfield.

The view from the southern extremity of the mound, which is free from trees and underbrush, is extremely beautiful. Away to the south sweeps off the broad river-bottom, at this place about seven miles in width, its waving surface variegated by all the magnificent hues of the summer Flora of the prairies. At intervals, from the deep herbage is flung back the flashing sheen of a silvery lake to the oblique sunlight; while dense groves of the crab-apple and other indigenous wild fruits are sprinkled about like islets in the verdant sea. To the left, at a distance of three or four miles, stretches away the long line of bluffs, now presenting a surface naked and rounded by groups of mounds, and now wooded to their summits, while a glimpse at times may be caught of the humble farmhouses at their base. On the right meanders the Cantine creek, which gives the name to the group of mounds, betraying at intervals its bright surface through the belt of forest by which it is margined. In this direction, far away in blue distance, rising through the mist and forest, may be caught a glimpse of the spires and cupolas of the city, glancing gayly in the rich summer sun. The base of the mound is circled upon every side by lesser elevations of every form and at various distances. Of these, some lie in the heart of the extensive maize-fields, which constitute the farm of the proprietor of the principal mound, presenting a beautiful exhibition of light and shade, shrouded as they are in the dark, twinkling leaves. The most remarkable are two standing directly opposite the southern extremity of the principal one, at a distance of some hundred yards, in close proximity to each other, and which never fail to arrest the eye. There are also several large square mounds covered with forest along the margin of the creek to the right, and groups are caught rising from the declivities of the distant bluffs.

Upon the western side of Monk Mound, at a dis-

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tance of several yards from the summit, is a well some eighty or ninety feet in depth; the water of which would be agreeable enough were not the presence of sulphur, in some of its modifications, so palpable. This well penetrates the heart of the mound, yet, from its depth, cannot reach lower than the level of the surrounding plain. I learned, upon inquiry, that when this well was excavated, several fragments of pottery, or decayed ears of corn, and other articles, were thrown up from a depth of sixty-five feet; proof incontestable of the artificial structure of the mound. The associations, when drinking the water of this well, united with its peculiar flavour, are not of the most exquisite character, when we reflect that the precious fluid has probably filtrated, part of it, at least, through the contents of a sepulchre.

THE PAWNEE SACRIFICE.

THE following particulars in relation to an ancient custom, still existing to some extent in the Pawnee nation, and a sketch of transactions witnessed there may contain matter of interest to some of our readers:—

Information had been communicated to Mr. Dougherty, acting agent of Indian affairs at Council Bluffs, by Major Pilcher, that the Pawnee Loups were making preparation to sacrifice to the "Great Star" a Paducah woman, who had been captured by a war party about two months previous. Mr. Fontenelle, engaged in the Indian trade, had remonstrated with the chiefs against their barbarous purpose, without having changed it; and Mr. Papin, the resident trader, had made an effort to apprize the agent of their intentions. All that had been hitherto effected only amounted to delay of the execution for a few days, until the agent could signify his wishes; and in the meantime, the victim was kept in the medicine-lodge, in charge of the high-priest, to fatten for the sacrifice. It had been the intention of Mr. Dougherty, as soon as advised of the above facts, to send his protest against this cruelty, and solicit of the Pawnee chiefs the release of the captive; but to a proposition from Captain G. H. Kennerly, agent for the Sioux, that they should both visit the Pawnees in person and attempt a rescue, he assented. The commanding officer at the post having mounted a small escort, the agents, accompanied by several officers attached to the garrison, set forward. On the fifth day after their departure they reached the old Grand Pawnee village, where they were told that the captive would be executed the next day, and that many of the Grand Pawnees had gone up to the Loup village to witness it. Having despatched a runner to advise them of the approach of the party, they proceeded and reached the Loups that evening. On entering the town they were met by the principal chief, who provided for their accommodation the most spacious lodge in his village, which was found "swept and garnished." The party supped at an early hour with "mine host," and by special invitation five times afterward with as many *red gentlemen*, who gave them excellent fare. Their civilities did not end here. About one o'clock at night, the strangers were awakened by the wild minstrelsey of a serenading-party, who had quietly entered the lodge for this purpose. By the glimmering of the lodge fire the outlines of their persons were dimly delineated as they formed a circle near the door; and they retired after performing one or two pieces, composed, it is presumed, by old Thunder the drummer. The agent had been told that fuel and all the materials were prepared for the sacrifice; and when the chiefs and braves of the nation met him next day in council, faint hopes were entertained of success. No argument or persuasion, however, was omitted to obtain the release of the captive. At the opening of the council, Captain Kennerly informed the chiefs that they were now to consider Mr. Dougherty as their father, or agent, and desired them to listen to him. Mr. Dougherty's talk was long and animated. He reminded them of several promises which the Pawnees had made to the whites, to discontinue the practice of burning their captives; he recalled their attention to the solemn assurances given by the Knife chief and his son to Manuel Lisa, all now dead, that this horrid practice should never be resumed by their nation. This was an address to their superstitious fears, for the Pawnees believe that the spirits of departed chiefs and warriours hover over them, and observe their actions. It was likewise urged in council, in general terms, that by acceding to the propositions of the agent, the tribe would make the most effectual advances in the good opinion and friendship of the whites, whom it was believed they would not willingly offend. It was observed, soon after opening the council, that the principal men of the tribe were disposed to release the captive; and the first and second chiefs had, the evening before, signified their anxiety to effect this object. Those in opposition to this humane measure were such as had enjoyed least intercourse with the whites. The women and children were clamorous for the sacrifice; the former, that they might enjoy a savage mental repast—the latter were only anxious to see the show. In this they evince the same bad taste observable among their white brethren, on occasions of similar spectacles. As the authority of the chief depends on his personal popularity, the agent had reason to fear his red friends could not effect their object; particularly when it was recollected that red women have greater influence in state affairs, than we are disposed to allow those who have *fairer* pretensions.

There was a warriour conspicuous in council, as well on account of his standing in the nation, as his tawdry costume. His name was Bad Moccasin. This red gentleman wore a gold-laced scarlet coat, a necklace of white-bear talons; and he stood an *upright* man, in a green leggin and a crimson one the advocate for mercy, the friend of Christians. He was not a bad representative of the cavaliers of the reign of Charles I. He had visited the metropolis of the union; and, in language as bold as it was eloquent, he urged the release of the captive. By his intercourse with white men, he said, he was convinced of the impropriety of the sacrifice. He had taken his great father at Washington by the hand, and pledged himself to oppose these barbarous rites. A young brave, likewise, told his countrymen that he knew it was the opinion of Pawnees that these sacrifices would ensure them prosperity at the hands of

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the Master of life. But, said he, let us distrust our own opinion, for the whites have more intercourse, and are better acquainted with God Almighty than naked red men; therefore, let us listen to them—let us please them, for we cannot please better men. The second chief, the son of Big Axe, made a long and very animated harangue against the sanguinary creed of his nation. His manner was so full of interest, that the structure of his "talk" has been lost. He continued to press the subject in debate until his voice failed him, and he sat down evidently chagrined that he could no longer give utterance to sentiments worthy a Christian. The only dissenting voice that was raised in council emanated from a dark-visaged warriour, who, in ironical phrase, said, that he presumed his nation, by their apparent consent to release the victim, had secured themselves perpetual health and unceasing prosperity, and then departed. This aroused the principal chief, Antoine, who had not yet spoken to his people. Indignant at the illiberal insinuation, he told them the dog lied. The whites, said he, have given us no such assurance. We must die; they must die; and the Master of life will permit neither white nor red men to live always. The veteran chief continued, at length, to urge his people to gratify their visiters by releasing to them the captive, and no further opposition was evinced. But, when nearly seven hours had been consumed in council, and when success appeared almost certain, a savage, whose bearing, and visage, and demoniack howl gave token of his vocation, entered the lodge. A circle of two hundred red warriours, reckless as they are, could no longer affect indifference. He assumed a seat beside the chief, with an air that seemed to claim homage from men and things inanimate. This being was one of those impostors who are known to afflict every uncivilized community on this part of the continent, in the various juggling arts of a "medicine-man." He partakes of the mixed character of a heathen doctor of divinity and modern conjurer. He bore, unblushingly, the impious appellation of God Almighty. The principal chief Antoine, near whom old Medicine had seated himself, drew his robe around him in closer folds, as if to shield his person from the knife of his dangerous associate; and the chief appeared ill at ease until the mock prophet had given his sacred pipe a few pacifick flourishes and conciliatory puffs. After this mockery the divine conjurer arose, and made several strides toward that part of the lodge where the rays of the sun were admitted, and drew from beneath his tarnished laced coat a pocket-glass, which he held up in the manner of an enthusiast, for dramatick effect. Through this medicine he affected to hold communion with the Deity. After resuming his seat, he proceeded to state in substance as follows: "I had believed the Master of Life would be very angry if we withheld the promised sacrifice; but I find that I can so arrange the medicine, or, in other words, our spiritual and temporal relations with him, as to secure, without the burnt-offering, general prosperity—plenty of buffalo, and abundance of corn." After a few solemn flourishes and several supernatural attitudes, old Medicine departed. When no longer embarrassed by the ill-omened eyeballs of the prophet, the chiefs proceeded to collect the sentiments of the several clans, or families, who had attended the council; and the presents were distributed by division and subdivision.

While these distributions were made in savage fashion, by casting steel, flints, and powder into the same lot, and smoking a pipe over this dangerous mixture, bean Red Coat, or Bad Moccasin, led into the lodge the captive, and seated her behind the chiefs. It is proverbial with white men, that *red gentlemen* extend few or no civilities to their women; but the difference between a white lady's man and a red lady's man is too minute to deserve record. The only distinction that was observable on this occasion was, that Bad Moccasin was leading the lady into a lodge instead of a drawing-room. It is not, however, affirmed that Bad Moccasin was exhibiting any of his metropolitan acquirements; but less graceful movements may have been observed in more polished communities. Evident marks of distress were visible on the countenance of the captive; and soon after her entrance she shed a few half-concealed tears, and then broke into an audible expression of grief. It was not easy to communicate with her, as but one person in the village could address her in the Paducah language, and this fellow was a disaffected brave, who desired her death. Bad Moccasin attempted by signs to apprize her of the interposition in her favour, and of the probability of success; and he succeeded so far by dumb show and caresses as to brighten her face with a smile. There is, however, some reason to fear she was never perfectly acquainted with the friendly intentions manifested by the whites. In strolling through the village, the visiters had observed the stake and fagots, and these had been shown the victim, so that it was not easy, without the aid of distinct language, to remove the impression that she was to suffer death by torture. She had, notwithstanding the fearful bustle of preparation, the day before the arrival of the party, expressed a readiness to die; and this, too, while the medicine-man was making use of stripes to force her to tread a measure in her own death-dance. She told him she had been very often present when the braves of her nation had danced the scalps of the Pawnees; and that they had her consent to dance hers as early as they should feel in a merry mood; but that the Paducahs might some day give them wild musick at their dancings.

After the council had broken up, and the evening feast was at an end, at the request of Mr. Dougherty, the form of conducting these human sacrifices was detailed to the visiters by Monsieur Papin, who had witnessed one or more.

There is in this band of the Pawnees a medicine-bag, containing a peculiar kind of medicine, or an odd collection of supernatural trifles, resembling the witching mixture of Shakspeare's weird sisters, which is an hereditary property in the Big Axe family. When the big medicine-man deems it advisable to procure a subject for sacrifice, he commits this medicine to the care of a partisan, at the head of a war-party, as he is about to open a campaign, and commands him to appropriate one or more of the captives he may make to the Big Star, or planet Venus. When the prisoner is brought in, he is turned over to this high priest of Beelzebub, who confines him in the medicine-lodge, where every possible exertion is made to fatten the victim for the sacrifice. Meantime, the medicine-men relieve each other in the duty of guarding the subject, and in chanting un-

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ceasingly at his side infernal lullabies or anthems of the damned. When the victim is brought out for execution, he is placed between two stakes resembling May-poles, surmounted with a black flag. The hands and feet are extended and made fast to these poles, and a small fire is kindled near the feet of the subject, in which irons are heated and applied to his breast and groins. This torture is continued until the sufferer is beginning to sink under it, when the spy or vidette of a war-party (previously organized for this ceremony) is seen approaching with the same light-footed caution that is observed in actual war. After enacting this mockery, he reports to the chief of the war party that he has discovered the enemy; that he is in an exposed position, and off his guard. Under these circumstances an immediate attack is determined on, and the valorous war-party rush forward to the place of sacrifice, and despatch the victim with a shower of arrows. After this, the fire is increased until the fat exudes freely from the roasting subject. At this stage of the ceremony, the women of the nation, who are corn-planters, press around the pile and oil their hoes, and, holding them up, implore abundant harvest. The arrows of the braves, having been ingloriously dipped, as already described, in the blood of the enemy, are fitted for the exigences of a great buffalo-hunt.

In the evening after the council, it was rumoured in the village that a young brave had determined to kill the captive, and that he was loitering at the door of the lodge with his bow and arrows for that purpose. The chiefs, however, still assured the agent that the affair was settled, and that she should depart with him next day unmolested; and the son of Big Axe, the second chief, had given all his horses, firearms, and every article of his personal property, except his bows and arrows, to satisfy the people of the nation. In this transaction he evinced his greatness of soul; and his firmness of purpose never appeared to desert him but once, and then only for a moment. When his scarlet lace coat was spread out, he cast an imploring look around him; but the pang of separation was momentary—and he drew himself up, and, as his buffalo robe fell down from his breast, he smote it with his clinched hand as he exclaimed, "Am I not a chief!" There may exist somewhere a white philanthropist who would have uttered more, had he given less. The captive still remained in custody of the chief to whom she had been surrendered by the big medicine-man, and was this night guarded in the lodge by the young brave who had captured her.

He sat at the entrance of the little recess where she slept, with a naked sabre in his hand, apparently indulging in as much self-respect as "a son of the moon, father of the stars, and chief of the brass-hilted sword." "Let him come," said he, supplying words suited to the action, as he drew the polished blade across the palm of his mahogany hand, "if he is tired of life, and he shall find that the brave who made a captive can protect her." The village was, during this night, as silent as the tenements of the dead. Not a song was raised, nor did a cheerful lounger drop in to evince his interest in the strangers But the chiefs, and a few files of red soldiers, (a kind of police-officers,) sat with war-clubs in rest around the lodge-fire, exchanging ideas below the breath, and at the finger-ends.

On the following morning, when the whites were ready to depart, five of the principal men of the tribe, the first chief excepted, presented themselves as in readiness to accompany the agent to the fort, and conduct the captive thither. The woman was led out, and while the travellers were mounting, she was put into a saddle, but not until a knife was drawn to coerce her, by the brave who was charged with this service. She was apprehensive that mischief was intended, and when in the saddle she refused to take the guidance of her horse. The same warriour who lifted her to her seat led the horse, as the party set forward. They had not cleared the lodges, when an Indian from the covered entrance of one of them sprang forward, and met the whites with a bow strung and arrows in hand. The brave, who led the horse, without an instant's hesitation, closed with him and wrested the arms from his grasp. In a moment, this mischievous fellow was succeeded by another from a like concealment, who, as he presented his diabolical visage to the clear light of day, let fly an arrow that passed through the robe and under dress of the captive, and penetrated so far into her side as to inflict a mortal wound. While she was slowly sinking from her horse, the brave who had led him applied his bow to the naked shoulders of the murderer, in a style that Solomon himself, the ancient advocate for the use of the rod, would have approved. Thus began that mêlée in which two political or religious parties, red men and a few whites, philanthropick aspirants, were likely to sustain an unequal conflict. It was known to all the gentlemen present who were acquainted with the Indian character, that if blood had been shed among themselves, they, under the momentary excitement, would have sought to inflict vengeance on the whites present. Thus, when the sedition arose, it was deemed a safe and just mode of winding up this unhappy affair by separating the conflicting parties. Accordingly, when a distinguished brave, whom they called the Big Sergeant, had tried the force of his war-club across the naked shoulders of that warriour who first attempted the murder of the captive, and was about to repeat his blow, Captain Kennerly interposed a ready and a strong arm, and prevented his friend Big Sergeant from laying a head full of *bumps* open to craniological inspection. Mr. Dougherty, who had lingered at the door of the lodge to allow some of his red people to take leave of their father, was summoned to the scene of action by the wailings of an old squaw, whose mock melody howl was recognised by him as the echo of mischief. He came in time to detach the murderer from a deadly conflict which he was entering upon with old Antoine, the head chief of the nation. Doctor Gale was likewise active in quelling the insurrection. Mr. Papin, the resident trader, was present, and he, as well as Mr. Dougherty, addressed the braves in their own language; and the latter repeated to the chiefs what he had told them in council, that he was satisfied with their conduct, and did not wish them to effect his views at the expense of a single drop of Pawnee blood. While the tranquillity of the village was thus partially settled, the slain captive had been borne off amid the cowardly buffetings of those who ill deserved the name of men, although qualified with the term uncivilised.

When nothing further remained for them to do in

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the village, the disappointed philanthropists rode slowly out of it. As they proceeded homeward, they saw the body of the murdered captive dragged forward to the head of a ravine that crossed their trace, and a little out of their route, where it was thrown down. To this point a column of about two hundred warriours, garnished with women and children, marched, that each might dip a war-club, or some other weapon, in the blood of the slain, or "strike" a fallen enemy, an achievement esteemed peculiarly valorous in a red man. It may be proper here to remark, that the captive was still in custody of the Pawnee chiefs when she was slain. Thus the whites were spared the mortification of witnessing her death when under their protection.

The party was about two miles from the village, when they were overtaken by the Big Sergeant. He was on foot, and only armed with a bow and arrows. He signified his intention to accompany the agent to the fort, and he was immediately mounted. He rode as gracefully, and in fewer rags than a Circassian prince would have unfurled, and he encountered the toils of the march with untiring fortitude, particularly at *trencher-hours*, insomuch as to locate a feast and a famine in the same camp. He returned to his nation laden with presents.

This visit to the Pawnee nation has resulted in the conviction that the moral condition of the Indians has been very little improved by the paternal care of the government of this republick, and by the pious exertions of societies instituted for the purpose. That they generally esteem the whites a superiour order of beings, appears in all our intercourse with them.

The principal chief of the Pawnee Loups was proud to wear the fatigue-jacket of a private soldier. Beau Red Coat, or Bad Moccasin, acquired additional distinction and influence by appearing in his scarlet and lace, the cast trappings of a musician; but the braves of the nation, who were best acquainted with white men, were disposed to abolish their ancient religious rites in deference to the opinions of their visiters. It is, however, to be lamented that red men advance so tardily toward civilization. An opinion is gaining ground among those who take the trouble to think on the subject, that to improve materially the condition of Indians, they must be first governed, then civilized, and afterward Christianized.

There is in the Indian character something to approve, much to condemn. No one can regard their intellectual endowments with indifference—many view them with deep interest.

THE EMIGRATED INDIANS.

The condition of the tribes who have removed from their birth-places east, to new homes west of the Mississippi river, has recently been the subject of frequent notice in the publick prints. It very naturally excites great interest. From the inception of the policy of transplanting the Indians within the several states, apprehensions have been extensively felt that in the remote region proposed to be assigned to them, they would be assailed by the indigenous tribes, and engaged in frequent hostilities. It has also been feared, (and the fear was founded on misconception or ignorance of the resources of the country allotted to them,) that, finding themselves straitened for the means of subsistence, they would supply their wants by depredations on the property of the frontier population, which would lead to bloody collisions between them. During and since the hostilities with the Creek Indians, an apprehension of a different character has been expressed; that, goaded by a sense of injuries, and exasperated by defeat these Indians would not readily accommodate themselves to the new circumstances in which they were placed, but would be the first to stimulate or join any hostile movements against our people. And the impression seems to have been very general, that a war in that region was, to say the least, exceedingly probable; and that, in this war, *all* the emigrated tribes would as readily take part, as the wildest and fiercest of the yet untamed bands that range over the great western prairie to the Rocky Mountains.

It gives us pleasure to say, that none of these apprehensions have been realized. Predatory incursions of the Prairie Indians there have indeed been, in which the new Indian settlers have lost their cattle or their provisions; and these incursions have irritated the latter, and elicited threats of severe retaliation. But in every instance, it is believed—certainly, in every instance in which a tribe has acted as such—retaliation has been made to wait the issue of an appeal to the government of the United States. The emigrants have quickly adapted themselves to their new condition, and in hunting, but more generally in agriculture, have acquired far more than they required for their own subsistence. The Creeks, who were removed the last year, in a state of angry and exasperated feeling, have almost literally "turned their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks." And with all the tribes that have emigrated, and now occupy the extensive and fertile region south-west of the Missouri, we have the surest guaranties of enduring peaceable relations, in their advanced state of improvement, in the large property actually acquired by them, and in the certain prospects before them of illimitable progress in knowledge and wealth.

We make these remarks introductory to an extract from a communication from Capt. Jacob Brown, of the United States Army, with which we have been furnished by the proper authorities for publication. Take the picture he presents of the condition of the Choctaws, and add to it a few features selected from the last annual report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, their common schools, academies, and churches; their council house, constitution, laws, administration; and where will be found an instance of more rapid progress, within five years of the first settlement in a region of which the soil was unbroken, and the resources of which were unknown. This information was elicited by a series of questions propounded to the several superintendants and others proving the anxiety felt, and constant attention bestowed by the proper department on this most important and interesting subject of publick concern. Capt. Brown has been, for the last three years, principal disbursing agent for the Indian Department in Arkansas, and the country west of it, and has had ample opportunities for acquiring information, which he has faithfully improved.

The Choctaws, from their location and early emigration, stand first.

The principal part of this tribe were emigrated in

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the years 1832—3; preparations for their removal were made in 1831, and many of them left their old country late in that year; but few, if any, however, reached the new country till the spring of 1832.

The country inhabited by the Choctaws is extensive and exceedingly fertile; the face of the country is generally high, or what is called rolling; some parts of it mountainous; the whole is well watered, and has plenty of timber; there are some prairies, which, however, as well as the timber lands, are of first rate soil. The whole country is adapted to corn and stock; the northern and western portions to corn and wheat, and other small grain; the southern part, bordering on Red river, to cotton.

The first year's emigrants made corn, not only sufficient for their own use, but had a considerable surplus, which was disposed of to Government for issue to those emigrants that arrived in the fall and winter of that year. The next year (1833) the emigrants had a large surplus of corn, over and above their own wants, for market; over forty thousand bushels were purchased by the Government, and fed to the emigrants of that year; since then, to the present time, these people have been equally prosperous in their agricultural pursuits; many of them have become extensive farmers, cultivating cotton, corn, and possessing large stocks of cattle; they have cotton gins and mills of different kinds, as well as shops and mechanicks; in fine it may be truly said, that the Choctaws are rapidly advancing in agricultural knowledge, and in mechanick arts.

In travelling through the Choctaw country, one sees little, if any, difference, in an agricultural point of view, from new frontier white settlements; their cabins are constructed with equal order and substantiality, and apparently with as many comforts and conveniences; their fields are under good fences; they have gardens, and cultivate fruit-trees, peaches, apples, &c.; are civil and attentive to travellers, understand the value of money; and all of them, or nearly so, have in their houses the common luxuries of coffee, tea, sugar, &c.

Without going into a further detail in relation to this tribe, it must be apparent they are rapidly advancing in civilization, and I have no hesitation in saying, that for all the comforts of domestick life, their resources are ample and abundant, and far better than could possibly have been anticipated, prior to their removal, in so short a time.

The Cherokees. To this tribe has been allotted a very extensive, as well as a very fine tract of country; those parts over which I have travelled, possess a soil of very superiour quality, adapted to the production of wheat, small grain of various kinds, and corn of the largest growth; the whole country is finely and abundantly timbered, and well watered, and the climate is exceedingly favourable to stock.

But a small number of this tribe have as yet removed to the new country; those that have settled there, however, and many of them have been in the country several years, are, in a pecuniary point of view, well off; they raise wheat and corn in great abundance; and their stocks of cattle, of hogs, of sheep, &c., are numerous. The people find a market for their surplus productions in the Government, by supplying the garrison situated in their country, and supplying the new emigrants with corn, beef, &c.

The greater portion of the Cherokees west are farmers, have good and comfortable houses, and live, many of them, as well, and as genteel, and in a pecuniary point of view will compare with the better classes of farmers in the states. As a people generally, they are agriculturists; and as such, their resources are equal, if not superiour to one fourth of the tillers of the soil in the old states.

The Creeks and Seminoles. The section of country set apart for these tribes is about the same in extent with that of the Choctaws, but not so mountainous. The soil is considered to be equal in fertility to any in the southwestern section of the country; it is also well watered, and has plenty of timber; there are some prairies, which, however, are of great advantage to the settler—the soil being rich and easy to cultivate, and they are very profitable for raising stock.

The Creeks are a corn-growing people; those that have been in the country some years, raise corn in large quantities; some of the principal farmers, crib from five to ten thousand bushels of a season. They do not raise much stock; nor are they, as a people, so far advanced in civilization as the Cherokees and Choctaws; though as agriculturalists, so far as raising corn, they excel either of the above named tribes. They raise stock sufficient for their own consumption, but none of any consequence for sale.

About four hundred Seminoles were emigrated last year; they reached their locations, however, too late to make a crop; their crops this year, I am informed, are not very promising; they are about changing their locations; they go farther west; their object is better hunting-grounds.

The large number of Creeks that emigrated last winter, have planted extensively, and have a prospect of plentiful crops; they are also collecting stock, and are laying the foundation of numerous herds of cattle, hogs, &c. The resources of this people are, at present, equal to all their wants and comforts; and the superiour fertility of their land, aided by their evident tendency to industry, will in a few years, place them in a condition equal to their neighbours, the Cherokees and Choctaws.

Senecas and Senecas and Shawnees. These tribes inhabit a high, healthy, well-watered, and timbered country, the soil rich and productive. They were emigrated in 1832, are agriculturalists, and are mainly engaged in that pursuit; they raise wheat and corn, and their country is well adapted to raising stock, of which they have considerable herds; being remote, however, from a market, their cropping is confined to their own wants, and for these they provide liberally of all the substantials of life. The use of coffee, tea, and sugar is common among them. Their cabins are well constructed, combining both comfort and convenience, and their arrangements in farming have the appearance of neatness and order; they have mills, shops, and some good mechanicks; their resources are abundant, and their condition apparently happy.

The Quapaws. These people were emigrated in the fall of 1834; their country, in point of soil, water, timber, and health, is similar to and equally as good as their neighbours, the Cherokees, Senecas and Senecas and Shawnees, &c. They are not so far advanced in civilization, as the several tribes of

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Indians above named; but a more honest, quiet, peaceable people, are not to be found in any section of the Indian country. They are industrious, and are exceedingly desirous of making for themselves a comfortable home. Their temporary location, doubtless, has in some measure abridged their exertions, in the construction of good cabins, clearing and putting under fence, large fields for raising corn, &c.

The Osages. This tribe has made but little progress towards civilization; their subsistence mainly depends upon the game of the country. They raise some corn and beans, but the culture is rude; hence but little is obtained therefrom. They raise no stock; they obtain their horses from those Indians residing far to the south and west of them. Their country possesses excellent soil, is well-watered and timbered; not being agriculturalists, their condition and resources are similar to other wild and roving bands of Indians, whose occupations are hunting and war.

The foregoing comprises all the tribes of Indians residing within the acting superintendency of the Southwestern territory, and with the exception of the last mentioned tribe, (Osages,) have been emigrated to that country, the greater portion since 1831, and all are fast progressing in a knowledge of agriculture, and of the mechanick arts; they are too far advanced in civilization, in my opinion to retrogade. Labouring, therefore, as they are, for their own happiness, a discreet and correct management of them must ere long (constituted as society is) place them in a condition to appreciate, as well as in a few years to adopt, a form of government, based upon enlightened principles of political and civil rights.

Globe.

PUBLICK HOUSES.

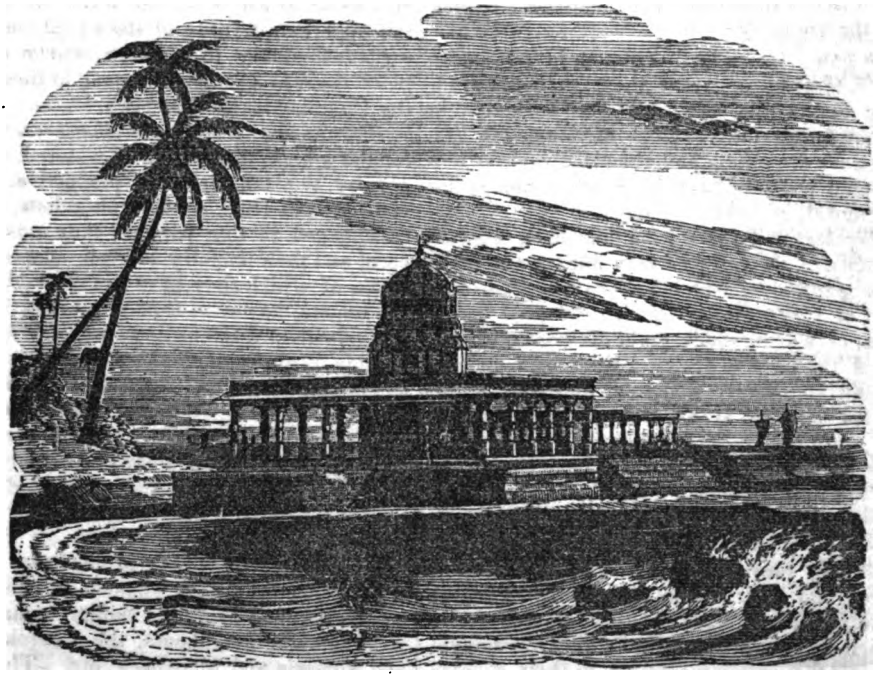
Houses for the accommodation of travellers have different names in different countries; they are called inns, taverns, hotels, mansion-houses, &c. But whatever the name may be, their object is the same; they are the *travellers' home.*

In some parts of the world—England for example—if a person who keeps a publick house refuses to receive a traveller into his house, or to find him victuals and lodging, on his presenting and offering him a reasonable price for them, he is liable to be prosecuted for damages, and may be fined.

In ancient times, places for the reception of travellers in the East, especially in Palestine, were called caravansaries. In Hindostan, at the present time, they are called *choultries.*

The engraving represents very accurately, one of these choultries. It is on a small sandy island called Ramiseram, situated in the straits between Ceylon and the main land (Hindostan,) and separated from it only by a narrow frith. It is one of the most beautiful and costly in all India.

Choultries are open on every side, so that travellers can approach them with convenience, from every direction. The roof of one of these buildings is supported by columns, which are sometimes highly ornamented. Such is the case, especially, with that at Ramiseram. The stone-work is also of the richest kind. The building is quadrangular and quite elevated. Its cornices and capitals of the pillars are finished with great care. It stands upon a rocky foundation, extending some distance into the sea, with a broad terrace round it, paved with stone, forming a square. From three sides of this terrace, is a descent into the water, by a flight of stone steps. The Hindoos are much in the habit of bathing; their religion, in fact, requires it. The stone steps leading down into the sea are for this purpose.



[An Eastern Choultry.]

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EARLY HABITS, CUSTOMS, &c. OF THE WEST.

MECHANIC ARTS.

In giving the history of the state of the mechanic arts, as they were exercised at an early period of the settlement of this country, I shall present a people, driven by necessity to perform works of mechanical skill, far beyond what a person enjoying all the advantages of civilization, would expect from a population placed in such destitute circumstances.

My reader will naturally ask, where were their mills for grinding grain? Where their tanners for making leather? Where their smith shops for making and repairing their farming utensils? Who were their carpenters, tailors, cabinet workmen, shoemakers, and weavers?—The answer is, those manufactures did not exist, nor had they any tradesmen, who were professedly such. Every family were under the necessity of doing every thing for themselves, as well as they could.

The hominy block, and hand mills, were in use in most of our houses. The first was made of a large block of wood about three feet long, with an excavation burned in one end, wide at the top, and narrow at the bottom, so that the action of the pestle on the bottom threw the corn up to the sides toward the top of it, from whence it continually fell down into the centre.

In consequence of this movement, the whole mass of the grain was pretty equally subjected to the strokes of the pestle. In the fall of the year, while the Indian corn was soft, the block and pestle did very well for making meal for jonnycake and mush, but were rather slow when the corn became hard.

The sweep was sometimes used to lessen the toil of pounding grain into meal. This was a pole of some springy, elastic wood, thirty feet long or more, the butt end was placed under the side of an house, or a large stump, this pole was supported by two forks, placed about one third of its length from the butt end so as to elevate the small end about fifteen feet from the ground, to this was attached, by a large mortise, a piece of a sapling about five or six inches in diameter and eight or ten feet long. The lower end of this was shaped so as to answer for a pestle. A pin of wood was put through it at a proper height, so that two persons could work at the sweep at once. This simple machine very much lessened the labour, and expedited the work.

I remember, that when a boy I put up an excellent sweep at my father's. It was made of a sugar tree sapling. It was kept going almost constantly from morning till night by our neighbours for several weeks.

In the Greenbriar country, where they had a number of saltpetre caves, the first settlers made plenty of excellent gunpowder by the means of those sweeps and mortars.

A machine, still more simple than the mortar and pestle was used for making meal, while the corn was too soft to be beaten. It was called a grater. This was a half circular piece of tin, perforated with a punch from the concave side, and nailed by its edges to a block of wood. The ears of corn were rubbed on the rough edges of the holes, while the meal fell through them on the board or block, to which the grater was nailed, which being in a slanting direction, discharged the meal into a cloth or bowl placed for its reception. This to be sure was a slow way of making meal; but necessity has no law.

The hand mill was better than the mortar and grater. It was made of two circular stones, the lowest of which was called the bedstone, the upper one the runner. These were placed in a hoop, with a spout for discharging the meal. A staff was let into a hole in the upper surface of the runner, near the outer edge, and its upper end through a hole in a board fastened to a joist above, so that two persons could be employed in turning the mill at the same time. The grain was put into the opening in the runner by hand. These mills are still in use in Palestine, the ancient country of the Jews. To a mill of this sort our Saviour alluded, when with reference to the destruction of Jerusalem he said, "Two women shall be grinding at a mill, the one shall be taken and the other left."

This mill is much preferable to that used at present in Upper Egypt, for making the dhoura bread. It is a smooth stone, placed on an inclined plane, upon which the grain is spread, which is made into meal by rubbing another stone up and down upon it.

Our first water mills were of that description, denominated tub mills. It consists of a perpendicular shaft, to the lower end of which an horizontal wheel of about four or five feet diameter is attached, the upper end passes through the bedstone and carries the runner after the manner of a trundlehead. These mills were built with very little expense, and many of them answered the purpose very well.

Instead of bolting cloths, sifters were in general use. These were made of deer skins in the state of parchment, stretched over an hoop and perforated with a hot wire.

Our clothing was all of domestic manufacture. We had no other resource for clothing, and this indeed was a poor one. The crops of flax often failed, and the sheep were destroyed by the wolves. Linsey, which is made of flax and wool, the former the chain, and the latter the filling, was the warmest and most substantial cloth we could make. Almost every house contained a loom, and almost every woman was a weaver.

Every family tanned their own leather. The tan vat was a large trough sunk to the upper edge in the ground. A quantity of bark was easily obtained every spring, in clearing and fencing land. This, after drying, was brought in, and in wet days was shaved and pounded on a block of wood, with an axe or a mallet. Ashes was used in place of lime for taking off the hair. Bear's oil, hog's lard and tallow, answered the place of fish oil. The leather, to be sure, was coarse; but it was substantially good. The operation of currying was performed by a drawing knife with its edge turned, after the manner of a currying knife. The blacking for the leather was made of soot and hog's lard.

Almost every family contained its own tailors and shoemakers. Those who could not make shoes, could make shoepacks. These, like moccasons, were made of a single piece of leather, with the exception of a tongue piece on the top of the foot. This was about two inches broad and circular at the lower end. To this the main piece of leather was sewed, with a gathering stitch. The seam behind was like that of a moccason. To the shoepack a sole was sometimes added. The women did the tailor work. They

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could all cut out and make hunting shirts, leggins and drawers.

The state of society which existed in our country at an early period of its settlement, is well calculated to call into action every native mechanical genius. This happened in this country. There was in almost every neighbourhood, some one whose natural ingenuity enabled him to do many things for himself and his neighbours, far above what could have been reasonably expected. With the few tools which they brought with them into the country, they certainly performed wonders. Their ploughs, harrows with their wooden teeth, and sleds were in many instances well made. Their cooper ware, which comprehended every thing for holding milk, and water, was generally pretty well executed. The cedar ware, by having alternately a white and red stave, was then thought beautiful, many of their puncheon floors were very neat, their joints close, and the top even and smooth. Their looms, although heavy, did very well. Those who could not exercise these mechanic arts, were under the necessity of giving labour, or barter, to their neighbours in exchange for the use of them, so far as their necessities required.

An old man in my father's neighbourhood had the art of turning bowls from the knots of trees, particularly those of the ash. In what way he did it I do not know, or whether there was much mystery in his art. Be that as it may, the old man's skill was in great request, as well turned wooden bowls were amongst our first rate articles of household furniture.

My brothers and myself once undertook to procure a fine suit of these bowls made of the best wood, the ash. We gathered all we could find on our father's land and took them to the artist, who was to give, as the saying was, one half for the other. He put the knots in a branch before his door. A freshet came and swept them all away. Not one of them was ever found. This was a dreadful misfortune. Our anticipation of an elegant display of new bowls was utterly blasted in a moment, as the poor old man was not able to repair our loss, or any part of it.

My father possessed a mechanical genius of the highest order, and necessity, which is the mother of invention, occasioned the full exercise of his talents. His farming utensils were the best in the neighbourhood. After making his loom, he used it as a weaver. All the shoes belonging to the family were made by himself. He always spun his own shoe-thread, saying that no woman could spin shoe-thread as well as he could. His cooper ware was made by himself. I have seen him make a small, neat kind of wooden ware, called set work, in which the staves were all attached to the bottom of the vessel by the means of a groove cut in them by a strong clasp knife and small chisel, before a single hoop was put on. He was sufficiently the carpenter to build the best kind of houses then in use, that is to say, first a cabin, and afterwards the hewed log house, with a shingled roof. In his latter years, he became sickly, and not being able to labour, he amused himself with tolerably good imitations of cabinet work.

Not possessing sufficient health for service on the scouts and campaigns, his duty was that of repairing the rifles of his neighbours, when they needed it. In this business he manifested a high degree of ingenuity. A small depression on the surface of a stump or log, and a wooden mallet were his instruments for straightening the gun barrel when crooked. Without the aid of a bow string he could discover the smallest bend in a barrel. With a bit of steel, he could make a saw for deepening the furrows, when requisite. A few shots determined whether the gun might be trusted.

Although he never had been more than six weeks at school, he was a first rate penman and a good arithmetician. His penmanship was of great service to his neighbours in writing letters, bonds, deeds of conveyances, &c.

Young as I was, I was possessed of an art which was of great use. It was that of weaving shotpouch straps, belts, and garters. I could make my loom and weave a belt in less than one day. Having a piece of board about four feet long, an inch auger, spike-gimlet and a drawing knife, I needed no other tools or materials for making my loom.

It frequently happened that my weaving proved serviceable to the family, as I often sold a belt for a day's work, or making an hundred rails. So that although a boy, I could exchange my labour for that of a full grown person, for an equal length of time.—Doddridge's Notes.

EFFECTS OF CLIMATE AND PASSIONS ON THE MIND.

Climate, by its influence upon the body, produces endless diversities of mind. Compare the timid, indolent, vivacious, and irritable inhabitant of the line, with the phlegmatic and stupid Greenlander. Every man knows how the state of his mind is modified by different periods of the day, changes in the weather, and the seasons.* He who attempts mental effort during a fit of indigestion will cease to wonder that Plato located the soul in the stomach. A few drops of water upon the face, or a feather burnt under the nostril of one in a swoon, awakens the mind from its deep sleep of unconsciousness. A slight impression made upon a nerve often breaks the chain of thought, and the mind tosses in tumult. Let a peculiar vibration quiver upon the nerve of hearing, and a tide of wild emotion rushes over the soul,

> 'By turns they feel the glowing mind
> Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined.'

Strike up the Marseilles hymn in the streets of Paris, and you lash the populace into fury. Sing the Ranz des Vaches to the Swiss soldiers, and they gush into tears. The man who can think with a gnat in his eye, or reason while the nerve of a tooth is twinging, or when his stomach is nauseated, or when his lungs are oppressed and labouring,—he who can give wing to his imagination when shivering with cold, or fainting with heat, or worn down with toil,—can claim exemption from the common lot of humanity. In different periods of life, the mind waxes and wanes with the body; in youth, cheerful, full of daring, quick to see, and keen to feel; in old age, desponding, timid, perception dim, and emotion languid. When the blood circulates with unusual energy, the coward rises into a hero; when it creeps feebly, the hero sinks into a coward.

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* It is a well known fact, that almost all the suicides which take place in London and Paris are committed during the rainy season.

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The effects produced by different states of the mind upon the body are equally sudden and powerful.—Plato used to say, that 'all the diseases of the body proceed from the soul.' The expression of the countenance *is mind visible*. *Bad news* weakens the action of the heart, oppresses the lungs, destroys appetite, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches it; joy illuminates it, and an instant thrill electrifies a million nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses giant energy. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to execute. Powerful emotion often kills the body at a stroke. Chilo, Diagoras, and Sophocles, died of joy at the Elean games. The news of a defeat killed Philip V. One of the popes died of an emotion of the ludicrous, on seeing his pet monkey robed in pontificals, and occupying the chair of state. Muley Moluck was carried upon the field of battle in the last stages of an incurable disease. Upon seeing his army give way, he leaped from the litter, rallied his panic stricken troops, rolled back the tide of battle, shouted victory, and died. The door-keeper of congress expired upon hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died, either in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it had suddenly subsided. The late Mr. Pinckney, of Baltimore, Mr. Emmet, of New York, and the Hon. Ezekiel Webster, of New Hampshire, are recent instances. Lagrave, the young Parisian, died, a few months since, when he heard that the musical prize for which he had competed was adjudged to another. The recent case of Hills, in New York, is fresh in the memory of all. He was apprehended for theft, taken before the police, and though in perfect health, mental agony forced the blood from his nostrils. He was carried out, and died.—Annals of Education.

TO A MOSCHETO.—N. Y. Review.

Fair insect, that, with thread-like legs spread out,
And blood-extracting bill, and filmy wing,
Dost murmur, as thou slowly sail'st about,
In pitiless ears, full many a plaintive thing,
And tell'st how little our large veins should bleed,
Would we but yield them freely to thy need:

* * * * * *

I call thee stranger, for the town, I ween,
Has not the honour of so proud a birth;
Thou com'st from Jersey meadows, broad and green,
The offspring of the gods, though born on earth.

* * * * * *

At length thy pinions fluttered in Broadway—
Ah, there were fairy steps, and white necks kissed
By wanton airs, and eyes whose killing ray
Shone through the snowy veils like stars through mist!
And, fresh as morn, on many a cheek and chin,
Bloomed the bright blood through the transparent skin.

O, these were sights to touch an anchorite!—
What, do I hear thy slender voice complain?
Thou wailest, when I talk of beauty's light,
As if it brought the memory of pain:
Thou art a wayward being—well, come near,
And pour thy tale of sorrow in my ear.

What say'st thou slanderer? "Rouge makes thee sick,
And China bloom at best is sorry food;
And Rowland's Kalydor, if laid on thick,
Poisons the thirsty wretch that bores for blood?"
Go, 'twas a just reward that met thy crime—
But shun the sacrilege another time.

That bloom was made to look at, not to touch,
To worship, not approach, that radiant white;
And well might sudden vengeance light on such
As dared, like thee, most impiously, to bite.
Thou should'st have gazed at distance, and admired,
Murmured thy adoration, and retired.

Thou'rt welcome to the town; but why come here
To bleed a brother poet, gaunt like thee?
Alas! the little blood I have is dear,
And thin will be the banquet drawn from me.
Look round—the pale-eyed sisters, in my cell,
Thy old aquaintance, Song and Famine, dwell.

Try some plump alderman; and suck the blood
Enriched with generous wine and costly meat;
In well-filled skins, soft as thy native mud,
Fix thy light pump, and raise thy freckled feet.
Go to the men for whom, in ocean's halls,
The oyster bleeds, and the green turtle sprawls,

There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows,
To fill the swelling veins for thee; and now
The ruddy cheek, and now the ruddier nose,
Shall tempt thee as thou flittest round the brow;
And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings,
No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings.

THE HUMAN STATURE.

The idea that the original progenitors of the human race were exceedingly large, and tall in stature, is still held by some European writers. Not many years since a French author published a work in which he endeavored to prove that there has been a gradual depreciation in the size of man, from the commencement of the world downwards, and that the same lessening control will continue to exert an influence until the end of time. A corresponding decrease in the age of mankind may be observed, it is alledged, by inquiry into the longevity of the human race in the several centuries of the world. Some contend also, that the deficiency in the number of years between the various personages noticed in the ancient sacred writings and those of our day, is more than counterbalanced by the great increase of our species throughout the world, and that in the place of accumulated years, we have accumulated numbers, whose existence is brief, that the earth may not be filled to overflowing. All these are curious speculations, not without interest to the inquiring mind.

A French author, an academian of some note, calculates that Adam was 123 feet 9 inches in height, Noah a little over 100 feet, Abraham 80, Moses 30, Hercules 10, Alexander 6, Cæsar less than 5. Progressing in this ratio, in a few years hence, the world will be filled with a race of Lilliputians.

The use of 'your humble servant' first came into England in the time of Queen Mary, daughter of Henry the 4th of France, which is derived from 'Votre tres humble serveteur.' The usual salutation before that period was, 'God keep you! God be with you!' Among the vulgar, 'How d'ye do?' with a hearty thump on the shoulder.

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RESOURCES OF THE WEST.

Few persons, we suspect, thoroughly realize what are the capacities of the Valley of the Mississippi, though every body has been talking and writing about them these twenty years. A writer in the New York Review sets this matter in a most forcible light, as follows:

"Look at it; in that valley are one million four hundred thousand square miles, or eight hundred and ninety-six millions of acres—while Great Britain, with all its islands, contains but about eighty-eight thousand square miles, or fifty-six and a half millions of acres. And what is the character of this vast region? One-third of it, at least, is capable of cultivation and thick settlement, and one-third is four hundred and sixty-six thousand square miles in extent; about seven times as great an area as all the available land in England, Wales, Scotland, and the islands.

"Look at it more minutely, and you find it, from the cleared fields of Ohio and Indiana, to the edge of the barren prairies of Missouri, and from the wild rice swamps of the north, to the cypress swamps of the south, fertile beyond example, almost level or slightly undulating, and accessible in every direction. Never was there a finer country for the agriculturist; standing at his farm-house door, in the interior of Ohio, Indiana or Illinois, a thousand miles from salt water, he may see his produce afloat on its way to New York or Europe; in a few years five complete lines of water and railway communication will exist between the interior of Ohio and the ocean;—four are now in operation. Nor is that valley destined to be less eminently manufacturing than it is agricultural. The state of Ohio, if we may rely upon her geologist, Mr. Mather, contains as much bituminous coal, of good quality and easy access, as all England and Wales, and Ohio in this respect is, he thinks, no richer than Western Pennsylvania, Western Virginia, and Kentucky; judging of the little that is known, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, are probably underlain to a considerable extent, by this same great mineral treasure. Nor is it coal alone that abounds in the west; from the head waters of the Cumberland river, across Kentucky and Ohio, extends a bed of iron ore twenty miles in width. Tennessee is filled with iron; immense beds were lately opened in Indiana—and who has not heard of the Missouri mountain of that most precious metal? Already do Pittsburg and Cincinnati, yearly, manufacture some seven or eight millions of dollars' worth of iron articles for export to other points; and lead abounds also; salt is met with in inexhaustible quantities; lime is universally distributed; and the finest freestone found in the greatest profusion.

"Here, then, is a land, the soil and climate of which favor tillage in the highest degree, the interior of which is far more easy of access than the interior of any country in Europe, and filled with mineral wealth. Within its limits grow maize, wheat, hemp, flax, tobacco, cotton and sugar. It is a land which scarcely needs foreign commerce; it is a world within itself; there is scarcely one considerable article of commerce, if we except coffee and some dyestuffs, which the Mississippi valley cannot furnish. The first flint glass made in America was at Pittsburg; the porcelain earth found within the limits of that region rivals that of China; the lakes abound in fish, and the burrstone of Ohio may compare with the best from France.

"Now what, in the common course of things, must be the result of this wealth and capability? A dense population, a population of not less than one hundred and twenty millions of people; nay, if we base our calculations on the population of France, of not less than one hundred and sixty millions; that is to say, a population greater than that now living in Great Britain, Ireland, France, Holland, Spain, Portugal, and all Germany.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

It is said, as we learn from the Lynn Record, that when the town of Gloucester was first settled, a suit of clothes and a pair of boots were provided for the use of the representatives, so that in choosing their representatives, they were obliged to select a man of proper size, so that the clothes would fit him. When the wags in Boston saw the representatives of Gloucester coming they would say, "Here comes the Gloucester suit of clothes, wonder who is in them."

EARLY HABITS, CUSTOMS, &c. OF THE WEST.

MORALS.

In the section of the country where my father lived, there was for many years after the settlement of the country 'neither law nor gospel.' Our want of legal government, was owing to the uncertainty whether we belonged to the state of Virginia or Pennsylvania. The line, which at present divides the two states was not run until some time after the conclusion of the revolutionary war. Thus it happened, that during a long period of time, we knew nothing of courts, lawyers, magistrates, sheriffs, or constables. Every one was, therefore, at liberty 'to do whatever was right in his own eyes.'

As this is a state of society which few of my readers have ever witnessed, I shall describe it minutely as I can, and give in detail those maxims which, in a great degree, answered the important purposes of municipal jurisprudence.

In the first place, let it be observed, that in a sparse population where all the members of the community are well known to each other, and especially in a time of war, where every man capable of bearing arms is considered highly valuable as a defender of his country, public opinion has its full effect and answers the purpose of legal government better than it would in a dense population, and in time of peace.

Such was the situation of our people along the frontiers of our settlements. They had no civil, military, or ecclesiastical laws, at least none that were enforced, and yet, 'they were a law unto themselves,' as to the leading obligations of our nature, in all the relations in which they stood to each other. The turpitude of vice and the majesty of moral virtue, were then as apparent as they are now, and they were then regarded with the same sentiments of aversion or respect which they inspire at the present time. Industry in working and hunting, bravery in war, candor, honesty, hospitality, and steadiness of deportment, received their full reward of public honor and public confidence among our rude forefathers, as well as among their better instructed and more

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polished descendants. The punishments which they inflicted upon offenders by the imperial court of public opinion, were well adapted for the reformation of the culprit, or his expulsion from the community.

The punishment for idleness, lying, dishonesty, and ill-fame generally, was that of 'hating the offender out,' as they expressed it. This mode of chastisement was like the *atimea* of the Greeks. It was a public expression, in various ways, of a general sentiment of indignation against such as transgressed the moral maxims of the community to which they belonged. This commonly resulted either in the reformation or banishment of the person against whom it was directed.

At house-raisings, log-rollings and harvest-parties, every one was expected to do his duty faithfully. A person who did not perform his share of labor on these occasions, was designated by the epithet of 'Lawrence' or some other title still more opprobrious; and when it came to his turn to require the like aid from his neighbors, the idler soon felt his punishment in their refusal to attend to his calls.

Although there was no legal compulsion to the performance of military duty; yet every man of full age and size was expected to do his full share of public service. If he did not do so, he was 'hated out as a coward.' Even the want of any article of war equipments, such as ammunition, a sharp flint, a priming wire, a scalping-knife or a tomahawk, was thought highly disgraceful. A man who, without a reasonable cause failed to go on a scout or campaign, when it came to his turn, met with an expression of indignation in the countenances of all his neighbors, and epithets of dishonor were fastened upon him without mercy.

Debts, which make such an uproar in civilized life, were but little known among our forefathers at the early settlement of this country. After the depreciation of the continental paper, they had no money of any kind; every thing purchased was paid for in produce or labor. A good cow and calf was often the price of a bushel of alum salt. If a contract was not punctually fulfilled, the credit of the delinquent was at an end.

Any petty theft was punished with all the infamy that could be heaped on the offender. A man on a campaign stole from his comrade a cake out of the ashes, in which it was baking. He was immediately named 'the bread rounds.' This epithet of reproach was bandied about in this way; when he came in sight of a group of men, one of them would call, 'who comes there?' Another would answer, 'the bread rounds.' If any one meant to be more serious about the matter, he would call out, 'who stole a cake out of the ashes?' Another replied by giving the name of the man in full; to this a third would give confirmation by exclaiming, 'that is true and no lie.' This kind of 'tongue lashing' he was doomed to bear for the rest of the campaign, as well as for years after his return home.

If a theft was detected, in any of the frontier settlements, a summary mode of punishment was always resorted to. The first settlers, as far as I knew of them, had a kind of innate or hereditary detestation of the crime of theft, in any shape or degree, and their maxim was that 'a thief must be whipped.' If the theft was of something of some value, a kind of jury of the neighborhood, after hearing the testimony would condemn the culprit to Moses Law, that is, to forty stripes, save one. If the theft was of some small article, the offender was doomed to carry on his back the flag of the United States, which then consisted of thirteen stripes. In either case, some able hands were selected to execute the sentence, so that the stripes were sure to be well laid on.

This punishment was followed by a sentence of exile. He then was informed that he must decamp in so many days and be seen there no more on penalty of having the number of his stripes doubled.

For many years after the law was put in operation in the western part of Virginia, the magistrates themselves, were in the habit of giving those who were brought before them on charges of small thefts, the liberty of being sent to jail, or taking a whipping.—The latter was commonly chosen and was immediately inflicted, after which the thief was ordered to clear out.

In some instances, stripes were inflicted; not for the punishment of an offence, but for the purpose of extorting a confession from suspected persons. This was the torture of our early times, and no doubt sometimes very unjustly inflicted.

If a woman was given to tattling and slandering her neighbors, she was furnished by common consent, with a kind of patent-right to say whatever she pleased, without being believed. Her tongue was then said to be harmless, or to be no scandal.

With all their rudeness, these people were given to hospitality, and freely divided their rough fare with a neighbor, or stranger, and would have been offended at the offer of pay. In their settlements and forts, they lived, they worked, they fought and feasted, or suffered together, in cordial harmony. They were warm and constant in their friendships. On the other hand they were revengeful in their resentments.—And the point of honor sometimes led to personal combats. If one man called another a liar, he was considered as having given a challenge which the person who received it must accept, or be deemed a coward, and the charge was generally answered on the spot, with a blow. If the injured person was decidedly unable to fight the aggressor, he might get a friend to do it for him. The same thing took place on a charge of cowardice, or any other dishonorable action; a battle must follow, and the person who made the charge must fight, either the person against whom he made the charge, or any champion who chose to espouse his cause. Thus circumstanced, our people in early times were much more cautious of speaking evil of their neighbors than they are at present.

Sometimes pitched battles occurred, in which time, place, and seconds were appointed beforehand. I remember having seen one of those pitched battles in my father's fort, when a boy. One of the young men knew very well beforehand that he should get the worst of the battle, and no doubt repented the engagement to fight; but there was no getting over it. The point of honor demanded the risk of battle. He got his whipping; they then shook hands and were good friends afterwards.

The mode of single combats in those days was dangerous in the extreme; altho' no weapons were used, fists, teeth and feet were employed at will, but above all, the detestable practice of gouging, by which eyes were sometimes put out, rendered this mode of fighting frightful indeed; it was not however, so des-

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tractive as the stiletto of an Italian, the knife of a Spaniard, the small sword of the Frenchman, or the pistol of the American or English duelist.

Instances of seduction, and bastardy, did not frequently happen in our early times. I remember one instance of the former, in which the life of the man was put in jeopardy by the resentment of the family, to which the girl belonged. Indeed, considering the chivalrous temper of our people, this crime could not then take place without great personal danger from the brothers or other relations of the victims of seduction, family honor being then estimated at an high rate.

I do not recollect that profane language was much more prevalent in our early times than at present.

Among the people with whom I was most conversant, there was no other vestige of the christian religion than a faint observance of Sunday, and that merely as a day of rest for the aged, and a play day for the young.

The first christian service I ever heard was in the Garrison Church, in Baltimore county, in Maryland, where my father had sent me to school. I was then about ten years old. The appearance of the church, the windows of which were Gothic, the white surplice of the minister, and the responses in the service, overwhelmed me with surprise. Among my school fellows in that place, it was a matter of reproach to me that I was not baptized, and why? Because, as they said, I had no name. Such was their notion of the efficacy of baptism!—Doddridge's Notes.

CENSUS FOR 1840.

The census of the United States, to be taken during the present year, will be upon a more comprehensive plan than usual. Hitherto it has been customary to enumerate the inhabitants only, under the classifications of sexes, ages, colors, &c. By the late act of congress for taking the census of 1840, the President of the United States was directed to cause the statistics of the country, relating to Agriculture, Manufactures, Mines, Commerce, &c.—to be collected, and also statistical information in reference to Education.

The next census, therefore, will exhibit not only the amount of population, but also a complete schedule of the aggregate property of the nation, ranged under different heads, and presenting at one view an accurate estimate of the vast resources of the United States, in all the various departments of industry, and including the numerous items of national wealth.—Interrogatories, adapted to elicit information on all the topics embraced in the new plan, have been prepared to serve as formulæ of statistical tables. Little addition of labor or expense will be incurred by this enlarged system of proceeding, since the same persons who would in the usual manner be employed to take the census of numbers, may very easily put such other questions as may be required by the present regulation. One operation may serve to accomplish both duties as well as one only.

Contentment.—A head properly constituted, can accommodate itself upon whatever pillow the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

A WALK AMONG THE TOMBS

There is something in the spectacle of a living generation employed in the selection of their own tombs, that speaks favorably of their virtue. It testifies to a rational, reflecting piety; it tells of life unhaunted by the terrors of death, of sober thought and serene reckoning of the past day. Our present meditations have not unseasonably fallen upon these topics, and I would fain hope that they will leave us somewhat the wiser at our parting. The very presence of this scene, in connection with the purpose that brought us hither, sheds a silent instruction on the heart. How does it recall the warning of scripture, "Go to now, ye that say to day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year; and buy and sell, and get gain: whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." This grove, now untenanted by a single lodger, this upland plain and all these varied grounds, in the brief space of a few generations, shall become a populous dwelling place of the dead. Hither then will come the inmates of your rapidly increasing city, in their holiday walks, to visit our tombs, and gaze upon the thick strewed monuments that shall meet them in every path. Among these some calm moralist of life, some thoughtful observer of man and his aims, will apply himself here to study the past—his past, and while he lingers over the inscriptions that shall tell him of the busy crowd who so intently ply what we deem the important labors of to-day—alas, how shrunk and dwarfed shall we appear in his passing comment! A line traced by the chisel upon the stone shall tell all, and more perhaps than posterity may be concerned to know about us and our doings.

Which of us shall reach a second generation in that downward journey of fame? How many of these events which now fill our minds, as matters belonging to the nation's destiny, shall stand recorded before the eye of that after time? How much of our personal connection with present history, the strivings to be noted in the descent of time, these clamorous invocations of posterity, these engravings of ourselves and our deeds shall be borne even to the beginning of the next century? Here is a theme for human vanity. Let it teach us humility, and in humility that wisdom which shall set us to so ordering our lives, that in our deaths those who survive us may be instructed how to win the victory over the grave. Then shall our monuments be more worthy to be cherished by future generations, and the common doom of oblirion, perchance, be averted by better remembrance than the legends on our tombs. In this anticipation we may find something not ungrateful in the thought that while all mortal beings march steadily onward "to cold obstruction," we sink in our gradual dust upon a couch chosen by ourselves, with many memorials of friendship and esteem clustered around our remains, and that there we shall sleep until the last summons shall command the dead to rise, and call us into the presence of a merciful God.

A secret can only be safely kept by a single person, not by two; what three men know, is no longer a secret.

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EARLY HABITS, CUSTOMS, &c. OF THE WEST.

HUNTING.

This was an important part of the employment of the early settlers of this country. For some years the woods supplied them with the greater amount of their subsistence, and with regard to some families at certain times, the whole of it; for it was no uncommon thing for families to live several months without a mouthful of bread. It frequently happened that there was no breakfast until it was obtained from the woods. Fur and peltry were the people's money. They had nothing else to give in exchange for rifles, salt, and iron, on the other side of the mountains.

The fall and early part of the winter was the season for hunting the deer, and the whole of the winter, including part of the spring, for bears and fur-skinned animals. It was a customary saying that fur is good during every month in the name of which the letter R occurs.

The class of hunters with whom I was best acquainted were those whose hunting ranges were on the west side of the river, and at the distance of eight or nine miles from it. As soon as the leaves were pretty well down, and the weather became rainy, accompanied with light snows, these men, after acting the part of husbandmen, so far as the state of warfare permitted them to do so, soon began to feel that they were hunters. They became uneasy at home. Every thing about them became disagreeable. The house was too warm. The feather-bed was too soft, and even the good wife was not thought, for the time being, a proper companion. The mind of the hunter was wholly occupied with the camp and chase.

I have often seen them get up early in the morning at this season, walk hastily out and look anxiously to the woods, and snuff the autumnal winds with the greatest rapture, then return into the house and cast a quick and attentive look at the rifle, which was always suspended to a joist by a couple of buck horns, or little forks. His hunting dog, understanding the intentions of his master, would wag his tail, and by every blandishment in his power, express his readiness to accompany him to the woods.

A day was soon appointed for the march of the little cavalcade to the camp. Two or three horses furnished with pack-saddles were loaded with flour, Indian-meal, blankets, and every thing else requisite for the use of the hunter.

A hunting-camp, or what was called a half-faced cabin, was of the following form; the back part of it was sometimes a large log; at the distance of eight or ten feet from this, two stakes were set in the ground a few inches apart, and at the distance of eight or ten feet from these, two more, to receive the ends of the poles for the sides of the camp. The whole slope of the roof was from the front to the back. The covering was made of slabs, skins, or blankets, or if in the spring of the year, the bark of hickory or ash trees. The front was left entirely open. The fire was built directly before this opening. The cracks between the logs were filled with moss. Dry leaves served for a bed. It is thus that a couple of men, in a few hours, will construct for themselves a temporary, but tolerably comfortable defence, from the inclemencies of the weather. The beaver, otter, muskrat and squirrel, are scarcely their equals in despatch in fabricating for themselves a covert from the tempest!

A little more pains would have made a hunting-camp a defence against the Indians. A cabin ten feet square, bullet-proof, and furnished with port-holes, would have enabled two or three hunters to hold twenty Indians at bay for any length of time. But this precaution, I believe, was never attended to; hence the hunters were often surprised and killed in their camps.

The site for the camp was selected with all the sagacity of the woodsmen, so as to have it sheltered by the surrounding hills from every wind, but more especially from those of the north and west.

An uncle of mine of the name of Samuel Teter occupied the same camp for several years in succession. It was situated on one of the southern branches of Cross Creek. Although I lived many years no more than fifteen miles from the place, it was not till within a very few years ago that I discovered its situation. It was shewn me by a gentleman living in the neighborhood. Viewing the hills round about it, I soon perceived the sagacity of the hunter in the site for his camp. Not a wind could touch him: and unless by the report of his gun or the sound of his axe, it would have been by mere accident if an Indian had discovered his concealment.

Hunting was not a mere ramble in pursuit of game, in which there was nothing of skill and calculation; on the contrary, the hunter, before he set out in the morning, was informed by the state of the weather in what situation he might reasonably expect to meet his game; whether on the bottom, sides, or tops of the hills. In stormy weather, the deer always seek the most sheltering places, and the leeward sides of the hills. In rainy weather, in which there is not much wind, they keep in the open woods on the highest ground.

In every situation it was requisite for the hunter to ascertain the course of the wind, so as to get the leeward of the game. This he effected by putting his finger in his mouth and holding it there until it became warm; then holding it above his head, the side which first becomes cold shews which way the wind blows.

As it was requisite, too, for the hunter to know the cardinal points, he had only to observe the trees to ascertain them. The bark of an aged tree is thicker and much rougher on the north than on the south side. The same thing may be said of the moss; it is much thicker and stronger on the north than on the south sides of the trees.

The whole business of the hunter consists of a succession of intrigues. From morning till night he was on the alert to gain the wind of his game, and approach them without being discovered. If he succeeded in killing a deer, he skinned it and hung it up out of the reach of the wolves, and immediately resumed the chase till the close of the evening, when he bent his course towards his camp; when arrived there he kindled up his fire, and, together with his fellow hunter, cooked his supper. The supper finished, the adventures of the day furnished the tales of the evening. The spike buck, the two and three pronged buck, the doe and barren doe, figured through their anecdotes with great advantage. It should seem, that after hunting awhile on the same ground, the hunters became acquainted with nearly all the gangs of deer within their range, so as to know each flock of them as they saw them. Often some old buck, by

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the means of his superior sagacity and watchfulness, saved his little gang from the hunter's skill, by giving timely notice of his approach. The cunning of the hunter, and that of the old buck, were staked against each other, and it frequently happened that at the conclusion of the hunting season, the old fellow was left the free uninjured tenant of his forest; but if his rival succeeded in bringing him down, the victory was followed by no small amount of boasting on the part of the conqueror.

When the weather was not suitable for hunting, the skins and carcasses of the game were brought in and disposed of.

Many of the hunters rested from their labors on the Sabbath day, some from a motive of piety; others said that whenever they hunted on Sunday, they were sure to have bad luck all the rest of the week.—Doddridge's Notes.

FLYING.

The act of flying is performed in the following manner. The bird first launches itself in the air either by dropping from a height or leaping from the ground: it raises up at the same time the wings, the bones of which correspond very closely to those of the human arm, the place of the hand, however, being occupied by only one finger; he then spreads out the wings to their full extent in a horizontal direction, and presses them down upon the side, and by a succession of these strokes the bird rises into the air with a velocity proportioned to the quickness with which they succeed each other. As the intervals between the strokes are more and more lengthened, the bird either remains on the same level or descends. This vertical movement can only be performed by birds whose wings are horizontal, which is probably the case with the lark and the quail. When birds fly horizontally, their motion is not in a straight line, but obliquely upwards, and they allow the body to come down to a lower level before a second stroke is made by the wings, so that they move in a succession of curves. To ascend obliquely the wings must repeat their strokes upon the air in quick succession, and in descending obliquely these actions are proportionally slower. The tail in its expanded state supports the hind part of the body: when it is depressed while the bird is flying with great velocity, it retards the motion; and by raising the hinder part of the body, it depresses the head. When the tail is turned up it produces a contrary effect, and raises the head. Some birds employ the tail to direct their course, by turning it to one side or the other, in the same manner as a helm is used in steering a ship. We may observe that there is a peculiarity in the bones of birds which serves to lighten their bodies and greatly to facilitate their motions. A considerable portion of the skeleton is formed into receptacles for air, the interior of most bones in adult birds being destitute of marrow, and containing air-cells which communicate with the windpipe or the mouth. In young birds the interior of the bone is filled with marrow, which, however, becomes gradually absorbed to make room for the admission of air. This gradual expansion of the air-cells, and absorption of the marrow, can nowhere be observed so well as in young tame geese when killed at different periods.

Flying is not confined to those inhabitants of the air which have wings composed of feathers; there are many of these whose bodies are so light as not to require wings made of such strong materials, and which have them composed of thin membranes of the slightest texture. This is the case with all flying insects. The *Bat*, which belongs to the class Mammalia, is supplied with a kind of wing peculiar to itself, which may be considered as an intermediate link between the wings of birds and those of other animals.

The bat's wings are formed of membranes spread upon the bones which correspond with those of the arm, fore-arm, and hand in man, and of the fore-leg in quadrupeds. So far they resemble those of birds; they differ, however, in the materials of which they are composed, and in the bones bearing a closer resemblance to those of the human hand. They have what is peculiar to themselves—a hook-like process attached to the bone of the wing, by which they lay hold and support themselves upon the cornices of buildings, and so far employ their wings as hands. These wings when extended are of great length. In the larger species found in some parts of India, Africa, and South America, celebrated under the name of Vampyres, they often measure five feet; and Sir Hans Sloane was in possession of a specimen brought from Sumatra, the wings of which measured seven feet. As the bat itself is not rendered buoyant by any of the means employed in the internal structure of birds, and as its wings are themselves membranes of some strength, great extent of surface is required in them: they are not, however, fitted for long flight, and must be considered as a very remarkable deviation from the structure of the bird on one part, and from that of the quadruped on the other. The only regularly formed quadruped that has the power of flying is the *Flying-Squirrel*. The substitute for wings in this animal is a broad fold of the integument spread out on each side of the body, and attached to the fore and hind legs, reaching as far as the feet; so that by stretching out its feet it spreads this fold and keeps it in an extended state, in which it has a nearer resemblance to a parachute than a wing.

The flying-squirrel, however, is not capable of rising from the earth, nor of flying in a horizontal line. Its wings, so called, only enable it to sail off in an inclined plane from one height to a lower one. The animal seems to acquire a projectile force by a muscular spring at the outset, which enables it to descend from the tops of trees to the earth. Some species of lizards and fishes are also furnished with substitutes for wings, by which they are enabled to support themselves in the air, and fly for short distances. In the *Flying Fish* the substitute consists of a simple elongation of the pectoral fins to a sufficient extent to support the animal's weight, in this respect corresponding with the wings of birds, since the pectoral fin of fishes is analogous to the anterior extremity of the other classes. When pursued by its numerous enemies, it relieves itself from the fatigues of swimming by recourse to its wings; the timid fish rises from the water, and flutters over its surface, for two or three hundred yards, till the muscles employed in moving the wings are enfeebled. He gains in this way additional strength for a new trial at swimming; but its active enemy, still in view, drives it again from the deep; its flight at length becomes shorter and shorter, till, wearied and worn out, the poor little creature falls a victim to its fierce pursuer.

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INDIAN MOUNDS; OR, AMERICAN MONUMENTS, IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

BY J. W. MONETTE, M. D.

The Spaniards, in their conquest of Mexico and Peru, the only civilized countries on the American continent, at its discovery, like Omar the Turkish emperor, seemed to burn with an unhallowed zeal to destroy every thing in the conquered countries, which might perpetuate the history, and even the memory of the unfortunate nations and empires which they subverted. Not only their gold and silver, but their government, their cities, their temples, their monuments, their arts, their history, and even their household gods were the objects of their insatiable rapine. Whatever art, or refinement, or even learning, which could not be converted into gold, was destroyed with a sacrilegious rapacity that would have shamed the Vandals of Europe.

Hence a mysterious uncertainty rests upon the history of these mounds and works; which are the relics of an ancient race of men who have once held dominion in the middle and south-western portions of North America: a race of men who have long since become extinct; or who, in the fifteenth century had degenerated into savages, retaining no other knowledge of their ancestors than the most vague and unsatisfactory traditions. The only true history which existed of the American Indians, was doubtless preserved in the archives of Mexico and Peru. These by the rapacious and sacrilegious bigots of Spain were consigned to the oblivion of a ruthless destruction.—Hence the only authentic records which we have of nations who once inhabited and held dominion in these regions, are the numerous mounds, embankments, and subterranean works, which are annually discovered by the advance and enterprise of our settlements. These, although faithful records of a race of men who once have existed here, like the hieroglyphics of Egypt, are written in an unknown language to us: and from which we can only glean a few incidental facts, by decyphering now and then a sign.

Portions of the American continent are doubtless as ancient as corresponding portions of the eastern hemisphere; while other portions seem of more recent production, either from the recession of the oceans, or from the action of subterranean fires. Yet even these portions appear to have been generally occupied by a race of men who lived long before even the ancestors of the Indians found by Europeans in the close of the fifteenth century. Whether these monuments have existed for three thousand years, or only for eight or ten centuries, none can tell: whether they were once enclosed with walls of brick, or were built of unburnt earth is equally uncertain. One thing is certain, that very few of them now exhibit traces of any other construction than common earth, if we except the relics of the dead which lie concealed in their sides. What changes they have undergone in the lapse of ages none can tell; but from their antiquity, the change effected by time upon their external surfaces must be great.

When we take into consideration the vast number of tumuli, and remains of earth-works which are found throughout the great valleys of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, as well as of their numerous tributaries, we must admit, that in ages long past, these regions were peopled by a numerous, enterprising race of men; who, although they may not have lived in cities built of marble, or have erected temples, and pyramids of granite have left monuments of their existence, no less durable than the builders of ancient Babylon. Babylon, with all its walls, its towers and temples, has disappeared, and left no record of its mighty founders, than what has been preserved on the page of history. In America the historic page has been destroyed, and not a sentence left; but the imperishable monuments, without number, proclaim the former existence of a numerous and great people who have long ceased to exist.

As to a knowledge of this people, who, or what they were, speculation alone can supply the void left by history. They may have been like the innumerable tribes who inhabit the northern parts of Europe and Asia, a nomadic race of shepherds and warriors, who likewise cultivated the fertile valleys to sustain their numerous population; and although, like the Cossacks, Tartars, and Mongols of Asia, they may have dwelt also in cities and towns, still, unlike the shepherd kings of Egypt, or the immortal builders of Thebes on the Nile, they were unused to the labors of mines and quarries; and unskilled in the art of piling up huge masses of granite, and imperishable rock. Yet they had their monuments: and whether, to commemorate great events; to perpetuate the memory of their friends and kings; or to serve as high places for the rites of their religion, they still remain, although less magnificent, yet not less durable than the mighty pyramids of Egypt, or the temples and monuments of the hundred-gated Thebes. Their cities, which doubtless they had, were of a temporary nature; built of wood and other perishable materials, which have long since mouldered to earth, and forest trees, to the tenth generation may have waved over their ruins.

The purpose for which these mounds and works were erected is also problematical. However, we are led to infer, that they were erected for various purposes; some for temples; some for mausoleums; some for common cemeteries; some for monuments, and some for defences. These purposes may be determined by their size, shape, and relative position.—Mounds indicating all these purposes, except the last, are formed over all the level, fertile, and habitable regions of the north-western and south-western states; and appear to have been erected without any regard to defensive operations. Many of them indeed are located in the most assailable situations. Even those which are surrounded by embankments of earth, may have been enclosed, to render them more sacred, especially those for general burial places, or the mausoleum of their lamented kings and chiefs. Some which now exhibit no enclosures, may originally have been enclosed with trees, shrubbery and the like, which have disappeared. Others which exhibit no embankments now, may have been enclosed originally by walls, which have mouldered into dust, and become leveled with the ground by the same ever active agent which has probably reduced these mounds to less than half their original size.

The comparatively small number of skeletons found in those mounds which have been appropriated to sepulture, show that large quantities of earth were added with each additional body. These skeletons, such at least as retain the form of bone, are found at different depths from the base up to the summit; they are found near the centre and near the surface. Hence we infer that mounds were erected by a suc-

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cession of burials, commencing with a layer first upon the ground with a small tumulus of a few feet over the first body:—then the next at its side raised to an equal height and joined to the first: then another in the same way, and another, until the base was of proper dimensions. When this is done the first layer is completed, and the next is placed upon the first tumulus, with an additional pile of earth gradually receding with its external side into the pyramid form. In this manner one layer after another may have been completed year after year, until in the lapse of one or two ages one mound would be completed, and remain a grand mausoleum, not for one person only, but for generations. Many of them are found with but a few feet elevation above the ground; and such were evidently left in an unfinished state;—and time and the action of rains have in some measure leveled their surface. It is not uncommon, in the fine arable lands of the bayous and lakes of Louisiana, to meet with several large mounds near each other, and one or more of less than half the size of the largest; being in all probability one that was in a state of being erected when the final catastrophe of the nation was consummated. Again, within one or more miles of some large mounds we may occasionally find several others, all of which are small and imperfect; and indicating the probability that the old burying place was completed and consigned to inviolate sanctity, while new ones were in use. In one instance on the Roundaway bayou these small ones are near two miles from the larger ones, and upon a high alluvial ridge of a half mile in width extending back into the swamp; probably selected as a more retired spot for those sacred relics. Possibly they may have been hastily erected to cover the bodies of a little host of heroes who may have fallen in battle, or been slain in ambuscade, where they received a hasty burial after the melee

In the valley of the lower Mississippi these tumuli are frequent in the finest arable level lands; and are seldom seen in the hilly regions except in high flats. I have never seen one in sterile lands, although they were beautifully situated. The mounds and works point out the regions which contained a dense population many centuries ago; while barren flats, having been then as they are now, unproductive, show no signs of a former race; having been reserved for game and pasturage.

In the lower valley of the Mississippi these tumuli observe a regular form, with very few exceptions.—This form is almost invariably a regular parallelogram at the base, rising in a pyramidal form to the surface or terrace, which is generally flat and level. They are mostly oblong, being about one third longer than their width. Those found near the banks of the old river lakes, and the bayous, are from forty to two hundred feet long, and from thirty to one hundred feet in width; and from ten to fifty feet high. The area of the top or terrace is about one half of the base.

In shape these vary materially from those so common in the north-western states and territories. The latter are mostly round, of a conical shape, and often much higher than those in the south. This difference in the form of the works, especially south of Tennessee, is sufficient to indicate a different race of men as the builders of each. The difference in the form is too remarkable to have been the result of any accidental cause. Again, the earthen wall or embankment surrounding them is much more common in the north than in the southern portion of this valley: in the south embankments about the mounds are uncommon; while in the north these embankments even occur where there is no mound. The pyramidal square mound occurs in considerable numbers in the fertile alluvial bottoms as far east as Pearl river, and probably to East Florida.

Many of these mounds we have said were probably erected as sacred places of sepulture for their tribes or chiefs. This is a mode of burial not unknown to history, among the tribes of the eastern hemisphere. It was a custom more or less in use among semi-barbarian people in all ages. As Major Stoddart observes, "Many of the ancient nations buried their dead in this way; especially those of distinction and consideration among them. Iceland still exhibits the remains of tumuli; and, according to the drawings made of them, they appear to resemble those of the Mississippi valley. Plutarch says that Alexander, on the death of Demeratus, made a most magnificent funeral for him, his whole army raising him a monument of earth eight cubits high, and of vast circumference. The Scythians, according to Herodotus, labored to raise as high a monument of earth for their dead as possible. Semiramis endeavored to eternize the memory of Ninus, her husband, by raising a high and broad mound for his tomb. The same practice obtained among the Spartans and Thracians, and even among the Jews. * * * * All rude and uncultivated nations have raised these pyramids of earth, either as cenotaphs or mausoleums to the memory of those they respected."—*Sketches of Louisiana, p.* 351.

When we reflect upon this mode, as practised by the American tribes, as well as those of the eastern hemisphere, compared with the mode adopted by ourselves in common country burying grounds, we cannot repress our admiration of the superior mode of the former. We wish to hold our burial grounds equally sacred; and equally desire to perpetuate the memory of our friends and ancestors: yet very often a few diminutive hillocks, which will be completely obliterated in half a century, are all that remain to mark the spot where hundreds of our friends lie buried: and in the lapse of a few years, their bones may be trodden under foot and desecrated by the plough; while the funeral places of these ancient barbarians still exist, and perpetuate the memory of their race, long after all tradition and historical legends have been lost in obscurity.

Some are evidently the remains of fortified places, or enclosed for better defence. Others may have been mounds for temples or altars for the rites of their religion, enclosed with earthen walls made of burnt or unburnt brick, which has mouldered to its original earth. Even in New California and New Mexico to this day, there are large villages of Indians surrounded by mud-built walls, as described by Lieutenant Z. M. Pike, in his passage from Santa Fe to the United States. Those which have been forts or fortified places for troops in war, are comparatively few in the south; and when found, they are generally in positions not easily accessible; or situated at some convenient point of communication. One of each kind we will briefly describe. The first is situated upon the plantation of Walter Irvin, Esq., about ten miles north-east from Natchez, and about seven miles in a direct line from

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the Mississippi river. This is probably one of the most remarkable works of the kind to be found in the south-west. It is situated upon an elevated summit of ground, in the centre of an amphitheatre of hills, of the same elevation on all sides. From the base of the summit upon which the works are situated, the ground has a gradual, but irregular and uneven descent for six or eight hundred yards, except on the east, where a narrow ridge extends from the base of the works to the hills at the distance of half a mile. This whole region is constituted of yellow clay, or loam; sand, gravel, or rock are not to be found near. The mound is very large, erected upon the summit by excavating around the base, and carrying upon top: the excavation has been much more extensive at the west and east ends than at the sides, which face the north and south. The extent of the base of the main mound is two hundred yards by one hundred and twenty yards with an elevation of the main terrace of twenty-five or thirty-five feet, with an irregular outline, somewhat similar to the salient angles of modern fortifications; these angles or projections are much larger on the south-west and north-west corners than elsewhere. The area upon the top, including the base of a supertumulus upon the west end, as well as one on the east end, is about three acres, while the area of the main mound around the base is five acres. The greatest length of the base is two hundred yards, and of the top about one hundred and twenty yards. The sides of the main mound are quite steep, being not more than thirty-five or forty degrees from a perpendicular. Upon the top of the main mound are six other mounds; one large one on the west end, and another smaller on the east end; two smaller ones are situated upon the north side and two upon the south. The largest at its base covers an area of one fourth of an acre, while its level surface on top of the terrace is about one-third as much. This super-tumulus has its western side or slope continuous with the main mound, above which it rises about forty or forty-five feet.—From its top down to the bottom of the excavation at the west end, is eighty feet. The mound upon the east end is similar to the western, but not one-fourth as large, having its eastern slope continuous with the side of the main mound fifty feet to the excavation below. The others are quite small, being not more than fifteen or twenty feet in diameter across the base, and not more than three or four feet high, although they have been much higher. Those on the north side are largest, and are not more than twenty feet apart, being situated on each side of a ravine from the terrace down to the base, which appears to be the remains of a covert way or entrance. Those on the south are more remote, but appear on each side of a smaller ravine towards the west of the south side, which also appears to have been likewise a covert way. The larger of these covert ways appears to have entered near the centre of the great terrace, through the body of the work; the other appears to have entered nearer the circumference, about two-thirds of the distance towards the west end. On the north side, about fifty or sixty feet from the base of the mound, there appears to have been a large bastion to defend the entrance; a similar, but smaller one appears to have defended the other entrance on the south-east. Close around the base of the mound, on all sides, there are the remains of a deep and wide ditch or fosse, part of which, fifteen years ago, contained water: but of late has become nearly level. About this mound various remains of earthenware, and of implements of warfare have been found, besides numerous skeletons. Some years since, the skeleton of an individual seven or eight feet high and large in proportion, was found here, upon the main mound. A more recent examination resulted in the discovery of several skeletons of common size lying promiscuously on the top of the main mound near the western base of the eastern super-tumulus. These were found within a few inches of the surface, where doubtless they had been covered by the detritus upon them.—These skeletons exhibited such evidences of great antiquity, that they soon fell to pieces when exposed to the air. One skull only with great care was preserved sufficiently entire to admit of a true drawing for an engraving. This skull was decidedly of the "flat head," or compressed kind; the occiput being greatly compressed or elevated, while the parietal bones were proportionally full and elevated. Besides these, on the top of the eastern super-tumulus, were discovered in a circular cavity, about twelve inches in diameter, and not more than fifteen inches below the surface, the ashes and remains of a funeral pyre; being the remains of burnt bones and other animal matters, calcined and enclosed in a strong cloth of round coarse texture, entirely unlike modern manufacture. Similar remains were recently discovered by John Routh, Esq., in opening the surface of a mound upon his plantation on Lake St. Joseph. These relics prove clearly that those who built these mouments, sometimes, at least, adopted the custom which has so long prevailed in the eastern parts of Europe and in Asia, of consuming by fire the remains of their friends and entombing their ashes.

Another work of the same nature is to be found in the angle formed by the junction of Little river with the Washita or Black river of Louisiana. The land on which this work is situated, like that for many miles on every side, is firm alluvion, above ordinary inundation. The plan of the work, as well as the position selected for it, show that it has been a fortified place. Major Stoddart, who visited it about the year 1810, gives the following description of these works, as they appeared twenty-eight years ago. He says there were five mounds enclosed by a wall or embankment of earth, at that time ten feet high and ten feet thick. The earthen wall enclosed about two hundred acres of ground. Four of the mounds were of nearly equal dimensions, being about three hundred feet long, one hundred broad, and twenty feet high, of a square or parallelogram form at the base, and diminishing towards the top in the pyramid shape.—The fifth appeared to have been designed as a tower or turret, the base of which covered an acre of ground. It rose by two steps or stories, each gradually diminishing from its base upwards. The summit of the upper story was crowned with a flattened cone about eighty feet above the base.

Who were the people that built these mounments, and where are they now? Forgotten and unknown, they lie buried in these monuments of earth, where they were deposited, probably, long, long before the European first set foot upon America, and a new race have sprung up, which, possibly by the same influence, in ten or fifteen centuries, may have likewise passed away; when the remains of our monuments may be mere themes of conjecture.

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RED RIVER.

This noble river is one of the most important of the tributaries which yield their wealth to the great Father of Waters. It takes its rise in the elevated undulating prairies about one hundred and fifty miles below Santa Fe of New Mexico, and three hundred and fifty miles below the last spur of the Rocky Mountains, in about latitude 36 deg. North. It runs through the immense "Pampas" or Buffalo Prairies, to about 33 deg. 20 min., where it passes through the remarkable belt of wood known all through the west as the "Cross Timbers," which is about forty miles in width North and South; and extends from the Prairies of Missouri to the Rio del Norte, with a general course of south-west. Thence the Red River pursues its course east north-east, to the mouth of the Kinamechie, in 54 deg. 5 min., the most northern point east of the Cross Timbers; this is the landing for fort Towson: from this point its general course is south-east. Indian traders procure small quantities of rock salt from the Indians, which is found in the higher portions of the river. So far as we can obtain any idea from persons familiar with the river, its length must be near two thousand miles. The white settlements extend to the Cross Timbers, something like thirteen hundred miles from its mouth, and near the 23rd deg. of longitude west from Washington, where the dividing line between Texas and the United States leaves Red River and crosses north to the Arkansas.

The most remarkable feature in this river is its extreme narrowness when compared with its length and depth. To this cause must be attributed the formation of the Great Raft, which for many years locked up this most fertile and extensive country from civilization. As this cause must exist so long as this exuberant soil will produce gigantic trees, one of which, in the narrowest parts of the river, is sufficient to block up all navigation—the only effectual mode of keeping the river open, must be by the constant operation of one snag boat in the raft region, a distance of about a hundred miles, at an expense of some ten thousand dollars a year.

The great annual rise in Red River is in June, which corresponds with the August rise in the Mississippi. It is at this period that the great mass of fallen timber moves down and lodges about fifty miles above Shrieveport, being the point where the river is the narrowest and the highest part in the old raft. A snag boat, during the month of June, can effect more than in any three subsequent months, as "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." But the snag boat has always left the river in May, and the consequence has been, and we fear always will be, that the raft will form every year in that month, causing an injury to the upper country, which cannot be estimated. The ostensible reason assigned is, that the sickliness of the climate prevents the men from working. It is true, that to the unacclimated, the miasma of the river, during the hot months, is fatal; but men enough can be found, who can withstand any thing. Keel boats are always creeping along at all seasons of the year, and we see no good reason why snag boats should not be worked as well. Persons who have ascended as high as Natchitoches, or even Shrieveport, can form no conception of the beauty of the scenery in its higher parts. The river above the raft is wider, and flows through an elevated region. In a few years, if the raft can be prevented from forming, a dense population will extend itself on the banks of Red River, from Shrieveport to its source; and it will become, in point of productive importance, what its extreme length and fertile lands presage. In ordinary seasons the only interruption to the navigation of Red River is at the rapids, just above Alexandria, and that only for a very short time. Boats that can ascend these falls can find water sufficient to carry them to the mouth of the False Ouashita, nine hundred miles above Shrieveport.

If a snag boat can be kept at work in the raft during the summer, we may safely calculate on uninterrupted navigation.—Caddoe Free Press.

MINERAL RICHES OF THE WEST.

With a view to ascertain as definitely as possible the value and extent of the mineral lands belonging to the United States in the Western Territories, the President, in obedience to a resolution passed by both Houses of Congress, last year appointed Mr. David Dale Owen, of Indiana, to conduct a Geological Survey in Iowa and Wisconsin; and that survey has now been completed in a very satisfactory manner, though we believe the Report forwarded to the Land Office at Washington has not yet been printed. Our information respecting it is unofficial, derived, through the western journals, from Mr. Owen himself and his associates. The immediate incentive to this survey was a desire to graduate the price of public lands according to their value. The subject of the disposition of the mineral tracts belonging to the United States is one involving an immense effect upon the revenue. Lands which would readily command from twenty to a hundred dollars an acre, if entered as farming lands, would bring but one dollar and a quarter to the treasury.

The district which Mr. Owen was directed to explore, comprises an area of about ten thousand square miles, lying on both sides of the Mississippi, between Rock and Wisconsin rivers. It appears that this district at the present time, before the miner has penetrated its confines, and while its vast riches are unknown and unsuspected even by the mass of its few inhabitants, produces annually as much lead as the whole continent of Europe, and that five times as many operatives as are now in the field might be profitably employed, probably for centuries, in the mines already opened. But, however inexhaustible or rich the *lead* discovered, that article constitutes but a small portion of the mineral resources of Wisconsin and Iowa. The surveyed district is one of the richest mining regions in the world, and is as remarkable for the variety and the purity of its productions as for its exhaustless quantities. It contains copper ore in great abundance, and of a quality averaging from a tenth to a third richer in metal than the best ore of Cornwall in England, heretofore esteemed the most productive copper district in the world. Besides this, zinc, of excellent quality, is found throughout the lead region and in such quantities that hundreds of tons are thrown up from the lead mines as rubbish, the miners being usually ignorant of its presence, or that it is an ore of value. Thus the materials for the manufacture of brass are found there, side by side, and in abundance though hitherto entirely neglected. The deposit of iron ore, in quality equal to that of Tennessee

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are also numerous. Whole villages might be employed in that branch of mining alone, yet but one iron furnace has been attempted.

The Report of Mr. Owen is understood to include, besides information on the subjects to which we have alluded above, maps, drawings, etc. illustrating the scenery and general geology of the country; a delineation of the outlines of the great Illinois Coal Basin, which includes a large portion of five states and territories, and is so far incomparable with the coal fields in England, that it is larger than the whole island of Great Britain itself; an analysis of the soils, coal and ores of the regions examined; an examination and delineation of some of the extraordinary mounds and other antiquities of Wisconsin; the heights of tables, prairies, hills, and mountains; and a comparison of the rocks, &c. of the Upper Mississippi with similar rocks in other portions of the United States, and with those of other countries, especially those of a similar formation in Great Britain.

We last week alluded to the mineral riches of the country bordering on Lake Superior. The discoveries in Iowa and Wisconsin, with others equally remarkable, which will doubtless follow similar surveys which have been projected at Washington, leave no doubt that the central portions of North America surpass altogether in the value of their minerals, all other parts of the world.—*New Yorker.*

INTERESTING EXTRACT.

"And this is the Dead Sea, and below these dark waters are the sites, perhaps the ruins of Sodom and Gomorrah, such as when the smoke of the country went up, as the smoke of a furnace. There is a tale, that nothing living, not even a bird, can ever cross this sea. But there is no need of imaginary stories, to heighten the desolation of the scene, and we, as well as other travelers, can testify to its inaccuracy by our own observations. We believe, that its waters are unfavorable to animal life; and though a shell or two may be occasionally picked up upon the shore, yet these have been probably brought down by the Jordan. The water is excessively bitter and nauseous; and if additional evidence were wanting, we also could testify to its great gravity, and to the buoyancy of the human body, when immersed in it. It is only by much exertion, and for a very short time, that any one can get and remain below the surface.

We went from here to the Jordan, and struck the river where tradition says the children of Israel passed over, when they first entered the Land of Promise. On the west side is a low bottom, and on the east a high sandy bluff, and the shores of the river are covered with aquatic bushes. The water was thick and turbid, the current rapid, and too deep to be sounded, 'for Jordan overflowed all his banks, all the time of harvest.' And here did cross the Jewish nation, over this turbulent stream, 'on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan.' And we followed their route to Jericho, the frontier city of the Canaanites, where 'the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city.' There is no city now to take, nor are there any walls now to fall—there are a few miserable hovels, made of rude stones and mud, and ruined walls of a building of the middle ages, where the wretched Arabs burrow, rather than live. Jericho has disappeared as completely as her rival cities, which sunk before the wrath of the Almighty. And it requires an effort to be satisfied that here the great miracle, which attended the entrance of the Jews into Canaan, was performed, though the truth of the denunciation is before the eyes of the traveler; 'Cursed be the man before the Lord, that raiseth up and buildeth this city Jericho.'"

Thus speaks L. Cass, American Minister at Paris, who, in August, 1838, stood upon the shore of the Dead Sea, traversed the track-way of the Israelites through the wilderness, and noted the place of their passage across the Red Sea.

THE PARTING OF SUMMER.—MRS. HEMANS.

Thou'rt bearing hence thy roses,
Glad Summer; fare thee well!
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell:

But in the golden sunset
Of thy latest lingering day,
Oh! tell me, o'er the chequered earth
How hast thou passed away?

Brightly, sweet Summer! brightly
Thine hours have floated by,
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs;
The rangers of the sky:

And brightly in the forests,
To the wild deer bounding free:
And brightly 'midst the garden flowers,
To the happy murmuring bee.

But how to human bosoms,
With all their hopes and fears;
And thoughts that make them eagle wings
To pierce the unborn years?

Sweet Summer! to the captive
Thou hast flown in burning dreams
Of the woods, with all their hopes and leaves,
And the blue, rejoicing streams;

To the wasted and the weary,
On the bed of sickness bound;
In sweet, delicious fantasies,
That changed with every sound;

To the sailor on the billows,
In longings wild and vain,
For the gushing founts and breezy hills,
And the homes of earth again.

And unto me, glad Summer
How hast thou flown to me?
My chainless footsteps nought have kept
From thy haunts of song and glee.

Thou hast flown in wayward visions,
In memories of the dead—
In shadows from a troubled heart,
O'er a sunny pathway shed;

In brief and sudden strivings
To fling a weight aside;
'Midst these, thy melodies have ceased,
And all thy roses died!

But oh! thou gentle Summer!
If I greet thy flowers once more,
Bring me again thy buoyancy,
Wherewith my soul should soar!

Give me to hail thy sunshine
With song and spirit free;
Or in a purer land than this
May our next meeting be!

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WESTERN SCENERY.

The traveler who visits our valley, for the first time, advancing from the east to the Ohio river, and thence proceeding westward, is struck with the magnificence of the vegetation which clothes the whole surface. The vast extent and gloomy grandeur of the forest, the gigantic size and venerable antiquity of the trees, the rankness of the weeds, the luxuriance and variety of the underbrush, the long vines that climb to the tops of the tallest branches, the parasites that hang in clusters from the boughs, the brilliancy of the foliage, and the exuberance of the fruit, all show a land teeming with vegetable life. The forest is seen in its majesty; the pomp and pride of the wilderness is here. Here is nature unspoiled, and silence undisturbed. A few years ago, this impression was more striking than at present; for now, farms, villages, and even a few large towns, are scattered over this region, diversifying its landscapes, and breaking in upon the characteristic wildness of its scenery. Still there are wide tracts remaining in a state of nature, and displaying all the savage luxuriance which first attracted the pioneer; and upon a general survey, its features present at this day, to one accustomed only to thickly peopled countries, the same freshness of beauty, and the immensity, though rudeness of outline, which we have been accustomed to associate with the landscape of the West.

I know of nothing more splendid than a western forest. There is a grandeur in the immense size of the trees—a richness in the coloring of the foliage, superior to any thing that is known in corresponding latitudes—a wildness and an unbroken stillness that attest the absence of man—above all there is a vastness, a boundless extent, an uniterrupted continuity of shade, which prevents the attention from being distracted, and allows the mind to itself, and the imagination to realize the actual presence and true character of that which had burst upon it like a vivid dream. But when the traveler forsakes the Ohio, and advancing westward ascends to the level of that great plain, which constitutes the surface of this region, he finds himself in an open champaign country—in a wilderness of meadows clad in grass, and destitute of trees. The transition is as sudden as complete. Behind him are the most gigantic productions of the forest—before him are the lowly, the verdant, the delicate inhabitants of the lawn; behind him are gloom and chill, before him are sunlight and graceful beauty. He has passed the rocky cliff, where the den of the rattle-snake is concealed, the marshes that send up fœtid steams of desolating miasma, and the canebrake where the bear and the panther lurk; and has reached the pasture where the deer is feeding, and the prairie flower displays its diversified hues. He has seen the wilderness in all its savage pomp and gloomy grandeur, arrayed in the terrors of barbarian state; but now beholds it in its festal garb, reposing in peace, and surrounded by light, gaiety and beauty.

This distinction is not imaginary; no one can pass from one part of this region to another, without observing the natural antithesis of which we are speaking; and that mind would be defective in its perceptions of the sublime and beautiful, which did not feel, as well as see, the effect of this singular contrast. There is in the appearance of one of our primitive forests a gloomy wildness, that throws a cast of solemnity over the feelings; a something in the wide-spread solitude which suggests to the traveler that he is far from the habitations of man—alone, in the companionship of his own thoughts, and the presence of his God. But the prairie landscape awakens a different train of thought. Here light predominates instead of shade, and a variety of hue instead of a wearisome exuberance and monotony of verdure; while the extent of the landscape allows the eye to roam abroad, and the imagination to expand, over an endless diversity of agreeable objects.

The remarkable contrast is equally striking in the contour of the surface—in the difference between the broken and the level districts. If the traveler looks down from the western pinnacles of the Allegheny, he beholds a region beautifully diversified with hill and dale, and intersected with rapid streams. In western Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, he finds every variety of scenic beauty—the hill, the plain, the valley, the rocky cliff, the secluded dell, the clear fountain, and the rivulet dashing headlong over its bed of rock. The rivers have each their characteristic scenery. The Monongahela winding through a mountainous country, overhung with precipices, and shaded by heavy forests, with a current sufficiently gentle to be easily navigable to steamboats, has its peculiar features, which are instantly lost when the traveler has passed on the bosom of the Ohio. The winding course and picturesque scenery of the Ohio, between Pittsburgh and Wheeling, impress the beholder as strictly wild and beautiful; below the latter place, the features of the landscape become softened, the hills recede farther from the river, are lofty and more rounded; and again, after passing Louisville, these elevations are seen less frequently, and gradually melt away, until the river becomes margined by low shores, and one continuous line of unbroken forest. But if we leave the gentle current of the Ohio, and ascend the Kentucky or the Cumberland, we again find rapid streams, overhung with precipices, and a country abounding in the diversities of a wild and picturesque scenery. Here may be seen the rapid current foaming and eddying over beds of rock, and the tall peak towering above in solitary grandeur. Here the curious traveler may penetrate the gloom of the cavern, may clamber over precipices, or refresh himself from the crystal fountain bursting from the bosom of the rock. But he will find every hill clad with timber, every valley teeming with vegetation; even the crevices of the limestone parapets giving sustenance to trees and bushes.

The scenery presented on the western shore of the Ohio is altogether different. The mountain, the rock, the precipice, and limpid torrent, are seen no more; and the traveler, as he wanders successively over Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and the vast wilderness lying beyond, is astonished at the immensity of the great plain, the regularity of its surface, and the richness, the verdure, the beauty, of its wide-spread meadows.

It is perhaps not easy to account for the intense curiosity and surprise which have been universally excited by the existence of these plains; for they have been found in various parts of the world. The steppes of Asia, the pampas of South America, and

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the deserts of Africa, are alike destitute of timber. But they have existed from different causes; and while one has been found too arid and sterile to give birth to vegetation, and another snow-clad and inhospitable, others exist in temperate climates and exhibit the most amazing fertility of soil. These facts show that there are various causes inimical to the growth of trees, and the forest is not necessarily the spontaneous product of the earth, and its natural covering, wherever its surface is left uncultivated by the hand of man. The vegetable kingdom embraces an infinite variety of plants, 'from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that groweth on the wall;' and the plan of nature, in which there is no miscalculation, has provided that there shall be a necessary concatenation of circumstances—a proper adaptation of soil, climate, and moisture—of natural and secondary causes, to produce and to protect each: just as she has assigned the wilderness to the Indian, the rich pasture to the grazing herd, and the Alps to the mountain goat.

The scenery of the prairie country excites a different feeling. The novelty is striking, and never fails to cause an exclamation of surprise. The extent of the prospect is exhilarating; the verdure and the flowers are beautiful; and the absence of shade, and consequent appearance of a profusion of light, produces a gaiety which animates the beholder.

It is necessary to explain that these plains, although preserving a general level in respect to the whole country, are yet themselves not *flat*, but exhibit a gracefully waving surface, swelling and sinking with an easy slope, and a full rounded outline, equally avoiding the unmeaning horizontal surface, and the interruption of abrupt or angular elevations. It is that surface which, in the expressive language of the country, is called *rolling*, and which has been said to resemble the long heavy swell of the ocean, when its waves are retiring to rest after the agitation of a storm.

It is to be remarked also, that the prairie is almost always elevated in the centre, so that in advancing into it from either side, you see before you only the plain, with its curved outline marked upon the sky, and forming the horizon, but on reaching the highest point, you look around upon the whole of the vast scene.

The attraction of the prairie consists in its extent, its carpet of verdure and flowers, its undulating surface, its groves, and the fringe of timber by which it is surrounded. Of all these, the latter is the most expressive feature—it is that which gives character to the landscape, which imparts the shape and marks the boundary of the plain. If the prairie be small, its greatest beauty consists in the vicinity of the surrounding margin of woodland, which resembles the shore of a lake, indented with deep vistas like bays and inlets, and throwing out long points, like capes and headlands; while occasionally these points approach so close on either hand, that the traveler passes through a narrow avenue or strait, where the shadows of the woodland fall upon his path,—and then again emerges into another prairie. Where the plain is large, the forest outline is seen in the far perspective like the dim shore when beheld at a distance from the ocean. The eye sometimes roams over the green meadow, without discovering a tree, a shrub or any object in the immense expanse, but the wilderness of grass and flowers; while at another time, the prospect is enlivened by the groves that are seen interspersed like islands, or the solitary tree, which stands alone in the blooming desert.

If it be in the spring of the year, and the young grass has just covered the ground with a carpet of delicate green, and especially if the sun is just rising from behind a distant swell of the plain, and glittering upon the dew drops, no scene can be more lovely to the eye. The deer is seen grazing quietly upon the plain; the bee is on the wing; the wolf, with his tail dropped, is sneaking away to his covert with the felon tread of one who is conscious that he has disturbed the peace of nature; and the grouse feeding in flocks or in pairs, like the domestic fowl, cover the whole surface—the males strutting and erecting their plumage like a peacock, and uttering a long, loud, mournful note, something like the cooing of the dove, but resembling still more the sound produced by passing a rough finger boldly over the surface of a tambourine. The number of these birds is astonishing. The plain is covered with them in every direction; and when they have been driven from the ground by a deep snow, I have seen thousands—or more properly tens of thousands—thickly clustered in the tops of the trees surrounding the prairie. They do not retire as the country becomes settled, but continue to lurk in the tall grass around the newly made farms; and I have sometimes seen them mingled with the domestic fowls, at a short distance from the farmer's door. They will eat and even thrive when confined in a coop, and may undoubtedly become domesticated.

When the eye roves off from the green plain to the groves or points of timber, these also are found to be at this season robed in the most attractive hues. The rich undergrowth is in full bloom. The red-bud, the dog-wood, the crab-apple, the wild plum, the cherry, the rose, are abundant in all rich lands; and the grape vine, though its bloom is unseen, fills the air with fragrance. The variety of the wild fruit and flowering shrubs is so great, and such the profusion of the blossoms with which they are bowed down, that the eye is regaled almost to satiety.

The gaiety of the prairie, its embellishments, and the absence of the gloom and savage wildness of the forest, all contribute to dispel the feeling of lonesomeness, which usually creeps over the mind of the solitary traveler in the wilderness. Though he may not see a house nor a human being, and is conscious that he is far from the habitations of men, he can scarcely divest himself of the idea that he is traveling through scenes embellished by the hand of art. The flowers, so fragile, so delicate, and so ornamental, seem to have been tastefully disposed to adorn the scene. The groves and clumps of trees appear to have been scattered over the lawn to beautify the landscape, and it is not easy to avoid that decision of the fancy which persuades the beholder, that such scenery has been created to gratify the refined taste of civilized man. Europeans are often reminded of the resemblance of this scenery to that of the extensive parks of noblemen which they have been accustomed to admire in the old world; the lawn, the avenue, the grove, the copse, which are there produced by art, are here prepared by nature; a splendid specimen of massy architecture, and the distant view of villages, are alone wanting to render the similitude complete.

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In the summer the prairie is covered with long coarse grass, which soon assumes a golden hue, and waves in the wind like a ripe harvest. Those who have not a personal knowledge of the subject would be deceived by the accounts which are published of the height of the grass. It is seldom so tall as travelers have represented, nor does it attain its highest growth in the richest soil. In the low wet prairies, where the substratum of clay lies near the surface, the centre or main stem of this grass, which bears the seed, acquires great thickness, and shoots up to the height of eight or nine feet, throwing out a few short coarse leaves or blades, and the traveler often finds it higher than his head as he rides through it on horseback. The plants, although numerous, and standing close together, appear to grow singly and unconnected, the whole force of the vegetative power expanding itself upward. But in the rich undulating prairies, the grass is finer, with less of stalk, and a greater profusion of leaves. The roots spread and interweave so as to form a compact even sod, and the blades expand into a close thick sward, which is seldom more than eighteen inches high, and often less, until late in the season when the seed-bearing stem shoots up.

The first coat of grass is mingled with small flowers; the violet, the bloom of the strawberry, and others of the most minute and delicate texture. As the grass increases in size these disappear, and others, taller and more gaudy, display their brilliant colors upon the green surface, and still later a larger and coarser succession rises with the rising tide of verdure. A fanciful writer asserts, that the prevalent color of the prairie flowers is in the spring a bluish purple, in midsummer red, and in autumn yellow. This is one of the *notions* that people get, who study nature by the fireside. The truth is, that the whole of the surface of these beautiful plains is clad throughout the season of verdure with every imaginable variety of color, 'from grave to gay.' It is impossible to conceive a more infinite diversity, or a richer profusion of hues, or to detect any predominating tint, except the green, which forms the beautiful ground, and relieves the exquisite brilliancy of all the others. The only changes of color observed at the different seasons arise from the circumstance that in the spring the flowers are small and the colors delicate; as the heat becomes more ardent a hardier race appears, the flowers attain a greater size, and the hue deepens; and still later a succession of coarser plants rise above the tall grass, throwing out larger and gaudier flowers. As the season advances from spring to midsummer, the individual flower becomes less beautiful when closely inspected, but the landscape is far more variegated, rich, and glowing.

In the winter, the prairies present a gloomy and desolate scene. The fire has passed over them, and consumed every vegetable substance, leaving the soil bare, and the surface perfectly black. The gracefully waving outline which was so attractive to the eye when clad in green, is now disrobed of all its ornaments; its fragrance, its notes of joy, and the graces of its landscape have all vanished, and the bosom of the cold earth, scorched and discolored, is alone visible. The wind sighs mournfully over the black plain; but there is no object to be moved by its influence—not a tree to wave its long arms in the blast, nor a reed to bend its fragile stem—not a leaf nor even a blade of grass to tremble in the breeze. There is nothing to be seen but the cold dead earth and the bare mound, which move not—and the traveler, with a singular sensation, almost of awe, feels the blast rushing over him, while not an object visible to the eye, is seen to stir. Accustomed as the mind is to associate with the action of the wind, its operation upon surrounding objects, and to see nature bowing and trembling, and the fragments of matter mounting upon the wind as the storm passes, there is a novel effect produced upon the mind of one who feels the current of air rolling heavily over him, while nothing moves around.—Western Monthly Magazine.

THE SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The following is from Mr. Schoolcraft's Narrative of his Expedition to the heads of the Mississippi:

"A fog prevented our embarking until five o'clock in the morning, (13th) and it was then impossible to discern the objects at a distance. We found the channel above the Naiwa, diminished to a clever brook, more decidedly marshy in the character of its shores, but not presenting in its plants or trees, any thing particularly to distinguish it from the contiguous lower parts of the stream. The water is still and pond-like. It presents some small areas of wild rice. It appears to be a favorite resort for the duck and teal, who frequently rose up before us, and were aroused again and again by our progress. An hour and a half diligently employed, brought us to the foot of Ossowa Lake. We halted a moment to survey it. It exhibits a broad border of aquatic plants, with somewhat blackish waters. Perch abound in it. It is the recipient of two brooks, and may be regarded as the source of this fork of the Mississippi. We were precisely twenty minutes in passing through it. We entered one of the brooks, the most southerly in position. It possessed no current, and was filled with broad-leaved plants, and a kind of pond-lily. We appeared to be involved in a morass where it seemed equally impracticable to make the land, or proceed far by water. In this we were not mistaken; Oza Windib soon pushed his canoe into the weeds, and exclaimed, *Oma mikuanna* (here is the portage.) A man who is called upon for the first time to debark in such a place, will look about to discover some dry spot to put his feet upon. No such spot however existed here. We stepped into rather warm pond-water, with a miry bottom. After a hundred yards, or more, the soil became firm, and we soon began to ascend a slight elevation, where the growth partakes more of the character of a forest. Traces of a path appeared here, and we suddenly entered an opening affording an eligible spot for landing. Here our baggage was prepared for the portage. The carbonaceous remains of former fires, the bones of birds, and scattered camp poles, proved it to be a spot which had previously been occupied by the Indians. The prevailing growth at this place is spruce, white cedar, tamarack, and gray pine. Here we breakfasted.

"Having followed out this branch of the Mississippi to its source, it may be observed that its existence, as a separate river, has hitherto been unknown in our geography. None of the maps indicate the ultimate separation of the Mississippi, above Cass Lake,

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into two forks. Little surprise should therefore be manifested that the latitude of the head of this stream is found to be incorrect. It was not, however, to be expected that the inaccuracy would be so great as to place the actual source an entire degree south of the supposed point. Such, however, is the conclusion established by present observations.

"The portage from the east to the west branch of the river, is estimated to be six miles. Beginning in a marsh, it soon rises into a little elevation of white cedar wood, matted with fallen trees, and obscured with moss. From this, the path emerges upon dry ground. It soon ascends an elevation of oceanic sand, having boulders and bearing pines. There is then another descent, and another elevation. In short, the traveler now finds himself crossing a series of diluvial sand ridges, which form the height of land between the Mississippi Valley and Red River. This ridge is locally denominated Hauteur des Terres, where it is crossed in passing from Lac Plaie to Ottertail Lake, from which point it proceeds northward, separating the tributaries of the River des Corbeaus from those of Red River. It finally subtends both branches of the Mississippi, putting out a spur between the east and west fork, which intersects the portage, crosses the west of Itascan fork about the point of the Kakabykonce, or Little Rock Falls, and joining the main ridge, passes north-eastwardly of Lac Travers and Turtle Lake, and is again encountered in the noted portage path from Turtle Lake to Red Lake. It is, in fine, the table land between the waters of Hudson's Bay and the Mexican Gulf. It also gives rise to the remotest tributaries of the River St. Louis, which, through Lake Superior and its connecting chain, may be considered as furnishing the head waters of the St. Lawrence.—This table land is probably the highest in north-western America, in this longitude.

"Every step we made in treading these sandy elevations, increased the ardor with which we were carried forward. The desire of reaching the actual source of a stream so celebrated as the Mississippi—a stream which La Salle had reached the mouth of, a century and a half (lacking a year) before, was perhaps predominant; and we followed our guides down the sides of the last elevation, with the expectation of momentarily reaching the goal of our journey. What had been long sought, at last appeared suddenly.—On turning out of a thicket into a small weedy opening, the cheering sight of a transparent body of water burst upon our view. *It was Itasca Lake—the source of the Mississippi.*"

Itasca Lake is in every respect a beautiful sheet of water, seven or eight miles in extent, lying among hills of diluvial formation, surrounded with pines which fringe the distant horizon and form an agreeable contrast with the greener foliage of its immediate shores. Its greatest length is from southeast to northwest, with a southern prolongation or bay, which receives a brook. The waters are transparent and bright, and reflect the foliage produced by the elm, lynn, maple, and cherry, together with other species more abundant in northern latitudes. The lake itself is of irregular form, which will be best illustrated by the following sketch: It has a singular island, upon which we landed, after an hour's paddling from the spot of our arrival and embarkation. We found here the forest trees above named growing promiscuously with the betula and spruce. The bones of fish and tortoise, found at the locality of former Indian camp-fires, indicate the existence of these species in the lake. We observed a deer standing in the margin of the lake. And here as well as throughout the lakes of the region, we found the duck, teal and loon in possession of their favorite seclusions. Innumerable shells, (a species of helix,) were driven up to the head of the island. Other parts of the lake yield a small species of the unio, which were found strewing the bed of the outlet. And it may be here remarked that this shell exists, in the largest and heaviest species heretofore known, in the lowest parts of this stream—the Mississippi having its origin here.

The outlet of Itasca Lake is perhaps ten or twelve feet broad, with an apparent depth of from twelve to eighteen inches. The discharge of water appears to be copious compared to its inlet. Springs may, however, produce accessions which are not visible, and this is probable, both from the geological character of the country, and the transparency and coolness of the water.

The height of this lake above the sea, is an object of geographical interest, which, in the absence of actual survey, it may subserve the purposes of useful inquiry to estimate. From notes taken on the ascent, it cannot be short of 160 feet above Cass Lake. Adding the estimate of 1330 feet, submitted in 1820, as the elevation of that lake, the Mississippi may be considered to originate at an altitude of say 1500 feet above the Atlantic. Its length, assuming former data as the basis, and computing it through Itascan or west fork, may be placed at 3160 miles—182 of which comprises an estimate of its length above Cass Lake. Its general course in ascending, above the latter point, is north of west as far as the Lac Travers; then south to its primary fork, which it continued, following up the east fork to Kubbakuana Lake, and for some distance further. It then varies a short distance, north and northwest, then southwest and south, and finally southwest, to its main source, in Ossowa Lake.

FEMALE SAILOR.—Josephine Fleury, a native of Bretteville, has been recently committed to prison at Cherbourg for having robbed her master and mistress at Montaign le Bois. At sixteen she assumed male attire, and hired herself as a servant at Cerences, but in the summer left this employment, and embarked at Granville as a sailor in a vessel engaged in the Newfoundland cod fishery. For sixteen years she led the same life, being alternately a servant in winter and a sailor in summer. She at length became tired of this mode of living, and lived four years as a servant at Brehai. From thence she engaged herself as a wood cutter in the forest of Gavray. In a quarrel in a public house she wounded a man severely, and being brought before the Correctional Tribunal was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. During her confinement, her sex was discovered. On her discharge a year and a half ago, she hired herself to do a day's work at Montaign le Bois, where she has fallen into her present scrape. Josephine's complexion is completely bronzed by exposure to all weathers, and she has small whiskers.

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EXTINCT RACE OF MEN.

Mr. J. B. Pentland, in a paper before the British Association at Edinburgh, 1834, states the reasons which have led him to conclude that there existed, at a comparatively recent period, a race of men very different from any of those now inhabiting our globe, characterized principally by the anomalous forms of the cranium, in which two thirds of the entire weight of the cerebral mass is placed behind the occipital foramen, and in which the bones of the face are very much elongated. Mr. Pentland entered into details to prove that this extraordinary form cannot be attributed to pressure or any external force similar to that still employed by many American tribes, and adduced, in confirmation of this view, the opinion of Cuvier, of Gall, and of many other celebrated naturalists and anatomists. The remains of this race are found in ancient tombs among the mountains of Peru and Bolivia, and principally in the great inter-alpine valley of Titicaca, and on the borders of the lake of the same name. These tombs present very remarkable architectural beauty, and appear not to date beyond seven or eight centuries before the present period.

The race of men to which these extraordinary remains belong, appears to Mr. Pentland to have constituted the inhabitants of the elevated regions, situate between the 14th and 19th degrees of south latitude before the arrival of the present Indian population, which, in its physical characters, its customs, &c., offers many analogies with the Asiatick races of the old world.

[From the Georgetown Metropolitan.]

INDIAN WRITTEN LANGUAGE.

The following very interesting incident of Indian life, was written by Governour Cass, our former minister to France, while on one of those numerous missions to the aboriginal tribes, in which his integrity, sagacity, and deep knowledge of the Indian character, achieved so many beneficial results for the United States, as well as for the outcast children of the forest themselves, by the amicable relations which he established, and the treaties which he made between them and our government; and is published now by his kind permission. It was the practice of Governour Cass, while on these expeditions, to record minutely all the interesting particulars, and the facts respecting the history, habits, and characters of the Indian tribes, which practical acquaintance brought under the knowledge of a sagacious and inquiring mind. By such a man, what valuable materials for an authentick history of that remarkable and perishing race, will not these documents present. We hope from time to time, to have the high gratification of presenting further extracts to the publick.

An incident occurred, during a recent tour to the Northwest, so rare in itself, and which so clearly shows the facility with which communications may be opened between savage nations, without the intervention of letters, that I have thought it would be interesting to communicate to you.

The Chippeways and Sioux are hereditary enemies, and Charlevoix says they were at war when the French first reached the Mississippi. I endeavoured when among them, to learn the cause which first excited them to war, and the time when it commenced, but they can give no rational account of either. An intelligent Chippeway chief informed me, that the disputed boundary between them, was a subject of little importance, and the question respecting it, would be easily adjusted. He appeared to think they fought, because their fathers fought before them.

This war has been waged with various success, and in its prosecution, instances of courage and self-devotion have occurred, within a few years, that would not have disgraced the pages of Grecian, or of Roman history. Some years since, mutually weary of hostilities, the chiefs of both nations met and agreed upon a truce. But the Sioux, disregarding the solemn contract which they had formed, and actuated by some sudden impulse, attacked the Chippeways, and murdered a number of them. The old Chippeway chief, who descended the Mississippi with us, was present on this occasion, and owed his life to the intrepidity and generous self-devotion of a Sioux chief. This man entreated, remonstrated, and threatened. He urged his countrymen, by every motive, to abstain from any violation of their faith, and when he found his remonstrances useless, he attached himself to the Chippeway chief, and avowed his determination of saving or perishing with him. Awed by his intrepidity, the Sioux finally agreed that he should ransom the Chippeway, and he accordingly applied to this object all the property which he owned. He then accompanied the Chippeway on his journey, until he considered him safe from any party of the Sioux who might be disposed to follow him.

The Sioux are much more numerous than the Chippeways, and would have overpowered them long since, had the operations of the former been consentaneous; but they are divided into so many different bands, and are scattered over such an extensive country, that their efforts have no combination.

Believing it equally inconsistent with humanity and sound policy, that these border contests should be suffered to continue, satisfied that government would approve of any plan of pacification which might be adopted, and feeling that the Indians have a full portion of moral and physical evils, without adding to them the calamities of war, which had no definite object, and no probable termination, on our arrival at Sandy lake, I proposed to the Chippeway chiefs, that a deputation should accompany us to the mouth of the St. Peter's, with a view to establish a permanent peace between them and the Sioux. The Chippeways readily acceded to this proposition, and ten of their principal men descended the Mississippi with us.

The computed distance from Sandy lake to the St. Peter's, is six hundred miles; and a considerable portion of the country has been the theatre of hostile enterprises. The Mississippi here traverses the immense plains which extend to the Missouri, and which present to the eye a spectacle at once interesting and fatiguing. Scarcely the slightest variation in the surface occurs, and they are entirely destitute of timber. In this debateable land the game is very abundant. Buffaloes, elks, and deers, range unharmed, and unconscious of harm The mutual

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hostilities of the Chippeways and Sioux, render it dangerous for either, except in strong parties, to visit this portion of the country. The consequence has been a great increase of all the animals whose flesh is used for food, or whose fur is valuable for market. We found herds of buffalo quietly feeding on the plains. There is little difficulty in approaching sufficiently near to kill them. With an eagerness which is natural to all hunters, and with an improvidence which always attend those excursions, the animals are frequently killed without any necessity, and no other part is then preserved but the tongue.

There is something extremely novel and interesting in this pursuit. The immense plain, extending as far as the eye can reach, is spotted here and there with droves of buffaloes. The distance, and the absence of known objects, render it difficult to estimate the number or the size of these animals. The hunters approach them cautiously, keeping to the leeward, lest the buffaloes, whose scent is very acute, should observe them. The moment a gun is fired, the buffaloes scatter, and scour the field in every direction. Unwieldy as they appear, they move with celerity. It is difficult to divert them from their course, and the attempt is always hazardous. One of the party barely escaped with his life from this act of temerity. The hunters who are stationed on different parts of the plain, fire as the animals pass them. The repeated discharge of guns in every direction, and the shouts of those who are engaged in the pursuit, and the sight of the buffaloes at full speed on every side, give an animation to the scene which is rarely equalled.

The droves which we saw were comparatively small. Some of the party, whom we found at St. Peter's, and who had arrived at that place by land from the Council Bluffs, estimated one of the droves which they saw to contain two thousand buffaloes.

As we neared this part of the country, we found our Chippeway friends cautious and observing. The flag of the United States was flying over all our canoes, and, thanks to the character which our country acquired by the events of the last war, I found, in our progress through the whole Indian country, after we had once left the great line of communication, that this flag was a passport which rendered our journey safe. We consequently felt assured that no wandering party of the Sioux would attack even their enemies while under our protection. But the Chippeways could not appreciate the influence the American flag would have upon other nations, nor is it probable they estimated with much accuracy the motives which induced us to assume the character of an umpire. The Chippeways landed occasionally to examine whether any of the Sioux had recently visited that quarter. In one of these excursions, a Chippeway found in a conspicuous place a piece of birch bark, made flat by being fastened between two sticks at each end, and about eighteen inches long by two broad. This bark contained the answer of the Sioux nation to the proposition which had been made by the Chippeways for a termination of hostilities. So sanguinary had been the contest betwen these tribes, that no personal communication could take place. Neither the sanctity of office, nor the importance of the message, could protect the ambassador of either party from the vengeance of the other. Some time preceding, the Chippeways, anxious for the restoration of peace, had sent a number of their young men into these plains with a similar piece of bark, upon which they had represented their desire.

This bark had been left hanging to a tree, in an exposed situation, and had been found and taken away by a party of Sioux.

The proposition had been examined and discussed in the Sioux villages, and the bark which was found contained their answer. The Chippeway who had prepared the bark for his tribe was with us; and on our arrival at St. Peter's, finding that it was lost, I requested him to make another. He did so, and produced what I have no doubt was a perfect *fac simile*. The Chippeways explained to us with great facility, the intention of the Sioux, and apparently with as much readiness as if some common character had been established between them.

The junction of the St. Peter's with the Mississippi, where the principal part of the Sioux reside, was represented, and also the American fort, with a sentinel on duty, and the flag flying. The principal Sioux chief was named the Six, alluding, I believe, to the band of villages under his influence. To show that he was not present at the deliberation upon the subject of peace, he was represented upon a smaller piece of bark, which was attached to the other. To identify him, he was drawn up with six heads and a large medal. Another Sioux chief stood in the foreground, holding a pipe in his right hand, and his weapons in his left. Even we could not misunderstand that, like our own eagle with the olive-branch and arrows, he was desirous of peace, but prepared for war.

The Sioux party contained fifty-nine warriours, and this number was indicated by fifty-nine guns, which were drawn upon one corner of the bark. The only subject which occasioned any difficulty in the interpretation of the Chippeways, was owing to an incident of which they were ignorant.

The encampment of our troops had been removed from the low grounds upon the St. Peter's, to a high hill upon the Mississippi: two forts were therefore drawn upon the bark, and the solution of this enigma could not be discovered until our arrival at St. Peter's. The effect of the discovery of this bark upon the minds of the Chippeways was visible and immediate. Their doubts and apprehensions appeared to be removed, and during the residue of the journey, their conduct and feelings where completely changed.

The Chippeway bark was drawn in the same general manner, and Sandy lake, the principal place of their residence, was represented with much accuracy. To remove any doubts respecting it, a view was given of the old northwestern establishment, situated upon the shore, and now in the possession of the American Fur Company. No proportion was preserved in their attempt at delineation. One mile of the Mississippi, including the mouth of the St. Peter's, occupied as much space as the whole distance to Sandy lake, nor was there any thing to show that one part was nearer to the spectator than another; yet the object of each party was completely obtained. Speaking languages radically different from each other—for the Sioux constitute one of the three general divisions, into which the early French writers have arranged the aborigines

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of our country, while the Chippeways are a branch of what they call the Algonquins—and without any conventional character established between them, these savages had thus opened a communication upon the most important subject which could occupy their attention. Propositions leading to a peace were made and accepted, and the simplicity of the mode could only be equalled by the distinctness of the representations, and by the ease with which they were understood.

An incident like this, of rare occurrence at the present day, and throwing some light upon the mode of communication before the invention of letters, excited in us all, as may be expected, the greatest interest. It is only necessary to add, that on our arrival at St. Peter's, we found that Col. Leavenworth had been as attentive and indefatigable upon this subject, as upon every other which fell within the sphere of his command.

During the preceding winter, he visited a tribe of the Chippeways upon this pacifick mission, and had, with the aid of the agent, Mr. Taliferro, prepared the minds of both tribes for a permanent peace. The Sioux and Chippeways met in council, at which we all attended, and smoked the pipe of peace together. They then, as they say in their figurative language, buried the tomahawk so deep that it could never be dug up again, and our Chippeway friends departed well satisfied with the results of the mission.

We discovered a remarkable coincidence, as well in the sound as in the application, between a word in the Sioux language and one in our own. The circumstance is singular, and I deem it worthy of notice. The Sioux call the falls of St. Anthony, Ha, Ha, and the pronunciation is in every respect similar to the same word in the English language. I could not learn that this word was used for any other purpose, and I believe it is confined in its application to that place alone.

The traveller, in ascending the Mississippi, turns a projecting point, and these falls suddenly appear before him at a short distance. Every man, savage or civilized, must be struck with the magnificent spectacle which immediately opens to his view. There is an assemblage of objects, which, added to the solitary grandeur of the scene, to the height of the cataract, and to the eternal roar of its waters, inspire the spectator with awe and admiration.

In his anecdotes of painting, it is stated by Horace Walpole, that "on the intervention of fosses for boundaries, the common people called them Ha, Ha, to express their surprise at finding a sudden and unperceived check to their walk." I believe the name is yet used in this manner in England.

It is certainly not a little remarkable that the same word should be applied by one of the most civilized and by one of the most barbarous people, to objects, which, although not the same, were yet calculated to excite the admiration of the observer.

Nothing can show more clearly how fallacious are those deductions of comparative etymology which are founded upon a few words, carefully gleaned, here and there, from languages having no common origin, and which are used by people having neither connexion nor intercourse. The common descent of two nations can never be traced by the accidental concordance of a few syllables or words, and the attempt must lead us into the regions of fancy.

The Sioux language is probably one of the most barren which is spoken by any of our aboriginal tribes. Col. Leavenworth, who made considerable proficiency in it, calculated, I believe, that the number of words did not exceed one thousand. They use more gestures in their conversation than any Indians I have seen, and this is a necessary result of the poverty of their language.

NEW AIR ENGINE.

Both in England and France many unsuccessful attempts have been made to convert air into a motive power—Sir George Cayley has at length succeeded. The public will have an opportunity of judging for themselves of the value of this discovery, as soon as a locomotive carriage, now in progress of manufacture, can be got ready. The principle of the new engine is easily explained—the details we reserve for another occasion. Air is compressed by the pump into a receiver, to be used when wanted. Motion is communicated to the wheels by pistons acted upon by the air, which is rarefied by heat in its passage from the receiver to the cylinders, where it acts upon the piston rod much in the same way that steam does. Thus, to communicate motion to the piston, a portion of the air in the receiver is forced by compression into tubes subjected to heat, and from thence, in its rarified state, it rushes to the cylinders as the only place of escape. Motion is accordingly produced. An experimental engine, upon this plan, was exhibited last year to Messrs. Babbage, Rennie, Gordon, Bramah, Renton, and others. It worked with great steadiness at rather above five horse power. The power, which was under perfect control, was capable of immediate increase or decrease, the expense of fuel following exactly the same ratio as the power, which is one of the peculiarities of this engine. If it were stopped for a minute, or any number of minutes, or for half an hour, no loss of fuel took place—that is to say, no loss takes place while the engine stands idle. No water is required—a serious consideration; and the consumption of coke is only from four to five pounds weight per horse power per mile.

This experimental engine, though perfect as to power, was found inconvenient, in consequence of some of the dust from the coke getting into the working cylinders, which caused them to require more lubrication than was convenient for practical purposes. The engine now building is constructed upon a plan to do away with this evil, which appears to be the only remaining impediment to be overcome. The air engine, by obviating the necessity of carrying water, and by obtaining the full power from combustion in the most economical manner, bids fair to be applicable on many occasions where the steam engine is inconvenient, and to vie with it in power. We are extremely anxious to see the new machine at work. Mining Journal, December, 1840.

There are, according to some writers, near three thousand muscles in the common grasshopper.

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A SEMINOLE TRADITION.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

When the Floridas were erected into a territory of the United States, one of the earliest cares of the governor, William P. Duval, was directed to the instruction and civilization of the natives. For this purpose he called a meeting of the chiefs, in which he informed them of the wish of their Great Father at Washington, that they should have schools and teachers among them, and that their children should be instructed like the children of white men. The chiefs listened with their customary silence and decorum to a long speech, setting forth the advantages that would accrue to them from this measure, and when he had concluded, begged the interval of a day to deliberate on it.

On the following day, a solemn convocation was held, at which one of their chiefs addressed the governor in the name of all the rest.

"My brother," said he "we have been thinking over the proposition of our Great Father at Washington to send teachers and set up schools among us. We are very thankful for the interest he takes in our welfare; but after much deliberation, have concluded to decline his offer. What will do very well for white men, will not do for red men; I know you white men say we all come from the same father and mother, but you are mistaken. We have a tradition handed down from our forefathers, and we believe it, that the Great Spirit, when he undertook to make men, made the black man; it was his first attempt, and pretty well for a beginning; but he soon saw that he bungled; so he determined to try his hand again. He did so, and made the red man. He liked him much better than the black man, but still he was not exactly what he wanted. So he tried once more, and made the white man—and then he was satisfied. You see, therefore, that you were made last, and that is the reason I call you my youngest brother.

"When the Great Spirit had made the three men, he called them together and showed them three boxes. The first was filled with books, and maps, and papers; the second with bows and arrows, knives and tomahawks; the third, with spades, axes, hoes, and hammers. "These, my sons," said he, "are the means by which you are to live; choose among them according to your fancy.

"The white man being the favorite, had the first choice. He passed by the box of working tools without notice; but when he came to the weapons for war and hunting, he stopped and looked hard at them. The red man trembled, for he had set his heart upon that box. The white man, however, after looking upon it for a moment, passed on, and chose the box of books and papers. The red man's turn came next, and you may be sure he seized with joy upon the bows and arrows and tomahawks. As to the black man, he had no choice left, but to put up with the box of tools.

"From this it is clear that the Great Spirit intended the white man should learn to read and write; to understand all about the moon and stars; and to make everything, even rum and whiskey. That the red man should be a first-rate hunter, and a mighty warrior, but he was not to learn anything from books, as the Great Spirit had not given him any; nor was he to make rum and whiskey, lest he should kill himself with drinking. As to the black man, as he had nothing but working tools, it was clear he was to work for the white and red man, which he has continued to do.

"We must go according to the wishes of the Great Spirit, or we shall get into trouble. To know how to read and write is very good for white men, but very bad for red men. It makes white men better but red men worse. Some of the Creeks and Cherokees learnt to read and write, and they are the greatest rascals among all the Indians. They went on to Washington and said they were going to see their Great Father, to talk about the good of the nation. And when they got there, they all wrote upon a little piece of paper, without the nation at home knowing anything about it. And the first thing the nation at home knew of the matter, they were called together by the Indian agent, who showed them a little piece of paper, which he told them was a treaty, which their brothers had made in their name, with their Great Father at Washington. And as they knew not what a treaty was, he held up the little piece of paper, and they looked under it, and lo! it covered a great extent of country, and they found that their brethren, by knowing how to read and write, had sold their houses and their lands, and the graves of their fathers; and that the white man, by knowing how to read and write, had gained them. Tell our Great Father at Washington, therefore, that we are very sorry that we cannot receive teachers among us; for reading and writing, though very good for white men, is very bad for Indians."

MONTGOMERY.

Descended from that Montgomery who slew Henri II. of France in a tournament, and belonging to one of the most illustrious families in France, Robert Montgomery early embraced the career of arms. He distinguished himself under the Prince de la Lippe, pupil of the Great Frederick, who displayed so much talent in the defence of Portugal in the Seven Years' War. His regiment having been transferred to America after the peace, he found himself at New York at the commencement of our Revolution. A cause so just as that which raised the English colonies in rebellion, could not fail to awaken all the sympathies of a generous spirit. He abandoned no country of his own in becoming an American. For five centuries the noble sons of Ireland have had no country! A friend of Robert Livingston, and admitted into his family with all that intimacy which revolutions create and cement so precociously between those who devote themselves to a common danger for a common cause, he sought and obtained the hand of Janet Livingston.

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The lady, of a character worthy of the Rome of the Scipios, had understood better than it was understood by the daughters of the Cesars, all that there is of dignity in the position of the wife who carries with her to the tomb a name illustrious and venerated by an entire nation. Left a widow when still young, she wore for half a century her mourning for her soldier—(it was thus she always named him)—and threw off that attire of gloom only on the eve of the day on which, from the same abode from which she had last beheld him at his parting from her, full of life and hope, she saw passing before her on the Hudson, a steamboat which bore on its deck, overshadowed by twenty star-spangled banners, the mortal remains of her husband.

Clinton, then governor of New York, had thought that the moment had arrived to accomplish a great act of national piety. The British government sympathized generously with the noble idea. These glorious remains, found undisturbed in the tomb where they had been laid half a century before by the English soldiers, were delivered over by the orders of the governor of Canada to the American veterans commissioned to receive them. Transported with a religous pomp to New York, they were deposited in the church of St. Paul, in the cenotaph that had been erected to the warrior's memory.

Thus, when Greece—after avenging at Salamis, at Platæ, at Mycale, the outrages of Xerxes, the conflagration of Athens kindled by the ferocious Mardonius—free, flourishing, glorious, by immortal victories, was not less triumphant in her arts than she had been in her arms, did Pericles gather up the bones of the citizens that fell at Marathon, those sacred bones blanched by sixty winters, and deposite them in a common tomb—honoring the memory of those martyr's to their country's cause, with that eloquence, those inspired hymns, those solemn games, with which Athens repaid the blood shed for her by her brave sons. Democratic Review.

SILVER MINES OF CHIHUAHUA.

Some account of the state of Chihuahua, one of the interior departments of Mexico, was recently communicated in a letter from a merchant of that country published in the Washington Globe. Chihuahua is rich in silver mines. During a period of four years, from 1824 to 1828, a single mine situated on the great chain of mountains to the east of the city of Chihuahua produced more than eleven millions of dollars in silver. But this was a rare product. At present from two to two and a half millions are obtained annually from the mines of this district, the greater portions of them being paralysed on account of the very high price of quicksilver. A large proportion of the precious metal thus yielded is shipped from the ports of Mazatlan and Guaymas, on the Pacific ocean, in exchange for goods brought from England, the rest is exported by the way of Matamoras or some other port on the Gulf of Mexico.

There are six chief mining towns in the department of Chihuahua, in which there are upward of four hundred shafts of mines; the few that are now worked employ from 12,000 to 15,000 workmen. Their duration is said to be incalculable, and as the country is explored more and more, new mines are discovered. It is the opinion of the writer that the application of steam power to the working of the mines would greatly facilitate operations and render the business more profitable. The system of large companies, it is thought, would also be an important improvement in the mode of conducting the business, as at present the mines are mostly in the hands of men of limited means who are not able to undertake a large system of arrangements.

TRANQUILLITY.

One day brings on another day; one year follows another; let us take the time as it comes. The sources of all pleasure are in our heart; he who seeks them elsewhere outrages the divinity. My projects, my desires and my hopes, never go beyond my own bosom. Rivers roll rapidly to the sea, and enter therein without troubling it; my heart is the same; all the events of the great world would not cost me a single care. Truth is my compass and moderation my helm. The clouds arise and the clouds descend in rain without causing me any inquietude. When they conceal the sun from me by day, I try to look at the stars by night. My clothes are made of common cloth, my food is coarse, and the thatch that covers my roof, decays every year. but what would it have been to me to have been dressed in silk to-day, and to have digested costly dishes? Golden roofs do not keep out sleeplessness and care; and were the country shaken by an earthquake, how easy I can gain my humble door! my patrimony is at the end of two arms, and every day gives me its harvest. When it is very hot, I cool myself in the shade of a tree; and when it is very cold, I warm myself by working. Old age is coming upon me, but my children are young, and will repay me for what I have done for them. If they always observe truth and moderation, a hundred years will not cost them a sigh. Whatever tempests may arise, tranquillity is a port always open to the innocent heart. Hail, tranquillity of the soul! Sweet charm of life, kings would sell their crowns to buy thee if they knew thy value. Complete thy benefits; thou hast helped me to live well—help me to die well. Translation of a Chinese poem.

AN INDIAN COUNCIL.

In the autumn of 1830, the writer was present at a council of Indian chiefs, held in the gardens of Government House, at Toronto, the capital of Upper Canada. It had been convoked by the lieutenant-governour of the province, (Sir J. Colborne,) for the purpose of ascertaining the sentiments of the tribes with respect to a contemplated allotment of land in certain fixed portions to families among them, with the view

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of inuring them to settled modes of life. Early in the morning, the chieftains of the forest were seen wending their way, in full attire, towards the government-house. A double circle of seats had been arranged in the open air before the entry, and here the chiefs, to the number of forty, were seated; on the landing to the flight of steps leading to the entry was placed a table, behind which stood his excellency surrounded by his staff in full uniform; at the table a secretary was sitting; and around, beyond the circle of seats, was drawn up a guard of honour, of the seventy-first highlanders, in their national dress. The attire of the chiefs, for the most part, was fantastick in the highest degree, that is, according to *our* notion, for we may be sure that the sedateness and sobriety which really characterize them, would by no means have us consider them ridiculous. A very prevalent head-dress was a gaudy handkerchief lapped turbanwise, to which, behind, was appended a plume of hawk or turkey feathers, while ponderous clusters of silver ornaments (large crosses in many instances) dragged down the rims of their ears, which, in their infancy, had been slit entirely round for the purpose. For this sort of decoration they have a peculiar liking: they exult in an exuberant display of tinsel trappings attached to every possible part of their person. Some, however, wore the ordinary modern beaver, which becomes them when the rest of their attire is consistent, as was the case in many at this time, who appeared noble figures in their light surtouts, trousers, and Wellingtons. Still, many adhered to the regular chief's costume, the head bare, the hair long and sleek, a tunick of blue cloth, with worsted sash about the waist, cloth leggings, edged at the sides with embroidery of porcupine-quills, and buckskin moccasins ornamented in a similar manner, broad silver armbands, a medal, bearing the king's head, suspended like a gorget at the throat, the tomahawk and knife.

Each chief stood as he spoke; the delivery and tone of each was very similar; the language highly musical, running along like a low simple Scottish air, regularly dropping at the close of each sentence with a frequent but not monotonous cadence; the interpreter, a young man, stood uncovered at his excellency's left, with two assistants and correctors. His attitude was admirable: he stooped slightly forward, his eyes fixed towards the ground, both hands raised; the picture of attention, while another was speaking—of sincerity and disinterestedness when he himself spoke. The little action employed in speaking was graceful, consisting principally in waving the hand; they seldom lifted the eye, and scarcely appeared to move the lip. None seemed abashed, or at a loss for words. They addressed his excellency by the title of "brother," (every sentence began with this,) while the king himself they spoke of as "father." All appeared to acquiesce in the proposal which was made to them respecting the land, but were shrewd in hinting that they must have every thing secure *upon paper*, for the sake of their children and relatives. All expressed grateful feelings towards their father, who had sent his excellency to them, and declared that they should maintain their attachment to him as long as the sun shone, the waters ran, till the Son of man came again upon the earth, &c. This last was a frequent allusion. One only was the representative of an unconverted tribe. Among the anomalies in the group, were to be seen an excessively corpulent Indian, (a very rare sight,) another with spectacles; another with an umbrella. One was named "Echo," from the sweetness of his voice; another, "Twenty-Canoes." On the interpreter's delivering any sentiment of his excellency which particularly pleased them, they expressed their approbation by their honest laconick "hu!" breathed out *ab imo pectore*—equivalent, doubtless, to our "hear! hear! hear!" Notwithstanding the idea of pithy brevity, which is usually attached to Indian speeches, the English language expresses in half a dozen words what seems to take them a hundred, the cause of which is, their words are so immeasurably long—*sesquipedalia verba*, with a vengeance. I heard an old chief, who once roundly taxed his interpreter with not delivering one half of what he had expressed. At the time of the council we are now speaking of, Brandt,* the famous Indian chief, was in the city, but dangerously ill. Allusion was made to him by one of his brother chiefs, evidently with no very kindly feeling; by many of them, doubtless, his refinement was deemed either degeneracy or arrogance. When the council had ended, long tables, covered with every variety of refreshments, were spread upon the lawn, to which the group adjourned. The officers of the regiment, and gentlemen attracted to the spot by the novelty of the scene, performed the honours as well as the services of the table. The knife, fork, and spoon, (those unwonted implements,) were used with considerable ease and activity by the guests; and every thing, with the exception of some unfashionable mixtures, as raisins with cold beef, custard with mince-pie, &c. passed off with as much propriety as could be expected. The wives (or squaws, as they are called) of some of the chiefs were present, but merely as lookers-on. During the banquet they kept at a respectable distance. Some of the gentlemen present, however, gallantly carried to them some little delicacies from the tables, with which they regaled themselves with no little apparent satisfaction, under the neighbouring trees. The opportunity was seized for sketching several of the characters assembled on this occasion; they were aware what the artist was engaged in, and several good-humouredly consented (though only requested by signs) to remain, after the close of the feast, for the more complete finish of the sketches. In turning over his portfolio, they were wonderfully amused at recognising their brother chiefs. On another occasion, while a young friend of the writer was enriching his sketch-book with figures from a group of Indians before him, one of them brought him a humorous caricature of himself, in the act of sketching, scratched on a broad stone. This memorial of "savage" waggery, of course, he treasured up. X.

The world is but one great family. What then is this narrow selfishness in us, but relationship remembered against relationship forgot?

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* Brandt, of Brant-ford, was returned a member for one of the western townships. The writer has frequently seen him in the House of Assembly of Upper Canada; a tall full-blooded Indian, but most gentlemanly in his manners. The poor fellow was swept off by the cholera, in 1832.

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THE SQUATTERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

ALTHOUGH every European traveller who has glided down the Mississippi, at the rate of ten miles an hour, has told his tale of the squatters, yet none has given any other account of them than that they are "a sallow, sickly-looking sort of miserable beings," living in swamps, and subsisting on pig-nuts, Indian corn, and bear's-flesh. It is obvious, however, that none but a person acquainted with their history, manners and condition, can give any real information respecting them.

The individuals who become squatters, choose that sort of life of their own free will. They mostly remove from other parts of the United States, after finding that land has become too high in price; and they are persons who, having a family of strong and hardy children, are anxious to enable them to provide for themselves. They have heard from good authorities, that the country extending along the great streams of the West, is, of all parts of the Union the richest, in its soil, the growth of its timber, and the abundance of its game; that, besides, the Mississippi is the great road to and from all the markets in the world; and that every vessel borne by its waters, affords to settlers some chance of selling their commodities, or of exchanging them for others. To these recommendations is added another, of even greater weight with persons of the above denomination, namely, the prospect of being able to settle on land, and perhaps to hold it for a number of years, without purchase, rent, or tax, of any kind. How many thousands of individuals in all parts of the globe would gladly try their fortune with such prospects, I leave to you, reader, to determine.

As I am not disposed too highly to colour the picture which I am about to submit to your inspection, instead of pitching on individuals who have removed from our Eastern boundaries, and of whom certainly there are a good number, I shall introduce to you the members of a family from Virginia, first giving you an idea of their condition in that country, previous to their migration to the West. The land which they and their ancestors have possessed for a hundred years, having been constantly forced to produce crops of one kind or other, is now completely worn out. It exhibits only a superficial layer of red clay, cut up by deep ravines, through which much of the soil has been conveyed to some more fortunate neighbour, residing in a yet rich and beautiful valley. The strenuous efforts to render it productive have failed. They dispose of every thing too cumbrous or expensive for them to remove, retaining only a few horses, a servant or two, and such implements of husbandry and other articles as may be necessary on their journey, or useful when they arrive at the spot of their choice.

I think I see them at this moment harnessing their horses, and attaching them to their wagons, which are already filled with bedding, provisions, and the younger children; while on their outsides are fastened spinning-wheels and looms; and a bucket filled with tar and tallow, swings between the hind wheels. Several axes are secured to the bolster, and the feeding trough of the horses contains pots, kettles, and pans. The servant now become a driver, rides the near saddled horse, the wife is mounted on another, the worthy husband shoulders his gun, and his sons, clad in plain substantial homespun, drive the cattle ahead, and lead the procession, followed by the hounds and other dogs. Their day's journey is short and not agreeable:—the cattle, stubborn or wild, frequently leave the road for the woods, giving the travellers much trouble; the harness of the horses here and there gives away, and needs immediate repair; a basket, which has accidentally dropped, must be gone after, for nothing that they have can be spared; the roads are bad, and now and then all hands are called to push on the wagon, or prevent it from upsetting. Yet, by sunset, they have proceeded perhaps twenty miles. Rather fatigued, all assemble round the fire which has been lighted, supper is prepared, and a camp being erected, there they pass the night.

Days and weeks, nay, months, of unremitting toil pass, before they gain the end of their journey. They have crossed both the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama. They have been travelling from the beginning of May, to that of September, and with heavy hearts they traverse the state of Mississippi. But now, arrived on the banks of the broad stream, they gaze in amazement on the dark deep woods around them. Boats of various kinds they see gliding downward with the current, while others slowly ascend against it. A few inquiries are made at the nearest dwelling, and assisted by the inhabitants with their boats and canoes, they at once cross the Mississippi, and select their place of habitation.

The exhalations arising from the swamps and morasses around them, have a powerful effect on these new settlers, but all are intent on preparing for the winter. A small patch of ground is cleared by the axe and the fire, a temporary cabin is erected, to each of the cattle is attached a jingling-bell before it is let loose into the neighbouring canebrake, and the horses remain about the house, where they find sufficient food at that season. The first trading-boat that stops at their landing, enables them to provide themselves with some flour, fish-hooks, and ammunition, as well as other commodities. The looms are mounted, the spinning-wheels soon furnish some yarn, and in a few weeks the family throw off their ragged clothes, and array themselves in suits adapted to the climate. The father and sons, meanwhile, have sown turnips and other vegetables; and from some Kentucky flat-boat, a supply of live poultry has been procured.

October tinges the leaves of the forest, the morning dews are heavy, the days hot, the nights chill, and the unacclimated family in a few days are at-

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tacked with ague. The lingering disease almost prostrates their whole faculties, and one seeing them at such a period might well call them sallow and sickly. Fortunately the unhealthy season soon passes over, and the hoar-frosts make their appearance. Gradually each individual recovers strength. The largest ash trees are felled; their trunks are cut, split, and corded in front of the building; a large fire is lighted under night on the edge of the water, and soon a steamer calls to purchase the wood, and thus add to their comforts during the winter.

This first-fruit of their industry imparts new courage to them; their exertions multiply, and when spring returns, the place has a cheerful look. Venison, bear's-flesh, wild-turkeys, ducks, and geese, with now and then some fish, have served to keep up their strength, and now their enlarged field is planted with corn, potatoes, and pumpions. Their stock of cattle, too, has augmented; the steamer, which now stops there as if by preference, buys a calf or a pig, together with the whole of their wood. Their store of provisions is renewed, and brighter rays of hope enliven their spirits.

Who is he of the settlers on the Mississippi that cannot realize some profit! Truly none who is industrious. When the autumnal months return, all are better prepared to encounter the ague, which then prevails. Substantial food, suitable clothing, and abundant fringe, repel its attacks; and before another twelvemonth has elapsed, the family is naturalized.

The sons by this time have discovered a swamp covered with excellent timber, and as they have seen many great rafts of saw-logs, bound for the mills of New Orleans, floating past their dwelling, they resolve to try the success of a little enterprise. Their industry and prudence have already enhanced their credit. A few cross-saws are purchased, and some broad-wheeled "carry-logs" are made by themselves. Log after log is hauled to the bank of the river, and in a short time their first raft is made on the shore and loaded with cord-wood. When the next freshet sets it afloat, it is secured by long grape-vines or cables, until the proper time being arrived, the husband and sons embark on it, and float down the mighty stream.

After encountering many difficulties, they arrive in safety at New Orleans where they dispose of their stock, the money obtained for which, may be said to be all profit; supply themselves with such articles as may add to their convenience or comfort, and with light hearts, procure a passage on the upper-deck of a steamer, at a very cheap rate, on account of the benefit of their labour in taking in wood or otherwise.

And now the vessel approaches their home. See the joyous mother and daughters as they stand on the bank! A store of vegetables lies around them, a large tub of fresh milk is at their feet, and in their hands are plates filled with rolls of butter. As the steamer stops, three broad straw-hats are waved from its upper-deck; and soon, husband and wife, brothers and sisters, are in each other's embrace. The boat carries off the provisions, for which value has been left, and as the captain issues his orders for putting on the steam, the happy family enter their humble dwelling. The husband gives his bag of dollars to the wife, while the sons present some token of affection to their sisters. Surely, at such a moment, the squatters are richly repaid for all their labours.

Every successive year has increased their savings. They now possess a large stock of horses, cows, and hogs, with abundance of provisions, and domestick comforts of every kind. The daughters have been married to the sons of neighbouring squatters, and have gained sisters to themselves by the marriage of their brothers. The government secures to the family the lands, on which, twenty years before, they settled in poverty and sickness. Larger buildings are erected on piles, secure from the inundations; where a single cabin once stood, a neat little village is now to be seen; warehouses, stores and workshops, increase the importance of the place. The squatters live respected, and in due time die regretted, by all who knew them.

Thus are the vast frontiers of our country peopled, and thus does cultivation, year after year, extend over the western wilds. Time will no doubt be, when the great valley of the Mississippi, still covered with primeval forests, interspersed with swamps, will smile with cornfields and orchards, while crowded cities will rise at intervals along its banks, and enlightened nations will rejoice in the bounties of Providence.

Audubon.

DRYING OF STUFFS.

An apparatus has been invented by M. M. Penzoldt and Levesque, for the rapid drying of stuffs of all kinds, without fire or pressure. It consists of a double drum, which turns on its axis at the rate of four thousand times in a minute. The stuffs are placed in it as they come out of the water, and by the effect of rotation, the water contained between the threads is carried toward the external covering of the drum, which is bored with holes. Woollen stuffs are thus dried in less than three minutes, when the apparatus is small, and in eight minutes, when it is larger. Flax and cotton stuffs require a short exposure to the air, after being taken from the drum.

FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY.

A revolutionary pensioner, named John Mason, lately died at Tamworth, N. H The following anecdote is related of him: He was once taken prisoner by the British, and being brought before Burgoyne, the general said to him—"Well, my lad, what do you think of yourself now?" His reply was—"I think you will all be prisoners within two weeks." The general then replied with an oath—"All the Yankees in America cannot make a prisoner of me." In three weeks from that day he and his army were prisoners

BLOOD.

Some curious experiments on the globules of the blood, made by M. Mand, have led to the following results: that although other mammals have round globules, those of the family of Ruminatia, which contains the camel, lama, &c., present them of an elliptical shape, like those of birds, reptiles, and fishes. They are, however, of smaller diameter, and have other minute differences.

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AMERICAN COMMERCE.

NAPLES.

Naples is the capital of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. It occupies the site both of ancient Palæpolis Neupolis, though it inherits the name of the latter. At one period, this city was the favourite winter retreat of the luxurious Romans, many of whom had villas on the shores, and amid the romantick recesses of the adjacent mountains. The presence of Horace and Virgil, and their attachment to its delightful scenery, were lasting and honourable distinctions; while the licentious indulgences of Tiberias, and the cruel freaks of Caligula, were its scandal and its scourge. Splendidly situated on the margin of a majestick bay, from which the islands Capri and Ischia rise in bold outline; overlooked and menaced, on the right, by Vesuvius; on the left gently sinking into the arms of the Pausilippo—it seems to revel in the blessings which Heaven pours upon the happy land.

The ancients knew how to appreciate the enchantments of this region, and fables told of a temple and grave of a siren, named Parthenope, situated here; but the fable and the name only denote the charms of this Eldorado. The Neapolitan is still proud of his country; he calls it a piece of heaven fallen upon the earth, or exclaims, with patriotick ardour, "See Naples and die." And, indeed, few regions possess so many advantages. The air is mild, balmy, and salubrious; the heat of summer, except when the sirocco blows, is tempered by the cooling influences of the sea, whose azure mirror attracts and delights the eye, while its bosom affords a bounteous variety of fish; the fields are decked with grain and vines, which wind picturesquely around the elms and noble fruit-trees. Above 350,000 people throng the streets of the city, in which the bustle ceases not, by night or day. The most spacious and magnificent of all the streets, the Toledo, resembles a perpetual fair, and the passenger must be cautious to avoid being run over by the curricoli, or one-horse vehicles, which dart by with the rapidity of lightning. The harbour, which, however, is not very large, swarms with vessels from all quarters of the globe; and the pier, or mole, is always crowded with men, who are either pursuing their business, or are idly assembled around the booth of a pulcinello, or around a juggler or minstrel, and improvisatore.

The fashionable world, especially in the evening, fill the streets, which stretch along the sea and are adorned with stately palaces, with their superb equipages. Close to the shore is the Villa Reale, a royal garden, containing the celebrated group of the Farnese Bull. The prospect over the bay, to Vesuvius and the coasts of Sorreto, is unique. But it is only nature and the activity of its present, with the various memorials of its past existence, that makes Naples and its environs so enchanting. The reflecting traveller, after having contemplated, in Florence and Rome, the wonders of art, and the monuments of proud times that are gone—great even in their ruins, finds in Naples little to gratify, and much to offend his taste for the beauties of art. The luxuriance of nature seems to have been communicated to the style of art, and given it a character of exaggeration. This is true of the architecture, with the exception of the office of finance, in the street called Toledo. The edifices of importance in Naples betray bad taste, in excess of ornament and unsuitable additions, or bear the stamp of insignificance in their baldness and uniformity. Statuary and painting are in no better condition. Musick has been more successfully cultivated. Those ornaments of Rome—obelisks and fountains—appear here only in miserable imitations. Even the publick inscriptions, particularly those of the time of the Spanish dominion, are written in a style of oriental bombast. Among the one hundred and twenty-two churches, (none of which are distinguished for their architecture,) the one hundred and thirty chapels, and one hundred and forty-nine monasteries, that of St. Januarius, or the cathedral, is the principal. It was built in 1299, from the designs of Niccolo Pisano; but the Neapolitans have endeavoured to destroy, as much as possible, its Gothick character. The body of the saint reposes in a subterranean chapel, under the choir. His blood is kept in the splendid chapel of the Treasure, adorned by four altar-pieces, from the pencil of Domenichino. Il Gesu Nuovo is considered the handsomest church in Naples; at least, it has the best dome, though it is overcharged with unmeaning ornament. The church of the rich convent of S. Chiara resembles a dancing-hall, rather than a temple; it formerly contained some frescoes by Giono. S. Domenico is large; S. Filippo Neri, rich in marble and paintings; S. Paola Maggiore shows on its front, the remains of an ancient temple of Castor and Pollux; S. Apostoli is admired; small, but hallowed by the tomb of Sannazzaro, is the church Sta-Maria del Parto in Mergellina, founded by him. The Carthusian monastery S. Martino, situated on a hill, under the castle S. Elmo, enjoys a most delightful prospect, and is, at present, the barracks of the invalids. The whole structure is superb, and the church is ornamented with peculiar richness. Above the monastery is situated the castle of S. Elmo, which commands the whole city, and with its cannon checks the violence of the lazzaroni, of whom there are about 30,000. Naples is also fortified against external attacks, especially by the way of the sea; for to the east lies the Castello Nuovo, and to the west, the Castello del Uovo (so called from its oval shape) extends, on a rock, into the sea.

Among the edifices, the royal palace is distinguished above the rest for its architecture; the place where it is situate is one of the greatest ornaments of Naples. Another royal palace at Capo di Monti, is unfinished, but contains many paintings, and other works of art. The ancient residence of the viceroys of Naples, La Vicaria, has been appropriated to the accommodation of several tribunals, and, in part, converted into prisons. Among the other palaces are the Maddalone, Francavilla, Gravina, Tarsia, which last has a considerable library open to the publick. The most important collections in the arts and sciences are contained in the building of the academy Degli Studi, (Museum Bourbon,) the lower apartments of which, are allotted to ancient statues, of which we shall here mention only the Farnese Hercules, the Farnese Flora, the equestrian statues of the two Balbuses, the Venus, and an excellent Aristides. The second floor contains a valuable collection of Etruscan vases, a gallery of paintings, and the royal library. The university, founded

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[View of Naples.]

in 1224, is of some consequence as a building, but of little note as a place of education. It contains several good collections; for instance, a mineralogical cabinet. The botanical garden is gradually improving. There is also an observatory, a royal medical college, a military school, a naval college, an academy of agriculture, manufactures, and arts, a college for the instruction of Chinese and Japanese youth, two Jesuit colleges, &c., and a royal society of sciences.

The number of benevolent institutions is above sixty. Among them are two large hospitals—Degli Incurabili (where, however, sick of all kinds are received) and Della Santissima Annunziata, which is very rich, and receives and provides for foundlings, penitent females, &c. There are five other hospitals, many religious fraternities, and several conservatories, which last were long famous as the seminaries of musick for all Europe. The Albergo dei Poveri, with a school of mutual instruction for four hundred children, is one of the greatest buildings of the kind in Naples, and amusement is the general aim. For the idle populace, there is no want of entertainment, pulcinelloes, musick, macaroni, and room to sleep. For the better classes, there are four theatres, of which the largest, St. Carlo, was burned in 1816, but has been splendidly rebuilt. Besides this theatre, there are the Teatro Nuovo, de' Fiorentini, and St. Carlino.

In respect to musick and representation, they hardly reach mediocrity; but the ballet is magnificent. The nobles are opulent and fond of parade; the citizens are thriving; and the lowest class (the lazzaroni) are, in general, so temperate that, from the cheapness of provisions, they can live with the least pittance, got by work or begging, and reserve something for the divertimenti on the mole, and, if they have no other shelter, trust to the mildness of the climate, and spend the night under the portico of the palace or a church. Compared with the number of inhabitants, the manufactures are unimportant; the artisans have little skill. The furniture made in Naples is clumsy. The best jewellers, tailors, and shoemakers, are foreigners; the best *traiteurs*, Milanese. From the situation of the city, its commerce might be extensive. The bank of the Two Sicilies has a capital of 1,000,000 ducats. Female beauty is rare in Naples, but the men are vigorous and well formed, especially at the age of maturity. In literary cultivation, the Neapolitans are altogether behind the other Italians, though they have many celebrated names.

The character of the people is not so serious as many travellers have represented it. There is much good humour and cordiality, and a temperance worthy of imitation among them; with all their violence, murders are seldom heard of. The immorality is not more than that of other great continental cities; and the love of idleness and pleasure has in some measure its foundation and excuse in the nature of the climate. The costume of the upper classes does not differ materially from that worn by the natives of the rest of Italy, and we select for illustration, (overleaf,) an armed peasant and his wife, the latter engaged in the manufacture of flax.

The environs of Naples are rich in wonders of nature, art, and innumerable remains of antiquity. On the west side of the city is the ridge of the Pausilippo. It is said to owe its name to the effect of its beauty in lulling the sense of grief. Its grotto is

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[Neapolitan Peasants.]

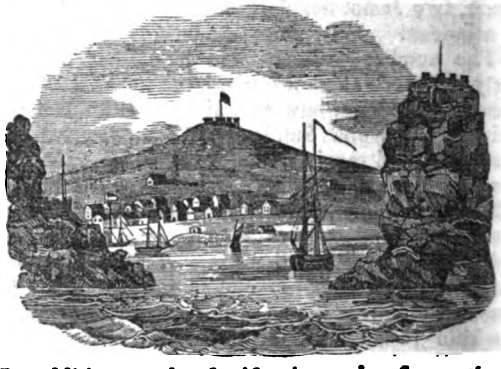
an arched way, which the ancients often mention, but which Alphonso I. enlarged, and the viceroy Peter of Toledo paved. In a garden above it is situated the pretended tomb of Virgil, a columbarium, or Roman tomb, with several niches, in which once stood urns. The laurel, which once flourished there, but which had to surrender its foliage to every traveller is gone. Following the road through the grotto of Pausilippo, we come to the lake of Agnano. It is enclosed in a picturesque manner by mountains, of which the one on which is situated the monastery of the Camaldoli is the highest. The prospect from this eminence extends over the whole of Campania Felix, far out over the islands and sea, and is incontestably one of the richest and most delightful in the world. The lake of Agnano has the property of boiling up in some places, but is not, however, hot. In the summer, when all the hemp of the neighbourhood is rotted in the lake, the air is extremely unhealthy. On its banks are the sudatories, or vapour-baths of St Germano, consisting of vaults, from the floor of which a sulphureous vapour issues, and the celebrated Grotta del Cane, the bottom of which is covered with a stratum of carbonick acid gas, in which the guides generally immerse a dog, and draw him out when on the point of suffocating, to recover in the open air. A grotto leads into another romantick valley surrounded by the Leucogean rocks. At the foot of these hills is the Acqua delle Piscianelle, a very warm sulphureous water, issuing from the earth with a loud noise. On the other side of the rocks lies the Solfaterra, a very remarkable volcanick valley, nine hundred feet long, and seven hundred and fifty feet broad. A volcanick mountain was, in all probability, once carried down here, without being entirely extinguished. The ground, which is covered with a whitish clay, and trembles under the feet, is hollow; from every hole and crack, sulphureous vapours issue. The deposites of the native sulphur, in various colours, on the wild rocks, increase the terrifick appearance of this region. On leaving it, and turning towards Pozzuoli, all the charms of southern flowers, and the prospect of the sea, greet the eye. We approach Pozzuoli over the remains of an ancient road, admiring, on the way, the relicks of former splendour, particularly the ruins of a Piscina, (commonly called a labyrinth,) of a great amphitheatre, and of the thermæ, or warm baths. The old Via Campana is studded on both sides with the picturesque ruins of ancient tombs, consisting mainly of columbaria, and still exhibiting traces of painting.

While the country around Naples resembles a flourishing garden, the sea is also adorned with the most beautiful scenes. A sail in the bay of Naples, along the coast, or the islands, is one of the greatest pleasures in the whole tour of Italy. Vineyards, gardens, groves, and villages, alternate in charming variety in Ischia; in their midst rises majestically to the height of 2356 feet, Mt. Epomeo, or St. Nicola, formerly a volcano; but, since 1302, it has not disturbed the tranquillity of the beautiful island. The sick derive much benefit from the cold mineral springs.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

This is the chief town in Newfoundland island, and is well known on account of the excellence of its harbour, which is one of the best in the whole island. The entrance to St. John's harbour forms a long and narrow strait, but not very difficult of access. There are about twelve fathoms water in the middle of the channel, with tolerable good anchorage ground. The most lofty perpendicular precipices rise to an amazing height upon the north side; and the southern shore only appears less striking in its altitude, from a comparison with the opposite rocks. There is a light placed every night on the left side of the entrance, where there is also a small battery and a signal-post. Other batteries of greater strength appear towering above the rocky eminences towards the north. At about two thirds of the distance between the entrance and what may properly be termed the harbour itself lies a dangerous shelf, called the Chain Rock, so named from a chain which can be extended across the strait at that place, to prevent the admission of any hostile fleet.

In the engraving beneath a view is given of the entrance to this harbour, the town, and Fort Townshend.



In addition to the fortifications already noticed, there are several other strong fortresses upon the heights around the town, which render it perfectly secure against any sudden attack. Fort Townshend is situated immediately over the town, and is the usual residence of the governour. Forts Amherst and William are more towards the north; and there is also a small battery perched on the top of a single pyramidal mount, which is called the Crow's Nest.

HAMBURGH.

Hamburgh is one of the most considerable of the free cities of Germany; it is situated about eighty miles from the mouth of the Elbe, upon the northern

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[View of Hamburgh.]

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bank of the river, which is navigable for large vessels as far as this port. The circuit of the city is about twenty-two thousand feet. In the northern part is a lake, formed by the small river Alster, which runs through the city into the Elbe, and turns several mills. An arm of the Elbe enters the city from the east, and is there divided into a number of canals, which take various directions, till they unite, and join the Alster in the southern part of the city, where they form a deep harbour for ships, which communicates with the main branch of the river; and there is a large space enclosed by strong piles, where ships may lie in safety; which is called Rummelhaven.

Canals intersect the lower part of the city in all directions, and almost all the warehouses are built upon their banks. In this part of the city, and also in that which lies on the east of the Alster, the streets are, for the most part, narrow and crooked. Many, however, of those in the western or New Town, are broader and straighter. The church of St. Michael, with its tower, four hundred and fifty-six feet in height, built by Sonnin, and intended for astronomical observations and for experiments in natural philosophy, was finished in 1786. This building, and some of the private houses, are remarkable for their architecture. The exteriours of the exchange and the council-house are also handsomely ornamented. Among the most remarkable buildings are the bank, the admiralty buildings, the orphan asylum, the new general hospital, the theatres, the exchange, the city and commercial libraries, Röding's museum, &c. The gymnasium and the Johanneum are excellent institutions for education. The building for the school of navigation, opened in 1826, is provided with an observatory, and a botanick garden is also annexed to it.

In institutions for the relief of the destitute, for the sick, and for the education of poor children, Hamburgh is inferiour to no city in Germany. Most of these are under the direction of private individuals, and they are principally supported by voluntary contributions. The constitution of Hamburgh is aristocratick. The government consists of four burgomasters and twenty-four councillors. To the senate are attached four syndics and four secretaries. Calvinists are excluded from the government of Hamburgh, as Lutherans are from that of Bremen. The ordinary publick business, both internal and external, is transacted by the senate alone; matters of more importance are regulated in connexion with the citizens possessed of a certain property. These are divided into five parishes, each of which sends thirty-six members to the assembly or general college. From these are chosen the members of the council of sixty, and again from these fifteen elders. Each of these colleges has peculiar privileges. The senate and the elders alone receive salaries. Justice is administered by several courts. But the court of appeal of the free cities of the Germanick confederacy is the superiour tribunal. The publick revenues were formerly considerable, without the taxes being oppressive; but the heavy debts incurred by the city, of late years, have greatly increased the taxes. The citizens are provided with arms, and accustomed to military exercises, so as to form a body of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, in regular uniform, amounting to about ten thousand men. The removal of the old fortification was commenced in 1804, and the great French works have also been since demolished.

The established religion in this city is the Lutheran, but complete toleration prevails. The manners of the inhabitants resemble those of the other mercantile cities of Germany or Holland; publick worship is regularly attended, industry is generally diffused, and good morals prevail. Foreigners have long been freely admitted to reside in the town; and the troubles of the French revolution brought to it individuals of different nations and characters, all of whom were allowed to remain as long as the publick tranquillity was not disturbed: hence the various and sometimes contradictory accounts of the morality of the place. The favourite taste of the inhabitants, in point of amusement, is musick; and previous to 1807, the era of commercial misfortune to Hamburgh, the higher class of merchants lived not only with hospitality, but with a certain degree of luxury. Hamburgh has long been distinguished as a commercial city of the first importance. Its transactions consist partly in agency, but more in the purchase and sale of goods on account of its merchants. They buy the commodities of America, Great Britain, France, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Belgium, the West Indies, &c., and supply with these all the countries lying along the Elbe, different districts on the Rhine and Lower Maine, and a part of the Prussian and Austrian dominions. They also buy up the products of these countries, of which linen and thread are the chief. These articles are brought in great quantities from Bohemia, Moravia, Lower Saxony, and Westphalia, and the inhabitants of these retired quarters have discovered, that to make sales through the medium of Hamburgh is less hazardous than direct intercourse with the countries where their commodities finally arrive. The trade in timber is also of great importance, especially during a maritime war, Hamburgh being the chief medium between the Baltick and the south of Europe. The other articles of trade are very various, comprising flax, hemp, potash, tar, tobacco, wax, honey, hides, wool, woollen yarn, smoked and salt meat, mineral products, iron wares, in short all the products of the northeast of Germany, and a great part of those of the centre and south. This trade, like that in foreign goods, is carried on, partly on commission, partly for account of the Hamburgh merchants.

The territory of Hamburgh, which contains one hundred and sixteen square miles, is bounded by that of Holstein on the north and west; the city of Altona, in the territory of Holstein, is not two miles distant from the gates of Hamburgh. Toward the east the Hamburgh territory borders on Lauenburg, and on the south it is separated by the Elbe from the territories of Hanover. Some of the islands in the Elbe belong also, either wholly or in part, to Hamburgh, together with the village of Moorburg on the left bank. Besides this, it has a jurisdiction over the bailiwick of Ritzebüttel, which contains the important town of Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the Elbe. Hamburgh, in common with Lubeck, also has jurisdiction over the bailiwick of Bergedorf, with the small town of the same name, over the Vierlands, and a few places in Lauenburgh. The city owes its foundation to the emperor Charlemagne, who, in

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the beginning of the ninth century, built a citadel and a church on the heights between the Elbe and the eastern bank of the Alster, as a bulwark against the neighbouring pagans. The adaptation of the place for commerce and fishing attracted many settlers. Although its barbarous neighbours frequently destroyed this settlement, it was as often re-established, and the city was enlarged by new buildings. It became important as a commercial city in the twelfth century, and in the thirteenth it was one of the founders of the Hanseatic league. Even after the decline of the confederacy it maintained its freedom and flourishing commerce. The Hanseatic league with Lubeck and Bremen subsisted till 1810, and has been renewed since 1813 and 1814.

Until the fifteenth century the city was confined to the strip of land between the Elbe and the eastern bank of the Alster. The western bank was gradually built upon, principally by exiles from the Netherlands. Thus arose the new town, which was so important, even in the early part of the thirty years' war, that it was enclosed within the fortifications, and thus gave to the city its present extent. In 1618 Hamburgh was formally acknowledged a free city of the empire, although the archbishops of Bremen continued to maintain possession of the cathedral, which was ceded away at the peace of Westphalia, and was afterward ceded, with the duchy of Bremen, to Hanover. The thirty years' war, amidst the devastations of which Hamburgh was spared, increased the number of its inhabitants, as late wars in Europe have also done, during which many persons emigrated there from the Rhine, from the Netherlands, and from France. Its commerce increased in the same proportion, and compensated, in a great degree, for the diminution of its manufactures, occasioned by the awakened spirit of industry, and by the non-importation acts of foreign powers. Its sugar-refineries, manufactories of whale-oil, ship-yards, and establishments for printing cotton, are still important. The commerce of Hamburgh was increased, particularly by its direct intercourse with the United States of America, and by the war in the Netherlands and on the Rhine, by which it obtained a considerable share of the commerce of those countries. Thus, at the beginning of the present century, Hamburgh was one of the richest and most prosperous of the free cities. Its reverses began, in 1803, with the entrance of the French into Hanover. They took possession of Ritzebüttel, and closed the Elbe to the English, who, in turn, closely blockaded the mouth of the river. Hamburgh afterward passed into the occupancy of a large French garrison, and Bonaparte seized on a part of the publick funds. In 1810 it was incorporated with the French empire, and declared the capital of the department of the Mouths of the Elbe. The decrees prohibitory of commerce continued with occasional suspension, but with immense loss to this city, from 1808 until the spring of 1813, when the hope of support from the advancing troops of the allies led to a memorable, but premature, effort against the French. Hamburgh was shortly after re-occupied by the latter, a contribution of nearly two millions sterling imposed on it, and the most positive orders given to defend it, at whatever sacrifice, against the allies. This led to incalculable distress, to the destruction of the houses on the ramparts, to the seizure of merchandise, and finally of the bank funds, by Davoust. At last the city was evacuated in May, 1814, and part of the bank funds were restored by the Bourbon government.

The city of Hamburgh has a population of one hundred and thirty thousand persons, and the lands over which it has a separate jurisdiction contain about thirty-five thousand more.

BURIAL OF THE INDIAN GIRL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"The only daughter of an Indian woman in Wisconsin Territory, died of lingering consumption, at the age of eighteen. A few of her own race, and a few of the whites, were at her grave; but none wept, save the poor mother."—*Upper Mississippi Herald.*

A WAIL upon the prairies—
A cry of woman's wo—
That mingleth with the autumn blast,
All fitfully and low.
It is a mother's wailing!—
Hath earth another tone,
Like that with which a mother mourns,
Her lost, her only one?

Pale faces gather round her—
They mark the storm swell high,
That rends and wrecks the tossing soul,
But their cold, blue eyes were dry.
Pale faces gazed upon her,
As the wild winds caught her moan—
But she was an Indian mother—
So, she wept those tears alone.

Long, o'er that wasting idol,
She watch'd, and toil'd and pray'd:
Though every dreary dawn reveal'd
Some ravage Death had made;
Till the fleshless sinews started,
And hope no opiate gave,
And hoarse and hollow grew her voice,
An echo from the grave.

She was a gentle creature,
Of raven eye and tress,
And dovelike were the tones that breath'd
Her bosom's tenderness;—
Save when some quick emotion
The warm blood strongly sent
To revel in her olive cheek,
So richly eloquent.

I said consumption smote her,
And the healer's art was vain;
But she was an Indian maiden,
So none deplored her pain;—
None, save that widowed mother,
Who now, by her open tomb,
Is writhing like the smitten wretch,
Whom judgement marks for doom.

Alas! that lowly cabin,
That couch beside the wall,
That seat beneath the mantling vine,
They're lone and empty all.
What hand shall pluck the tall, green corn,
That ripeneth on the plain,
Since she, for whom the board was spread,
Must ne'er return again?

Rest, rest, thou Indian maiden!—
Nor let thy murmuring shade
Grieve that those pale-brow'd ones with scorn,
Thy burial-rite surveyed:—
There's many a king, whose funeral
A black-robed realm shall see,
For whom no tear of grief is shed,
Like that which falls for thee,

Yes, rest thee, forest-maiden!
Beneath thy native tree;
The proud may boast their little day,
Then sink to dust like thee;
But there's many a one whose funeral
With nodding plumes may be,
Whom nature nor affection mourns
As now they mourn for thee.

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KING PHILIP—the last of the Wampanoags.

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KING PHILIP.

METACOMET, OF POKANOKET, CHIEF OF THE WAMPANOAGS—CALLED, KING PHILIP.

PHILIP, alias *Metacomet*, of Pokanoket, chief of the Wampanoags, was for many years the inveterate foe of the settlers in New England. Drake in his "Indian Biography" thus describes his final capture and death :—

"An army of fifteen hundred English, was raised by the three colonies, Massachusetts, Plimouth and Connecticut, for the purpose of breaking down the power of Philip among the Narragansets. They determined upon this course, as they had been assured that in the spring they would come with all their force upon them. It was not known that Philip was among them when this resolution was taken, and it was but a rumour that they had taken part with him. It was true, that they had promised to deliver up all the Wampanoags, who should flee to them, either alive or dead; but it is also true, that those who made this promise, had it not in their power; being persons, chiefly in subordinate circumstances, who had no right or authority to bind any but themselves. And, therefore, as doubtless was foreseen by many, none of Philip's people were delivered, although many were known to have been among them. Thus in few words have we exhibited the main grounds of the mighty expedition against the Narragansets in the winter of 1675.

Upon a small island, in an immense swamp, in South-Kingston, Rhode Island, Philip had fortified himself, in a manner superiour to what was common among his countrymen. Here he intended to pass the winter, with the chief of his friends. They had erected about five hundred wigwams of a superiour construction, in which was deposited a great store of provisions. Baskets and tubs of corn, were piled one upon another, about the inside of them, which rendered them bullet proof. It was supposed that about three thousand persons had here taken up their residence.

After nearly a month from their setting out, the English army arrived in the Narraganset country, and made their headquarters about eighteen miles from Philip's fort. They had been so long upon their march, that the Indians were long enough apprized of their approach, and had made the best arrangements in their power to withstand them. They had already suffered much from the severity of the season, being obliged to encamp in the open field, and without tents to cover them!

The nineteenth of December, 1675, is a memorable day in the annals of New England. Cold, in the extreme—the air filled with snow—the army were obliged, from the low state of their provisions, to march to attack Philip in his fort. And but for the treachery of one of his men, who, from his having an English name, is supposed to have lived among the English—and by hope of reward, betrayed his countrymen into their hands. His name was Peter, and it was by accident that himself, with thirty-five others, had just before fallen into the hands of the fortunate captain Mosely. No Englishman was acquainted with the situation of Philip's fort; and but for their pilot, Peter, there is very little probability that they could have effected anything against it For it was one o'clock on that short day of the year, before they arrived within the vicinity of the swamp. There was but one point where it could be assailed with the least probability of success; and this was fortified by a kind of block-house, directly in front, and having flankers to cover a cross-fire. Besides high palisades, an immense hedge of fallen trees, of nearly a rod in thickness, surrounded it upon the outside, encompassing an area of about five acres. Between the fort and the main land, was a body of water, over which a great tree had been felled, on which all must pass and repass, to and from it. On coming to this place, the English soldiers, as many as could pass upon the tree, which would not admit two abreast, rushed forward, but were swept from it in a moment, by the fire of Philip's men. Still, the English soldiers, led by their captains, supplied the places of the slain. But again and again, were they swept from the fatal avenue. Six captains and a great many men had fallen, and a partial, but momentary recoil from the face of death took place: and but a handful had got within the fort. These were contending hand to hand with the Indians, and at fearful odds, when the cry of "they run! they run!" brought to their assistance a considerable body of their fellow-soldiers. They were now enabled to drive the Indians from their main breast-work, and their slaughter became immense. Flying from wigwam to wigwam—men, women, and children, indiscriminately, were hewn down and lay in heaps upon the ground. Being now masters of the fort, at the recommendation of Mr. Church, General Winslow was about to quarter the army in it for the present, which offered comfortable habitations to the sick and wounded, besides a plentiful supply of provisions. But one of the captains and a surgeon opposed the measure; probably from the apprehension that the woods were full Indians, who would continue their attacks upon them, and drive them out in their turn. There

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was doubtless, some reason for this, which was strengthened from the fact that many English were killed after they had possessed themselves of the fort, by those whom they had just dispossessed of it. Still, had Church's advice been followed, perhaps many of the lives of the wounded would have been saved; for he was seldom out in his judgement, as his long successes proved afterward. After fighting three hours, they were to march eighteen miles, before the wounded could be dressed, and in a most horrid and boisterous night. Eighty English were killed in the fight, and one hundred and fifty wounded; many of whom died afterward. The English left the ground in considerable haste, leaving eight of their dead in the fort. Philip, and such of his warriours as escaped unhurt, fled into a place of safety, until the enemy had retired; when they returned again to the fort. The English, no doubt, apprehended a pursuit, but Philip not knowing their distressed situation, and perhaps judging of their loss from the few dead which they left, made no attempt to harass them. Before the fight was over, many of the wigwams were set on fire. Into these, hundreds of innocent women and children had crowded and perished in the general conflagration! and as a writer of that day expresses himself, "no man knoweth how many." The English learned afterward from some that fell into their hands, that in all about seven hundred perished.

Soon after this, Philip, with many of his followers, left that part of the country, and resided in different places upon Connecticut river. Some report tha he took up his residence near Albany, and that he solicited the Mohawks to aid him against the English, but without success. The various attacks and encounters he had with the English, from February to August, 1676, are so minutely recorded, and in so many works, that we will not enlarge upon them in this place.

When success no longer attended him, in the western parts of Massachusetts, those of his allies whom he had seduced into the war, upbraided, and accused him of bringing all their misfortunes upon them; that they had no cause of war against the English, and had not engaged in it but for his solicitations; and many of the tribes scattered themselves in different directions. With all that would follow him, as a last retreat, Philip returned to Pokanoket.

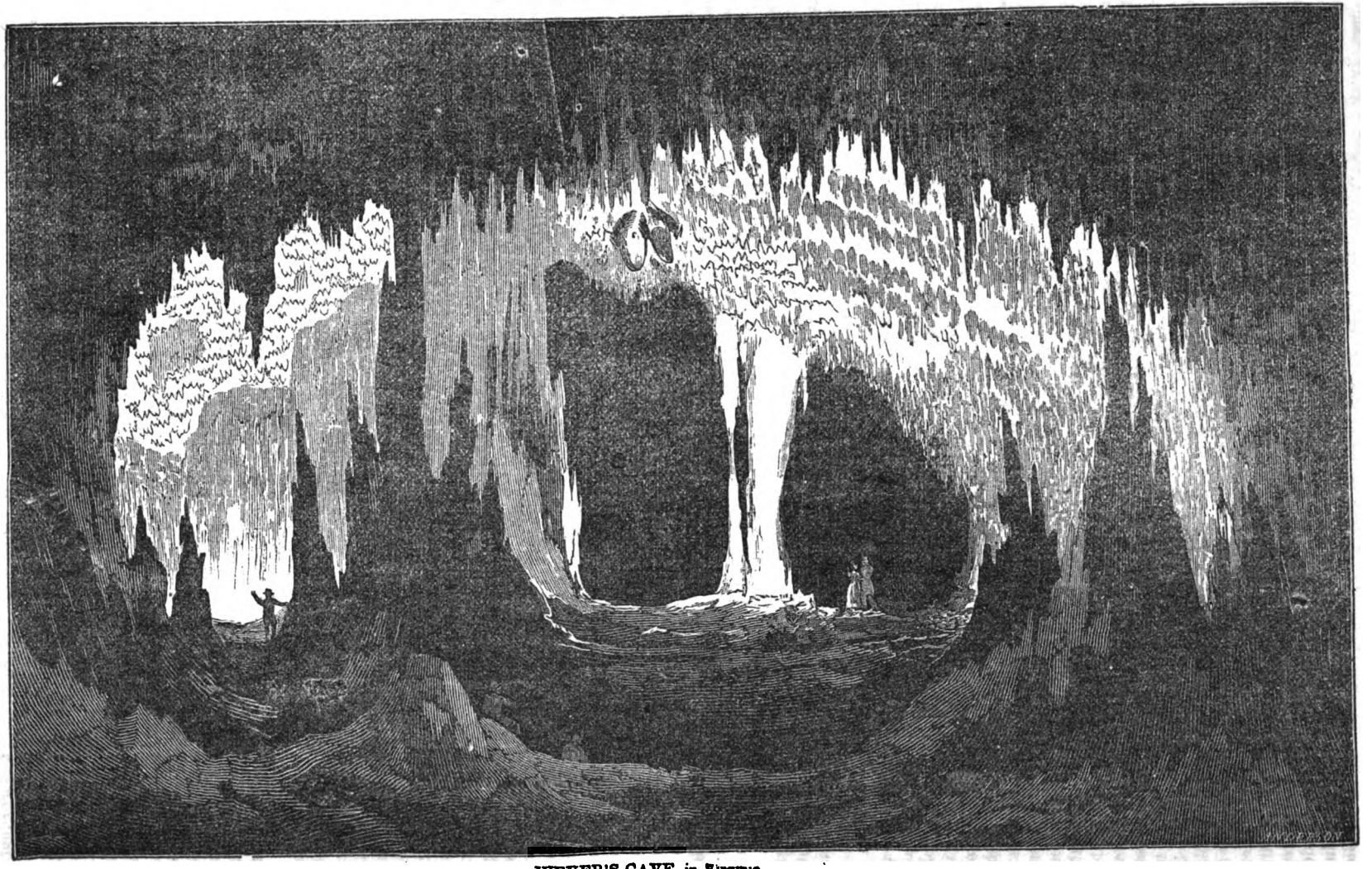
On the eleventh of July, he attempted to surprise Taunton, but was repulsed. His camp was now at Matapoiset; and the English came upon him under Captain Church, who captured many of his people, but he escaped over Taunton river, as he had done a year before, but in the opposite direction, and secreted himself once more upon Pocasset. He used many stratagems to cut off Captain Church, and seems to have watched and followed him from place to place, until the end of this month; but continually losing one company after another. Some scouts ascertained that he, with many of his men, were at a place upon Taunton river, and from appearances were about to repass it. His camp was now at this place, and the chief of his warriours with him. Some soldiers from Bridgewater fell upon them here, July thirty-first, killed ten warriours; but Philip having disguised himself, escaped. His uncle, Akkompoin, was among the slain, and his own sister taken prisoner.

The next day, August first, the intrepid Church came upon his headquarters, killed and took about one hundred and thirty of his people, and himself very narrowly escaping. Such was his precipitation that he left all his wampum behind, and his wife and son fell into the hands of Church. Some of Philip's Indians, who now served under Church, said to him, "You have now made Philip ready to die; for you have made him as poor and miserable as he used to make the English. You have now killed or taken all his relations—that they believed he would soon have his head, and that this bout had almost broken his heart."

Philip having now but few followers left, was driven from place to place, and lastly to his ancient seat, near Pokanoket. The English for a long time had endeavoured to kill him, but could not find him off his guard; for he was always the first who was apprized of their approach. Having put to death one of his men for advising him to make peace with them, his brother deserted him, and gave Captain Church an account of his situation, and offered to lead him to the place. Early on Saturday morning, August twelfth, Church came to the swamp where Philip was encamped. And before he was discovered, had placed a guard about it, so as to encompass it, except a small place. He then ordered Captain Golding to rush into the swamp, and fall upon Philip in his camp; which he immediately did—but was discovered as he approached, and as usual, Philip was the first to fly. Having but just awaked from sleep, had on but a part of his clothes, he fled with all his might. Coming directly upon an Englishman and an Indian, who composed a part of the ambush at the edge of the swamp, the Englishman's gun missed fire, but Alderman, the Indian, whose gun was loaded with two balls, "sent one through his heart, and another not above two inches from it. He fell upon his face in the mud and water, with his gun under him."

Cure for intemperance and smoking.—Indian cunning.—A friend of ours, who has had extensive dealings with the Indians of Mississippi, relates the following characteristick anecdote, which he says is undoubtedly the truth. A chief, by the name of Glover, in a gush of passion, happened to slay another Indian. The invariable penalty for killing among these primitive beings is death; and that punishment is, by their custom, to be inflicted by the nearest friends of the deceased. These had met together with the prisoner in their charge to execute the last sentence on poor Glover. He asked one favour of them, before he died, and, as generous enemies, he hoped they would grant it, as it was the last he would ever ask of them; it was, that he might be permitted to take one more glass of liquor and smoke one more pipe of tobacco. So small a request was readily granted; they promised to postpone the execution until he drank and smoked again. Having got them sufficiently committed to this proposition, he gave them to understand that he never intended to do either. Such is the sacredness of an Indian promise, that this subterfuge has thus far saved Glover's life, and this occurrence took place ten years ago.

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WEYER'S CAVE, in Virginia.

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AMERICAN CAVERNS.

WEYER'S CAVE.

The engraving on the opposite page represents a portion of the interior of one of the most remarkable caverns in the world. The subjoined description is from the pen of R. L. Cooke, A. M. of the Staunton Seminary, Virginia, who, in company with his brother and another gentleman, made an accurate survey of the whole cave in 1833.

Weyer's Cave is situated near the northern extremity of Augusta county, Va., seventeen miles northeast of Staunton, on the eastern side of a ridge running nearly north and south parallel to the Blue Ridge, and somewhat more than a mile distant from it.

The western declivity of this ridge is very gradual, and the visiter, as he approaches from that direction, little imagines from its appearance that it embowels one of nature's masterpieces. The eastern declivity, however, is quite precipitous and difficult of ascent.

The Guide's house is situated on the northern extremity of this ridge, and is distant eight hundred yards from the entrance of the cave. In going from the house to the cave you pass the entrance of Madison's cave, which is only two hundred and twenty yards from the other. Madison's cave was known and visited as a curiosity long before the discovery of Weyer's, but it is now passed by and neglected, as unworthy of notice, compared with its more imposing rival, although it has had the pen of a Jefferson to describe its beauties.

Let me remark here, that the incurious visiter, who goes because others go, and is but slightly interested in the mysteries of nature, may retain his usual dress when he enters the cave which I am attempting to describe; but if he is desirous of prying into every recess, climbing every accessible precipice, and seeing all the beauties of this subterranean wonder, I would advise him to provide himself with such habiliments as will withstand craggy projections, or receive no detriment from a generous coating of mud.

The ascent from the bottom of the hill to the mouth of the cave is steep, but is rendered less fatiguing by the zigzag course of the path, which is one hundred and twenty yards in length.

Before entering the cave, let us rest ourselves on the benches before the door, that we may become perfectly cool, while the guide unlocks the door, strikes a light, and tells the story of its first discovery.

It seems that about the year 1804, one Bernard Weyer ranged these hills as a hunter; while pursuing his daily vocation, he found his match in a lawless ground hog, which not only eluded all his efforts, but eventually succeeded in carrying off the traps which had been set for his capture. Enraged at the loss of his traps, he made an assault upon the domicil of the depredator with spade and mattock.

A few moments labor brought him to the antechamber of this stupendous cavern, where he found his traps safely deposited.

The entrance originally was small and difficult of access; but the enterprise of the proprietor has obviated these inconveniences: it is now enclosed by a wooden wall, having a door in its centre, which admits you to the ante-chamber.

At first it is about ten feet in height, but after proceeding a few yards in a southwest direction, it becomes contracted to the space of four feet square. At the distance of twenty-four feet from the entrance, descending at an angle of nineteen degrees, you reach the Dragon's Room, so called from a stalactitic concretion, which the nomenclator undoubtedly supposed to resemble that nondescript animal.

Above the Dragon's room there is an opening of considerable beauty, but of small size, called the Devil's Gallery. Leaving this room, which is not very interesting, you proceed in a more southerly direction to the entrance of Solomon's Temple, through a high but narrow passage, sixty-six feet in length, which is by no means difficult of access. Here you make a perpendicular descent of thirteen feet, by means of substantial stairs, securely fixed, and you find yourself in one of the finest rooms in the whole cave. It is irregular in shape, being thirty feet long, and forty-five broad, running nearly at right angles to the main course of the cave. As you raise your eyes, after descending the steps be forementioned, they rest upon an elevated seat, surrounded by sparry incrustations, which sparkle beautifully in the light of your candles.

This is not unaptly styled Solomon's Throne. Everything in this room receives its name from the Wise Man: immediately to the left of the steps, as you descend, you will find his Meat-house; and at the eastern extremity of the room, is a beautiful pillar of white stalactite, somewhat defaced by the smoke of candles, called by his name, yet with strange inconsistency, an incrustation resembling falling water, at the right of the steps, has obtained the name of the Falls of Niagara.

Passing Solomon's Pillar, you enter another room, more irregular than the first, but still more beautiful; it would be impossible adequately to describe the magnificence of the roof. I shall, therefore, merely observe, that it is thickly studded with beautiful stalactites resembling in form and color, the roots of radishes, which have given the appellation of Radish room to this delightful place.

I cannot refrain here from reprobating the Vandal spirit of some visiters, who, regardless of all prohibitions, will persist in breaking off and defacing these splendid specimens of nature's workmanship, forgetting that a single blow may destroy the work of centuries.

The main passage to the rest of the cavern is immediately opposite to the entrance to Solomon's Temple, and you reach it by an ascent of twelve feet, to what is called the Porter's Lodge. From this place, pursuing the same course, you pass along a passage varying from ten to thirty feet in height, from ten to fifteen in breadth, and fifty in length, until you reach Barney's Hall

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which receives its name from the fancied resemblance of a prostrate stalactite at the base of one that is upright, to old Commodore Barney, and the cannon that he used at the Bladensburgh races. Near the centre of the room, which is small, and scarcely deserves the name, an upright board points out to the visiter the main path of the cave, which runs to the right. Two passages run off to the left; the first one to a large irregular room, called the Lawyer's Office, in which is a fine spring of water, or rather a reservoir where the droppings from the ceiling have collected; the other, through a passage to what is called The Armory, from an incrustation that has received the name of Ajax's Shield.

Between the Lawyer's Office and the Armory, and communicating with both, is another large, irregular apartment, which is named Weyer's Hall, after the original discoverer of the cave, who, together with his dog, stands immortalized in one corner. Before we get bewildered and lost in this part of the cave, which is more intricate than any other, let us return to the guide-board in the centre of Barney's hall, and pursue the route usually taken by visiters.

Following the righthand opening, mentioned above, which is rather low, being not more than five feet in height, you pass into the Twin Room, taking heed lest you fall into the Devil's Bake Oven, which yawns close by your feet. This room is small, and communicates directly with the Bannister Room, which is fifty-nine feet distant from the guide-board. The arch here suddenly expands, and becomes elevated to the height of thirty feet, and by dint of hard climbing you may return to the Porter's Lodge, through a passage directly over the one which you have just passed. Although there are many beauties in this upper passage, I would advise no one who is not an enthusiastic admirer of nature's works, to attempt it.

A descent of thirty-nine feet from the Twin room, in a direction due west, brings you into the Tan Yard, which contains many beauties. The floor is irregular, in some places sinking into holes somewhat resembling tan-vats, which together with several hanging stalactites resembling hides have given a name to this immense apartment. On the southeast side of the room, immediately to the left of the main path, is a large opening, which admits you at once into the armory already mentioned.

It may be well to remark here, that I have omitted, and shall omit to mention, many beautiful appearances in the different rooms, because they are noted upon the map of the cave, lately published by the author of this sketch.

Changing your course to the northwest, you leave the Tan-yard, by a rough but not difficult ascent of twenty feet, at an angle of eighteen degrees, into what may be considered as an elevated continuation of the same room, but which has been deservedly dignified with a distinct appellation. To your right, as you step upon level ground, you will observe a perpendicular wall of rock, rising with great regularity; if you strike upon it with your hand, it sends forth a deep, mellow sound, strongly resembling the tones of a basedrum, whence the room has received the name of the Drum Room. Upon a closer examination, this apparent wall will be found to be only a thin stalactitic partition, extending from the ceiling to the floor. There is nothing else of much interest in this apartment—we will proceed to the more magnificent portions of the cavern.

You leave the drum room by a flight of natural stairs, seven feet in perpendicular height. A large opening now presents itself, which expands to an extensive apartment, to reach which it is necessary to make a nearly perpendicular descent of ten feet, by means of a substantial pair of stairs. This apartment is the far-famed Ball Room. It is one hundred feet long, thirty-six wide, and about twenty-five high, running at right angles to the path by which you entered it. The general course of the room is from north to south, but at the northern extremity there is a gradual ascent, bearing round to the east, until you reach a precipice of twenty or thirty feet, from which you can look down into the Tan-yard, having performed a complete circuit.

Near the centre of the ball room, is a large calcareous deposite, that has received the name of Paganini's Statue, from the circumstance that it furnishes a good position for the music, whenever balls are given in these submundane regions. The floor is sufficiently level to admit of dancing upon it, and it is not uncommon to have balls here. The ladies are accommodated with a very convenient Dressing Room, the only opening to which communicates directly with the ball room. You leave this room by a gradual ascent of forty-two feet, at the southern extremity, similar to the one already described at the other.

This acclivity is called The Frenchman's Hill, from the following circumstance: some years since, a French gentleman visited this cave, accompanied only by the guide; they had safely gone through, and returning, had reached the top of this hill, when by some accident, both of their lights were extinguished, and they were left in Egyptian darkness, without the means of relighting their candles. Fortunately, the guide, from his accurate knowledge of localities, was enabled to conduct him safely to the entrance, a distance of more than five hundred feet.

Another gentleman, by the name of Patterson, has immortalized his name by attempting the same feat, although it was a complete failure. Hearing of the Frenchman's adventure, he undertook to find his way back to the entrance from the ball room, without a light; sending his company some distance ahead. He succeeded in ascending the stairs, but had proceeded only a few paces farther, when his feet slipped from under him, and he was prostrated into an aperture where he lay unhurt, until his companions, alarmed at his protracted absence, returned for him. His resting-place is called Patterson's Grave to this day.

From the French Hill, a long, irregular passage extends in a northwest direction, which is denominated the Narrow Passage. This passage is fifty-two feet in length, varying from three to five feet in width, and from four to eight feet in height. It leads you to the brink of a precipice, twelve feet in height.

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Natural indentations in the face of this precipice afford a convenient means of descent; and these natural steps have received the name of Jacob's Ladder. To correspond with this name, as in Solomon's Temple, everything is named after the patriarch: a flat rock opposite to the extremity of the Narrow passage, is Jacob's Tea-Table; and a deep, inaccessible perforation in the rock, by its side, is Jacob's Ice-house. Descending the ladder, you turn to the left, and pass through a narrow opening, still continuing to descend though less perpendicularly, to the centre of a small apartment, called the Dungeon. The descent from the top of the ladder to this place is twenty-eight feet.

This room communicates by a passage of about four feet square, with the Senate Chamber. A thin flat rock stretches over nearly half of this apartment, which is only about forty feet in diameter, at the height of eight or ten feet from the floor, forming a sort of gallery, which doubtless caused the name already mentioned to be given to the room. The Senate chamber communicates by a high broad opening, with a still larger apartment, denominated Congress Hall. This name must have been given on account of its proximity to the last-mentioned room, and not from anything particularly appropriate in the room itself. It is long, and like the ball room, runs nearly at right angles to the main path; its course being nearly north and south, and a wall, having several openings, runs through its whole length. The main path winds to the left as you enter the room; but we will diverge a little to the right, and explore the dark recess that presents itself to view.

The floor of Congress hall is very uneven, and at the northern extremity rises somewhat abruptly. Climbing this ascent, if you pass through one of the openings in the wall mentioned above, you will be able to see through the whole extent of the other half of the room, but it is impossible to traverse it, on account of two or three deep pits, that occupy the whole space between the wall and the side of the room. Turning around to the right of the opening through which you passed, your eye vainly attempts to penetrate the deep, dark abyss that presents itself, and you hesitate to descend. Its name, the Infernal Regions, does not offer many inducements to enter it; and for many years it has been supposed to contain fixed air, so that visiters avoid it, and it has never until recently, been thoroughly explored.

In the spring of 1833, accompanied by my brother, I determined at all hazards to explore this room, for I doubted the existence of any bad air, as I had never detected any in the course of extensive researches in almost every part of the cave. The guide accompanied us, and we each carried two candles, leaving a lighted one also at the end of Congress hall. Thus prepared, we descended about twenty-nine feet before we reached a landing-place. Here our candles burned dimly, and great care was necessary to prevent them from going out entirely; indeed four of them were out at one time, yet we experienced no difficulty of breathing, or any other indication of the presence of this much dreaded gas. The floor was not level, but inclined at an angle of fifteen or twenty degrees, and when we emerged from the pit into which we had first entered, our candles again shone brightly, and displayed to our view a room more extensive than any I have yet described. Its greatest length was from east to west, and seemed to run nearly parallel to the path over which we have just travelled. From its great length, I was induced to believe that it approached very near to the Ball room, and perhaps might communicate with it by some yet undiscovered passage. So strongly was I impressed with this idea, that I determined to ascertain, if practicable, how far I was correct. For this purpose, I set my watch exactly with my brother's, and requested him to go to the Ball room, and to pursue, as far as possible, a low passage that leads to the right from the foot of the French Hill, while I went to the eastern extremity of this immense apartment. At an appointed moment, I fired a pistol, but the only answer was, the deafening reverberations of the sound, rolling like thunder along the lofty arches. I shouted—but no return met my ear, save the hollow echo of my own voice, and I began to think that I had been hasty in my opinion. At this moment, a beautiful stalactite sparkled in the light of my candle, and I forgot my desire to find some unknown passage in my anxiety to secure this prize. Taking the butt of my pistol I hammered gently upon it to disengage it from the rock where it hung, I was surprised to hear the taps distinctly answered, apparently from the centre of the solid rock. A repetition of the blows brought a repetition of the answer, and by comparing notes, we were fully satisfied that there could be but little space between the two rooms.

We have lingered so long in these Infernal regions that we must hasten back to the spot whence we diverged, in the centre of Congress hall. Our course now lies to the southwest, up a perpendicular ascent of seventeen feet, to what is called the Lobby. From this place, an expert climber, well acquainted with the cave, may pass through secret passages and by-rooms to the end of the cave, without once entering the main path; but we will pursue the accustomed route.

You have ascended to the Lobby, only to descend again on the other side, after taking a few steps horizontally, a perpendicular descent of seventeen feet brings you to the most magnificent apartment in the whole cavern. This is Washington's Hall; so called in token of respect for the memory of our country's father, and it is worthy of bearing the name. Its length is two hundred and fifty-seven feet, its breadth from ten to twenty feet, and its height about thirty-three feet, being remarkably level and straight through the whole length.

Not far from the centre of this room, is an immense deposite of calcareous matter rising to the height of six or seven feet, which very strikingly resembles a statue clothed in drapery. This is Washington's Statue, and few can look upon it, as seen by the dim light of two or three candles, which rather stimulate than repress curiosity, without experiencing a sensation of awe and solemnity, as if they were actually in the presence

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of the mighty dead. A few yards from the entrance, another room branches off to the left, to reach which, you must ascend a bank of five or six feet in height. This is called the Theatre, from the fact that different parts of the room correspond to the gallery, stage, and pit. I notice this room, which is rather uninteresting otherwise, for the purpose of mentioning a circumstance related to me by Mr. Bryan, a former guide, which confirms an opinion that I have long entertained, that the whole cavern is thoroughly ventilated by some undiscovered communication with the upper air.

About nine years since, during a severe and protracted rain, which raised the waters of the South river that flows at the base of the cave-hill, to an unprecedented height, Mr. Bryan conducted a company through the cave. As he ascended the stairs that lead from Congress hall to the Lobby, he heard the rush of waters; supposing that the cave was flooding, he directed the visiters to remain in Congress hall, while he examined more carefully into the cause of the unusual and alarming noise. Cautiously descending into Washington's Hall, he followed the sound, until he arrived opposite to the entrance of the Theatre, in which he saw a column of water, pouring down from the ceiling into the Pit, and losing itself in the numerous crevices that abound. When the rain ceased, the flood was stayed, and it never has been repeated; but even at the present time, small pebbles and gravel, resembling that found on the top of the hill, may be seen in the theatre. No aperture is visible where the water could have come through so copiously, neither can any perforation be discovered on the surface of the hill; yet beyond a doubt some communication does exist. I have said that the breadth of Washington's hall was from ten to twenty feet; this must be understood only of the lower part of the room, for the arch stretches over a rock twenty feet high, which forms the left wall, and embraces another room called Lady Washington's Hall. The entrance to this apartment is opposite to the Statue, and is on the same level with the Hall. The wall that separates the two rooms is several feet thick, and has received the name of the Rock of Gibraltar. One or two candles placed upon this rock produce a fine effect, particularly if every other light is extinguished; for it shows you the arch, spreading out with beautiful regularity, until it is lost in the surrounding darkness, and imagination supplies the deficiency of vision, peopling the dark recesses with hosts of matterless phantoms.

You reluctantly leave this splendid apartment at the southwest extremity, by a rough, narrow, but high passage, running at the foot of the Pyramids of Egypt and Cleopatra's Needle! At the end of this passage, in a recess at the right is another spring or reservoir, not as large as the one in the Lawyer's office. A descent of eight or ten feet, brings you into the Diamond Room, which may be considered as forming a part of The Church, a long, irregular room, more lofty than any that we have yet entered. Its length is one hundred and fifty-two feet, its breadth from ten to fifteen, and its height fifty!

At the farthest extremity, a beautiful white spire shoots up to a considerable height, which is appropriately styled the Steeple, and has, no doubt, suggested the name of the room. Nearly opposite to the centre of the church is a recess, raised several feet, of considerable extent. This forms a very good Gallery to the church. Immediately in the rear of the gallery, and in full view from below, is a great number of pendant stalactites, of several feet in length, and of various sizes, ranged like the pipes of an organ, and bearing a striking resemblance to them. If these stalactites are struck by any hard substance, they send forth sounds of various pitches, according to their size, and a stick run rapidly along several of them at once, produces a very pleasing variety of sounds. With great propriety this is called the Organ.

Passing under the steeple, which rests on an arch elevated not more than ten feet, you enter the Dining Room. This room is named from a long, natural table, that stands on the left side, and is not quite as large as the church, though its height is sixty feet. Was it not for the kind of wall which the steeple makes, it might be considered as a continuation of the church, and its length is therefore included in that of the church. A little to the left of the table you will observe a small, uninviting opening; if you are not deterred by the unpromising appearance of the opening we will enter, and see whether it leads to anything worthy of notice. Proceeding only a few paces, you suddenly find yourself in an immense chamber, stretching from the gallery of the church with which it communicates, parallel to the dining room, to its utmost extremity, and proportionably wide. This is called Jackson's Room, and the floor is very irregular and uneven. This room is rather uninteresting, but it leads to one that deserves a passing notice.

Directly opposite the little passage which conducted you hither, is a large opening; passing this the rocks contract until only a narrow pass is left a few feet in length. This conducts you, if not to the most magnificent, at least to the most beautiful and interesting portion of the whole cavern. There is but one apartment, and that is small, but the Garden of Eden, for so it is called, derives its beauty from the singular arrangement of the immense stalactites hanging from the roof, and meeting the stalagmites, which have ascended from the floor to meet them; or in few words, it seems as if, at some former period, a sheet of water had poured down from the roof, and by some wonderful operation of nature, had become suddenly petrified. This sheet is not continuous, but strongly resembles the folds of heavy drapery, and you may pass among the windings as through the mazes of a labyrinth, and the light of a candle shines distinctly through any part of it. A portion of the floor of this room is composed of a beautiful fine yellow sand, whereas most of the cave is a stiff clay, with very few indications of sand.

We must now retrace our steps to the dining room, for there is no other place of egress; but let us first turn off to the left, as we return, into a small passage, that does not seem to lead very far. Be careful! there is a deep hole just before

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you. Now look through this opening, which is large enough for a man comfortably to pass through, holding your candle above your head; you will see a deep unexplored abyss,

"Where the footstep of mortal has never trod."

No man has ever yet ventured into this place, for it can only be entered by means of a rope-ladder, but if my life is spared, and my courage does not fail me, I shall, at no distant period, attempt to explore the hidden mysteries of the apartment.

Once more in the dining room let us go on to the completion of our task. The main path pursues the same course from this room as it has done ever since you entered Washington's hall; but your way now lies up a sort of hill, in the side of which is the opening through which you are to pass. If you are adventurous, you will follow me above the opening, up the nearly perpendicular face of the rock, to the height of fifty feet, where a ledge of rocks stretches along, and forms the left side of the dining room. From this eminence, called the Giant's Causeway, you can look down into the dining room on one side, and Jackson's room on the other. Great caution is necessary in climbing this height, lest too much confidence be reposed in the projecting stalagmites, that seemingly offer a secure foothold to the incautious adventurer, but frequently give way beneath him. It must be remembered that they are formed by droppings from the roof, and are often based only in the mud. By cautiously descending the ledge for five or six feet, on the side opposite to that which we ascended, we shall be enabled to reach with ease the room which has already been attained by the rest of the company who have been less ambitious than ourselves, and passed through the little opening already pointed out in ascending the causeway.

This room, or perhaps it should be called passage, is denominated the Wilderness, from the roughness of the pathway, and is only ten feet wide, but it rises to the immense height of ninety or one hundred feet! As we come along the causeway, and look down upon our right, we shall see our company forty or fifty feet below us, while our eyes can scarcely penetrate through the darkness to the ceiling above their heads. Upon the very verge of the rock upon which we are standing, are several beautiful white stalagmites, grouped together, among which one stands pre-eminent. This is Bonaparte with his body-guard, crossing the Alps. The effect is peculiarly fine, when viewed from below.

Without descending from our dangerous elevation, we will go on our way a little farther. Proceeding only a few paces from the emperor, you find yourself upon an arch, under which your company are passing, which is very appropriately called the Natural Bridge; but it should be crossed, if at all, with great caution, for there is danger of being precipitated to the bottom. Retracing our steps nearly to Napoleon, we will descend on the left, and by a jump of six feet, rejoin our company at the end of the Wilderness.

You are now upon the lowest level of the cave, and at the entrance of the farthest room. This is Jefferson's Hall; an extensive, but not very elevated apartment, quite level. Before I describe this room, we must diverge a little, and visit one or two rooms that branch off from the main path. Directly to your right, as you emerge from the wilderness, there rises an immense mass, apparently of solid stalagmite, thirty-six feet in length, thirty feet in breadth, and thirty feet in height; this mass is beautiful beyond description, very much resembling successive stories, and is called the Tower of Babel! The most splendid portion of the tower is on the back, but it is difficult of access, for it is necessary to climb up the surface of the rock to the height of fifteen or twenty feet; the view, however, amply repays you for the labor. For a few moments you can scarcely convince yourself that an immense body of water is not pouring over the precipice in a foaming cataract, so white, so dazzling is the effulgence of the rock; and when this impression is effaced, the words of the pious bard rush into the mind, where he describes the awful effects that will follow the consummation of all things;—

"The cataract, that like a giant wroth,
Rushed down impetuously, as seized at once
By sudden frost, with all his hoary locks,
Stood still!"

One might almost imagine that Pollok had visited this wonder, and caught the idea so forcibly expressed above, from viewing this magnificent scene.

We have already so much exceeded our intended limits, that we can only look into the large apartment that occupies the space behind the tower, which is called Sir Walter Scott's Room, and then hasten back to the main path.

Jefferson's room, that we left some time since, is very irregular in shape, and is two hundred and thirty-five feet long, following the various windings. What is commonly called the end of the cave, is distinguished by two singular, thin, lamellar rocks, five or six feet in diameter, united at their bases, but spreading out so that the outer edges are several feet apart; this is called the Fly Trap. To the left of the Fly trap is a large recess, where is a fine spring, at which the weary visiter is glad to slake his thirst, after the fatigues of his arduous undertaking.

Very many visiters have their curiosity satisfied long before they have gone over the ground that we have, but I am writing only for those who, like me, are not satisfied, until everything is seen that is worthy of notice. Such would not excuse me, did I not mention one more curiosity, few take the trouble to visit. A few yards beyond the fly-trap, there is an opening in the solid wall at the height of about twelve feet, through which you are admitted by a temporary ladder. By hard climbing you soon penetrate to the end of the recess, where you will find the Source of the Nile! This is a beautiful limpid spring, covered with a thin pellicle of stalagmite, yet sufficiently strong to bear your weight; in this crust there is a perforation that gives you access to the water beneath.

As far as it is practicable, I have described very cursorily this wonderful cavern; but I feel convinced that no pen can adequately describe a curiosity so extensive, so magnificent, and so varied in its beauties.

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From the Louisville Literary News-Letter.

REDFIELD'S CAVE.

Being fond of adventure and of nature's wonders, I started off about a month since, in company with my friend Mr. B, to explore this cave, and if possible to make some new discoveries. It is situated on the farm of Mr. Redfield, in Indiana, near the Vincennes road, about twenty miles from New Albany. We arrived there in the morning, and entered the cave at one o'clock. A stream issues from the mouth, in an ordinary season, sufficiently powerful to turn a flour and saw mill, belonging to Mr. Redfield; but as it was exceedingly low at this time, lower, as we were told, than it has been known to be for ten or fifteen years before, we enjoyed a better opportunity for exploring the cave than any who had been in for some time past. The mouth is thirty-five feet wide and fifteen high; and in a very wet season, is almost entirely filled up by the waters of the stream which rush out with tremendous force. After walking dry shod for two hundred yards, we came to where the stream covered the entire width of the cave, leaving us no alternative but to wade. Indeed it was cold amusement, with the atmosphere at fifty and the water about ten degrees colder; and when we reached the end of this piece of water, we had a much better idea of what we had before us than when we entered. After climbing over immense piles of rock which appeared to have fallen from the ceiling, we reached a point where the cave was sixty feet wide, with a beautiful arched ceiling of thirty feet, supported by immense masses of stone, which had a wild and imposing appearance as seen by our lights. Here the vibrations of the voice were almost endless; every cliff seemed to have a tongue that echoed back with startling distinctness even the slightest sounds. The vibrations were much clearer and longer when a song was pitched upon a low key, than when the voice was raised high. The report of a pistol was truly deafening. Reverberating from rock to rock, the sound would penetrate far into the cave beyond us, and at last die away in a low murmur, at times lasting so long as almost to make one think that some spirit of the dead had been aroused by the noise, (perhaps mistaken it for the 'last trump') and had taken up the mournful sound. From this point we proceeded probably a mile and a half, the cave being about forty feet wide and thirty high during the whole of this distance; and arrived at a place where two branches enter the main cave, the one filled with water and the other perfectly dry, and continuing only a short distance. The former of these we attempted to explore, but after wading up to our armpits, hoping every step to find the stream more shallow, we were compelled to turn back, shaking and shivering as if the ague were doing its worst upon us. We had proceeded in the main cave but a quarter of a mile, when we again struck the stream, which we followed until the water became too deep for us to ford it. Here the cave was about fifteen feet wide and twenty high; the stream running through a passage in the rock about ten feet wide with perpendicular sides, leaving a narrow shelf on one side about ten feet above the water. Leaving my friend standing in the water, I crept along on this shelf, hoping to discover the end of the stream; but to my great disappointment, after going about hundred yards, I found the shelf too narrow to allow me to proceed any farther; and sat down to rest from my labours before returning, calling to my companion to make one more effort to ford the water. While listening to the deep-toned vibrations which every rocky cliff sent back in answer to my voice, I heard a sudden plunge into the stream, a rapid splashing of the water, and then all was silent. Conjecturing that the worst had befallen my friend, I called to him, but no answer was returned, except the echo of my own voice as it vibrated from side to side of the cave. Tremulous with fear, I again called, when, to my great joy, Mr. B. cried out to me to return and light him out of his difficulties, as he had extinguished his candle. I hastened back and found him standing waist deep in the stream. It seems, that in attempting to wade along the side of the cave, his foot slipped and he was thrown into the stream beyond his depth, extinguishing his light and leaving him to find his way out as he best could. Fortunately he took a right direction, and being an expert swimmer reached shallow water, having experienced no other inconvenience than a thorough ducking. Finding our stock of candles would barely last until we could gain the mouth, we made the best of our way out; and reached Mr. Redfield's at eight in the evening, having been in the cave seven hours, and penetrated full three miles. Wet, cold and hungry as we were, the warm, hospitable reception that was extended to us by our host and his good lady was most fully appreciated. Upon talking over our adventures with Mr. R. we found that we had explored the cave some distance beyond any one else; but yet had made no new discoveries of any importance. The next morning we entered the cave about one hundred yards and struck into a branch which we did not have time to explore the day previous. It was a circular apartment, about fifty feet in diameter and one hundred high, with immense stalactites hanging from the ceiling and sides, forming a scene at once grand and imposing. And here we ended our exploring tour, with which, however, we were not entirely satisfied, as we were confident, that with the assistance of a boat, the cave could be explored a long distance beyond the point we reached. Returning home, we determined if possible to carry this project into execution at some future day. Accordingly, about a week since, in company with a companion as rife for adventure as any one west of the mountains, I started off a second time for the cave. We arrived in the morning and entered at eleven, taking with us the materials for constructing a raft with which to navigate the stream. After three hours of hard exertion, having been much impeded in our progress by the materials for our raft, we reached the deep water. Having here constructed a craft which we supposed would enable us to penetrate the unknown regions of the cave, our disappointment can better be imagined than described, when upon trial we found that our raft would not float even one of us. Putting the best face upon the matter that we could, we crept on the shelf that runs along the side of the cave above the water, and reached the point beyond which in the former expedition, I had judged it impossible to proceed. Knowing that two heads are generally better than one, we set to work to devise some way of get-

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ing beyond this difficult pass; and after much difficulty and no little risk succeeded in crawling about thirty feet further. From this point we could see the termination of the water, not more than forty feet beyond us. Here we sat for nearly an hour forming numberless plans for reaching the shore beyond; but at last came to the conclusion that it was best to return and construct a small light boat which we could bring in the next day, and thus navigate the stream. Making the best of our way to the mouth, we reached Mr. Redfield's at six in the evening, and told him our adventures and our want of a boat; upon which he said he could in a short time construct a boat that would carry us both. The next morning we set to work, and in a few hours made a bateau eight feet long and three wide and two deep, which, upon trial, we found floated us with ease. At three in the afternoon, we again entered the cave, determined to follow it up to the end. During four hours we laboured as hard as ever two mortals did, now floating our craft along on the stream, and now hauling her over immense piles of rock, some at least thirty feet high. At last, with a yell of triumph that made the depths of the cave ring again, we launched her into the stream that was to conduct us on to the object of our search. Tying our life-preservers round us to guard against an upset, we stepped into our little craft and paddled up the stream about a quarter of a mile, when we reached the shore upon which we had looked with such wistful eyes the day previous. It was with a feeling of awe that I stepped from our little bark upon the earth where human foot had never before trod; and I felt a fear, of I know not what, creep over me as I looked into the deep recesses of the cave beyond. The stream up which we paddled was from eight to ten feet wide, and from twenty to thirty feet deep, with very little current. Its waters were of a light blue colour, and very transparent. After leaving the boat, and proceeding about three quarters of a mile, our candles got so low that we were obliged to turn back and replenish our stock. Our route after leaving the boat appeared perfectly plain, and accordingly we omitted making any marks as a guide to us on our return. Our perplexity then is better imagined than described, when about half way back, we got bewildered, lost the trace of our foosteps and knew not which way to turn. To the right a small branch led off, but no tracks could be found.—Directly before us the cave continued on, but no footsteps could be seen. In this situation we remained for about half an hour, when we discovered a small hole in the bottom of the cave which led down to a passage beneath; this we crept thro', and to our inexpressible joy discovered our tracks.—Reaching the boat, we supplied ourselves with candles, and proceeded again to explore the cave. After going about a mile, in which we saw little of interest, the cave being about ten feet high and fifteen wide, we reached the end. With a yell that would have raised the dead, (had there been any there,) we proclaimed our triumph, and took possession of the newly discovered region, confident that none could dispute our title to it as the first discoverers. The head of the cave we found to be about fifteen feet wide and four high. Two small streams run into it from beneath the rock. Here we ate a biscuit or two, drank of the clear water of the little streams, and then returned to our boat. Embarking, we floated down the stream to where we had launched our bateau, and there intended to leave her and return to the mouth. But on looking ahead and observing that the stream continued on, we determined to explore it—it appearing to be a branch of the main cave. Paddling along into it, its dimensions became much larger, varying from fifteen to twenty feet in width, and from twenty to twenty-five high. The sides were formed of beautiful white limestone, and supported a magnificent arch of the same. The stream was about twenty-five feet deep, and its clear blue waters had a beautiful appearance as contrasted with the white limestone. After sailing along in this magnificent passage about a quarter of a mile, we came out into the main cave at the same point, where Mr. B. and myself had on a previous excursion attempted to enter, but found the stream too deep. Here then we made another discovery of no little importance to those who may penetrate the cave after us; as they can sail up the stream nearly a mile, and avoid a long distance of rough walking. This was the last of our discoveries; and more than this we could not make, as we had followed up every nook and crevice. We left the cave perfectly satisfied that no further discoveries could be made, and reached Mr. Redfield's at 11 o'clock. We found him looking out for us with a good deal of anxiety, as it was then eight hours since we entered the cave, and he feared that some accident had befallen us. Upon conversing with Mr. Redfield on the great depth of water in the stream that we navigated, we came to the conclusion that it was formed by large springs rising from the bottom—as the small rivulets running into it never could produce such a large collection of water. We estimated the distance from the mouth to the head of the cave to be full four miles.

Taking leave of our kind host and his family the next morning, we reached home after a delightful ride, well satisfied that the wonders of nature under ground might vie in grandeur with many of those on the surface. E. G.

POST MASTER FRANKLIN.

In 1754, Benjamin Franklin was postmaster general, with permission to make 6000 pounds continental money, out of the whole post office department in America. The very next year he gave the astounding notice that the mail which had before run once a fortnight to New England would start once a week the year round, whereby answers might be obtained to letters between Philadelphia and Boston in three weeks, which had before required six weeks. In 1774, it was announced in all the papers of the colony, that 'John Perkins engages to ride post, to carry the mail once a week between Philadelphia and Baltimore; and will take along or back led horses, or any parcel.' When a post rider proposed starting, notice was given of his intention by advertisement, also by the town crier, for several days in advance. In 1793 the number of post offices had increased through the country to seventy-five.

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AMERICAN CAVERNS.

About twelve miles west of the Knox cavern, the village of Schoharie is situated, in the midst of a delightful valley, surrounded by mountains from four to six hundred feet in height.—These mountains are composed principally of secondary limestone, in which are hundreds of caverns. Many of these are interesting from the circumstance of their being natural ice-houses, so cold as to contain ice all the year, others on account of their vast size, and others because they contain some of the most curious specimens that nature forms in these dark and deep recesses.

During a few years past I have explored many of these caverns, but as I would weary you were I to describe all I have seen, I will only give you a sketch of the Great cavern, the most interesting one, by far, in this part of the United States.

This cavern is situated about three miles north-east of Schoharie Court House, and was first explored in 1831. The first opening is a gradual depression in the earth, about twelve feet in depth, which reaches to a perpendicular passage in the limestone, about ten feet in length, six in breadth, and seventy-five in depth. This opening was at first descended by a rope but it is now by a ladder, which, in its present condition, is by far the more dangerous of the two. At this depth is a narrow fissure in the rock, from which the mineral, prickly arragonite has been procured. From the base of the ladder commences a passage from four to ten feet in width, and fifty-five in length, running in a southerly direction, at an angle of at least sixty degrees with the horizon. The walls of this passage, when first discovered, were covered with some of the most beautiful arragonite ever found in this country, but they were soon stripped of this interesting mineral and the cavern, it was supposed, contained no more.

During my last visit I saw a quantity of clay adhering to the rock at the height of about forty feet, and it seemed possible that a deposite of arragonite might be concealed under it.—With considerable difficulty I succeeded in reaching this spot by means of a ladder, placed upon a projecting rock and extending across the passage. After removing the clay, I had the pleasure of finding what I had anticipated, and in the course of a few hours obtained about a bushel of this elegant mineral. But I might have paid dearly for my treasure, for the least slip or unsteadiness would have sent me headlong down a gulf of one hundred feet in depth, upon a floor of pointed rocks.

At the end of this inclined passage is a second perpendicular descent of fifteen feet, and from this to the bottom of the cavern, is another descent of thirty feet and of about the same inclination as the third passage. Here the opening is about ten feet wide, but the perpendicular walls reach about one hundred feet in height. On the north is an aperture sufficiently high to admit a person lying flat upon the rocky bottom. Here is seen a *lake*, as smooth as a mirror, and clear as crystal, on whose bosom lies a boat just large enough to contain a single person. Whoever has the boldness to navigate this gloomy region, unaided and alone, places lights on the bow and stern of the boat, falls upon his knees, inclines his head to protect it from the low rough rocks, and pushes himself forward. At the distance of a few feet the roof is so high that he can assume an erect position. The passage varies in width from five to thirty feet, and the water from two to thirty feet in depth. A few hundred feet from the entrance he meets with a semicircular dam formed of calcareous tufa. This is a brown spongy mass of lime, sand, &c., deposited by water. Over this dam the water falls twelve or fifteen inches, and the navigator is obliged to stand on this frail barrier and draw the boat into the water above. But he soon meets with thirteen similar dams formed in the same manner, from fifteen to twenty feet apart, and from two to fourteen inches above the water. The light reflected from these little waterfalls, presents a view of almost unrivalled beauty.—Having passed these obstructions he soon reaches the termination of the water and ascending a small rocky hill, he enters, through a narrow opening, the Square Room, which is about fifty feet square, and sixty feet high. Upon the floor lie scattered masses of rock, which appear to have just fallen from the roof, and huge shapeless blocks hang upon the poise and seem to threaten the intruder with instant death.—At this spot he hears the mournful sound of an unseen waterfall, resounding through the chasms of the rocks, which he easily imagines to be his funeral knell. There are in this wing of the cavern no peculiar formations, except the dams, in consequence of the abundance of sandstone mingled with the limestone.

From the perpendicular passage the subterranean traveller creeps a distance of twenty feet, when he arrives at a narrow opening to the left, leading into a room about twenty feet in diameter, and about thirty feet high. Returning by the aperture, he proceeds thirty feet farther, when he reaches a second lake extending across the cavern. This lake is about ten feet below the level of the first; (to which it is connected by a small brook that runs on the west side of the low opening:) and is in many places about thirty feet deep, consequently it can be crossed only by a boat. Into this he now enters, and after sailing three hundred feet over water so transparent that the smallest pebble can be seen by torch-light at the bottom, he reaches the spot where the water disappears beneath the rocks. After climbing up the steep acclivity to the right, he stands in the Rotunda, the noblest room in the cavern. It is of a regular and circular form, one hundred feet in diameter and nearly one hundred feet in height. The floor descends gradually to the centre, forming a spacious gallery all around it. When first discovered this room was very rich in mineralogical specimens, but they were long since removed to the cabinets of the curious.

To the right of the Rotunda were at first several rooms, but they last winter, were united by the clay being dug away which separated them. In this clay have been found vast numbers of beautiful white stalagmites and stalactites, and vast slabs of alabaster, in and on which were found stalagmites weighing four or six hundred pounds each. Some of the most curious specimens that have been found here, are in Peale's museum in New York, the most singular of which is a stalagmite exactly resembling the human mammary or suckling organ.

As you are acquainted with the manner in which these specimens are formed, you may be surprised

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to learn that they have been found from two to three feet below the surface of the clay, I will therefore explain how they came in so singular a situation. After a quantity of stalactites and stalagmites were formed, by some means the cavern became filled with water, in which was a vast quantity of clay in particles. The stalactites that had fallen off by their own weight, and those that were broken off by the rush of the water, together with the specimens formed on the floor, were buried by the clay as it fell down from the water. The cavern at length became drained by the water finding a passage, probably where we now see it, and formations again commenced. It is certain that there was a long period before the cave was filled with water, because the specimens required many hundred years to attain their size, and they could not have been formed whilst the water was in it, and it is equally plain that hundreds of years have passed away since the draining of the cavern, for stalagmites *on* the clay were found as large as those *in* it.

To the south of the Rotunda a long narrow passage extends four hundred and fifty feet, but it contains nothing of interest. The whole distance that has been explored is three thousand feet, or about three fifths of a mile, but as there is a vast body of clay in the southwestern part of the cavern, no idea can be formed of its real extent. Its depth from the surface to the bottom of the water is one hundred and eighty feet.

Owing to the difficulties in the descent, but few ladies have had the boldness to examine the cavern. The first one who ventured was a lady about seventy years of age, but she only succeeded in reaching the bottom. The first one who entered its deep recesses and explored the whole southern wing, was Miss ——, of New Brunswick, N. J.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Atlantick city! brightly art thou beaming,
Throwing thy kindling ray o'er land and sea,
Enlightening myriads with thy far-spread gleaming,
Home of the free.

Giant of wealth! thine arm of mighty power
Sweeps to thy coffers gold from distant shores;
While on each asking hand thy Danae shower,
Its treasures pours.

Religion's nurse! on spire and towers still flying,
The Christian standard floats unfurled, and free;
Never, our bold forefathers' claim denying,
Mind's liberty!

Favourite of nature! on thy green shore dwelling,
Bright spring-flowers bloom—the wild birds carol gay,
And the green ocean laves thy broad pier, smiling
In noisy play.

Haven of ships! thy storm-tried masts are standing,
With their tall foreheads to the meeting clouds,
A floating world—the billowy world commanding,
With their tough shrouds.

Siren of pleasure! in thy halls bright glancing,
Youth gayly springs, and prunes her buoyant wing:
Do purity and truth, the mirth enhancing,
Their chorus bring?

Oh, mighty city! to thy trust is given
A moral influence—a Christian sway!
Souls throng thy busy streets to people heaven—
Let them not stay.

Atlantick cities! rouse ye all from sleeping
Sin's deadly sleep, lest drops of grief be wrung,
From Him who o'er Judea sadly weeping,
Her death-note sung.

Southern Rose.

AMERICAN CAVERNS.

The Great cave of Indiana, is one the most interesting objects to which the traveller in these regions can make a visit. It is distant from the pleasant little town of Corydon, the seat of justice of Harrison county, and former capital of the state, about eleven miles. It was a fine June morning when I started from this village with the intention of visiting it. The road passes through the barrens, presenting the usual views of woody islands, wide openings covered with flowers, deep sinks, thick rows of bushes and tangled vines shading the path, and a few clearings, with the burnt trees rising like tall black masts, from seas of verdure. Seven miles from the town, near Wilson's Mill, the scenery is finely picturesque at the point where the road approaches Blue river. On the right is a precipitous ledge crowned with trees, and garlanded with creeping tendrils, and flowering shrubs: at the left are the clear blue waters of the stream, visible for a mile, enclosing several small islands. Opposite are seen the magnificent sycamores of the river bottom, their boughs interlaced by gigantick grape-vines; and beyond, a steep bluff terminates the view. In front, is a small plain, and the mill, its bridge, a plantation, and a variety of objects, complete the picture. Here I was cordially invited by Mr. Wilson, to alight and visit a neighbouring cave, which he described as equally interesting with one of which I was in search. We employed the time which remained till dinner, in visiting a remarkable spring, from which the stream proceeds that turns his mill. It is of a circular form, about one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and of immense depth. The spectator who rests on its still bosom appears to be suspended between two firmaments, such is its clearness: and the fish with which it abounds, are seen at the distance of many feet, as if sporting in air. Having dined and fortified ourselves with some excellent apple-brandy, (excuse us, readers of the temperance society! agues are sometimes caught by such excursions in hot weather,) we rode to the spot. The entrance is by an aperture like a well, about eight feet deep, which forms a semicircle around the mouth. Immediately within, the height is ten or twelve, and the breadth fifty feet.

This is the average size through its whole extent, which is probably half a mile. The bottom and roof are of solid rock, dry, and free from earth. Stalactites make their appearance at the very outset, and white concretions of lime, of marble hardness, rise at short intervals; one, to which the name of the tower of Babel has been given, is of a cylindrical shape, and has the appearance of many small pillars, winding spirally around it. Through the whole distance it is necessary to stoop but once, and then only for a short space. At the farther end, the ceiling becomes higher, and the width extends to perhaps one hundred feet. Language is inadequate to describe the dazzling splendour of this part when brilliantly illuminated. Thousands of sparry stalactites depend from above, some red, some yellow, some orange, some white, most of them transparent, many resembling branches, and others glistening as if varnished with diamonds. The pavement is formed of hard-knobbed concretions of a lemon colour, and a pearly lustre, covered with shining fragments of spar, and every cavity lined with crystals, and gleaming

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like snow-crust in the sunshine; around are seen cones of the purest white, and massy pillars, some a foot in diameter, supporting the roof, and marble incrustations, like heavy drapery, sweeping down from its border.

On one side is the "curtained room," almost separated from the rest of the cavern by enormous columns, resembling the pipes of a huge organ; on the other, a grand mass, resembling a prodigious snow-heap, presents a majestick appearance, and its large crystals seem as if chiselled by the hand of man. This, from a fancied resemblance of its top to a cap, is called the "old priest." All around is deep silence undisturbed, save by a tinkling sound of the drops, as they slowly gather, and fall from the hollow tubes. The spars are of three kinds: the icicles which project from the roof, and form the numerous columns, and which show in the interiour, concentrick rings like the sawed-off branch of a tree, and are often hollow—a glistening incrustation covering the loose stones, and the walls—the knobbed bunches of light yellow which form the flooring; all these, when fractured, which is not easily effected, display the same resplendent crystalline structure, and when struck, emit a glassy sound. They are of the kind by mineralogists termed calc sinter, and resemble those brought from the grotto of Antiparos, but are more elegant than any that I have seen from thence. The cavern is often called "Pitman's Cave," as that is the owner's name, but "Oberon's Grotto," as it is sometimes styled, is far more appropriate. The most glowing visions of oriental fancy could not equal the magnificence of this subterraneous palace, when its gorgeous decorations are vividly lighted up. No one, who has any taste for the wondrous exhibitions of nature, should pass "Oberon's Grotto," without surveying its beauties. There is a romantick tradition connected with its discovery, which is generally credited, and the names of the parties are still told. A bear, pursued by a hunting-party, took shelter in this cavern: none of them dared to venture down. At length, a young lady, daughter to one of them, descended and shot the ferocious animal in its den. I trust it will not diminish the interest of the legend with my fair readers, when I relate that her father is said to have offered her a calico gown, as an inducement. Calico gowns were rare and expensive articles in those days: and it must ever remain in doubt, whether the love of dress, or the heroism of the western females of that day, influenced her decision. It was a perilous adventure, and one which few would wish to repeat, even for a calico gown.

The next morning, leaving my hospitable hosts, who well deserved the appellation which a neighbour bestowed upon them, of "whole-souled fellows," I rode to the Great Cave, four miles further. Blue river, which it is necessary to cross in going, is a lovely stream, about fifty yards wide, through whose transparent blue waters, innumerable fish are seen sporting above its bright shells. Mr. Rothrick, a gentleman who resided near the cave, politely accompanied me. It lies in a region of broken country, possessing a few low bushes and scattered trees, to which barren ridges and a stony soil give a strange air of loneliness and desolation. The entrance is on the side of a small hill, and though wide, obliges one to stoop. After entering, the appearance is that of a vast excavation, whose bounds are scarcely discernible by the united aid of the torches, and the faint gleamings of daylight conveyed through the mouth. Its bottom, covered to the depth of several inches by the pulverized earth, intermixed with shining particles of Epsom salt, shelves gradually downward for some distance. It then becomes more level, covered with flat fragments of rock, and thus continues till the cave divides. The right branch soon terminates. The left passes on, sometimes through long-arched passages, sometimes over high hills, and across wide gullies for a great distance. At length, after descending abruptly into a deep hollow, you find an immense pile of fragments, heaped confusedly on each other, blocking up the way. After ascending this with considerable exertion, you proceed by a rocky terrace, curving around the wall on one side, and a dark chasm on the other. Then, by a ladder of a few rounds, you reach a vaulted gallery, nearly at right angles with the route by which you have come. Now stop—wave your torches of poplar bark briskly, and as the flames burst freely out, survey the wild, the almost fearful sublimity of the scene around you. In front, and on each side, the rough walls overhang the path, and vast prominences of rock jet out, seeming as if a slight disturbance of the oppressive silence of the place, would call them down in fearful avalanches. At your feet is a frightful abyss, which the eye vainly strives to explore: and far off in the distant obscurity is dimly seen the irregular mound over which you have reached your present station. High above, you have indistinct glimpses of the smooth limestone ceiling, whose mingled shades of blue and gray, remind one of a clouded sky, seen at midnight, from the recesses of some lonely ravine. Behind is the regular arch-way, whose sides and roof of beautifully variegated limestone, contrast strikingly with the sombre aspect of the objects without. Through this, the way continues to the "creeping place," where, as the name denotes, it is necessary to creep a few feet. Beyond this for the distance of a mile and a quarter, the path is still more rugged and clogged with ruins, but with the same variety of hills, hollows, plains and tunnels, to the very end. Near this, the eye of the visiter, fatigued with dwelling on a succession of objects of a rude and gloomy character, is agreeably relieved by a sight of exquisite beauty, which is rendered still more interesting by the circumstances in which it is seen. From the shadowy vista before him, a sparry concretion is revealed—a column of untarnished whiteness, thirty feet high, and fifteen in diameter. Its innumerable crystals reflect the torchlight in rainbow hues, and it stands a solitary island of lustre amid the surrounding darkness. The cave is supposed to terminate a short distance beyond this, and the explorer wearily retracing his steps, gladly emerges from its damp saline vapours, and the suffocating smoke of the torches, to the refreshing breezes of the upper air. Its length is about three miles; the height and width, usually, (except at the "creeping place,") vary from twenty to one hundred and fifty feet. The principal productions are Epsom salts, saltpetre, nitrate of alumine, plaster of Paris, carbonate and magnesia, sulphate of iron. Epsom salts are seen in a state of efflorescence on the walls, but are chiefly obtained from the earth within.

West. Mag.

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AMERICAN CAVERNS.

STUPENDOUS CAVERN AT WATERTOWN.

Passing through the beautiful village of Watertown a few days since, curiosity induced me to visit this wonderful phenomenon, first discovered in 1820, I believe—and an imperfect description of it may not be uninteresting to your readers.

The ground in which it is located is gently rising, so as to embrace a perfect view of the whole town, which surrounds it in a crescent form, and is beautifully adorned with trees, and forms an elegant park or lawn. It has long been neglected, owing to a destructive fire which destroyed the factory belonging to the Jefferson cotton-mills company, some years since, and has recently passed into the hands of enterprising individuals, who are about to adorn it with mansions of an elegant structure. The scenery all round is untiring and picturesque, with falls of water next in beauty to Trenton and Passaick. On a small island in the centre of the Black Water river, are the ruins of the factory just alluded to; it was one of the largest in the United States—its stone walls of gray and white, all standing, with its hollow windows and broken fissures, give note of the progress of decay; the view from one end to the other, seems interminable, and appears like a monument of the history of ancient days. Its bare walls are unsupported but at their base, and their towering heights are inaccessible, crumbling and imminent. They stand as a moral emblem of the resistance against every thing save the elements and time. The lightning's flash struck down part of the rear wall, which the fire could not overcome, and the rude tempest still howls through its sleeping clefts—its history tells also the tale of wo and prosperity—its owner was called out of Church on a Sabbath morning to see his factory in flames: it ruined him, and he travelled to the far West, where unexpectedly, he is now, by a reverse of fortune, accounted one of the wealthiest.

A moonlight visit to this scene, is beyond my description. I sat down on a projecting cliff which overlooks the mighty falls and abyss below, buried in my own thoughts, and the drowning noise of the cataract with its spray sparkling in the moonbeam, and its waters rushing round in wild and sportive play.

This extraordinary cavern, or grotto, is about ten rods from the river, and north of the falls and island. A guide, who resides on the premises, led the way, illuminated the halls below, and restrained us from entering too hastily, owing to its dampness. The great extent of the cavern, and the great number of spacious rooms, halls, and chambers, into which it is divided, the immense quantities of calcareous concretions which it contains, and the different states of these concretions, from the consistence of lime-water, to that of the most beautiful stalactites as hard as marble, render it difficult, if not impossible to describe it, and I shall only attempt to give a faint description of three or four rooms.

The mouth of the cave is in a small hollow, about five feet below the surrounding surface of the earth; you then descend sixteen and a half feet into a room about sixteen by twenty feet, and eight feet high; and behold in front of you a large flat, or table-rock, twelve or fourteen feet square, two feet thick, and elevated about four feet from the bottom of the cavern; the roof overhead is covered with stalactites, some of which reach to the table-rock. On your left hand is an arched way of one hundred and fifty feet; and on your right hand is another arched way, six feet broad at the bottom, and six feet high, which leads into a large room. Passing by this arch about twenty feet, you arrive at another, which leads into a hall, ten feet wide and one hundred feet long, from five to eight feet high; it is supported by pillars and arches, and its sides are burdened with curtains, plaited in variegated forms, as white as snow. Near the middle of this hall, is an arched way, through which you pass into a large room, which, like the hall, is bordered with curtains, and hung over with stalactites; returning into the hall, you pass through another arch, into a number of rooms on the left hand, curtained, and adorned with stalactites which hang from the roof. You then descend about ten feet into a chamber, about twenty feet square, and ten feet high, curtained in the like manner, and hung over with stalactites. In one corner of this chamber, a small mound is formed about twelve feet in diameter, rising three feet from the floor, the top of which is hollow and full of water, from the drippings of stalactites above, some of which reach near the basin.

On descending from this chamber, you pass through another arch into a hall, by the side of which you see another basin of water, rising about four inches from the floor, formed in the same way, but of the shape, size, and thickness, of a large tea-tray, full of the most pure and transparent water.

The number and spaciousness of the rooms, curtained and plaited with large plaits, extending along the walls from two to three feet from the roof, of the most perfect whiteness, and resembling the most beautiful tapestry, with which the rooms are embroidered, and the large drops of water, which are constantly suspended on the points of innumerable stalactites, which hang from the roof above, and the columns of spar resting on pedestals, which, in some places, appear to be formed to support the arches above—the reflections of the lights, and the great extent and variety of the scenery of this amazing cavern, form altogether, one of the most pleasing and interesting scenes that was ever beheld by the eye of mortal man.

The traveller will find himself amply paid for diverging from his route to visit this beautiful town.

Courier & Enquirer.

Tortoise-shell.—The following cruel process for obtaining the tortoise-shell, is abstracted from an Indian newspaper, called the *Singapore Chronicle:* "This highly-prized aquatick production, when caught by the eastern islanders, is suspended over a fire, kindled immediately after its capture, until heated to such a degree, that it can be removed with the greatest ease. The animal, now stripped and defenceless, is set at liberty, to re-enter its native element. If caught in the ensuing season, or at any subsequent period, it is asserted that the unhappy animal is subjected to a second ordeal of fire, rewarding its captors this time, however, with a very thin shell. This, if true, shows more policy and skill than tenderness in the method thus adopted by the islanders; it is an unquestionable proof, too, of tenacity of life in the animal, and must further be accounted a very singular fact in natural history.

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AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

The article on the ruins of Palenque, published some time since, naturally attracted much observation; and, for the gratification of many of our readers, we present them, on the opposite page, with an engraving of a civil edifice at Palenque.

In a late English paper, we notice the following: "At a late meeting of the London Geographical Society, Mr. Waldeck offered a few observations on the remains of early American civilization, which his drawings on the table represented. Beyond all question, they were of very high antiquity: on the top of one, he had himself cut down a tree, the concentrick circles in a section of which indicated a growth of 973 years, and the building must have been a ruin when it first took root. The sculpture on these buildings was still extraordinarily perfect; and he believed that he had found a key to the hieroglyphicks introduced in it, which proved them to have phonetick power. He was not prepared at the moment to go into the subject at length, but he had materials with him for several publications on it, which he considered of great interest; and having devoted thirteen years and above eight thousand pounds to the collection of these materials, he was prepared to make still further sacrifices, in order to bring them advantageously before the public. He meant very shortly to publish a prospectus of his intended work, and to solicit subscriptions to it. He would engrave the drawings himself, in order to keep down the expense. Colonel Galindo, of the Central American service, offered some remarks on the high antiquity of American civilization. He was disposed to consider even the ruins described by Mr. Waldeck as comparatively of modern date; and he thought that the decay of the native American tribes indicated senility, to a degree which might almost warrant the belief that America was the first rather than the last-peopled quarter of the globe. He admitted that these opinions appeared visionary, when thus stated, without the grounds on which they otherwise rested; yet they were the result of much study and reflection on his own part, and he was strongly convinced of their substantial accuracy."

A valued correspondent remarks: "The article on the American city was altogether new to me, and most interesting. The clew to the great mystery is now at length, I doubt not, found, and it becomes us to follow it out. This, however, must be done on the spot. The savage ignorance of the aborigines north of Mexico can furnish nothing in the shape even of tradition worthy of notice. In Mexico and the more southern countries, there was a comparative degree of civilization, that offers fair room for hope that, with the start we now have, much may be done. From Valparaiso to Cape Blanco, the coast of South America is a desert, save where the rivers, few and small, produce a limited patch of verdure, and throughout the whole extent of this district, (bounded on the west by the sea and on the east by the mountains,) more or less of the ruins of towns may be seen, of which the Grand Chimu may be taken for example. You are aware, no doubt, how much the Spanish possessions in America were exposed to the depredations of the English, who, since the days of the Scandinavians, have, of all nations, carried piracy to the greatest extent. To provide, in some measure, against such assailants the Spaniards built their towns at such a distance from the coast as would enable them to have more notice of the approach of an enemy, from whose mercy experience had taught them to expect nothing but torture so cruel, that merely to read the accounts given of it by the miscreants themselves is almost more than humanity can bear.

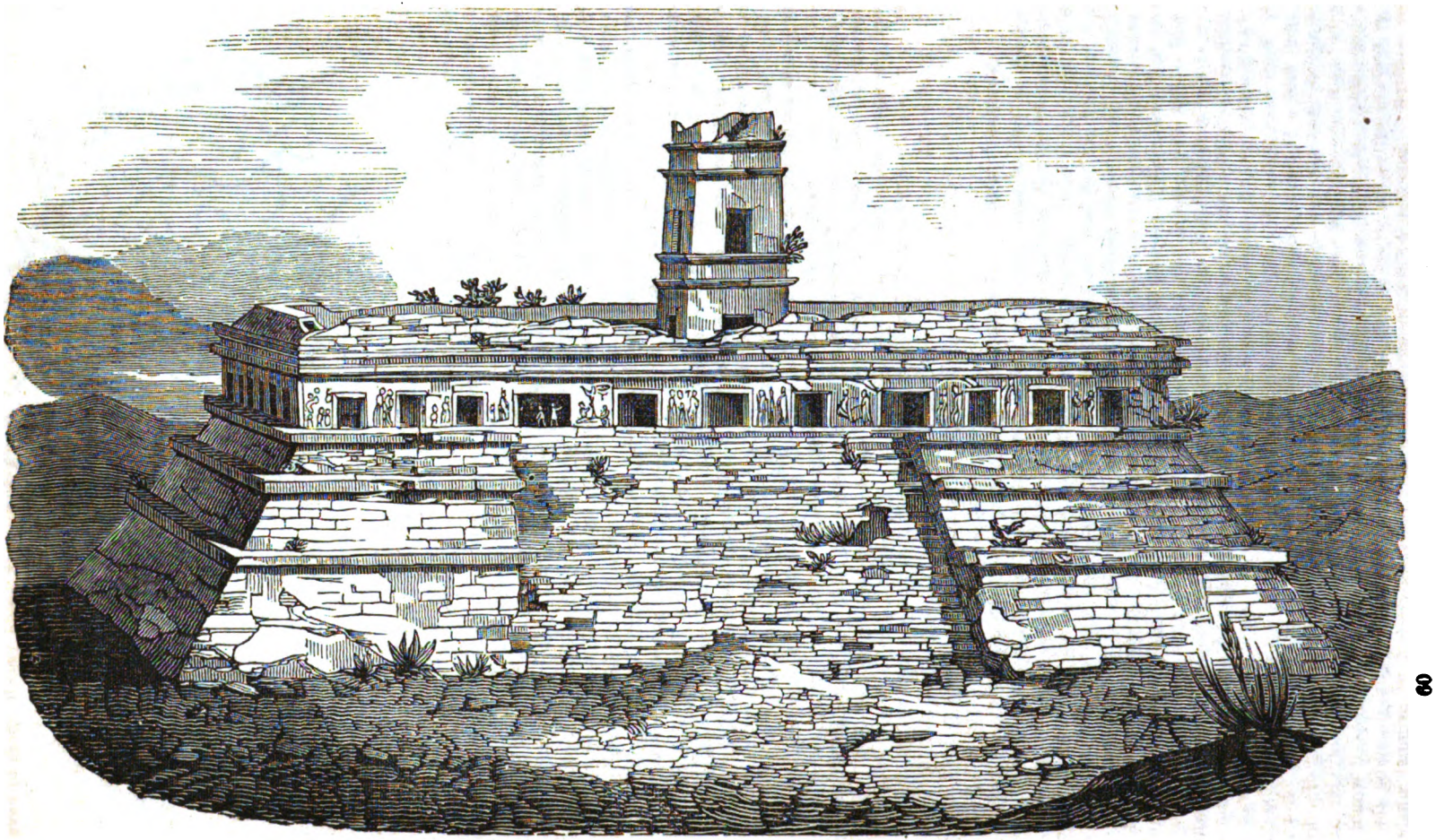
Truxillo is situated about nine miles from the coast, the intermediate country being a desert of sand, in which stand the ruins of the Grand Chimu, its breadth occupying one third of the whole space between the port and city of Truxillo, (six miles,) and its length, parallel with the coast, nine miles. It has been almost entirely buried in sand; but a great deal of this has been from time to time removed, for the sake of the treasure frequently found in the burial-places, called "*Guaca.*" There is a tradition in general credit there, and I believe well-authenticated, that a Spaniard had rendered an important service to an Indian, and the latter, moved by gratitude, told him that he knew where two *fish* were to be found, one large and the other small; the latter he showed him immediately, and it turned out to be a recess in a Guaca of the Grand Chimu, containing gold to the amount of one million and a half of dollars. Death, accident, or some other cause, prevented him from showing the larger *fish*.

The royal share of the *treasure trove* was ten per cent.; and, *it is said*, that in one year, from the Grand Chimu alone, it amounted to five millions of dollars. About this, however, I am not so certain; for the other parts of this account I will be responsible.

Through the city runs a channel, which bears every mark of having been the bed of a river, as abraded pebbles, &c. It is between forty-five and sixty feet wide, and ten or twelve feet deep. The houses are spacious, and built of sun-dried bricks, there being no stone in the neighbourhood fit for building. Truxillo itself is built almost entirely of reeds. The soil, either from an abundance of saltpetre, or some other cause, preserves the bodies of those buried in it from putrefaction: the liquid portions passing off, the solids remain hard and black. The sculls of the Grand Chimuans are said to be particularly deficient in foreheads, and no two bodies can be found occupying exactly similar postures: some of them are standing, some sitting, some squatting, &c.; and of these last, for instance, the position of the heads, arms, feet, or hands of each, always differs from the others. In the Guacas are found vessels of black earthenware, curiously fashioned, with grotesque figures upon them, and containing a sort of beer, still used by the Indians, made of meal. These vessels sometimes contain toys, as whistles, in the shape of animals; but made with so uncertain a hand, that the one seen by my friend was determined to have been intended either for a dog or seal; which, he knew not; but, upon being blown into, emitted a sound not unlike the barking of a dog."

The above remarks are extremely interesting; and, as our correspondent observes, it would seem as if the clew to the mystery attending the early settlement of America, and its original inhabitants, if not exactly found, is at least in a fair way to be traced out.

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[A Civil Edifice at Palenque.]

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[Fac-Simile of Dighton Rock.]

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

The cut above represents an inscription found upon a rock at Dighton, Rhode Island, which has given rise to much speculation, and to many theories, all of which, however, are more or less objectionable. The following remarks, in regard to it, are from the Philadelphia Saturday Courier. The writer, alluding to a previous communication, says:—

Then the writer refers to "Dighton Rock," and believes the Phœnician mariners inscribed thereon their names and epitaphs. The incorrectness of this opinion will, I think, be seen by referring to the accompanying copy of the inscription, which I send you for the double purpose of refuting the said conclusion, and also to give an opportunity for the wisdom of the age to act upon it. I believe it has not been extensively before the publick, at least not for many years, and should you give it a place in your valuable paper, some of your numerous readers might be able to favour us with an explanation.

The "Dighton Rock" lies upon the east side of Taunton river, between high and low water-marks, so that it is covered and exposed at every ebb and flow of the tide. The fac-simile was taken by Mr. Job Gardner, a self-taught artist, well known to the publick as a manufacturer of globes, formerly of this town, but for the last years of his life a resident of Dighton: his method in taking it was to cover the face of the rock with paper, and draw lines over the vacancies: then, with a graduated machine, constructed by himself, he drew and cut it (much reduced in size) upon stone, from which this impression was taken.

The writer of this has visited this rock, and believes the correctness of the fac-simile may be depended upon.

The inscription presents four parts or divisions, and has no appearance of being a mere record of names and epitaphs, but is evidently intended to record some important event, probably a combat.

The first part, commencing on the left, is an Indian armed with bow and arrow, and may represent a body of armed Indians.

The second appears to be all hieroglyphick, and probably its definition involves the greater part of the secret, though it doubtless refers more particularly to the first part.

The third division is evidently a vessel with bows, stern, quarter-deck, rudder, and cable and anchor; the triangle on the starboard-quarter, I believe, denotes in hieroglyphick language, fighting, or a place to fight from, a fort or battery; there are several double and single triangles in the second part.

In the fourth we see two human figures, evidently differing from that in the first, without bows and arrows; they appear to represent the party connected with the vessel.

The first question that arises is, who were the authors—Asiaticks, Indians, or Phœnicians? The skill displayed in drawing the Indian on the left, and the great falling off when attempting to portray a stranger, with the landsman-like shape of the vessel, is a reason of some weight for ascribing the merit of the work to the Indians.

With no knowledge of hieroglyphicks, I have merely offered a few ideas respecting the inscription, such as would naturally arise in any one upon viewing it. Respectfully, yours, G. M.

Warren, R. I.

A NAVAL REMINISCENCE.

In the year 1804, when Preble, as commodore of the American squadron in the Mediterranean, was gaining glory before Tripoli, alike for himself, his officers and crews, and for his country, lieutenant commandant Richard Somers had command, under him, of the Nautilus, a schooner of fourteen guns.

During the several fights which had previously occurred with the enemy, this officer had shown great bravery as commander of gunboat number one; and now suggested to the commodore, that a happy result might possibly be obtained by converting the ketch Intrepid, a captured craft of about seventy-five tuns—the identical vessel with which the gallant Decatur had boarded, recaptured, and burned the frigate Philadelphia—into a fireship, and sending her into the harbour under the walls of the bashaw's castle, in direct contact with the entire marine force of the Tripolitans.

This daring and highly dangerous enterprise being determined upon, Somers, with whom it had originated, received the orders, to which he was thus entitled, to conduct it; and the necessary prepara-

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tions were promptly made by him. Fifteen thousand pounds of powder were first placed loosely in the hold of the ketch, and upon this, two hundred and fifty thirteen-inch fusiled shells, with a train attached from the cabin and fore-peak. Only one officer, the talented and lamented Henry Wadsworth, brother of the present Commodore Wadsworth, was to accompany him, and four volunteer seamen were to compose his crew.

All things were now in readiness, except the selection of the men, for it came to this, at last, every man on board the Nautilus having volunteered for the service. This done, it was determined without delay to attempt the enterprise, and to succeed in it or perish.

Two nights successively did the Intrepid move; but owing to light and baffling winds, nothing could be accomplished. These failures, and an unusual movement in the harbour, after dark, on the third night, led Somers to believe that the suspicions of the enemy had been excited, and that they were on the look-out. It was the general impression that their powder was nearly exhausted; and as so large a quantity as was on board the ketch, if captured, would greatly tend to protract the contest, before setting off, he addressed his crew upon the subject, telling them "that no man need accompany him who had not come to the resolution to blow himself up, rather than be captured; and that such was fully his own determination!" Three cheers was the only reply. The gallant crew rose, as a single man, with the resolution of yielding up their lives, sooner than surrender to their enemies; while each stepped forth, and begged as a *favour*, that he might be permitted to *apply the match!* It was a glorious moment, and made an impression on the hearts of those witnessing it, never to be forgotten.

All then took leave of every officer and of every man, in the most cheerful manner, with a shake of the hand, as if they already knew that their fate was doomed; and one and another, as they passed over the side to take their post on board the ketch, might be heard, in their own peculiar manner, to cry out, "I say, Sam Jones, I leave you my blue jacket and duck trowsers, stowed away in my bag;" and "Bill Curtis, you may have the tarpaulin hat, and guernsey-frock, and them petticoat-trowsers I got in Malta—and mind, boys, when you get home, give a good account of us!" In like manner did each thus make his oral will, to which the writer was witness, and which "*last will and testament*" he caused to be executed to the very letter.

It was about nine o'clock, on the night of the 4th of September, 1814, that this third and last attempt was made. The Nautilus had been ordered to follow the Intrepid closely in, to pick up and bring out her boat's crew, in case they should succeed in the exploit. Hence, though it was very dark, we never lost sight of her, as I had been directed by the first lieutenant, the late gallant Washington Reed, who commanded in the absence of Somers, to keep constant watch of her for this purpose with a night-glass.

At the end of an hour, about ten o'clock, P. M., while I was engaged in this duty, the awful explosion took place. For a moment the flash illuminated the whole heavens around, while the terifick concussion shook every thing far and near. Then all was hushed again, and every object veiled in a darkness of double gloom. On board the Nautilus, the silence of death seemed to pervade the entire crew; but quickly the din of kettle-drums beating to arms, with the noise of confusion and alarm, was heard from the inhabitants on shore. To aid in the escape of the boat, an order was now given by Reed, to "*show a light,*" upon the appearance of which, hundreds of shot, from an equal number of guns, of heavy calibre, from the batteries near, came rattling over and around us. But we heeded them not: one thought and one feeling alone had possession of our souls—the preservation of Somers and his crew!

As moment after moment passed by, without bringing with it the preconcerted signal from the boat, the anxiety on board became intense; and the men, with lighted lanterns, hung themselves over the sides of the vessel till their heads almost touched the water, a position in which an object on its surface can be seen farthest in a dark night, with the hope of discovering something which would give assurance of its safety. Still no boat came, and no signal was given; and the unwelcome conclusion was at last forced upon us, that the fearful alternative of blowing themselves up rather than be captured, so bravely determined upon at the outset of the enterprise, had been as bravely put in execution. The fact that the Intrepid, at the time of the explosion, had not proceeded as far into the harbour, by several hundred yards, as it was the intention of Somers to carry her, before setting her on fire, confirmed us in this apprehension; still, we lingered on the spot till broad daylight, though we lingered in vain, in the hope that some one, at least, of the number, might yet be rescued by us from a floating plank or spar, to tell the tale of his companions' fate.

To our astonishment, we learned next day that Lieutenant Israel, a gallant youth, who had been sent with orders from Commodore Preble to Somers, after he was under way in the ketch, had accompanied him in the expedition, and had shared his destiny.

Such was the end of the noble fellows, who, a few days only before, on board their own gunboat number one, had beaten six of the enemy's fleet, of equal force with themselves, immediately under the guns, and within pistol-shot of a shore-battery: an achievement accomplished only, in their peculiar position, by backing astern, and keeping up an incessant fire of canvass-bags, filled with one thousand musket-balls each, till our gallant commodore in the "Constitution," stood in to take the fire of the battery, and thus enable us, under his cover, to obey the order, "*to come out of action;*" a signal which had already been flying more than an hour, and which Somers at first, would not, and at last (from the fierceness of the fight) could not see.

Naval Magazine.

The Poor Man is, from his situation, cut off from a thousand temptations to vice; and that levity and dissipation of thought which are the common attendants of ease and affluence, are obliged to give way to reason and cool reflection, which are as closely connected with wisdom as vice is with folly.

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Iron in Oak.—The frequent effects of lightning upon this monarch of the forest, has excited the attention of the philosophic mind. After citing several examples of the manner in which the oak has been singled out from other trees immediately adjoining, and of equal height, a writer upon the subject, says: "It is well known by chemists that oak contains a considerable portion of iron in its composition. This metal, it may be presumed, is held in solution by the sap, and equally distributed throughout the whole tree; may it not be owing to this circumstance that the oak is so frequently a victim to that power, which in fact it solicits with extended arms, to its own destruction? This is a fact worthy of notice, and ought to be generally known, in order to prevent persons taking shelter in situations attended with such imminent danger."

It should not be forgotten, that convenience and the economy of time, are often the result of attention to the arrangement of things apparently of little importance.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES

Of the early history of the Peruvians we have but little knowledge, owing to that barbarian policy exercised by the followers of Cortez and Pizarro, in destroying everything belonging to the tribes which they conquered. Like the Mexicans, the Peruvians had advanced in art, science and learning, under the administration of successive wise rulers, and their state archives contained written histories of their country, from the dawn of civilization among them, till the period of the conquest. But the superstitious Spaniards committed these works to the flames, because of their heathen origin, and we are obliged to depend almost exclusively upon the truth of tradition, for the knowledge we possess of the history of this people during the Inca dynasty.

Like other aborigines of this continent, the



Interior of the Temple of the Sun at Cuzco, in Peru.

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Peruvians were nomadic tribes and gained a subsistence by hunting and fishing. Superstitious in the extreme, their objects of worship were as numerous as those of the Egyptians. They adored mountains because they sent forth refreshing streams; the rivers because they fertilized the soil; the trees that bore fruit, the animals they slew for food, and the ocean as the great mother of fishes.

Fear seemed to be the great prompter to worship, and their sacrifices were propitiatory, rather than offerings of gratitude and love. They erected altars to tigers and serpents, sacrificed to the directors of storms, whirlwinds and volcanoes, and frequently offered up their children to avert the wrath of some imaginary malignant deity. They believed, however, in a great head, a universal ruler, to whose will all other gods were subordinate; and to the benevolence of this great being, they ascribed the elevation of their country and its inhabitants from a wilderness and ferocious barbarism, to a well cultivated and quite civilized region.

According to the chronicles of the ancient priests, and the traditions of the present natives of Peru, Divine Omnipotence compassionately sent to them the wise and virtuous Manco Capac and the beautiful Oello, his sister and his wife, for the purpose of spreading the seeds of civilization among them, that they might reap a rich harvest of happiness. This event occurred about four hundred years prior to the Spanish invasion. From whence they came, none knew, but it was generally supposed that they came down from heaven, commissioned to increase the happiness of the human race. However fabulous their traditions may appear concerning this pair and their acts, there can be no doubt of the fact, that Manco Capac, one of the first of the Inca dynasty, was a man of extraordinary abilities and did much toward raising the people from a state of great degradation, to comparative civilization and happiness. He performed the double duties of lawgiver and priest, instructing them in those principles of jurisprudence, founded upon social sympathies, which tend to moral and intellectual elevation; and he taught them a religion far more rational and humane than they were before influenced by.

Manco Capac taught the wandering Peruvians to till the ground and irrigate it by changing the course of streams, while Oello instructed the women to educate their children in the ways and precepts of virtue, and to obey their husbands. He fixed the division of lands and enjoined every man to devote some portion of his time to the assistance of his neighbor, thus promoting brotherly love. He instructed the people to show their gratitude by worshipping the sun, the great vivifyer of creation, and thus based a system of religion upon one of the best of human virtues. In a little time, wandering tribes became assimilated, and they built themselves houses and overturned their altars red with the blood of human victims. In a word, this great reformer, who doubtless came from the Toltecs or Aztecs, then quite a civilized people inhabiting Central America, poured a flood of light into the dark valleys of Peru that unfolded the beauties of civilization and made the "desert blossom as the rose."

But in the judicial and religious systems of this reformer, there were serious defects. He compelled his subjects to submit in all things to the will of the Incas, or kings, and materially retarded the progress of genius, by making it unlawful for a son to follow any profession different from his father's. The latitude given to the Incas had a mischievous effect, and his successors became despotic in the extreme. Their subjects were permitted to approach them only with rich offerings in their hands, and the people of a whole province have been destroyed, to gratify the cruel caprice of one of these rulers. So divine and reverend was the Inca considered by the people, that when he died, many human victims were sacrificed at his tomb.

Their civil and religious laws were rigidly administered, and many of them were of the most sanguinary nature. For instance, if a priestess of the sun, (which office was filled by virgins,) broke her oath of chastity and was discovered, she was buried alive, her paramour suffered the most cruel torments, and the father, mother, brothers and sisters of both, were considered accomplices and were all thrown upon a funeral pile together and consumed. A boundary was drawn round the birthplace of the two lovers, and it was for ever afterward left a wilderness.

Many remains of ancient civilization may still be seen in Peru, especially in the vicinage of Cuzco, the capital of the Incas. There are remains of a road extending from Cuzco to Quito, a distance of fifteen hundred miles, and in the lower part of the country was another one of nearly equal magnitude. Many fine roads extended from the centre to the confines of the empire, when Pizarro entered that country. Along these roads, granaries were built at certain distances, and the Incas built houses of charity that were constantly open to the weary traveller. Temples, fortresses and canals were to be seen in all directions, and the amount of gold used in the erection of fanes and monuments, was immense. In the imperial gardens of Cuzco, trees and shrubs of gold and silver were formed, and every article in the interior of the palace, was made of the precious metals. It was these immense treasures that excited the cupidity of the Spaniards and caused the overthrow of the great empire of the Incas.

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The most magnificent of all the Peruvian temples, was that of the sun at Cuzco, the interior of which is represented by the engraving at the head of this article. The mode of worship in this temple was similar to that of Heliopolis in Egypt, where this great luminary was adored. His golden image occupied a large portion of one side of the interior of the temple, and before this the worshippers prostrated themselves with rich offerings in their hands, which were received by the attendant priests. Several virgins, selected from the first families in the kingdom, were in constant attendance, whose duty it was to make oblations of wine to the burning deity and chant hymns of praise to the great Father of Light.

A Dominican monastery now occupies the site of the temple of the sun, and it is said that its walls are those of that ancient edifice. It is also related that the altar stands upon the very spot where the golden image of the orb was adored. Pinkerton remarks that "a nunnery now stands on the situation, where lived the virgins of the sun."

AMERICAN SCENERY.

The following graphic description of Trenton Falls is from the pen of Captain Marryatt :—

"A tremendous thunder-storm, with torrents of rain, prevented my leaving Utica for Trenton Falls until late in the afternoon. The roads, ploughed up by the rain, were any thing but democratic; there was no level in them; and we were jolted and shaken like peas in a rattle, until we were silent from absolute suffering. I rose the next morning at four o'clock. There was a heavy fog in the air, and you could not distinguish more than one hundred yards before you. I followed the path pointed out to me the night before, through a forest of majestic trees, and descending a long flight of steps found myself below the Falls. The scene impressed you with awe—the waters roared through deep chasms, between two walls of rock, one hundred and fifty feet high, perpendicular on each side, and the width between the two varying from forty to fifty feet. The high rocks were of black carbonate of lime in perfectly horizontal strata, so equally divided that they appeared like solid masonry. For fifty or sixty feet above the rushing waters they were smooth and bare; above that line vegetation commenced with small bushes, until you arrive at their summits, which were crowned with splendid forest trees, some of them inclining over the chasm, as if they would peep into the abyss below and witness the wild tumult of the waters.

"From the narrowness of the pass, the height of the rocks, and the superadded towering of the trees above, but a small portion of the heavens was to be seen, and this was not blue but of a misty, murky gray. The first sensation was that of dizziness and confusion, from the unusual absence of the sky above, and the dashing frantic speed of the angry boiling waters. The rocks on each side have been blasted so as to form a path by which you may walk up to the first fall; but this path was at times very narrow, and you have to cling to the chain which is let into the rock. The heavy storm of the day before had swelled the torrent so that it rose nearly a foot above this path; and before I had proceeded far, I found that the flood swept between my legs with a force which would have taken some people off their feet. The rapids below the Falls are much grander than the Falls themselves; there was one down in a chasm between two riven rocks, which it was painful to look upon and watch with what a deep plunge—what irresistible force—the waters dashed down and then returned to their own surface, as if struggling and out of breath. As I stood over them in their wild career, listening to their roaring as if in anger, and watching the madness of their speed, I felt a sensation of awe—an inward acknowledgment of the tremendous power of Nature; and after a time, I departed with feelings of gladness to escape from thought which became painful when so near to danger.

"I gained the lower falls, which now covered the whole width of the rock, which they seldom do except during the freshets. They were extraordinary from their variety. On the side where I stood, poured down a rapid column of water about one half the width of the fall; on the other it was running over in a clear, thin stream, as gentle and amiable as water could be. That part of the fall reminded me of ladies' hair in flowing ringlets, and the one nearest me of the Lord Chancellor Eldon, in all the pomposity and frowning dignity of his full-buttoned wig. And then I thought of the lion and the lamb, not lying down but falling down together; and then I thought I was wet through, which was a fact; so I climbed up a ladder, and came to a wooden bridge above the fall, which conveyed me to the other side. The bridge passes over a staircase of little falls, sometimes diagonally, sometimes at right angles, with the sites, and is very picturesque.

"On the other side you climb up a ladder of one hundred feet, and arrive at a little building with a portico, where travellers are refreshed. Here you have a view of all the upper falls, but these seem tame after witnessing the savage impetuosity of the rapids below. You ascend another ladder of one hundred feet and you arrive at the path pointed out to you by the broad chip of the woodman's axe. Follow the chips and you will arrive four or five feet above both the bridge and the level of the upper fall. This scene is splendid. The black perpendicular rocks on the other side; the succession of falls; the rapids roaring below; the forest trees rising to the clouds and spreading with their majestic boughs; the vapor ascending from the falling waters; together with the occasional glimpses of the skies here and there—all this induces you to wander with your eyes from one point of view to another, never tiring with its beauty, wildness and vastness; and if you do not exclaim with the Mussulmen, God is great! you

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feel it through every sense, at every pulsation of the heart.

"The mountain was still above me, and I continued my ascent; but the chips now disappeared, and like Tom Thumb, I lost my way. I attempted to retreat but in vain: I was no longer among forest trees, but in a maze of young mountain ash, from which I could not extricate myself, so I stood still to think what I should do. I recollected that the usual course of proceeding on such occasions, was either to sit down and cry, or attempt to get out of your scrape. Tom Thumb did both; but I had no time to indulge in the former luxury, so I pushed and pushed, till I pushed myself out of the scrape, and I found myself in a more respectable part of the woods. I then stopped to take breath. I heard a rustling behind me, and made sure it was a panther—it was a beautiful little palm squirrel, who came close to me, as if to say, "Who are you?" I took off my hat and told him my name, when very contemptuously, as I thought, he turned short round, cocked his tail over his back and skipped away. "Free, but not enlightened," thought I; "has'nt a soul above nuts." I also beat a retreat, and on my arrival at the hotel, found that, although I had no guide to pay, Nature had made a very considerable levy upon my wardrobe; my boots were bursting, my trowsers torn to fragments, and my hat was spoiled; and moreover, I sat shivering in the garments which remained. So I, in my turn, levied on a cow that was milking, and having improved her juice very much by the addition of some rum, I sat down under the portico, and smoked the cigar of meditation.

"The walls of the portico were, as usual, scribbled over by those who would obtain cheap celebrity. I always read these productions; they are pages of human life. The majority of the scribblers leave a name and nothing more; beyond that, some few of their productions are witty, some sententious, mostly gross."

THE CLOUD.—PERCY B. SHELLEY.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas, and from the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about in the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the hills below,
And the pine trees groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
As I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under, is fettered the thunder
Which struggles and howls at fits.
Over the rills, the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and plains;
I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
While earth is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
While the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit, and a moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
When the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides, glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees;
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I blind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl!
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl,
From cape to cape with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphant arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire and snow,
When the powers of air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow.
The sphere fire above its pure colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores,
I change, but I never die!
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from a room, like a ghost from a tomb,
I arise, and unbuild it again.

New iron should be very gradually heated at first, after it has become inured to the heat, it is not as likely to crack

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EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF MRS. ADAMS—MOTHER OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

BUNKER HILL.

Sunday, 18 June, 17 ⅞.

"DEAREST FRIEND,

"The day,—perhaps, the decisive day,—is come, on which the fate of America depends. My bursting heart must find vent at my pen. I have just heard, that our dear friend, Dr. Warren, is no more, but fell gloriously fighting for his country; saying, better to die honorably in the field, than hang ignominiously upon the gallows. Great is our loss. He has distinguished himself in every engagement, by his courage and fortitude, by animating the soldiers, and leading them on by his own example. A particular account of these dreadful, but I hope glorious days, will be transmitted you, no doubt, in the exactest manner.

"'The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong; but the God of Israel is he, that giveth strength and power unto his people. Trust in him at all times, ye people, pour out your hearts before him; God is a refuge for us.' Charleston is laid in ashes. The battle began upon our intrenchments upon Bunker's Hill, Saturday morning about three o'clock, and has not ceased yet, and it is now three o'clock Sabbath afternoon.

"It is expected they will come out over the Neck to-night, and a dreadful battle must ensue. Almighty God, cover the heads of our countrymen, and be a shield to our dear friends! How many have fallen, we know not. The constant roar of the cannon is so distressing, that we cannot eat, drink, or sleep. May we be supported and sustained in the dreadful conflict. I shall tarry here till it is thought unsafe by my friends, and then I have secured myself a retreat at your brother's, who has kindly offered me part of his house. I cannot compose myself to write any further at present. I will add more as I hear further."

—

GEN. WASHINGTON.

"I was struck with General Washington. You had prepared me to entertain a favorable opinion of him, but I thought the half was not told me. Dignity with ease and complacency, the gentleman and soldier, look agreeably blended in him. Modesty marks every line and feature of his face. Those lines of Dryden instantly occurred to me:

> 'Mark his majestic fabric! he's a temple
> Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine:
> His soul's the deity that lodges there;
> Nor is the pile unworthy of the god.'"—pp. 51, 52.

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BATTLE OF DORCHESTER HEIGHTS.

Saturday Evening, 2 March, 1776.

"I dare say there would be no difficulty in procuring a vote and instructions from all the Assemblies in New England for Independency. I most sincerely wish, that now, in the lucky moment, it might be done.

"I have been kept in a continual state of anxiety and expectation, ever since you left me. It has been said 'to-morrow' and 'to-morrow' for this month, but when the dreadful to-morrow will be, I know not. But hark! The house this instant shakes with the roar of cannon. I have been to the door and find it is a cannonade from our army. Orders, I find, are come for all the remaining militia to repair to the lines, Monday night by twelve o'clock. No sleep for me to-night. And if I cannot, who have no guilt upon my soul with regard to this cause, how shall the miserable wretches, who have been the procurers of this dreadful scene, and those who are to be the actors, lie down with the load of guilt upon their souls?

Sunday Evening, 3 March.

"I went to bed after twelve, but got no rest; the cannon continued firing, and my heart beat pace with them all night. We have had a pretty quiet day, but what to-morrow will bring forth, God only knows.

"*Monday Evening.*

"Tolerably quiet. To-day the militia have all mustered, with three days' provision, and all are marched by three o'clock this afternoon, though their notice was no longer ago than eight o'clock, Saturday. And now we have scarcely a man, but our regular guards, either in Weymouth, Hingham, Braintree, or Milton, and the militia from the more remote towns are called in as sea-coast guards. Can you form to yourself an idea of our sensations?

"I have just returned from Penn's Hill, where I have been sitting to hear the amazing roar of cannon, and from whence I could see every shell which was thrown. The sound, I think, is one of the grandest in nature, and is of the true species of the sublime. 'Tis now an incessant roar; but O! the fatal ideas, which are connected with the sound! How many of our dear countrymen must fall!

"*Tuesday Morning.*

"I went to bed about twelve, and rose again a little after one. I could no more sleep, than if I had been in the engagement; the rattling of the windows, the jar of the house, the continual roar of twenty-four pounders, and the bursting of shells, gave us such ideas, and realize a scene to us of which we could form scarcely any conception. About six this morning, there was quiet. I rejoiced in a few hours' calm. I hear we got possession of Dorchester hill last night; four thousand men upon it to-day; lost but one man. The ships are all drawn round the town. To-night we shall realize a more terrible scene still. I sometimes think I cannot stand it. I wish myself with you, out of hearing, as I cannot assist them. I hope to give you joy of Boston, even if it is in ruins, before I send this away. I am too much agitated to write as I ought, and languid for want of rest."—pp. 88–90.

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LETTER TO J. Q. ADAMS—AGED 15.

"This evening, as I was setting with only your sister by my side, who was scribbling to some of her correspondents, my neighbor, Field, entered with, 'I have a letter for you, Madam.' My imagination was wandering to Paris, ruminating upon the long, long absence of my dear son and his parent, so that I was rather inattentive to what he said, until he repeated 'I have letters for you from abroad.' The word 'abroad,' roused my attention, and I eagerly seized the letters, the hand-writing and seal of which gave me hopes, that I was once more about to hear from my young wanderer; nor was I disappointed.

"After two years' silence, and a journey of which I can scarcely form an idea, to find you safely returned to your parent, to hear of your health and to see your improvements! You cannot know, should I describe to you the feelings of a parent. Through

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your father, I sometimes heard from you, but one letter only ever reached me after you arrived in Russia. Your excuses, however, have weight and are accepted; but you must give them further energy by a ready attention to your pen in future. Four years have already passed away since you left your native land and this rural cottage; humble indeed when compared to the palaces you have visited, and the pomp you have been witness to; but I dare say, you have not been so inattentive an observer as to suppose that sweet peace and contentment cannot inhabit the lowly roof and bless the tranquil inhabitants, equally guarded and protected in person and property in this happy country, as those who reside in the most elegant and costly dwellings. If you live to return, I can form to myself an idea of the pleasure you will take in treading over the ground and visiting every place your early years were accustomed wantonly to gambol in; even the rocky common and the lowly whortleberry bush will not be without their beauties.

"My anxieties have been and still are great, lest the numerous temptations and snares of vice should vitiate your early habits of virtue, and destroy those principles, which you are now capable of reasoning upon, and discerning the beauty and utility of, as the only rational source of happiness here, or foundation of felicity hereafter. Placed as we are in a transitory scene of probation, drawing nigher and still nigher day after day to that important crisis which must introduce us into a new system of things, it ought certainly be our principal concern to become qualified for our expected dignity.

"What is it, that affectionate parents require of their children, for all their care, anxiety, and toil on their account? Only that they would be wise and virtuous, benevolent and kind.

"Ever keep in mind, my son, that your parents are your disinterested friends, and that if, at any time, their advice militates with your own opinion or the advice of others, you ought always to be diffident of your own judgment; because you may rest assured, that their opinion is founded on experience and long observation, and that they would not direct you but to promote your happiness. Be thankful to a kind Providence, who has hitherto preserved the lives of your parents, the natural guardians of your youthful years. With gratitude I look up to Heaven, blessing the hand which continued to me my dear and honored parents until I was settled in life; and, though now I regret the loss of them, and daily feel the want of their advice and assistance, I cannot suffer as I should have done, if I had been early deprived of them.

"You will doubtless have heard of the death of your worthy grandpapa before this reaches you. He left you a legacy more valuable than gold or silver; he left you his blessing and his prayers that you might return to your country and friends, improved in knowledge and matured in virtue; that you might become a useful citizen, a guardian of the laws, liberty, and religion of your country, as your father (he was pleased to say) had already been. Lay this bequest up in your memory, and practise upon it; believe me, you will find it a treasure that neither moth nor rust can devour.

"I received letters from your father last evening, dated in Paris the 10th of September, informing me of the necessity of his continuance abroad this winter. The season is so far advanced that I readily sacrifice the desire of seeing him to his safety; a voyage upon this coast at this season is fraught with dangers. He has made me a request, that I dare not comply with at present. No husband, no son, to accompany me upon the boisterous ocean, to animate my courage and dispel my fears, I dare not engage with so formidable a combatant. If I should find your father fixed in the spring, and determined to continue abroad a year or two longer, the earnest desire I have to meet him and my dear son might overcome the reluctance I feel at the idea of engaging in a new scene, and the love I have for domestic attachments and the still calm of life. But it would be more agreeable to me to enjoy all my friends together in my own native land; from those who have visited foreign climes I could listen with pleasure to the narrative of their adventures, and derive satisfaction from the learned detail, content, myself, that

'The little learning I have gained,
Is all from simple nature drained.'

"I have a desire that you might finish your education at our University, and I see no chance for it unless you return in the course of the year. Your cousin, Mr. Cranch, expects to enter next July. He would be happy to have you his associate. I hope your father will indulge you with a visit to England this winter. It is a country I should be fond of your seeing. Christianity, which teaches us to forgive our enemies, prevents me from enjoining upon you a similar vow to that which Hamilcar obtained from his son Hannibal, but I know not how to think of loving those haughty islanders."

A FRENCH LADY.

"As to the people here, they are more given to hospitality than in England, it is said. I have been in company with but one French lady since I arrived; for strangers here make the first visit, and nobody will know you until you have waited upon them in form

"This lady I dined with at Dr. Franklin's. She entered the room with a careless, jaunty air; upon seeing ladies who were strangers to her, she bawled out, 'Ah! mon Dieu, where is Franklin? Why did you not tell me there were ladies here?' You must suppose her speaking all this in French. 'How I look!' said she, taking hold of a chemise made of tiffany, which she had on over a blue lustring, and which looked as much upon the decay as her beauty, for she was once a handsome woman; her hair was frizzled; over it she had a small straw hat, with a dirty gauze half-handkerchief round it, and a bit of dirtier gauze, than ever my maids wore, was bowed on behind. She had a black gauze scarf thrown over her shoulders. She ran out of the room; when she returned, the Doctor entered at one door, she at the other; upon which she ran forward to him, caught him by the hand, 'Helas! Franklin;' then gave him a double kiss, one upon each cheek, and another upon his forehead. When we went into the room to dine, she was placed between the Doctor and Mr. Adams. She carried on the chief of the conversation at dinner, frequently locking her hand into the Doctor's, and sometimes spreading her arms upon the backs of both the gentlemen's chairs, then throwing her arm carelessly upon the Doctor's neck.

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"I should have been greatly astonished at this conduct, if the good Doctor had not told me that in this lady I should see a genuine Frenchwoman, wholly free from affectation or stiffness of behavior, and one of the best women in the world. For this I must take the Doctor's word; but I should have set her down for a very bad one, although sixty years of age, and a widow. I own I was highly disgusted, and never wish for an acquaintance with any ladies of this cast. After dinner she threw herself upon a settee, where she showed more than her feet. She had a little lap-dog, who was, next to the Doctor, her favorite, and whom she kissed. This is one of the Doctor's most intimate friends, with whom he dines once every week, and she with him. She is rich, and is my near neighbor; but I have not yet visited her. Thus you see, my dear, that manners differ exceedingly in different countries. I hope, however, to find amongst the French ladies manners more consistent with my ideas of decency, or I shall be a mere recluse."—pp. 252–254.

ANECDOTE OF MRS. ADAMS.

We are tempted to record an anecdote, which, besides being related on good authority, has a verisimilitude which vouches for its truth.

It was natural, that those who were acquainted with Mrs. Adams' extraordinary intelligence, and the profound interest which she took in public affairs, should exaggerate the influence exerted by her over her husband's mind. At the time when Mr. Adams displeased his cabinet by sending the special mission to France, an anonymous writer in one of the Boston newspapers accounted for the error by saying that "the old lady was not with him." The piece was written by a distinguished friend of Hamilton and Pickering, and Mrs. Adams had intelligence respecting its authorship. It so chanced, that not long afterward she dined with the President at the table of this gentleman, who supposed his *incognito* to be preserved. The conversation turned upon some more recent measure of the President, which the host and his friends spoke of with strong commendation. At the first pause Mrs. Adams turned to him, and with a look of arch good nature which few eyes ever could express like hers, said, "The old lady was not with him then."

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

BY PROFESSOR H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The sun is bright, the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue-bird prophecying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new;—the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves;—
There are no birds in last year's nest.

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fullness of their first delight;
And learn from the soft heavens above,
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden! that readest this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth—it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For oh! it is not always May!

Enjoy the Spring of love and youth,
To some good angel leave the rest,
For time will teach thee soon the truth—
There are no birds in last year's nest.

POPULATION.

The annexed statement shows the population of various cities and villages, according to the census just taken, compared with the population of 1830.

	1840.	1830.	*Increase.*
New York,	312,234	202,589	109,645
Philadelphia,	258,832	188,797	70,135
Baltimore,	101,378	80,625	21,753
Boston,	84,401	61,392	23,019
Brooklyn,	36,283	12,903	24,830
Cincinnati,	46,382	24,831	21,551
St. Louis,	24,585	5,852	18,783
Washington,	22,777	18,827	3,950
Pittsburg,	21,296	12,542	8,754
Dover,	3,775	3,416	359
Wilmington, Del.	8,367	6,663	1,704
Middletown,	7,210	6,892	318
Bridgeport,	4,570	2,800	1,770
Norwich,	7,239	5,179	2,060
New London,	5,528	4,356	1,172
New Haven,	14,390	10,678	3,712
Hartford,	12,793	9,789	3,004
New Orleans,	102,191	50,103	52,088
Savannah,	11,214	7,303	3,911
Newburyport,	7,161	6,388	773
Wilmington, N. C.	4,268	2,700	1,568
Natchez,	4,826	2,790	2,036
Newport,	8,321	8,010	311
Buffalo,	18,356	6,321	12,035
Portland,	15,218	12,601	2,617
Gardiner,	5,044	3,709	1,335
Canandaigua,	5,652	5,162	491
Troy,	19,372	11,405	7,967
Bath,	5,000	3,773	1,227
Dover, N. H.	6,438	5,449	989
Providence,	23,042	16,832	5,210
			Decrease.
Portsmouth, N. H.	7,884	8,082	198
Charleston,	29,253	30,289	1,036

GOOD NEWS FOR THE WHALE.—It is said that a new material has been discovered in England, for burning in the various kinds of lamps. It is called the "ætherial oleine," and can be purchased at two-thirds the price of the finest sperm oil—and will burn twenty-four hours without clogging the lamp, or requiring trimming.

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THE LOST ONE.

A "LIVE-OAKER," employed on the St. John's river, in East Florida, left his cabin, situated on the banks of that stream, and with his axe on his shoulder, proceeded toward the swamp in which he had several times before plied his trade of felling and squaring the giant trees that afford the most valuable timber for naval architecture and other purposes.

At the season which is the best for this kind of labour, heavy fogs not unfrequently cover the country, so as to render it difficult for one to see farther than thirty or forty yards in any direction. The woods, too, present so little variety, that every tree seems the mere counterpart of every other; and the grass, when it has not been burnt, is so tall that a man of ordinary stature cannot see over it, whence it is necessary for him to proceed with great caution, lest he should unwittingly deviate from the ill-defined trail which he follows. To increase the difficulty, several trails often meet, in which case, unless the explorer be perfectly acquainted with the neighbourhood, it would be well for him to lie down, and wait until the fog should disperse. Under such circumstances, the best woodsmen are not unfrequently bewildered for a while; and I well remember that such an occurrence happened to myself, at a time when I had imprudently ventured to pursue a wounded quadruped, which led me some distance from the track.

The live-oaker had been jogging onward for several hours, and became aware that he must have travelled considerably more than the distance between his cabin and the "hummock" which he desired to reach. To his alarm, at the moment when the fog dispersed, he saw the sun at its meridian height and could not recognise a single object around him.

Young, healthy, and active, he imagined that he had walked with more than usual speed, and had passed the place to which he was bound. He accordingly turned his back upon the sun, and pursued a different route, guided by a small trail. Time passed, and the sun headed his course: he saw it gradually descend in the west; but all around him continued as if enveloped with mystery. The huge gray trees spread their giant boughs over him, the rank grass extended on all sides, not a living being crossed his path, all was silent and still, and the scene was like a dull and dreary dream of the land of oblivion. He wandered like a forgotten ghost that had passed into the land of spirits, without yet meeting one of his kind with whom to hold converse.

The condition of a man lost in the woods, is one of the most perplexing that can be imagined by a person who has not himself been in a like predicament. Every object he sees, he at first thinks he recognises, and while his whole mind is bent on searching for more that may gradually lead to his extrication, he goes on committing greater errours the farther he proceeds. This was the case with the live-oaker. The sun was now setting with a fiery aspect, and by degrees it sunk in its full circular form, as if giving warning of a sultry morrow. Myriads of insects, delighted at its departure, now filled the air on buzzing wings. Each piping frog arose from the muddy pool in which it had concealed itself; the squirrel retired to its hole, the crow to its roost, and, far above, the harsh croaking voice of the heron announced that, full of anxiety, it was wending its way to the miry interiour of some distant swamp. Now the woods began to resound to the shrill cries of the owl; and the breeze, as it swept among the columnar stems of the forest-trees, came laden with heavy and chilling dews. Alas, no moon with her silvery light shone on the dreary scene, and the Lost One, wearied and vexed, laid himself down on the damp ground. Prayer is always consolatory to man in every difficulty or danger, and the woodsman fervently prayed to his Maker, wished his family a happier night than it was his lot to experience, and with a feverish anxiety waited the return of day.

You may imagine the length of that cold, dull, moonless night. With the dawn of day came the usual fogs of those latitudes. The poor man started on his feet, and with a sorrowful heart, pursued a course which he thought might lead him to some familiar object, although, indeed, he scarcely knew what he was doing. No longer had he the trace of a track to guide him, and yet, as the sun rose, he calculated the many hours of daylight he had before him, and the farther he went continued to walk the faster. But vain were all his hopes: that day was spent in fruitless endeavours to regain the path that led to his home, and when night again approached, the terrour that had been gradually spreading over his mind, together with the nervous debility induced by fatigue, anxiety, and hunger, rendered him almost frantick. He told me that at this moment he beat his breast, tore his hair, and, had it not been for the piety with which his parents had in early life imbued his mind, and which had become habitual, would have cursed his existence. Famished as he now was, he laid himself on the ground, and fed on the weeds and grass that grew around him. That night was spent in the greatest agony and terrour. "I knew my situation," he said to me. "I was fully aware that unless Almighty God came to my assistance, I must perish in those uninhabited woods. I knew that I had walked more than fifty miles, although I had not met with a brook from which I could quench my thirst, or even allay the burning heat of my parched lips and blood-shot eyes. I knew that if I should not meet with some stream I must die, for my axe was my only weapon, and although deer and bears now and then started within a few yards or even feet of me, not one of them could I kill; and although I was in the midst of abundance, not a mouthful did I expect to procure, to satisfy the cravings of my empty stomach. Sir, may God preserve you from ever feeling as I did the whole of that day!"

For several days after, no one can imagine the condition in which he was, for when he related to me this painful adventure, he assured me that he had lost all recollection of what had happened. "God," he continued, "must have taken pity on me one day, for, as I ran wildly through those dreadful pine-barrens, I met with a tortoise. I gazed upon it with amazement and delight, and, although I knew that were I to follow it undisturbed, it would lead me to some water, my hunger and thirst would not allow me to refrain from satisfying both, by eating its flesh, and drinking its blood. With one stroke of my axe the beast was cut in two, and in a few moments I despatched all but the shell. Oh, sir, how much I thanked God, whose kindness had

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pat the tortoise in my way! I felt greatly renewed. I sat down at the foot of a pine, gazed on the heavens, thought of my poor wife and children, and again, and again thanked my God for my life, for now I felt less distracted in mind, and more assured that before long I must recover my way, and get back to my home."

The Lost One remained and passed the night, at the foot of the same tree under which his repast had been made. Refreshed by a sound sleep, he started at dawn to resume his weary march. The sun rose bright, and he followed the direction of the shadows. Still the dreariness of the woods was the same, and he was on the point of giving up in despair, when he observed a rackoon lying squatted in the grass. Raising his axe, he drove it with such violence through the helpless animal, that it expired without a struggle. What he had done with the turtle, he now did with the rackoon, the greater part of which he actually devoured at one meal. With more comfortable feelings, he then resumed his wanderings—his journey I cannot say—for although in the possession of all his faculties, and in broad daylight, he was worse off than a lame man groping his way in the dark out of a dungeon, of which he knew not where the door stood.

Days, one after another, passed—nay, weeks in succession. He fed now on cabbage-trees, then on frogs and snakes. All that fell in his way was welcome and savoury. Yet he became daily more emaciated, until at length he could scarcely crawl. Forty days had elapsed, by his own reckoning, when he at last reached the banks of the river. His clothes in tatters, his once bright axe dimmed with rust, his face begrimmed with beard, his hair matted, and his feeble frame little better than a skeleton covered with parchment, there he laid himself down to die. Amid the perturbed dreams of his fevered fancy, he thought he heard the noise of oars far away on the silent river. He listened, but the sounds died away on his ear. It was indeed a dream, the last glimmer of expiring hope, and now the light of life was about to be quenched for ever. But again, the sound of oars awoke him from his lethargy. He listened so eagerly, that the hum of a fly could not have escaped his ear. They were indeed the measured beats of oars, and now, joy to the forlorn soul! the sound of human voices thrilled to his heart, and awoke the tumultuous pulses of returning hope. On his knees did the eye of God see that poor man by the broad still stream that glittered in the sunbeams, and human eyes soon saw him too, for round that headland covered with tangled brushwood boldly advances the little boat, propelled by its lusty rowers. The Lost One raises his feeble voice on high;—it was a loud shrill scream of joy and fear. The rowers pause, and look around. Another, but feebler scream, and they observe him. It comes—his heart flutters, his sight is dimmed, his brain reels, he gasps for breath. It comes—it has run upon the beach, and the Lost One is found.

This is no tale of fiction, but the relation of an actual occurrence, which might be embellished, no doubt, but which is better in the plain garb of truth. The notes by which I recorded it were written in the cabin of the once lost live-oaker, about four years after the painful incident occurred. His amiable wife, and loving children, were present at the recital, and never shall I forget the tears that flowed from them as they listened to it, albeit it had long been more familiar to them than a tale thrice told. Sincerely do I wish, good reader, that neither you nor I may ever elicit such sympathy, by having undergone such sufferings, although no doubt such sympathy would be a rich recompense for them.

It only remains for me to say, that the distance between the cabin and the live-oak hummock to which the woodsman was bound, scarcely exceeded eight miles, while the part of the river at which he was found, was thirty-eight miles from his house. Calculating his daily wanderings at ten miles, we may believe that they amounted in all to four hundred miles. He must, therefore, have rambled in a circuitous direction, which people generally do in such circumstances. Nothing but the great strength of his constitution, and the merciful aid of his Maker, could have supported him for so long a time.

Audubon.

Fox-coloured Sparrow.—Dr. Wilson, who was almost in the daily habit of visiting my friend Bachman, with whom it was my good fortune to reside while at Charleston, was fond of talking about birds, many of which he knew more accurately than ordinary ornithologists are wont to do. "My dear Mr. Audubon," he said, "I have several beautiful fox-coloured sparrows in my aviary, but of late some of them have been killed, and I wish you would tell me by what other birds the murders can have been committed." I laid the charge first on the bluejays; but he replied that even they appeared as if greatly molested by some other species. A day elapsed, the doctor returned, and astonished me not a little, by informing me that the culprit was a mockingbird. I went to his house on the eighth of December; and, while standing on the piazza, we both saw the mockingbird alight on one of the fox-coloured sparrows, in the manner of a small hawk, and peck at the poor bird with such force, as to convince us that its death must soon ensue. The muscular powers of the finch, however, appeared almost too much for the master-songster of our woods; it desisted for a moment, out of breath, and we could observe its pantings; but it did not fail to resume its hitherto unknown character of tyrant. A servant was despatched to the rescue, and peace was restored; but the finch was almost reduced to its last gasp, and shortly after expired. This very mockingbird we strongly suspected of being the individual that had killed a bluejay of exceedingly meek disposition, a few weeks before. It was ultimately removed into a lonely cage, where it is yet passing its days, perhaps in unavailing penitence. Audubon.

TICONDEROGA.

This old fort, which was once the scene of many a murderous conflict between the French and English, and afterwards between the English and American colonists, now scarcely retains a vestige of its former self. Some fragments of the old walls and parapets are still remaining, but they by no means indicate the former nature and extent of the fortifications. The place is well adapted

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to natural defence, being surrounded on three sides by water, and on the fourth by what was formerly a natural and almost impassable morass. It is situated on the narrows of Lake Champlain, which is here less than a mile in width, and near the confluence of the stream which empties from Lake George, (now called Lake Horicon, and first named by Champlain, the first French discoverer, Lake St. Sacrament.) The first fort was erected by the French as early as 1675, in order to command the passage to Lake George, and although for half a century thereafter it remained in the midst of a wilderness, it was nevertheless the most important post on the frontier. In the year 1757, the British General Abercombie, with about seventeen thousand British and provincial troops, made the first desperate attempt to wrest this important fortress from the hands of the French. Abercombie embarked all his troops on Lake George on board nine hundred batteaux and one hundred and thirty-five boats, and the next day they landed without molestation at the northerly end of the Lake. The English troops were immediately formed in three columns and advanced toward the fort, which was several miles distant. An advanced battalion of French lay encamped behind a breastwork of logs—which was set on fire and abandoned with precipitation. The route of the English forces lay through a thick wood, in which they soon became entangled, and had it not been for a division of the provincial forces under General Putnam, who were acquainted with this mode of warfare, the whole English army must have been defeated, as General Braddock was a short time previous, by the French and Indians in the midst of the woods. The gallant Lord Howe, a meritorious English officer, fell in this skirmish by the side of General Putnam.

The next day Abercombie advanced toward the fort, which was defended by about six thousand French and Indians. It was secured by a breastwork eight feet high, lined with artillery, and an abattis in front composed of trees branching outward—the branches so interwoven that it was almost impossible to force a passage by any ordinary means of attack. The British troops advanced in regular order to this abattis, through which they attempted to cut their way with their swords—exposed all the while to a direct and murderous fire from the breastwork, while the enemy were completely shielded by the strength of the fortifications. After continuing the attack for four hours, General Abercombie was obliged to draw off his troops, with the loss of eighteen hundred killed and wounded, and two thousand five hundred stands of arms which fell into the enemy's hands.

The next attempt of the English to capture this fort was more successful. It was made in the latter part of July, 1759, by General Amherst, at the head of twelve thousand men. At first the enemy appeared resolute, and determined to defend the works to the last extremity; but not being in a condition to withstand a regular siege, they dismantled a part of the fortress and retreated to the fort at Crown Point, farther down the Lake, during the night. This was soon after the capture of Quebec by the British army under General Wolfe; and as the conquest of Canada was soon completed, the English held undisturbed possession of this fort until it was captured by a small body of Americans, under Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold, soon after the breaking out of the American revolution in 1775. It fell again into the hands of the British under General Burgoyne in 1777, who retained possession of it till the close of the campaign which resulted in his surrender; since which time it has been a post of no importance. One can hardly now realize, in traversing its cultivated fields, that it was once the scene of havoc and blood. Boston Times.

FRANKLIN'S ADVICE TO YOUNG TRADESMEN.

Remember that money is of a prolific or multiplying nature. Money can produce money, and its offspring can produce more, and so on. Five shillings turned is six—turned again, it is seven and threepence; and so on, till it becomes a hundred pounds. The more there is of it, the more it produces every turning, so that the profits rise quicker and quicker. He that throws away a crown, destroys all that it might have produced, even scores of pounds.

Remember that six pounds a year is but a groat a day. For this little sum, (which may be daily wasted, either in time or expense, unperceived,) a man of credit may, on his own security, have the constant possession and use of a hundred pounds. So much in stock, briskly turned by an industrious man, produces great advantage.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of the hammer at five in the morning, or at nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day, and demands it before it is convenient for you to pay him.

Beware of thinking all your own that you possess, and of living accordingly. This is a mistake that many people who have credit fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account for some time, both of your expenses and your income. If you take the pains, at first to enumerate particulars, it will have this good effect—you will discover how wonderfully small trifling expenses mount up to large sums, and will discern what might have been and may for the future be saved, without occasioning any great inconvenience.

In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two things, *industry* and *frugality*; that is, waste neither *time* nor *money*, but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality nothing will do, and with them every thing. He that gets all he can honestly, and saves all he gets, necessary expenses excepted, will certainly become *rich*—if that Being who governs the world, to whom all should look for a blessing on their honest endeavors, does not, in his wise providence, otherwise determine.

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THE LAST ARROW.

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THE LAST ARROW.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

"And who be ye who rashly dare,
To chase in woods the forest child?
To hunt the panther to his lair—
The Indian in his native wild!"—*Old ballad.*

THE American reader, if at all curious about the early history of his country, has probably heard of that famous expedition, undertaken by the vicegerent of Louis the Fourteenth, the governour-general of New France, against the confederated Five Nations of New York; an expedition which, though it carried with it all the pomp and circumstance of European warfare into their wild-wood haunts, was attended with no adequate results, and had but a momentary effect in quelling the spirit of the tameless Iroquois.

It was on the fourth of July, 1696, that the commander-in-chief, the veteran Count de Frontenac, marshalled the forces at La Chine, with which he intended to crush for ever the powers of the Aganuschion confederacy. His regulars were divided into four battalions of two hundred men each, commanded respectively by three veteran leaders, and the young Chevalier de Grais. He formed also four battalions of Canadian volunteers, efficiently officered, and organized as regular troops. The Indian allies were divided into three bands, each of which was placed under the command of a nobleman of rank, who had gained distinction in the European warfare of France. One was composed of the Sault and St. Louis bands, and of friendly Abenaquis; another consisted of the Hurons of Lorette and the mountaineers of the north; the third band was smaller, and composed indiscriminately of warriours of different tribes, whom a spirit of adventure led to embark upon the expedition. They were chiefly Ottawas, Saukies, and Algonquins, and these the Baron de Bekancourt charged himself to conduct. This formidable armament was amply provisioned, and provided with all the munitions of war. Besides pikes, arquebusses, and other small-arms then in use, they were furnished with grenades, a mortar to throw them, and a couple of field-pieces; which, with the tents and other camp equipage, were transported in large batteaux built for the purpose. Nor was the energy of their movements unworthy of this brilliant preparation. Ascending the St. Lawrence, and coasting the shores of Lake Ontario, they entered the Oswego river, cut a military road around the falls, and carrying their transports over the portage, launched them anew, and finally debouched with their whole flotilla upon the waters of Onondaga lake.

It must have been a gallant sight to behold the warlike pageant floating beneath the primitive forest which then crowned the hills around that lovely water. To see the veterans who had served under Turenne, Vauban and the great Condé, marshalled with pike and cuiras beside the half-naked Huron and Abenaquis; while young cavaliers, in the less warlike garb of the court of the magnificent Louis, moved with plume and mantle amid the dusky files of wampum-decked Ottawas and Algonquins. Banners were there which had flown at Steenkirk and Landen; or rustled above the troopers that Luxemburgh's trumpets had guided to glory when Prince Waldeck's battalions were borne down beneath his furious charge. Nor was the enemy that this gallant host were seeking unworthy of those whose swords had been tried in some of the most celebrated fields of Europe. "The Romans of America," as the Five Nations have been called by more than one writer, had proved themselves soldiers, not only by carrying their arms among the native tribes a thousand miles away, and striking their enemies alike upon the lakes of Maine, the mountains of Carolina, and the prairies of the Missouri; but they had already bearded one European army beneath the walls of Quebec, and shut up another for weeks within the defences of Montreal, with the same courage that, a half a century later, vanquished the battalions of Dieskau upon the banks of Lake George.

Our business, however, is not with the main movements of this army, which, we have already mentioned, were wholly unimportant in their results. The aged Chevalier de Frontenac, was said to have other objects in view besides the political motives for the expedition, which he set forth to his master the Grand Monarque.

Many years previous, when the Five Nations had invested the capital of New France and threatened the extermination of that thriving colony, a beautiful half-blood girl, whose education had been commenced under the immediate auspicies of the governour-general, and in whom, indeed, M. De Frontenac was said to have a parental interest, was carried off, with other prisoners, by the retiring foe. Every effort had been made in vain during the occasional cessations of hostilities between the French and the Iroquois, to recover this child; and though, in the years that intervened, some wandering Jesuit from time to time averred that he had seen the Christian captive living as the contented wife of a young Mohawk warriour, yet the old nobleman seems never to have despaired of reclaiming his "nut-brown daughter." Indeed, the chevalier must have been impelled by some such hope when, at the age of seventy, and so feeble that he was half the time carried in a litter, he ventured to encounter the perils of an American wilderness, and place himself at the head of the heterogeneous bands which now invaded the country of the Five Nations under his conduct.

Among the half-breed spies, border scouts, and mongrel adventurers that followed in the train of the invading army, was a renegade Fleming, of the name of Hanyost. This man, in early youth, had been made a sergeant-major, when he deserted to the French ranks in Flanders. He had subsequently taken up a military grant in Canada, sold it after emigrating, and then, making his way down to the Dutch settlements on the Hudson, had become domiciliated, as it were, among their allies, the Mohawks, and adopted the life of a hunter. Hanyost, hearing that his old friends, the French, were making such a formidable descent, did not now hesitate to desert his more recent acquaintances; but offered his services as a guide to Count de Frontenac the moment he entered the hostile country. It was not, however, mere cupidity or the habitual love of treachery which actuated the base Fleming in this instance. Hanyost, in a difficulty with an Indian trapper, which had been referred for arbitrament to the young Mohawk chief Kiodego, (a settler of disputes,) whose cool courage and firmness fully entitled him

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to so distinguished a name, conceived himself aggrieved by the award which had been given against him. The scorn with which the arbitrator met his charge of unfairness, stung him to the soul, and fearing the arm of the powerful savage, he had nursed the revenge in secret, whose accompliahment seemed now at hand. Kiodago, ignorant of the hostile force which had entered his country, was off with his band at a fishing station, or summer-camp, among the wild hills about Konnediēyu;* and, when Hanyost informed the commander of the French forces that by surprising this party, his long-lost daughter, the wife of Kiodago, might be once more given to his arms; a small, but efficient force was instantly detached from the main body of the army to strike the blow. A dozen musketeers, with twenty-five pikemen, led severally by the Baron de Bekancourt and the Chevalier de Grais, the former having the chief command of the expedition, were sent upon this duty, with Hanyost to guide them to the village of Kiodago. Many hours were consumed upon the march, as the soldiers were not yet habituated to the wilderness; but just before dawn on the second day, the party found themselves in the neighbourhood of the Indian village.

The place was wrapped in repose, and the two cavaliers trusted that the surprise would be so complete, that their commandant's daughter must certainly be taken. The baron, after a careful examination of the hilly passes, determined to head the onslaught, while his companion in arms, with Hanyost, to mark out his prey, should pounce upon the chieftain's wife. This being arranged, their followers were warned not to injure the female captives while cutting their defenders to pieces, and then a moment being allowed for each man to take a last look at the condition of his arms, they were led to the attack.

The inhabitants of the fated village secure in their isolated situation, aloof from the war-parties of that wild district, had neglected all precaution against surprise, and were buried in sleep when the whizzing of a grenade, that terrible, but now superseded engine of destruction, roused them from their slumbers. The missile, to which a direction had been given that carried it in a direct line through the main row of wigwams which formed the little street, went crashing among their frail frames of basket-work, and kindled the dry mats stretched over them into instant flames. And then, as the startled warriours leaped all naked and unarmed from their blazing lodges, the French pikemen, waiting only for a volley from the musketeers, followed it up with a charge still more fatal. The wretched savages were slaughtered like sheep in the shambles. Some overwhelmed with dismay sank unresisting upon the ground, and covering up their heads after the Indian fashion when resigned to death, awaited the fatal stroke without a murmur; others, seized with a less benumbing panick, sought safety in flight, and rushed upon the pikes that lined the forest's paths around them. Many there were, however, who, schooled to scenes as dreadful, acquitted themselves like warriours. Snatching their weapons from the greedy flames, they sprang with irresistible fury upon the bristling files of pikemen. Their heavy war-clubs beat down and splintered the fragile spears of the Europeans, whose corslets, ruddy with the reflected fires mid which they fought, glinted back still brighter sparks from the hatchets of flint which crashed against them. The fierce veterans pealed the charging cry of many a well-fought field in other climes; but wild and high the Indian whoop rose shrill above the din of conflict, until the hovering raven in mid air caught up and answered that discordant shriek.

De Grais, in the meantime, surveyed the scene of action with eager intentness, expecting each moment to see the paler features of the Christian captive among the dusky females who ever and anon sprang shrieking from the blazing lodges, and were instantly hurled backward into the flames by fathers and brothers, who even thus would save them from the hands that vainly essayed to grasp their distracted forms. The Mohawks began now to wage a more successful resistance, and just when the fight was raging hottest, and the high-spirited Frenchman beginning to despair of his prey, was about launching into the midst of it, he saw a tall warriour who had hitherto been forward in the conflict, disengage himself from the *melée*, and wheeling suddenly upon a soldier, who had likewise separated from his party, brain him with a tomahawk, before he could make a movement in his defence. The quick eye of the young chevalier, too, caught a glance of another figure, in pursuit of whom, as she emerged with an infant in her arms, from a lodge on the farther side of the village, the luckless Frenchman had met his doom. It was the Christian captive, the wife of Kiodago, beneath whose hand he had fallen. That chieftain now stood over the body of his victim, brandishing a war-club which he had snatched from a dying Indian near. Quick as thought, De Grais levelled a pistol at his head, when the track of the flying girl brought her directly in his line of sight, and he withheld his fire. Kiodago, in the meantime, had been cut off from the rest of his people by the soldiers, who closed in upon the space which his terrible arm had a moment before kept open. A cry of agony escaped the high-souled savage, as he saw how thus the last hope was lost. He made a gesture, as if about to rush again into the fray, and sacrifice his life with his tribesmen; and then perceiving how futile must be the act, he turned on his heel, and bounded after his retreating wife, with arms outstretched, to shield her from the dropping shots of the enemy.

The uprising sun had now lighted up the scene, but all this passed so instantaneously that it was impossible for De Grais to keep his eye upon the fugitives amid the shifting forms that glanced continually before him; and when, accompanied by Hanyost and seven others, he had got fairly in pursuit, Kiodago, who still kept behind his wife, was far in advance of the chevalier and his party. Her forest training had made the Christian captive as fleet of foot as an Indian maiden. She heard, too, the cheering voice of her loved warriour behind her, and pressing her infant in her arms she urged her flight over crag and fell, and soon reached the head of a rocky pass, which it would take some moments for any but an American forester to scale. But the indefatigable Frenchmen are urging their way up the steep; the cry of pursuit grows nearer as they catch

* Since corrupted into "Canada;" Beautiful Water: probably so called from its amber colour—now Trenton Falls.

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a sight of her husband through the thickets, and the agonized wife finds her onward progress prevented by a ledge of rock that impends above her. But now again Kiodago is by her side; he has lifted his wife to the cliff above, and placed her infant in her arms; and already, with renewed activity, the Indian mother is speeding on to a cavern among the hills, well known as a fastness of safety.

Kiodago looked a moment after her retreating figure, and then coolly swung himself to the ledge which commanded the pass. He might now easily have escaped his pursuers; but as he stepped back from the edge of the cliff, and looked down the narrow ravine, the vengeful spirit of the red man was too strong within him to allow such an opportunity of striking a blow to escape. His tomahawk and war-club had both been lost in the strife, but he still carried at his back a more efficient weapon in the hands of so keen a hunter. There were but three arrows in his quiver, and the Mohawk was determined to have the life of an enemy in exchange for each of them. His bow was strung quickly, but with as much coolness as if there were no exigency to require haste. Yet he had scarcely time to throw himself upon his breast, a few yards from the brink of the declivity, before one of his pursuers, more active than the rest, exposed himself to the unerring archer. He came leaping from rock to rock, and had nearly reached the head of the glen, when, pierced through and through by one of Kiodago's arrows, he toppled from the crags, and rolled, clutching the leaves in his death-agony, among the tangled furze below. A second met a similar fate, and a third victim would probably have been added, if a shot from the fusil of Hanyost, who sprang forward and caught sight of the Indian just as the first man fell, had not disabled the thumb-joint of the bold archer, even as he fixed his last arrow in the string. Resistance seemed now at an end, and Kiodago again betook himself to flight. Yet anxious to divert the pursuit from his wife, the young chieftain pealed a yell of defiance, as he retreated in a different direction from that which she had taken. The whoop was answered by a simultaneous shout and rush on the part of the whites; but the Indian had not advanced far before he perceived that the pursuing party, now reduced to six, had divided, and that three only followed him. He had recognised the scout, Hanyost, among his enemies, and it was now apparent that that wily traitor, instead of being misled by his *ruse*, had guided the other three upon the direct trail to the cavern which the Christian captive had taken. Quick as thought, the Mohawk acted upon the impression. Making a few steps within a thicket, still to mislead his present pursuers, he bounded across a mountain torrent, and then leaving his footmarks dashed in the yielding bank, he turned shortly on a rock beyond, recrossed the stream, and concealed himself behind a fallen tree, while his pursuers passed within a few paces of his covert.

A broken hillock now only divided the chief from the point to which he had directed his wife by another route, and to which the remaining party, consisting of De Grais, Hanyost, and a French musketeer were hotly urging their way. The hunted warriour ground his teeth with rage when he heard the voice of the treacherous Fleming in the glen below him; and springing from crag to crag, he circled the rocky knoll, and planted his foot by the roots of a blasted oak that shot its limbs above the cavern, just as his wife had reached the spot, and pressing her babe to her bosom, sank exhausted among the flowers that waved in the moist breath of the cave. It chanced that at that very instant, De Grais and his followers had paused beneath the opposite side of the knoll, from whose broken surface the foot of the flying Indian had disengaged a stone, which crackling among the branches, found its way through a slight ravine into the glen below. The two Frenchmen stood in doubt for a moment. The musketeer, pointing in the direction whence the stone had rolled, turned to receive the order of his officer. The chevalier, who had made one step in advance of a broad rock between them, leaned upon it, pistol in hand, half turning toward his follower; while the scout, who stood farthest out from the steep bank, bending forward to discover the mouth of the cave, must have caught a glimpse of the sinking female, just as the shadowy form of her husband was displayed above her. God help thee now, bold archer! thy quiver is empty; thy game of life is nearly up; the sleuth-hound is upon thee; and thy scalp-lock, whose plumes now flutter in the breeze, will soon be twined in the fingers of the vengeful renegade. Thy wife——But hold! the noble savage has still one arrow left!

Disabled, as he thought himself, the Mohawk had not dropped his bow in his flight. His last arrow was still griped in his bleeding fingers; and though his stiffening thumb forbore the use of it to the best advantage, the hand of Kiodago had not lost its power.* The crisis which it takes so long to describe, had been realized by him in an instant. He saw how the Frenchmen, inexperienced in woodcraft, were at fault; he saw, too, that the keen eye of Hanyost had caught sight of the object of their pursuit, and that further flight was hopeless; while the scene of his burning village in the distance, inflamed him with hate and fury toward the instrument of his misfortunes. Bracing one knee upon the flinty rock, while the muscles of the other swelled as if the whole energies of his body were collected in that single effort, Kiodago aims at the treacherous scout, and the twanging bowstring dismisses his last arrow upon its errand. The hand of THE SPIRIT could alone have guided that shaft! But WANEYO smiles upon the brave warriour, and the arrow, while it rattles harmless against the cuiras of the French officer, glances toward the victim for whom it was intended, and quivers in the heart of Hanyost! The dying wretch grasped the sword-chain of the chevalier, whose coralet clanged among the rocks, as the two went rolling down the glen together; and De Grais was not unwilling to abandon the pursuit when the musketeer, coming to his assistance, had disengaged him, bruised and bloody, from the embrace of the stiffening corpse.

What more is there to add. The bewildered Europeans rejoined their comrades, who were soon after on their march from the scene they had desolated; while Kiodago descended from his eyry to collect the fugitive survivors of his band, and, after

* The English mode of holding the arrow, as represented in the plate, is not common among our aborigines, who use the thumb for a purchase.

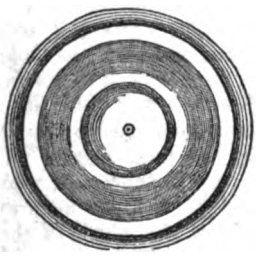
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burying the slain, to wreak a terrible vengeance upon their murderers; the most of whom were cut off by him before they joined the main body of the French army. The Count de Frontenac, returning to Canada, died soon afterward, and the existence of his half-blood daughter was soon forgotten. And —though among the dozen old families in the state of New York who have Indian blood in their veins, many trace their descent from the offspring of the noble Kiodago and his Christian wife, yet the hand of genius, as displayed in the admirable picture of CHAPMAN and ADAMS, has alone rescued from oblivion the thrilling scene of the Mohawk's LAST ARROW!

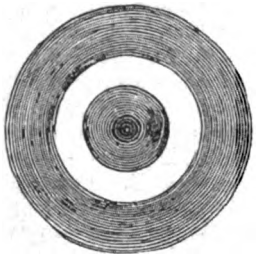
AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

(By Dr. S. P. Hildreth, of Marietta, Ohio.)

"In removing the earth which composed an ancient mound in one of the streets of Marietta, on the margin of the plain, near the fortifications, several curious articles were discovered the latter part of June last. They appear to have been buried with the body of the person to whose memory this mound was erected.



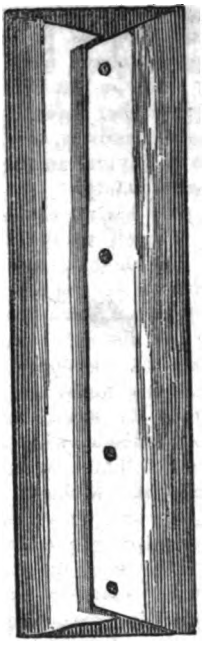
[Back view of sword scabbard.]

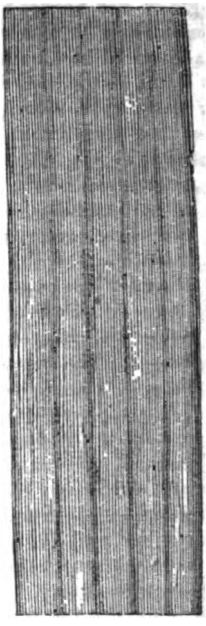


[Front view.]

"Lying immediately over, or on the forehead of the body, were found three large circular bosses, or ornaments for a sword belt, or a buckler; they are composed of copper, overlaid with a thick plate of silver. The fronts of them are slightly convex, with a depression, like a cup, in the centre, and measure two and a quarter inches across the face of each. On the back side, opposite the depressed portion, is a copper rivet or nail, around which are two separate plates, by which they were fastened to the leather. Two small pieces of the leather were found lying between the plates of one of the bosses; they resemble the skin of an old mummy, and seem to have been preserved by the salts of the copper. The plates of copper are nearly reduced to an oxyde, or rust. The silver looks quite black, but is not much corroded, and on rubbing, it becomes quite brilliant. Two of these are yet entire; the third one is so much wasted, that it dropped in pieces on removing it from the earth. Around the rivet of one of them is a small quantity of flax or hemp, in a tolerable state of preservation.

"Near the side of the body was found a plate of silver which appears to have been the upper part of a sword scabbard; it is six inches in length and two inches in breadth, and weighs one ounce; it has no ornaments or figures, but has three longitudinal ridges, which probably correspond with edges, or





[Front view of Ornament of Silver.] [Back view of Copper.]

ridges of the sword; it seems to have been fastened to the scabbard by three or four rivets, the holes of which yet remain in the silver.

"Two or three broken pieces of a copper tube, were also found, filled with iron rust. These pieces, from their appearance, composed the lower end of the scabbard, near the point of the sword. No sign of the sword itself was discovered, except the appearance of rust abovementioned.



[Copper plumb or pendant.]

"Near the feet, was found a piece of copper, weighing three ounces. From its shape it appears to have been used as a plumb, or for an ornament, as near one of the ends is a circular crease, or groove, for tying a thread; it is round, two and a half inches in length, one inch in diameter at the centre, and half an inch at each end. It is composed of small pieces of native copper, pounded together; and in the cracks between the pieces, are stuck several pieces of silver; one nearly the size of a four-penny piece, or half a dime. This copper ornament was covered with a coat of green rust, and is considerably corroded. A piece of red ochre, or paint, and a piece of iron ore, which has the appearance of having been partially vitrified, or melted, were also found. The ore is about the specifick gravity of pure iron.

"The body of the person here buried, was laid on

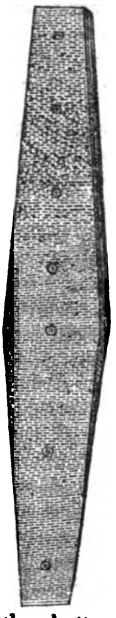
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the surface of the earth, with his face upward, and his feet pointing to the northeast, and head to the southwest. From the appearance of several pieces of charcoal, and bits of partially burnt fossil-coal, and the black colour of the earth, it would seem that the funereal obsequies had been celebrated by fire; and while the ashes were yet hot and smoking, a circle of thin flat stones had been laid around and over the body. The circular covering is about eight feet in diameter, and the stones yet look black, as if stained by fire and smoke. This circle of stones seems to have been the nucleus on which the mound was formed, as immediately over them is heaped the common earth of the adjacent plain, composed of a clayey sand and coarse gravel. This mound must originally have been about ten feet high, and thirty feet in diameter at its base. At the time of opening it, the height was six feet, and diameter between thirty and forty. It has every appearance of being as old as any in the neighbourhood, and was, at the first settlement of Marietta, covered with large trees, the remains of whose roots were yet apparent in digging away the earth. It also seems to have been made for this single personage, as the remains of one skeleton only were discovered. The bones were much decayed, and many of them crumbled to dust on exposure to the air. From the length of some of them, it is supposed the person was about six feet in height.

"Nothing unusual was discovered in their form, except that those of the scull were uncommonly thick. The situation of the mound on high ground, near the margin of the plain, and the porous quality of the earth, are admirably calculated to preserve any perishable substance from the certain decay which would attend it in many other situations. To these circumstances is attributed the tolerable state of preservation in which several of the articles above described were found, after laying in the earth for several centuries. We say *centuries*, from the fact that trees were found growing on those ancient works, whose ages were ascertained to amount to between four and five hundred years each, by counting the concentrick circles in the stumps after the trees are cut down; and on the ground, besides them, were other trees in a state of decay, that appeared to have fallen from old age. Of what language, or of what nation were this mighty race, that once inhabited the territory watered by the Ohio, remains yet a mystery.

"But from what we see of their *works*, they must have had *some* acquaintance with the arts and sciences. They have left us perfect specimens of circles, squares, octagons, and parallel lines, on a grand and noble scale. And unless it can be proved that they had intercourse with Asia or Europe, we now see that they possessed the art of working in metals.

"In addition to the articles found at Marietta, I have procured, from a mound on the little Muskingum, about four miles from Marietta, some pieces of copper, which appear to have been the front part of a helmet. It was originally about eight inches long, and four broad, and has marks of being attached to leather; it is much decayed, and is now quite a thin plate. A copper ornament in imitation of those described, as found in Marietta, was discovered with the plate, and appears to have been attached to the



centre of it by a rivet, the hole for which remains both in the plate and ornament. At this place, the remains of a skeleton were found. No part of it retained its form, but a portion of the forehead and scull, which lay under the plate of copper. These bones are deeply tinged with green, and appear to have been preserved by the salts of the copper.

"The mound in which these relicks were found, is about the magnitude of the one in Marietta, and has every appearance of being as ancient. I have in my possession some pieces of ancient potter's ware, found within the ancient works at Marietta. They are, some of them, neatly wrought, and composed of pounded flint-stone and clay. They are yet quite solid and firm, although they have lain for several years, exposed to rain and frost, on the surface of the ground.

"We often find pieces of broken ware near the banks of the river, and in the bottoms; but they are composed of clay and pounded clam shells; are much less compact and firm, and do not appear to have been burnt. They are evidently of the same composition with those made by the modern Indians.

"Some time in the course of this month, we propose opening several mounds in this place; and if any thing is discovered, which will throw light on the subject of the "*Ancients of the West*," it shall be communicated to your society, with a portion or all of the articles found. It seems to be a well-established fact, that the bodies of nearly all those buried in mounds, were partially, if not entirely, consumed by fire, before the mounds were built. This is made to appear, by quantities of charcoal being found at the centre and base of the mounds; stones burned and blackened, and marks of fire on the metallick substances buried with them. It is a matter of much regret that on no one of the articles yet found, have been discovered any letters, characters, or hieroglyphicks, which would point to what nation or age these people belonged. I have been told by an eyewitness, that a few years ago, near Blacksburgh, in Virginia, eighty miles from Marietta, there was found about half of a *steel bow*, which, when entire, would measure five or six feet: the other part was corroded or broken. The father of the man who found it was a blacksmith, and worked up this curious article, I suppose, with as little remorse as he would an old gunbarrel. Mounds are very frequent in that neighbourhood, and many curious articles of antiquity have been found there

"I have also been told from good authority, that an ornament composed of very pure *gold*, something similar to those found here, was discovered a few years since in Ross county, near Chilicothe, lying in the palm of a skeleton's hand, in a small mound. This curiosity, I am told, is in the museum at Philadelphia."

BASHFULNESS is more frequently connected with good sense, than we find assurance; and impudence, on the other hand, is often the mere effect of downright stupidity.—*Shenstone.*

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BALTIMORE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

A LITTLE more than one hundred and fifty years ago, the land upon which the city of Baltimore now stands, with its sixty millions of property, and over one hundred thousand inhabitants, was sold by the hundred acres, and laid out in extensive farms. Then the wide spreading forest gave habitation to prowling beasts, and shelter to the flocks of heaven. Then the waters of the brook pursued their way undisturbed over their silvery bed, and the bright shores of the Patapsco glittered in the sunbeams in lonely solitude. Now how changed! The trees of the forest have fallen before the axe of the woodman, and are no more to be seen; the birds and the beasts have been driven from their verdant homes, and sing their songs and seek their prey in far distant shades. The waters of the brook have been arrested in their course, and diverted into channels of usefulness; and the still brilliant shores of the Patapsco are vocal with the sounds of merriment that ascend from the lips of thousands who pursue their paths of business by the side of fleets that walk like things of life over the broad and beautiful river.

It seems strange at this day of improvement, to talk of the acres that were farmed where streets are now located, and where busy thousands breathe. Yet such was the fact, and that within the memories of our grandfathers. Between the years 1660 and 1670, Mr. Charles Gorsuch, a member of the Society of Friends, purchased a plantation of fifty acres on Whetstone Point, including the spot which our beautiful fort Mc Henry now encloses. For this fifty acres of land Mr. Gorsuch paid the extravagant demand of ten pounds, either in cash or tobacco, and a prettier spot he could scarcely have selected; for Whetstone Point sits like a swan upon the river, breasting the bright waves that roll in beauty against her form. About the same time Mr. Alexander Mountenag took up two hundred acres on each side of the stream now known by the name of the Hartford run; for years the place was called Mountenag's bottom, or Mountenag's neck.

Mr. Charles Gorsuch seemed to be a man whose "constant care was to increase his store," for he paddled his canoe across the Patapsco, for the very laudable purpose of paying his addresses to a certain Miss Cole, whose father, Mr. Thomas Cole, was the owner of five hundred and fifty acres of what was considered pretty good land—extending from Mountenag's farm, a little west of Hartford run to the distance of one mile westward, in the neighborhood of where Chatsworth run finds its way through the city, and from the river shore to Salisbury Plains, about half a mile north. This farm was divided into two parts, by the stream, afterward called 'Jones's Falls,' in honor of a Mr. David Jones, who became its owner,—it was known by the appellation of "Cole's Harbor," and after the old gentleman's death, it gave harbor and habitation to the beforementioned Mr. Charles Gorsuch, whose success in the way of courtship made him sole occupant of Miss Cole's heart, and sole owner of her valuable property.

Sometime after his marriage, Mr. Gorsuch discovered that his farm was too large, and he disposed of a considerable portion of it to Mr. David Jones, who fixed his residence at the head of tide-water, on Jones's Falls, near the place where French-street is now situated.

Mr. David Jones, after falling in love with a young widow, courted and married her, and to her son, Mr. James Todd, bequeathed his vast possessions. This Mr. Todd, in turn, became a suitor; he wooed and won the hand and heart of a nice young lady, who became the possessor of Mountenag's neck. Having made respectable additions to his property, and ranged awhile over his fields and forests, he made a re-survey of the entire estate, lopping off some portions, which he conveyed to certain of his neighbors for value received, he procured a patent for the remainder, under the name and title of "Todd's Range." This Todd appears to have been a man of business. In a short time he disposed of different sections of this land, and was thereby the means of bringing new neighbors near his own solitary dwelling. Three hundred acres of his boasted soil fell into the hands of Captain Richard Colgate, who was county commissioner, and gave his name to a creek which still bears it, near the north branch of the Patapsco, from a part of which some of his ancestry had the honor of driving a party of Indians, who had planted their village upon the banks of a beautiful cove which makes up from the river. Fragments of rude earthen cooking utensils and arrow-points of stone, are to be found upon the spot to this day.

Charles Carroll, Esq., purchased of Mr. Todd a tract cut off from his "range," and afterward sold a part of it, consisting of about thirty acres, to Mr. Jonathan Hanson, who built a mill; the remains of which still stand like a solemn memorial of the past, near the northwestern intersection of Holiday and Bath-streets. How it is that this old relic of by-gone years has been allowed to survive the time-worn fabrics with which it once held companionship, we are not able to divine. Some protecting spirit has doubtless sheltered it beneath his wing, and protected it from the utter decay which has fallen upon every human invention that once stood near it. A century and more it has borne the ravages of time, and still may bare its head to the "battle and the breeze."

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ARNOLD'S EXPEDITION INTO CANADA IN 1775.

Abridged for the present work, from Hawkins' Picture of Quebec.

The invasion of Canada by the troops of the American Congress rendered the year 1775 remarkable in the annals of the province.

Canada, supposed to be perfectly secure, had been left almost destitute of regular troops, nearly all of which had been removed to Boston. The whole force of this description consisted of only two regiments of Infantry, the 7th Fusileers, and the 26th, amounting to no more than eight hundred men. Of these the greater part were in garrison at St. John's, the rest dispersed through the various posts.

On the 17th September, 1775, brigadier general Richard Montgomery, who had formerly been in the British service, appeared at the head of an army, before the fort of St. John's; which, after a gallant defence, surrendered on the 3rd November, the garrison marching out with the honors of war. Montreal, which was entirely defenceless, capitulated on the 12th November, and general Carlton, conceiving it of the utmost importance to reach Quebec, the only place capable of defence, passed through the American force stationed at Sorel, during the night, in a canoe with muffled paddles, and arrived in Quebec on the 19th, to the great joy of the garrison and loyal inhabitants, who placed every confidence in his well-known courage and ability.

While the province was thus threatened with subjugation on the side of Montreal, a new danger presented itself from a quarter so entirely unexpected, that until the particulars were ascertained, the fears and superstitions of the inhabitants of the country parishes had ample subject of employment and exaggeration. An expedition of a singular and daring character had been successfully prosecuted against Quebec from the New England States, by a route which was little known and generally considered impracticable. This expedition was headed by colonel Arnold, an officer in the service of the Congress; who with two regiments, amounting to about eleven hundred men, left Boston about the middle of September, and undertook to penetrate through the wilderness to Point Levi, by the means of the rivers Kennebec and Chaudiere.

The spirit of enterprise evinced in this bold design, and the patience, hardihood, and perseverance of the new-raised forces employed in the execution, will forever distinguish this expedition in the history of offensive operations. A handful of men ascending the course of a rapid river, and conveying arms, ammunition, baggage and provisions through an almost trackless wild—bent upon a most uncertain purpose—can scarcely be considered, however, a regular operation of war. It was rather a desperate attempt, suited to the temper of the fearless men engaged in it, the character of the times, and of the scenes which were about to be acted on the American continent. The project, however, of Arnold was by no means an original thought. It had been suggested by Governor Pownall, in his "Idea of the service of America," as early as the year 1758. He says,—"The people of Massachusetts, in the counties of Hampshire, Worcester and York, are the best wood-hunters in America. . . . . I should think if about a hundred thorough wood-hunters, properly officered, could be obtained in the county of York, a scout of such might make an attempt upon the settlements by way of Chaudiere river."

On the 22nd September, Arnold embarked on the Kennebec river in two hundred batteaux, and notwithstanding all natural impediments—the ascent of a rapid stream, interrupted by frequent *portages* through thick woods and swamps—in spite of frequent accidents—the desertion of one third of the number—they at length arrived at the head of the river Chaudiere, having crossed the ridge of land which separates the waters falling into the St. Lawrence from those which run into the sea. They now reached Lake Megantic, and following the course of the Chaudiere river, their difficulties and privations, which had been so great as on one occasion to compel them to kill their dogs for sustenance, were speedily at an end. After passing thirty-two days in the wilderness, they arrived on the 4th November at the first settlement, called *Sertigan*, twenty-five leagues from Quebec, where they obtained all kinds of provisions. On the 9th colonel Arnold arrived at Point Levi, where he remained twenty-four hours before it was known at Quebec; and whence it was extremely fortunate that all the small craft and canoes had been removed by order of the officer commanding the garrison. On the 13th, late in the evening, they embarked in thirty-four canoes, and very early in the morning of the 14th, he succeeded in landing five hundred men at Wolfe's Cove, without being discovered from the *Lizard* and *Hunter*, ships of war.—The first operation was to take possession of what had been general Murray's house on the St. Foy road, and of the General Hospital. They also placed guards upon all the roads, in order to prevent the garrison from obtaining supplies from the country.

The small force of Arnold prevented any attempt being made towards the reduction of the fortress until after the arrival of Montgomery from Montreal, who took the command on the 1st December, and established his head quarters at Holland House. Arnold is said to have occupied the house near Scott's Bridge, lately inhabited by the Honorable Justice Kess.

The arrival of the governor on the 19th November had infused the best spirit among the inhabitants of Quebec. On the 1st December, the motley garrison amounted to eighteen hundred men—all, however, full of zeal in the cause of their king and country, and well supplied with provisions for eight months. They were under the immediate command of colonel Allan Maclean, of the 84th regiment of Royal Emigrants, composed principally of those of the gallant Fraser's Highlanders, who had settled in Canada.

The bombardment of the town commenced and was continued with obstinacy and perseverance through December. With the issue of the siege our readers are most probably acquainted. It resulted in the repulse of the American troops, a partial surrender, and the death of the brave Montgomery. Arnold was wounded in the knee, and was carried disabled to the General Hospital. The Americans lost in the attack about one hundred killed and wounded, and six officers of Arnold's party. The British lost one officer, and seventeen killed and wounded. By the death of Montgomery the command devolved upon Arnold, who had received the rank of brigadier general. Arnold continued the blockade, but without success, al-

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though he had received reinforcements, that swelled his army to about two thousand men. On the 5th of May the siege was raised, and the American troops retired to Montreal.

THE SIEGE OF FORT MEIGS.

HARRISON now learned from a messenger from the River Raisin, that the enemy would leave Malden on the 7th of April, to invest our fort with a large force, well provided with all the munitions of war.

Learning this fact, every effort was now made to complete the defences of the fort, and prepare for the approaching attack. The intervals of guard and fatigue duty, were employed in practising the troops, and in performing military evolutions. Information arrived, that Tecumseh had reached Malden, from the Wabash, with six hundred warriors.

The savages began to hover around the fort, and on the 28th the British army appeared in Maumee Bay, ascending it in many small vessels accompanied by a large number of open boats. The Indians marched along upon the land, ascending towards the garrison.

TECUMSEH, WALK-IN-THE-WATER, and SPLITLOG commanded three thousand savages; and the British regulars and Canadians amounted to one thousand men. The whole force was commanded by the newly made major general Proctor.

HARRISON was extremely anxious to send a messenger to general Green Clay, who he knew must be not far off, by this time, coming from Kentucky, and moving forward to strengthen this post. Captain WILLIAM OLIVER of Cincinnati, offered his services as the messenger, whose services were gladly accepted. Accompanied by one white man, and one Indian, and escorted a short distance by eighty dragoons, Captain OLIVER made his way towards the object of his destination with sure but rapid footsteps.

We leave him and go back to the fort, and there find Harrison addressing all his command, duly assembled in martial array in front of their General. This popular address was answered by shouts of applause and devotion.

Instantly the enemy's gun-boats were seen disgorging their troops, guns and munitions of war, on the site of the old British fort Miami, on the southeast side of the upper end of Maumee Bay. Having performed this service, they took in and conveyed over the Maumee river, on to its eastern shore their red allies, who forthwith invested our garrison, yelling hideously all around it.

Next morning the General issued a patriotic general order, which was read to the troops. One third of the whole garrison was ordered into the trenches, all the time night and day. These were relieved every three hours. Captains GRATIOT and WOOD were the engineers who planned and superintended the construction of these defences. All was now animation. The enemy was constructing his batteries; our men were laboring on their defences. Around our fort was a space some hundred yards or more in width clear of trees. Not liking to venture on this open space, the savages went beyond it, and climbed up the trees, from whence they killed several and wounded still more of our men. Sorties to shoot down these aerial combatants, as so many squirrels, were frequent, and an occasional grape shot took effect on them. The Indian yell, and the constant blaze of their rifles, produced an excellent effect in our camp, and the men labored constantly, and with great effect on the defences. On the 30th the enemy's batteries were completed, and his artillery fixed on them, under a heavy fire from our fort not without effect. On the morning of the 1st of May, it was discovered by our officers, that the batteries of the enemy were completed, mounted with guns, and at 10 in the forenoon, he was seen to be loading his pieces, and preparing for his grand attack on our fort.

By this time our troops had completed their grand traverse twelve feet high, on a twenty feet base, and three hundred yards long, running along on elevated ground through the middle of the fort, calculated to ward off the balls of the enemy. The tents in front of this traverse which had previously hidden this defence from the enemy's view, were by order of the General, all removed within fifteen minutes, behind it, leaving the mere bank of earth for the enemy to open his batteries upon. John Bull, however, was determined to fire away his ammunition from these batteries of his, at our fort; so he fired away during about three days in succession, to no effect upon us.

Presuming that the enemy would change his position of attack to the east side of the river where he could do us some real injury, our people had prepared such a defence. On the morning of the 3d of May, the enemy opened upon our fort such a battery, on which he had mounted three pieces of cannon and a howitzer. They were placed on our left up a ravine in some bushes. A few eighteen pound shot drove off this force, and totally silenced their guns, for a while at least.

On the 4th it rained hard all day. A new battery was discovered, though, on the east side of the Maumee. A traverse was instantly made to defend our fort from its artillery. Several men were killed and wounded on both sides. A British officer was killed with a rifle ball by lieutenant Gwynne. The Pittsburgh and Petersburgh volunteers, now reduced by death to about one hundred men, were the only disposable force in the garrison; so large were the works, compared with the troops in the fort. These were reserved for any sudden emergency, and lay in the centre of the garrison near the General. About midnight, the officer of the day informed the General, that some persons were at the gate who wished to see him. Harrison arose and going to the sallying port on the river, there found major TRIMBLE of Kentucky, Captain WILLIAM OLIVER of Ohio, and several privates. They were received with great joy. They had descended the river in a skiff, and had left general Clay at the head of the rapids. He was moving downwards in his open boats, and would be at the fort between three and four o'clock in the morning. This was the report of Captain Oliver, the safely returned messenger, who had so cheerfully volunteered his services on this occasion.

Now was Harrison's time to raise the siege, by attacking the enemy on both sides of the river, and taking his batteries. This was the instant determination of the General, and he despatched captain Hamilton of Ohio, to general Clay, ordering him to land from six to eight hundred men on the west bank of the river; to attack the enemy's batteries, spike his

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guns, cut their carriages in pieces, and destroy his property. Having done this, to ascend the river to their boats, and cross over the Maumee, and join those in the fort. The residue of the brigade was ordered to land on the east side of the river and enter the fort. The regular troops under colonel Miller, and the Pittsburgh and Petersburgh volunteers, were ordered to hold themselves in readiness for a sortie, to attack the enemy's batteries, on the east side of the river at the same moment in which the attack was made on the western side of the Maumee.

The conception of these simultaneous attacks was a noble one, and now let us see how it was executed.

The day of the 5th of May dawned, the sun arose and shone until 8 o'clock in the forenoon, before Clay and his brigade appeared to the garrison. The night was dark, and the pilot refused to proceed in the darkness. Hamilton met Clay about the middle of the rapids and delivered his orders to him. Clay selected Dudley, his oldest colonel, for the command of the detachment, which was to attack the British garrison, and eight hundred men volunteered to serve under him. They landed on the western shore, marched furiously to the batteries of the enemy, slew, or drove off, all his troops, at these batteries, spiked all the guns, cut their carriages into small pieces, pulled down all the poles on which the red cross of St. George was flying, and then abandoned themselves to a real frolic.

Here we leave them and go over to Clay and his remaining troops. Six boats contained all the remainder of the brigade after Dudley had left it. In the foremost one, near the shore on which fort Meigs was, Clay was seen approaching the fort, assailed by a host of savages on that flank. Four boats' crews, by wind and waves, were compelled to land, and fight their way to the fort. General Clay did the same. Harrison sent out Major Alexander of the Pennsylvania volunteers, to aid and protect the Kentuckians. The Indians increased in numbers on this flank, and finally crawled along from stump to stump, to within one hundred and fifty yards of the fort. Boswell (newly arrived,) Alexander and Herring, were ordered to charge them, which they did with alacrity. The savages were driven off, and Clay and his four hundred men safely entered the fort. All this was done before Dudley reached the British works. And at the moment when Dudley and his detachment began their attack on the enemy's batteries, Colonel John Miller, with two hundred and fifty men, consisting of United States regulars, Pennsylvania and Virginia volunteers and Sebree's Kentucky militia, in all two hundred and fifty men, being ready, and drawn up in a ravine near the east end of the fort, marched rapidly, ascending the hill along the ravine until within two hundred yards of the enemy's batteries, they came into an open, level plain. Here they were fired upon by three companies of British regulars, on their right: two companies of Canadian militia, and Tecumseh and his warriors, on their left. In front, the enemy's three pieces of cannon, a howitzer, and two hundred men, poured down upon our troops, a storm of lead and iron. Assailed by four times their own numbers, they were compelled, at the end of one hundred yards, to close up their lines. Then with the fury of the tornado, and the storm, they swept away all opposition. They spiked and rendered useless the enemy's guns and mortar, drove off, killed, wounded or captivated all this hostile force.

Miller and his men returned to the garrison. On both sides of the river, the sorties were victorious. So the noble conception of Harrison had been nobly executed, on both sides of the Maumee.

After this last sortie, a British officer, major Chambers, bearing a flag of truce, was seen crossing the river from the enemy's side of the Maumee, and he landed on the beach under our fort. Major Hukill, the general's aid, was sent to receive him. The officer told his errand: that he came to demand the surrender of the garrison. Major Hukill told him, that such a demand was useless. But the officer insisted on seeing the general; so blindfolding him, major Hukill conducted him into the presence of General Harrison. The whole conversation on that occasion was reduced to writing on the spot. Its authenticity is placed beyond a doubt.

The conversation between Major Chambers and General Harrison was as follows, viz.

Major Chambers. General Proctor has directed me to demand the surrender of this post. He wishes to spare the effusion of blood.

General Harrison. The demand under present circumstances, is a most extraordinary one. As general Proctor did not send me a summons to surrender on his first arrival, I had supposed that he believed me determined to do my duty. His present message indicates an opinion of me that I am at a loss to account for.

Major Chambers. General Proctor could never think of saying any thing that would wound your feelings. The character of general Harrison as an officer, is well known. General Proctor's force is very respectable, and there is with him a larger body of Indians, than ever was assembled before.

General Harrison. I believe I have a very correct idea of general Proctor's force; it is not such as to create the least apprehension for the result, whatever shape he may be pleased to give it hereafter. Assure the General however, that this post will never be surrendered to him on any terms. Should it fall into his hands, it will be in a manner calculated to do him more honor, and give him higher claims on the gratitude of his government than any capitulation could possibly do.

Immediately afterwards, Chambers returned as he came, over the river to Proctor.

We return to Dudley and his detachment, at the enemy's batteries, which they had taken, and then had given themselves up to exultation at their success. The enemy had retreated entirely beyond Dudley's sight or hearing, and had then concentrated his forces, red and white. While a few Indians near Dudley, drew the attention of his men, a large detachment, three times Dudley's number approached him, at the batteries, and rushing on our exulting troops, in a few minutes killed forty or fifty Kentuckians; wounded some seventy-five and captured five hundred and fifty prisoners. One hundred and fifty on our extreme left of this detachment escaped to their boats, crossed the river, and reached fort Meigs in safety, carrying their wounded along with them.

The enemy now found himself in a very crippled condition. His guns and mortars were rendered useless; and he had lost more in killed, wounded, and

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prisoners, than the besieged. Proctor agreed to an exchange of prisoners, and also to account for the difference hereafter, Harrison having taken more prisoners than Proctor.

Our loss during the siege, was as follows: killed eighty-one; wounded one hundred and eighty-nine; total killed and wounded, two hundred and seventy. Sixty-four were killed in the sorties, and one hundred and twenty-four wounded. The remainder, eighty-one, were killed and wounded in the fort. Dudley's detachment is not included in this estimate. Proctor finding himself completely baffled, in all his attempts to take this garrison, set himself seriously to work to draw off his forces, in the best order he could do. During the succeeding three days and a half, he labored with this view, and on the 9th day of May, 1813, at noon, annoyed seriously by our artillery, he sailed down the bay, and soon disappeared from the view of our garrison.

PATRIOTISM.

True patriotism, or the love of country, has ever been esteemed as a sublime virtue. For as Cicero has well observed, all those charities, all those affections of good-will which we bear to relatives, friends and benefactors are included in it. Patriotism strengthens and purifies the affections—elevates and enlarges the soul, and opens it to the contemplation of those objects of benevolence and charity, which claim the attention of the merciful and challenge the approbation of the good. It implies a reverence for the institutions of our country, and a respectful submission to her laws. It implies more: it implies a zeal in defending and supporting those institutions and laws by all laudable efforts. The true patriot will use every honorable means in his power to advance the interest and honor of his country. He will discountenance vice and immorality, in whatever form they may present themselves, and encourage morality and virtue, both by precept and example. He will be ever ready to offer himself as a sacrifice upon the altar of his country, and to pour out his blood in defence of her liberties; and in the hour of moral darkness and political degeneracy, when the black clouds are gathering over his head, he will be the first to bare his brow.

Who cannot look back and contemplate with pleasure and delight the characters of those who have devoted their time, their talents and their lives, for the honor and prosperity of their country, the good of their fellow-men, and for the advancement of religion and truth? No government under heaven, especially a democracy, can long exist uncorrupted, unless the people have a love to their country, and a regard to her institutions, superior to all private and personal considerations. They must let the glow of patriotism kindle to a flame, and burn and blaze upon their very countenances, with undying lustre. The soul filled with true patriotism, feels a fire burning within which the bloody waters of despotism will never be able to quench, nor the sword of the tyrant to subdue. This was the patriotism that burned in the bosoms of the patriots of the revolution. Yes, they loved their country indeed. In that little band, the descendants of an oppressed and despised ancestry, driven by intolerance and persecution from their homes and their native soil, to seek an asylum in the forests of a newly discovered world, we behold the consummation and concentration of all human virtues—all that is great in intellect, lofty in thought, elevated in sentiment, generous in purpose, or decisive in action. Their love of truth and justice was ever unwavering; their regard for religion and morality unfaltering; and their sincerity, candor, magnanimity, gentleness, and forgiveness of injuries without a parallel. Reared and educated in the severe school of adversity, there were no difficulties they could not surmount, no privations they could not submit to, no hardships they could not endure, nor any sacrifice they were not ready to make. Their lives, their fortunes, their honor, and all they held near and dear, were devoted to their country's cause. Nor did their patriotism spring from ambition or vain-glory. Many who acted a conspicuous part in the great drama, and staked their all upon the issue, had already passed the meridian of life, and some were even veterans of half a century, whose heads were silvered o'er with age, and who were fast tottering down the declivities of time. Neither did it arise from interest or avarice: all forsook their avocations of gain, their homes, their fire-sides, and their friends, and enlisted in the same common cause. And whether in the battle field, in the cabinet, or at the desk; whether wielding the glittering sword, or flourishing the pen, that mighty instrument of little men; or whether with the sword of the spirit, directed by an eye of faith; all with a firm reliance on the justice of their cause and the protection of the God of heaven, aimed at the same great end, the freedom of their country, and the amelioration of the condition of man. Such were the characters and such the patriotism of those whom a world delights to honor; whose names, inscribed on freedom's banner, waving at the mast head, will live when all the monuments of Egyptian and Roman greatness shall have perished into dust. Never did the moral and intellectual firmament glow with brighter constellations; never was the historian's page decked with brighter gems. Ancient Greece once boasted of a Themistocles, of a Demosthenes, and of Socrates; Rome, too, delighted to tell the story of a Cicero, a Cæsar, and a Constantine: but it was reserved for us to boast of such men as a Washington, and a Warren, an Otis, and a Jefferson—the former unrivalled in the field, the latter unsurpassed in the cabinet. To such pilots, was freedom's bark with her little crew, intrusted in that perilous hour, when the darkness of the firmament, and the commotion of the elements seemed to threaten destruction and extinguish hope. Yes! then it was that this little chosen band, borne forward in the ark of liberty, remained steadfast in their purpose, till the dove of peace sent forth, having found whereon to rest her foot, returned bearing the olive leaf, which was hailed with acclamations, which echoed and re-echoed through the length and breadth of our happy land; which acclamations have been annually reiterated on the day of our national jubilee, until the sound wafted on the gentle breeze, has been borne to distant climes, proclaiming man's "inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Let but such patriotism fire the bosom of Americans, and a literary and moral reformation would commence which would enlighten and christianize the world.

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THE APOLLO GALLERY, NEW-YORK.

It is a remarkable fact that the "journals," "retrospects," "tours," and "recollections," of foreigners who have travelled through various parts of this country within a few years, have, amidst all their slanders, given credit to our artists for talents of a high order. The progress of the fine arts in this country, has indeed been as rapid as the increase of wealth or population; and, although the number of our artists who have attained to celebrity, is small, we can perceive that the number is very large, who, within a very few years, will, by the force of genius and perseverance, acquire a fame more durable than the warriour's wreath, more honourable than a sovereign's favour, or an hereditary title. "There seems to be," says Grund, "no want of talent among the artists in America; but, as yet there has been little done for their encouragement." Is that true? If so, it is a proper, and in our view a very important question, what ought to be done—what *can* be done for the encouragement of the Fine Arts and Artists in this country?

The Roman Church, in its day of power and splendour, was the great patron of the arts. The painter and the sculptor, and the workers in gems and gold, and mosaick and coloured glass, were used for the glory of the church; but they were amply rewarded. The Protestant churches tolerate only the works of the sculptor, while those of the painter are rejected; rather, we think, as a mark of separation, than for any positive objection in principle. Now we can see no good and sufficient reason, why the durable impressions produced by good pictures should be avoided in our churches, any more than in our schools. The visionary dreamings of unhealthy enthusiasm, the incredible legends of the dark ages, ought not to be revived, but there cannot exist, and we will go further and assert, there cannot be found, any rational objection to such as West's picture of "Christ healing in the Temple," Dunlap's "Christ rejected," and Chapman's "Christ restoring Sight to the Blind," being placed in our churches. If our clergy would reflect on this subject, and exercise the same sound judgement, independence, and liberality, toward painting, as they use toward poetry, musick, sculpture, and classical literature, they would confer a lasting benefit on the art of painting in this country. They need not fear, that by exercising this liberal feeling, they would lose popularity or influence, or raise injurious prejudices. The intelligence of the country would sustain them. Who utters a word of disapprobation because a painting of the Saviour, as large as life, is placed behind the pulpit of the Episcopal church, in Hartford, Connecticut? Our only objection to it is, that it was *imported*.

Italy will ever be the great school of the Fine Arts. There the great results of study, education, and genius combined, are to be found. But a visit to Italy should follow the acquisition of the elements of art. The more an artist knows of his profession, before he goes to Italy, so will the advantage of his opportunities there be increased. Italy, to the sculptor and the painter, should be like a college to youth—not the place to *begin*, but to *finish* his education. Let this be understood and always acted on, and let it be a point to be aimed at by every young artist in our country. Let our citizens understand it also, that every young artist *intends* to go to Italy, to finish his professional education; and let every such instance be embraced by the liberal and the wealthy to encourage their young countryman by commissions, or by the purchase of his studies on his return. Who knows how often such studies, left in Italy by some young American, have been buried under ground, smoked, and varnished, and then sent over and sold as veritable originals? Every American citizen, who orders a copy to be made from the great masters, should make it a rule to employ a countryman of his own—*provided*, one can be found, who can do him equal justice. If this principle were acted on, many of our young artists would be able to live comfortably, while completing their studies abroad, who, otherwise, must be doomed only to dream of Italy, and its treasures of art.

We come next to schools of art in our great cities. Take up Mr. Dunlap's book on the arts of design, and examine the course of education pursued by the legion of artists, whose names and exploits fill two thick octavo volumes, and we find a large proportion have been their own instructers; and yet, under every disadvantage, and in spite of every difficulty, have, to a considerable degree, triumphed. We are not to be understood as stating their triumph over all the difficulties of their profession, to that degree, that if they had been in England or France, they would have received the honours of knighthood, and became the companions of princes; but they accomplished, probably all they aimed at, a certain extent of reputation in their day, and a competence for a comfortable establishment, and the education of their children. But for this, they were indebted to no one for aid or encouragement. Their own propensities were indulged, and they made use of such pictures as fell in their way for models, and sometimes had the advantage of advice from one a little more advanced than themselves. But in our great cities, art has in a few instances, attained a higher rank, and we can with complacency compare the works of some of our own countrymen with those of modern European masters. Still we are unprovided with any adequate means for carrying on the work to that point where it becomes a subject of national interest, and national pride. We are proud of our navy, but what would the navy have accomplished, without schools, and without constant aid? When the government withdrew its favour, and publick regard lay dormant, what was the Navy of the United States in the eyes of foreign nations? Every British and French gunboat thought itself privileged to insult our flag. The skill and successful efforts of a few brave spirits

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have changed that state of things—and so it is with the arts. They are now objects of publick regard but they want the fostering aid of government and the establishment of publick galleries and schools. There is we know a liberal feeling among the publick men of the country, but there are many preventives of efficient action to any useful extent. The fear of offending narrow-minded constituents, and incurring the malediction of party for wasteful expenditure, and the illiberality of political partisans toward each other, will, most likely, debar the fine arts from government patronage in this country for a long time. The order now in course of execution for four large pictures for the Capitol is good so far as it goes, but unless it be followed with other orders, it will only serve to develop the talent pre-existing in the country and then abandoning it to chance patronage—or to perish. Two years of the five allowed for those pictures to be executed has passed away; we suppose they will all be finished to time. We would, therefore, recommend that our popular representatives prepare for other orders to follow this, and we see no reason why they do not extend the droppings of the publick purse more widely. Let smaller pictures be hereafter ordered. Historical pictures for the president's house, and a gallery of portraits of the framers of the Constitution of the United States and the founders of the colonies, or even go back to the discoverers and the first explorers of the country. Let Congress establish a national gallery of American art, erect a suitable edifice and fill it gradually with the works of American artists.

The corporation of the city of New York have done well to secure the portraits of a number of our heroes and publick men, but they set out on too large a scale. Their full-length portraits of the size of life, have filled their rooms too soon. They would have done more for the arts to have paid the same sums for smaller—and, in some instances they might have had better pictures. The corporations of other cities should follow the example, and improve upon it.

The directors of the Athenæum at Boston have expended considerable sums of money in accumulating pictures, but they should have regulated the expenditure by some fixed plan. They should have purchased altogether the finest old pictures they could procure through competent agents abroad, or good copies of pictures, most suitable for the illustration of the principles of art, as practised by the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch schools, and made their gallery in utility to students only second to those of Florence or Rome; they should have confined their purchases to American works of the best artists in the various walks of art. The artists would in either case have acquiesced, but they are now dissatisfied. They have aided the institution in its annual exhibitions, have created its funds and are not benefited by the expenditure, either by the establishment of a school of arts, or the sale of their own pictures.

The old American Academy of Fine Arts in New York was established with correct intentions toward the arts, and set out with the accumulation of studies for artists which might have been of immense value in the early education of students, and in training the publick mind to a proper appreciation of the creations of genius. It commenced its operations, when there were few artists of any eminence in the country, and was fostered by Robert R. Livingston and De Witt Clinton, and liberally aided by Napoleon. But its career has been marked by an unsteadiness and uncertainty for many years, and we believe its rich collection of pictures, statuary and books are at present of use to nobody.

Out of this institution sprung another formed by the artists, and known as the National Academy of Design. This is a well-organized institution, with professors in every branch of the arts; during the winter season it has a school for drawing from the life and from casts, and in the spring an exhibition of the works of living artists, which attracts great attention and is well visited. But there is no school for painting, or sculpture, or architecture; the students of those branches must seek the assistance of some regular practitioner of the art he selects, or plod his way alone as those have done who have gone before him.

The only establishment in the country for the instruction of young men in the art of painting, which is provided with the necessary *materiel* of study, and competent teachers, has lately sprung into existence at Philadelphia, under the management of Mr. Joshua Shaw and Mr. Manuel J. De Franca, one of whom instructs in landscape and the other the human figure; both, we should judge, well qualified for the task, and their school, we understand, is well attended from all parts of the United States.

The school attached to the Military Academy at West Point, and under the charge of Professor Weir, while it cultivates a knowledge of true principles in art, is limited in its course of instruction to drawing. We believe none of the students have ever become painters by profession, though some have produced very clever pictures.

We have here taken a general view of the fine arts, and the various institutions which have had, and have an influence upon them, and have pointed out some of the means by which they might be effectually promoted in this country. We come now to speak of an establishment lately opened at the Apollo, No. 410, Broadway, New York, by Mr. James Herring, the editorof the National Portrait Gallery, which promises to have an important influence on the arts, and the fortunes of the artists. Our attention has been drawn to it by some of the artists themselves, and we have taken time to inquire into its objects, and examine its tendency. We therefore profess to speak of it understandingly, and shall do so with candour.

The objects stated in various circulars which we have seen, addressed first to the artists and after

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ward to the publick, are, to provide a suitable depot for the *constant exhibition* and *sale* of all the productions of the fine arts, books on the arts and sciences, and history, particularly American history. This, in a few words, is a broad outline. A daring undertaking for an individual, but of great importance to the artists and to the publick. Thus far the artists appear to have united very generally in the undertaking, as at the time we are writing this article, the works of more than one hundred are on the walls of the Apollo Gallery, and a greater number have engaged to sustain it.

It appears that in the course of several years' intercourse with the artists, in the principal cities of the Republick, while conducting the National Portrait Gallery, Mr. Herring saw many of the difficulties under which the arts were confined. He was convinced there was a vast amount of artist talent not known or appreciated, because it had no means of expansion. Artists of superiour genius, and learning in their profession, who ought to be known extensively, had only a local reputation. Others had upon their hands the works of years of study and industrious application, their European studies, and their original works, when fresh from the galleries of Italy and France, while their hopes were bright as their colours, and ere the neglect of their countrymen cast a cold shadow upon the prospect before them. In short, there was no place in all this country where the works of our artists could be kept before the publick in safety, and where amateurs might resort, with the certainty of finding a collection, from which to select according to their taste. But the utility of such an establishment is not less to those who confine themselves to portrait and miniature painting. It is known to the professors of those branches of the art, that they must either have an exhibition room of their own, or be exposed to frequent, and sometimes constant interruption from the calls of visiters. By keeping specimens in a publick gallery and changing them occasionally that inconvenience may be avoided. Besides, it is a well-known fact, that in a city like New York, where everybody comes occasionally, the works of the artists of Boston or Philadelphia would become known to pertons who might live for years within five minutes' walk of the artist without seeing them. These appear to be the immediate advantages of the Apollo Gallery, but there are others of more importance. We understand that for pictures placed in the exhibition by artists for sale no commission is to be deducted; the exhibition providing the compensation. After the expenses of the exhibition are defrayed one half of the receipts will be appropriated to the purchase of works of art, for the foundation of a National Gallery in New York, of the products of American artists. We most sincerely hope the revenue will be as large as the plan is magnificent.

As the conductors of a work for the instruction and entertainment of families we feel bound to say to every head of a family, "Support the establishment with all your interest. Take your children, let those who can read be furnished with a catalogue, and let them become acquainted with every subject by the description there given, or which you yourselves can give to them." *Children* with their parents, *are admitted free.* Let them enjoy the privilege, and the next generation will know how to appreciate the arts above all who have preceded it.—The present exhibition contains nearly three hundred specimens, and is a rich and interesting collection, gathered from all sections of the country, and is far beyond what we had any anticipation of seeing, at the opening of the gallery.

It may be interesting to the artists, whose works are sent to this establishment, and who, from their distant residences, have not seen it, to be informed that the building outside is ornamental, and the exhibition rooms well lighted. Great care and good taste have been exercised in the arrangement of the pictures and statuary. There is not a spot in the whole of the apartments but what can be distinctly seen.

To the artists we trust it will prove a great advantage, to the publick an agreeable place of resort for amusement and instruction, and to the proprietor we give our sincere congratulations, at the success which has thus far attended his efforts to get up an attractive exhibition. We would recommend to him to extend his plan to the occasional delivery of a lecture on some topick connected with the arts, using the various works upon the walls as illustrations We know he is competent to the task himself, and we should suppose the artists and the teachers would willingly give an occasional discourse. For instance, a lecture on perspective, illustrated by the picture of the Capuchin Chapel; this might be followed by one on the effects of colours, another on the various styles of the ancient and modern painters. But we merely make the suggestion as one we think would be useful, and, if we may judge of others by ourselves, very agreeable.

CHANSONETTE.—C. F. Hoffman.

She loves—but 'tis not me she loves!—
Not me on whom she ponders,
When in some dream of tenderness
Her truant fancy wanders.
The forms that flit her visions through
Are like the shapes of old,
Where tales of Prince and Paladin
On tapestry are told.
Man may not hope her heart to win,
Be his of common mould!

But I—though spurs are won no more
Where herald's trump is pealing,
Nor thrones carved out for "lady fayre"
Where steel-clad ranks are wheeling—
I loose the falcon of my hopes
Upon as proud a flight
As theirs who hawked at high renown,
In song-ennobled fight.
If *daring* then true love may crown,
My love she must requite!

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A SCRAP OF HISTORY.

It may be interesting if not new to our readers, to be informed in what way the State of Connecticut became possessed of that portion of the State of Ohio known as the Western Reserve. To gratify the curiosity often manifested on this subject, we have rummaged over some old musty tomes, in our possession, and will now lay the sum and substance of our researches before the reader.

The original charter of the State of Connecticut was granted by Charles II, in 1662. The charter defined the limits of the State as follows:

From the south line of Massachusetts on the north, to Long Island Sound on the south, and from the Naraganset River on the east, to the Pacific Ocean on the west. It will be seen by reference to a map, that these boundaries would enclose not only what is now the State of Connecticut, but also portions of the States of New York and New Jersey—nearly one half of Pennsylvania—all of the northern portion of the State of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois—and a goodly part of the territories of Iowa, Missouri, and Oregon.—There was a clause in the charter, however, which excepted from its operations such portions as were then occupied by prior settlers.—This exception excluded such parts of N. York and N. Jersey as were within the prescribed limits. A dispute arising between New York and Connecticut, as to the boundaries between these States, it was settled by commissioners, appointed by the king, in 1664, who decided that Maroneck river should be the western boundary of Connecticut.

For nearly a century thereafter, Connecticut neglected to claim or settle any part of their territory west of New York, and a charter being granted to William Penn, in 1681, embracing all that part of the same which lies within the present State of Pennsylvania, a dispute ultimately arose between the two colonies, as to the right of possession in the disputed territory. Both colonies sold the same land, and each guaranteed to the purchasers undisturbed possession. This excited innumerable quarrels, and resort was often had to force of arms, to expel the intruders.

In 1770, the Legislature of Connecticut transmitted to England certain questions to be presented to the most able lawyers, respecting her title to lands west of New York. The answers were favorable to her claims, and determined the colony to maintain them. The revolutionary war happening soon after, suspended further proceedings, until after the close.

In 1781, the two States agreed to appoint commissioners to determine the dispute. An act of Congress was passed, granting to these commissioners full powers to act in the final settling of this long pending controversy. The commissioners met at Trenton, in November, 1782. After a full hearing of the matter in question, they decided that Connecticut had no right to the lands in dispute. Here the matter, so far as Pennsylvania was concerned, rested.

The State of Connecticut, notwithstanding, still laid claims to all lands lying west of Pennsylvania, and extending to the Mississippi river. To avoid future troubles, however, the Legislature agreed to cede all these lands to Congress, with the exception of a tract of one hundred and twenty miles in length, lying immediately west of the west line of Pennsylvania. This cession was accepted, and was considered to be an indirect acknowledgment that her claim was well founded.

This tract is known as the Western Reserve, and includes the counties of Ashtabula, Trumbull, Portage, Geauga, Cuyahoga, Medina, Lorain, Huron and Erie. A part of the tract was granted by the State to the inhabitants of New London, Fairfield and Norwalk, whose property had been destroyed by the British troops during the war. The remainder was sold in 1795, and the money arising from the sale appropriated to the purpose of constituting a perpetual fund, for the support of schools in the State.—*Ohio City Transcript.*

WIMPPAGNO'S GRAVE.

There are few, if any, of the gay and joyous ones, who ride so frequently down the river for recreation and pleasure, that even notice, as they go merrily on, a small mound of earth a short distance this side of Millcreek, whose base is watered by a little running stream, which terminates its gentle meanderings, by its confluence with the beautiful Ohio, having for its outlet a culvert, over which the road passes. This spot presented a far different appearance some fifty-four years ago, at which period, nothing but the fierce howl of the wolf, or the screechings of the midnight owl could be heard, save when the rifle gave forth its shrill crack, as the daring hunter pursued his game, or the whoop of the wily Indian resounded, when passing through this dense forest of beech and maple trees, from one ridge to another. I will narrate a legend touching this mound, which perhaps may prove interesting, and keep alive the thrilling incidents connected therewith.

'Twas near this spot, on an eve in the month of September, 17—, when the sun in all his golden radiance, was slowly sinking behind the western hills, and painting up the heavens with the most brilliant erubescent tinge, that a white man, habited in the rough garb of a hunter of those early days, was sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree, admiring the magnificence of the scene, whilst a shaggy dog, his only companion, was reposing at his feet. He had sat thus sometime, perfectly enchanted with nature's grand display, when his quick ear caught the sound of crackling leaves and branches, indicating that an animal, or an enemy, was near at hand. He immediately sprang behind a tree, and silenced the growling of his dog, whose sense of approaching footsteps had quickly been awakened.

The noise which he heard had ceased, and on peering out cautiously from behind the tree, the hunter discovered the dark form of an Indian, half hidden by the body of a large oak, who had his rifle in his hands, ready for any emergency that might require the use of it—as he too appeared to be on his guard, having heard the low growling of the dog.—At this instant the dog also spied the Indian, and barked aloud, which told the Indian of the proximity of his enemy. To raise his rifle was but the work of a moment, and the distinct cracks of two weapons were heard almost at the same time. The Indian's fell from his hands, as the ball of the hunter's had penetrated, and broken the elbow of his left arm,

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while the hunter escaped unhurt. Before the Indian could possibly re-load his rifle in his wounded condition, the hunter had rushed swiftly upon him with his knife, but not before the Indian had drawn his. The first thrust was parried off by the Indian with the greatest skill, and the shock was so great in the effort, that the hunter's weapon was thrown some thirty feet from him. Nothing daunted, he threw himself upon the Indian with all his force, and seized him around the body; at the same time encircling the right arm, in which the Indian still grasped his knife. The Indian, however, was a very muscular fellow, and the conflict now seemed doubtful indeed. The savage was striving with all his might to release his arm, in order to use his knife. In the struggle their feet became interlocked, and they both fell to the ground, the Indian uppermost, which extricated the Indian's arm from the iron grasp of the hunter. He was making his greatest endeavors to use his knife, but could not, from the position in which they were lying, as the hunter soon forced him over on his right side, and consequently he could have no use of his arm.

Just at this point of the deadly conflict, the Indian gave an appalling yell, and with renewed strength, placed the hunter underneath him again, and with a most exulting cry of victory, as he sat upon his body, raised his arm for the fatal plunge. The hunter saw death before his eyes, and gave himself up for lost, when just at this most critical juncture, his faithful dog, who had not been an uninterested observer of the scene, sprang forward and seized the Indian's wrist, which caused the weapon to fall harmless from his hand. The hunter seeing such a sudden change in his fate, made one last and desperate effort for his life, and threw the Indian from him. Before the prostrate savage had time to recover himself, the hunter had seized his knife, and with redoubled energy rushed upon him, and with his foot firmly planted on the Indian's breast, he plunged the weapon up to the hilt in his heart. The savage gave one convulsive shudder, and was no more. The hunter now bethought himself of wending his way homeward, as the sun had set far in the west, and twilight was fast enwrapping every thing in obscurity. As soon as he had possessed himself of his rifle, together with the Indian's weapons, he started immediately on his way. He had not gone but a short distance, when his ears were assailed by the startling whoop of a number of Indians. He ran eagerly for the river, and fortunately finding a canoe on the beach near the water, was soon out of reach of danger, and safely lodged in the encampment among his own companions, to whom he recounted his adventure. The Indians came up to the place of the recent rencounter, and discovered the body of a fallen comrade. They gave a most hideous yell, when upon examination they recognised in the dead Indian, the features of one of their bravest chiefs. After a short consultation, they bore the body to a brook near at hand, in the middle of which there was a spot of ground, forming a small island. This they selected as the burial place. Having dug a grave sufficiently large to admit the body, they carefully placed it in, and covered it over with clay and stones, and then threw up the earth that now forms this small mound where rests the remains of the once great chief Wimppagno.—*Cincinnati Republican.*

NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

I LOVE contemplating apart
From all his homicidal story,
The traits that soften to our hear.
Napoleon's glory.

Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Arm'd in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his youthful brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half way over
With envy; they could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover!

A stormy midnight watch he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer
If but the storm the vessel brought
To England nearer!

At last when care had banished sleep,
He saw, one morning—dreaming—doating,
An empty hogshead, on the deep,
Come shoarward floating!

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day—laborious—lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working!

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
Description; such a wretched wherry,
Perhaps, ne'er ventured on a pond
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea field—
'Twould make the very boldest shudder,
Untarr'd—uncompass'd—and unkeel'd—
No sail—no rudder.

From neighboring woods, he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows,
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows.

The French guard caught him on a beach—
His little argus sorely jeering,
Till tidings of him come to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace or danger,
And in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger:—

"Rash youth, that wouldst yon channel pass,
With twigs and staves so rudely fashioned,
Thy heart with some sweet English lass
Must be impassioned."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
"But—absent years from one another—
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt!" Napoleon said,
"You've both my favor justly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold;
And with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantly shift,
To find a dinner plain and hearty;
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Buonaparte.

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OUR COUNTRY.

Our eastern borders behold the sun in all its splendor rising from the Atlantic, while the western shores are embraced in darkness by the billows of the Pacific. Our country has indeed a vast extent of territory, with the diversified climates of the globe. On the one hand, is the ever smiling verdure of the beautiful and balmy south, and on the other, the steril hills and sombre pine forests of the dreary north; and intermediate, the outstretched region where the chilling blasts of winter are succeeded by the zephyrs and the flowers of summer.

The snow-clad summits of her mountains look down upon the elemental war of the storm clouds floating above the shrubless prairie, that realizes the obsolete notion of the earth being an immense plain; and, toward the ocean on the east and the west, upon the broad rich valleys where the father of waters, the "endless river," and the majestic Columbia with its hundred branches gently winds along, or rapidly rush on to mingle their waters with the waves of the Pacific, the Gulf of Mexico, or the magnificent expanse of our northwestern Caspian seas.

Could the power of vision at once extend over our whole wide domain, what a grand, ennobling scene would be presented to a spectator standing upon one of the lofty peaks of the Rocky Mountains, or, as Washington Irving aptly denominates it, "the crest of the world." And then to take, upon a summer day, a bird's-eye view of all our roads, canals, rail-roads, lakes and rivers—the innumerable post-coaches whirling along over our one hundred and thirty thousand miles of post-road; or steamers gliding magically along our waters; our locomotives shooting off like the comet upon its track; our rapid intercourse between the seaboard and the *inland maritime* cities; and our peaceful armament approaching and departing with the commerce of the world; with all the various, complicated movements of the country, town and city; and then, like Prior on Gronger Hill, to hear all the different musical and discordant sounds coming up to this "crest of the world," if they could comprehend the entire scene, from the bellowing of the buffalo, leading his shaggy hundreds over the prairie, to the roar of the cataract as it shakes the earth with its stupendous plunge, with all this beneath the eye and upon the ear well might the enraptured spectator exclaim, what a sublime panorama!

For variety, beauty, grandeur and sublimity of scenery, what country can surpass our own; What country can equal the life-sustaining power that slumbers in her soil! With all her wealth, improvements and intelligence, and with our twenty millions of inhabitants, still we have but just commenced the settlements of our country, and are only on the borders of the mighty wilderness. Her undeveloped resources are capable of sustaining a free population of more than one hundred millions. A century hence, in nineteen hundred and thirty-nine, the United States of America, with fifty stars upon her banner, may welcome, at the dawning of that New-Year's morn, no less than one hundred and twenty millions of happy freemen. How exalted may then be the intelligence and virtue of the people. The success of our efforts in the improvement of our schools, and the general diffusion of knowledge, enables us to make an estimate of what our posterity of the third generation are likely to become.

Active must be the ardent imagination that can picture the scene at a glance. The ideal landscape cannot equal the reality, however lively may be the fancy. The idea of such a view as we have fancied to be beheld from the mountain top a hundred years from this day, can never be conveyed by words, the picture must be painted by the wonder-working power of the pencil of ideality.

Our Country! Such is thy physical greatness, and such the intellectual and moral power that now gives promise of a glorious destiny, far beyond all parallel in the annals of the world. For such a destiny may thy institutions be well sustained; and may a halo of glory play around the name of every man who honestly labors in behalf of his fellows and posterity, to uphold, purify, perpetuate and extend them. Detroit Free Press.

HISTORY OF A MISSOURI EARTHQUAKE.

We make the following extract from an interesting letter, recently written by Dr. Linn, one of the United States' senators from Missouri, to the Honorable John Davis, chairman of a committee of the senate, on the subject of removing obstructions in the St. Francis, White and Big Black rivers, which, taking their rise in Missouri, run nearly parallel with the Mississippi for some hundred miles, and finally unite far down in Arkansas with the "Father of Waters." This letter contains much valuable geological information concerning the extensive and almost unexplored region, and discovers an intimate acquaintance with the subject which would authorize a much more full and elaborate essay by the writer, than a brief letter.

The annexed extract embraces the account we remember to have seen of the earthquake of 1811, and its transforming effect upon the surface of the country. It would appear by the statement of Dr. Linn, that on the removal of the rafts in these rivers, which may be accomplished at an inconsiderable expense, an immense track of valuable public land, in a benign climate, would be redeemed from waste, and the whole region rendered healthful and productive. The writer remarks:—

"From the town of Cape Giardeau to Helena, below the mouth of St. Francis's is a distance of several hundred miles, and from the banks of the Mississippi to the high grounds in Missouri and Arkansas, average sixty or seventy miles. The greater part of this area, with the exception of a narrow belt stretching along the Mississippi, is covered with an immense morass, inundated by the overflowing of the "Father of Waters," or submersed in rushing torrents from the neighboring hills, the principal of which is the St. Francis. These streams having their origin in elevated re-

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gions, when flushed by heavy rains or dissolving snows, fall into this great basin with tremendous force, and either from obstructions which actually exist, like the rafts on Red river, or from not having sufficient descent to carry off the rapidly accumulating waters, spread over the country, giving it the appearance of a vast lake, over which the magnificent forests of cypress and other gigantic trees wave their branches in glowing solitude.

In the midst of this wilderness, islands of rocks and elevated portions of land appear, of various dimensions, like oases in a desert, and denominated by the French "cote sans dessein," or hills without design. How came these lost hills in this position? The most reasonable answer that suggests itself to that question, in my opinion is, that the far greater portion of this gloomy region annually covered by water, and at all seasons, by a heavy growth of timber, thick canebrakes, closely interwoven by many plants of the convolvolus order, was once high grounds, but during some convulsions of nature sunk to its present general level, leaving spots unaffected to tower in grandeur over the surrounding scene of desolation.

At the same time, the St. Francis, forced from its bed or channel, was compelled to seek its devious way to the Mississippi, through lakes, lagoons, and slimy quagmires. Nor is the opinion altogether unsupported by facts or based on mere conjecture.

The memorable earthquake of December, 1811, after shaking the valley of the Mississippi to its centre, vibrated along the courses of the rivers and valleys and passing the primitive mountain barriers, died away along the shores of the Atlantic ocean. In the region now under consideration, during the continuance of so appalling a phenomenon, which commenced by distant rumbling sounds, succeeded by discharges as if a thousand pieces of artillery were suddenly exploded, the earth rocked to and fro, vast chasms opened, from whence issued columns of water, sand and coal, accompanied by hissing sounds, caused, perhaps by the escape of pent-up steam, while ever and anon, flashes of electricity gleamed through the troubled clouds of night, rendering the darkness doubly horrible.

The current of the Mississippi, pending this elementary strife, was driven back upon its source with the greatest velocity for several hours, in consequence of an elevation of its bed. But this noble river was not thus to be stayed in its course. Its accumulated waters came booming on, and overtopping the barrier thus suddenly raised, carried everything before them with resistless power. Boats that floated on its surface shot down the declivity like an arrow, from a bow, amid roaring billows and the wildest commotion.

A few days' action of this powerful current sufficed to wear away every vestige of the barrier thus strangely interposed, and its waters moved on in their wonted channels to the ocean. The day that succeeded this night of terror brought no solace in its dawn. Shock followed shock; a dense black cloud of vapor overshadowed the land, through which no sunbeam found its way to cheer the desponding heart of man, who, in silent communion with himself, was compelled to acknowledge his wickedness and dependance on the everlasting God.

The appearances which presented themselves after the subsidence of the principal commotion were such as strongly supported an opinion heretofore advanced. Hills had disappeared and lakes were found in their stead; and numerous lakes became elevated ground, over the surface of which vast heaps of sand were scattered in every direction, while, in many places the earth for miles was sunk below the general level of the surrounding country, without being covered with water, leaving an impression in miniature of a catastrophe much more important in its effect, which had, perhaps, preceded it ages before.

One of the lakes formed on this occasion, is sixty or seventy miles in length, and from three to twenty miles in breadth. It is in some places very shallow; in others, from fifty to one hundred feet deep; which is much more than the depth of the Mississippi, river in that quarter. In sailing over its surface in the light canoe, the voyager is struck with astonishment at beholding the giant trees of the forest standing partially exposed amid a waste of waters, branchless and leafless. But the wonder is still farther increased on casting his eye through the dark blue profound, to observe canebrakes covering its bottom, over which a mammoth species of testudo is occasionally seen dragging his slow length along, while countless myriads of fish are sporting through the aquatic thickets. But if God in his wrath has passed through this devoted land, if he touched the mountains and they disappeared in the abyss, his beneficent influence is still left in the soft climate, the unexampled fertility of its soil, the deep verdure of its forests, and the choicest offerings of Flora.

FOURTH OF JULY IN PALESTINE.

The Reverend Mr. Paxton, of Kentucky, who has just published an interesting work on Palestine, gives the following sketch of the celebration of our National Birth Day at Beyroot. We doubt if a more curious one ever occurred:—

The Fourth of July was duly celebrated at this place, so zealous is our consul for the honor of the country he represents. Our "star-spangled banner" was streaming in the wind over his own dwelling, and the flags of the different European powers who have consuls in this place were raised, as well also as the red banner of the Turks, as a token of respect. We had previously received a polite invitation to dine with the consul and his lady, "on the anniversary of the glorious Fourth." While we were enjoying a pleasant quiet repast within, the janissaries and servants were making all the noise they could without, by firing muskets from the tops of the houses, and cracking squibs, &c. We were informed that preparations had been made to play off a few fireworks from the terrace of the new house the consul was erecting, and were invited to go and see them. A little after sunset we set out for the place, which was not far distant, preceded by a janissary, with his

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silver-headed staff. Arrived at the spot, to our surprise, we found a company of two or three hundred collected. The ground floor of the building had been laid, and formed a fine open area for the reception of the company; seats had been arranged at one end for the accommodation of a few European friends, and the more respectable of the natives.

The janissaries, with others, were busy in keeping up some little bonfires of paper, which served for the time to illuminate the scene; others were beating the drums, and playing on the instruments used by the Arabs on festive occasions. Presently two of them, Moslems, I think, commenced a sort of sword fight or dance. Each held in one hand a naked sword, and in the other a thick huge shield of about a foot in diameter, with which to ward off the blows of his companion. They kept time with the music, and it was interesting to see the rapidity of their motions at times, and the dexterity with which each would parry the thrust of the other. When one couple were fatigued, another would succeed, and sometimes three or four would join in. Their motions were generally graceful, but frequently their gestures were ludicrous in the extreme. To us it was a novel sight, and we could not help thinking how strange it was to see these Turks skipping and jumping thus, and all for American Independence! The rockets and other works went off in good style, baskets with refreshments were brought in, and ice creams, cakes, and tea were handed round to us. The company then dispersed very quietly to their several homes.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BY LORD BROUGHAM.

THE following admirable sketch of the American philosopher, is from a new work by Lord Brougham, recently published in London, entitled, "*Statesmen in the Time of George III.*" It has been recently published in this country:—

One of the most remarkable men certainly of our times as a politician, or of any age as a philosopher was Franklin; who also stands alone in combining together these two characters, the greatest that man can sustain, and in this, that having borne the first part in enlarging science by one of the greatest discoveries ever made, he bore the second in founding one of the greatest empires in the world.

In this truly great man everything seems to concur that goes toward the constitution of exalted merit. First he was the architect of his own fortune. Born in the humblest station, he raised himself by his talents and his industry, first to the place in society which may be attained with the help only of ordinary abilities, great application, and good luck; but next to the loftier heights which a daring and happy genius alone can scale; and the poor printer's boy who at one period of his life had no covering to shelter his head from the dews of night, rent in twain the proud dominion of England, and lived to be the Ambassador of a Commonwealth which he had formed, at the Court of the haughty Monarchs of France who had been his allies.

Then, he had been tried by prosperity as well as adverse fortune, and had passed unhurt through the perils of both. No ordinary apprentice, no commonplace journeyman, ever laid the foundations of his independence in habits of industry and temperance more deep than he did, whose genius was afterward to rank him with the Galileos and the Newtons of the old world. No patrician born to shine in Courts, or assist at the Councils of Monarchs, ever bore his honors in a lofty station more easily, or was less spoilt by the enjoyment of them than this common workman did when negociating with Royal representatives, or caressed by all the beauty and fashion of the most brilliant Court in Europe.

Again he was self-taught in all he knew. His hours of study were stolen from those of sleep and of meals, or gained by some ingenious contrivance for reading while the work of his daily calling went on. Assisted by none of the helps which affluence tenders to the studies of the rich, he had to supply the place of tutors by redoubled diligence, and of commentaries, by repeated perusal. Nay, the possession of books was to be obtained by copying what the art which he himself exercised, furnished easily to others.

Next, the circumstances under which others succumb he made to yield, and bent to his own purposes—a successful leader of a revolt that ended in complete triumph after appearing desperate for years; a great discoverer in philosophy without the ordinary helps to knowledge; a writer famed for his chaste style without a classical education; a skilful negotiator, though never bred to politics; ending as a favorite, nay, a pattern of fashion, when the guest of frivolous Courts, the life which he had begun in garrets and in workshops.

Lastly, combinations of faculties, in others deemed impossible, appeared easy and natural in him. The philosopher, delighting in speculation, was also eminently a man of action. Ingenious reasoning, refined and subtle consultation, were in him combined with prompt resolution, and inflexible firmness of purpose. To a lively fancy, he joined a learned and deep reflection; his original and inventive genius stooped to the convenient alliance of the most ordinary prudence in every-day affairs; the mind that soared above the clouds, and was conversant with the loftiest of human contemplations, disdained not to make proverbs and feign parables for the guidance of apprenticed youths and servile maidens; and the hands that sketched a free constitution for a whole continent, or drew down the lightning from heaven, easily and cheerfully lent themselves to simplify the apparatus by which truths were to be illustrated, or discoveries pursued.

His discoveries were made with hardly any apparatus at all; and if, at any time he had been led to employ instruments of a somewhat less ordinary description, he never rested satisfied until he had, as it were, afterward translated the process

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by resolving the problem with such simple machinery, that you might say he had done it wholly unaided by apparatus. The experiments by which the identity of lightning and electricity was demonstrated, were made with a sheet of brown paper, a bit of twine, a silk thread, and an iron key.

Upon the integrity of this man, whether in public or in private life, there rests no stain. Strictly honest, and even scrupulously punctual in all his dealings he preserved in the highest degree that regularity which he had practised as well as inculcated in the lowest.

In domestic life he was faultless, and in the intercourse of society, delightful. There was a constant good humor and a playful wit, easy and of high relish, without any ambition to shine, the natural fruit of his lively fancy, his solid, natural good sense, and his cheerful temper, that gave his conversation an unspeakable charm, and alike suited every circle, from the humblest to the most elevated. With all his strong opinions, so often solemnly declared, so imperishably recorded in his deeds, he retained a tolerance for those who differed with him which could not be surpassed in men whose principles hang so loosely about them as to be taken up for a convenient cloak, and laid down when found to impede their progress. In his family he was everything that worth, warm affections, and sound prudence could contribute, to make a man both useful and amiable, respected and beloved. In religion he would be reckoned by many a latitudinarian; yet it is certain that his mind was imbued with a deep sense of the divine perfections, a constant impression of our accountable nature, and a lively hope of future enjoyment. Accordingly, his death-bed, the test of both faith and works, was easy and placid, resigned and devout, and indicated at once an unflinching retrospect of the past, and a comfortable assurance of the future.

If we turn from the truly great man whom we have been contemplating, to his celebrated contemporary in the Old World, (Frederick the Great,) who only affected the philosophy that Franklin possessed, and employed his talents for civil and military affairs, in extinguishing that independence which Franklin's life was consecrated to establish, the contrast is marvellous, indeed, between the Monarch and the Printer.

GENERAL WILLIAMS.

Otho Holland Williams was descended from the English stock, his ancestors having emigrated soon after Lord Baltimore became proprietor of the Colony of Maryland. His father settled in the County of Prince George, where Otho, his eldest son, was born in the year 1748. His father soon afterward removed from Prince George to Frederic County, and settled near the mouth of Conogocheaque Creek, where himself and wife died, leaving one daughter and two sons, the eldest of the latter not more than twelve years old. A Scotch gentleman by the name of Ross having married his sister, Otho was taken under his protection, and was bred up in the clerk's office in the county—a profession which presented better prospects to a young man than any other office then procurable under the Colonial Government of Maryland.—Ross dying, Colonel Steel of Hagerstown married his widow, and continued to patronise his wife's brothers. In this situation Williams continued until he was removed, just before the war broke out, to the Clerk's office in the County of Baltimore, of which he had the principal direction, and the business of which he conducted with exemplary propriety. Anxious to draw his sword in defence of his oppressed country, as soon as the last resort became inevitable, Williams was appointed Lieutenant in the company of riflemen raised in the County of Frederic, commanded by Captain Price, and marched in 1775 to the American camp before Boston. In 1776, a rifle regiment was formed, of which Stephenson was appointed colonel, Rawlins, lieutenant-colonel and Williams major.

Stephenson soon dying, the command of the regiment devolved upon Rawlins, who with his regiment formed a part of the garrison of Fort Washington, in the state of New York, when assailed by Sir William Howe, pushing Washington over the North river. In this attack, the rifle regiment opposed the Hessian column, and behaved to admiration, holding for a long time victory in suspense, and severely crippling its adversary. The Fort was nevertheless carried by capitulation, and its garrison became prisoners of war. After the surrender of Burgoyne's army, Colonel Wilkinson, adjutant-general to General Gates, who was personally attached to Major Williams, procured his exchange for Major Achland, wounded in the first action between the Northern armies, and left on the ground, with many others, to the mercy of the American general. While in captivity, Williams became entitled to the command of a regiment; and as soon as he was exchanged, he was placed at the head of sixth Maryland. The Maryland and Delaware lines having been detached to South Carolina soon after the reduction of Charleston. Colonel Williams accompanied the Baron De Kalb; and after General Gates took command of the army, he was called to the important station of adjutant-general to the same.

He bore a distinguished part in the battle of the sixteenth of August, and shared with the general in the bitter adversity of that disastrous period. When Greene took command of the Southern army, Colonel Williams was retained in the station he then occupied, which he held to the end of the war, enjoying the uninterrupted confidence of his commander, and the esteem of his fellow-soldiers.

Throughout the important campaign which followed, he acted a conspicuous part, and greatly contributed by the honorable and intelligent discharge of the duties of the station which he held, to the successful issue of Greene's operations. At the head of the light troops, during our difficult retreat, he was signally efficient in holding the army safe until it effected its passage across the river Dan; and after Greene's return to North Carolina, when, to save that State, the American general was constrained to put to hazard his inferior force, he was not less useful in thwarting the various attempts of Lord Cornwallis to strike his antagonist. He seconded with vigor and ef-

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fect his General in the fields of Guilford, of Hobkick, and of Eutaw, invariably exciting by his impressive example officer and soldier to the animated display of skill and courage. Returning, upon peace, to his native state, the Government, desirous, (*at that time* common through America,) to reward, wherever it had the power, those officers and soldiers who continued to the last, bestowed upon this distinguished patriot the collectorship of the port of Baltimore—the most lucrative office within its gift. On the adoption of the present constitution and government of the Union, Washington was called to the presidency, and of course continued Williams, with whose merit he was particulary acquainted, in his office.

Previous to this epoch, he intermarried with Miss Mary Smith, daughter of William Smith, Esq., one of the ancient and most respectable inhabitants of the town, by whom he had four sons, all of whom survived their parents. General Williams' health had for many years before his death been very delicate, resulting from the hardships incident to military life, increased in his case by the severe treatment experienced while a prisoner in New York, which was peculiarly oppressive at that period, while Sir William Howe commanded the British forces in America. Vainly attempting, by change of climate, and every other advisable measure, to stop the menacing disease, he, unhappily for his country, his family and his friends, fell a victim to the pulmonary complaint in July 1794, on his way to the Sweet Springs. His amiable and disconsolate wife soon fell the victim of grief, exhibiting a rare display of the tenderness and ardor of conjugal love. Brigadier-general Williams was about five feet ten inches high, erect and elegant in form, made for activity rather than strength. His countenance was expressive, and the faithful index of his warm and honest heart.

Pleasing in his address, he never failed to make himself acceptable, in whatever circle he moved, notwithstanding a sternness of character which was sometimes manifested with too much asperity. He was beneficent to his friends, but very cold to all whose correctness in moral principle became questionable in his mind. As a soldier, he may be called a rigid, not a cruel, disciplinarian: obeying with exactitude his superior, he exacted the like obedience from his inferior. He possessed that range of mind, although self-educated, which entitled him to the highest military station, and was actuated by true courage which can refuse as well as give battle.—Soaring far above the reach of vulgar praise, he singly aimed at promoting the common weal, satisfied with the consciousness of doing right, and desiring only that share of applause which was justly his own. There was a loftiness and liberality in his character which forbade resort to intrigue and hypocrisy in accomplishment of his views, and rejected the contemptible practice of disparaging others to exalt himself. In the field of battle he was self-possessed, intelligent and ardent; in camp circumspect, attentive and systematic; in council sincere, deep and perspicuous. During the campaigns of General Greene, he was uniformly one of his few advisers, and held his unchanged confidence. Nor was he less esteemed by his brother officers, or less respected by his soldiery.

Previous to the disbandment of the army, Congress manifested their sense of Williams' merit and services, by promoting him to the rank of brigadier-general, of which we have his own account, in a letter to his friend, Major Pendleton, written in Philadelphia, and dated May eighteenth, 1782:—

"My Dear Pendleton: Your laconic epistle of the twentieth of April was handed to me by General St. Clair, in the situation you wished. Involved in scenes of the most agreeable amusements, I have scarcely had time for reflection: therefore if I have been guilty of any omissions toward you or any of my southern friends, I hope it will be imputed to the infatuating pleasures of the metropolis. My promotion (for which I am principally indebted to my invaluable friend General Greene) might prove the efficacy of making a short campaign to court, (especially as it had been once rejected,) if the circumstances which attended it did not too evidently discover how much the greatest men are actuated by caprice, and how liable the most respectable bodies are to inconsistencies. Upon the application of General Greene, seconded by the recommendation of Washington, the votes of Congress were taken whether I should or should not be made a brigadier, in consequence of former resolves, which very clearly, in my opinion, gave me a right to promotion. It was resolved in the negative. Upon the second motion in Congress the same letters were reconsidered, and the man whose legal claim was rejected (because it was inconvenient or might give umbrage to others) is promoted in consideration of his distinguished talents and services. I wish I may be always able to justify and maintain an opinion that does me so much honor. If Congress will please to wink at my imperfections, I will be careful not to meddle with theirs."

ODE

Written for the occasion of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Inauguration of Washington, as First President of the United States, thirtieth of April, 1789: by W. C. Bryant.

Great were the hearts and strong the minds,
Of those who framed, in high debate,
The immortal league of love that binds
Our fair broad empire, state with state.

And ever hallowed be the hour,
When, as the auspicious task was done,
A nation's gift, the sword of power,
Was given to glory's unspoiled son.

That noble race is gone; the suns
Of fifty years have risen and set;
The holy links those mighty ones
Had forged and knit, are brighter yet.

Wide—as our own free race increase—
Wide shall it stretch the elastic chain,
And bind, in everlasting peace,
State after state, a mighty train.

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[Americus Vespucius.]

BIOGRAPHY.

AMERICUS VESPUCIUS.—Born, 1451—Died, 1514.

AMERICUS VESPUCIUS, or more properly Amerigo Vespucci, a Florentine gentleman, from whom America derives its name, was born March 9, 1451, of an ancient family. His father, who was an Italian merchant, brought him up in this business, and his profession led him to visit Spain and other countries. Being eminently skilled in all the sciences subservient to navigation, and possessing an enterprising spirit, he became desirous of seeing the new world, which Columbus had discovered in 1492. He accordingly entered as a merchant on board the small fleet of four ships, equipped by the merchants of Seville and set out under the command of Ojeda.

According to Amerigo's own account he sailed from Cadiz, May 20, 1497, and returned to the same port, October 15, 1498, having discovered the coast of Paria and passed as far as the gulf of Mexico. If this statement is correct, he saw the continent before Columbus; but its correctness has been disproved, and the voyage of Ojeda was not made until 1499, which Amerigo calls his second voyage, falsely representing that he himself had the command of six vessels. He sailed May 20, 1499, under the command of Ojeda, and proceeded to the Antilles islands, and thence to the coast of Guiana and Venezuela, and returned to Cadiz in November, 1500. After his return, Emanuel, king of Portugal, who was jealous of the success and glory of Spain, invited him to his kingdom, and gave him the command of three ships to make a third voyage of discovery. He sailed from Lisbon, May 10, 1501, and ran down the coasts of Africa as far as Sierra Leone and the coast of Angola, and then passed over to Brazil in South America, and continued his discoveries to the south as far as Patagonia. He then returned to Sierra Leone and the coast of Guinea, and entered again the port of Lisbon, September 4, 1502.

King Emanuel, highly gratified by his success, equipped for him six ships, with which he sailed on his fourth and last voyage, May 10, 1503. It was his object to discover a western passage to the Molucca islands. He passed the coast of Africa, and entered the bay of All Saints in Brazil. Having provisions for only twenty months, and being detained on the coast of Brazil by bad weather and contrary winds five months, he formed the resolution of returning to Portugal, where he arrived June 14, 1504. As he carried home with him considerable quantities of the Brazil wood, and other articles of value, he was received with joy. It was soon after this period, that he wrote an account of his four voyages. It was probably published about the year 1507, for in that year he went from Lisbon to Seville, and King Ferdinand appointed him to draw sea-charts with the title of chief pilot. He died at the island of Tercera in 1514, aged about sixty-three years, or agreeably to another account, at Seville, in 1512.

As he published the first book and chart, describing the new world, and as he claimed the honour of first discovering the continent, the new world has received from him the name of *America*. His pretensions, however, to this first discovery, do not seem to be well supported against the claims of Columbus, to whom the honour is uniformly ascribed by the Spanish historians, and who first saw the continent

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m 1498. Herrera, who compiled his general history of America from the most authentick records, says, that Amerigo never made but two voyages, and those were with Ojeda in 1499 and 1501, and that his relation of his other voyages was proved to be a mere imposition. This charge needs to be confirmed by strong proof, for Amerigo's book was published within ten years of the period assigned for his first voyage, when the facts must have been fresh in the memories of thousands. Besides the improbability of his being guilty of falsifying dates, as he was accused, which arises from this circumstance, it is very possible, that the Spanish writers might have felt a national resentment against him for having deserted the service of Spain. But the evidence against the honesty of Amerigo is very convincing. Neither Martyr nor Benzoni, who were Italians, natives of the same country, and the former of whom was a contemporary, attribute to him the first discovery of the continent. Martyr published the first general history of the new world, and his epistles contain an account of all the remarkable events of his time. All the Spanish historians are against Amerigo. Herrera brings against him the testimony of Ojeda as given in a judicial inquiry. Fonseca, who gave Ojeda the license for his voyage, was not reinsta ed in the direction of Indian affairs until after the time, which Amerigo assigns for the commencement of his first voyage. Other circumstances might be mentioned; and the whole mass of evidence it is difficult to resist. The book of Amerigo was probably published about a year after the death of Columbus, when his pretensions could be advanced without the fear of refutation from that illustrious navigator. But however this controversy may be decided, it is well known, that the honour of *first* discovering the continent belongs neither to Columbus nor to Vespucci, even admitting the relation of the latter; but to the Cabots, who sailed from England. A life of Vespucci was published at Florence by Bandani, 1742, in which an attempt is made to support his pretensions. Belknap.

CRUISE OF THE VINCENNES.

We have the pleasure to lay before our readers the following particulars of the recent cruise of the United States' ship Vincennes, John H. Aulick, Esq., commander, in the Pacifick and Indian oceans. The details will be found of much interest and will amply compensate the reader for the time devoted to them.

It will be recollected that the Vincennes sailed from this port on the sixth of November, 1833, and has been absent from the United States two years and seven months.

The Vincennes having been engaged for several months in the usual duties of a cruiser on the western coast of South America, took leave of the squadron at Callao, on the twenty-first of July, 1835, and touching at Payta, took her departure on a cruise through Polynesia and the East Indies.

On the seventeenth of August following, she made the Marquesas, and early the next day anchored at Nukahia, one of the Washington group, where, during her stay, she was visited by the natives, whom she found to be in general well disposed towards our countrymen, and eager in the traffick with ships for such necessaries as the island can furnish. Proceeding from the Washington islands to Tahiti, she anchored first at Matavai bay; and afterward at Papiete, the residence of Queen Pomare. Here she reciprocated civilities with the authorities, and renewed the friendly assurances which preserve to our traders the advantages of a resort where supplies are plentiful and the harbours singularly convenient and secure.

Arriving next at the Friendly islands, the Vincennes anchored at Port Refuge, Vavaoo, a spot seldom visited by ships of war, but a favourite rendezvous for whalers after a long cruise. Several whale-ships were already at anchor, and it was learned that the island was under good regulations, ably enforced by an intelligent and energetick ruler so that the advantages of the harbour could, for the future, be enjoyed without the risk of violence from the natives, to whom rapine was, a short time since, unhappily familiar. After a delay long enough to produce such impressions as it was desirable to cultivate, the ship proceeded to the Navigator's islands, at one of which, (Otewhy,) a part of the crew of the whale-ship Wm. Penn, had lately been cut off. Having approached within a few miles of Otewhy, the ship was disguised to prevent premature alarm, and soon received a visit from the natives. These were all detained on board, while an armed force of seamen and marines was sent ashore, with orders to take, alive or dead, the chief Popetano, who had committed the outrage upon the Wm. Penn's boats, or, in case of his escape, to burn all the property, which could be ascertained to belong to him. Landing in obedience to these orders, the party proceeded, under the guidance of a European resident, several miles into the interiour, searching the villages through which they passed for the criminal, but carefully avoiding all violence towards those who had not been engaged in the murder. During these proceedings, no interruption was experienced from the natives, who were themselves frequent sufferers from the aggressions of this same Popetano, and seemed generally desirous to be relieved of his presence; he had, however, taken the alarm, and made his escape into the interiour of the island, so that after a fruitless search of several hours, his houses were reduced to ashes, and his property destroyed wherever it could be found. Having effected this end and taken other measures to ensure a friendly reception to any ships that may in future visit the island, the Vincennes took leave of Otewhy, in the confidence that the punishment which had been inflicted on a real aggressor had not been productive of better effects than the justice with which the innocent had been carefully exempted from the smallest share of it.

Touching at Wallis's island for supplies of water, the ship proceeded next to Kotumah, and, after a short delay there, to the Ladrone islands, with the principal of which, (Guam,) she communicated. From Guam she continued towards the Pelew islands, which were made on the twenty-sixth of November so that on the following day she was visited by canoes from Carrol, famous as the territory of Abe Thule, the kind entertainer of Captain Wilson and the father of Prince Le Boo.

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It may be necessary to mention that the Pelew islands are surrounded by a reef which makes out to sea, with a current running around it so rapidly, that vessels which unwarily approach too near the land in a light breeze are sometimes carried among the breakers and wrecked. This accident lately befell the ship Mentor, Captain Bernard, which was cast away on a shoal to the northward of Babelthoop, when the crew betaking themselves to the boats, were afterward captured by the natives in their canoes, and three of them detained, Captain Bernard and six others being permitted to depart. It was to rescue these men that the Vincennes went to the Pelew islands.

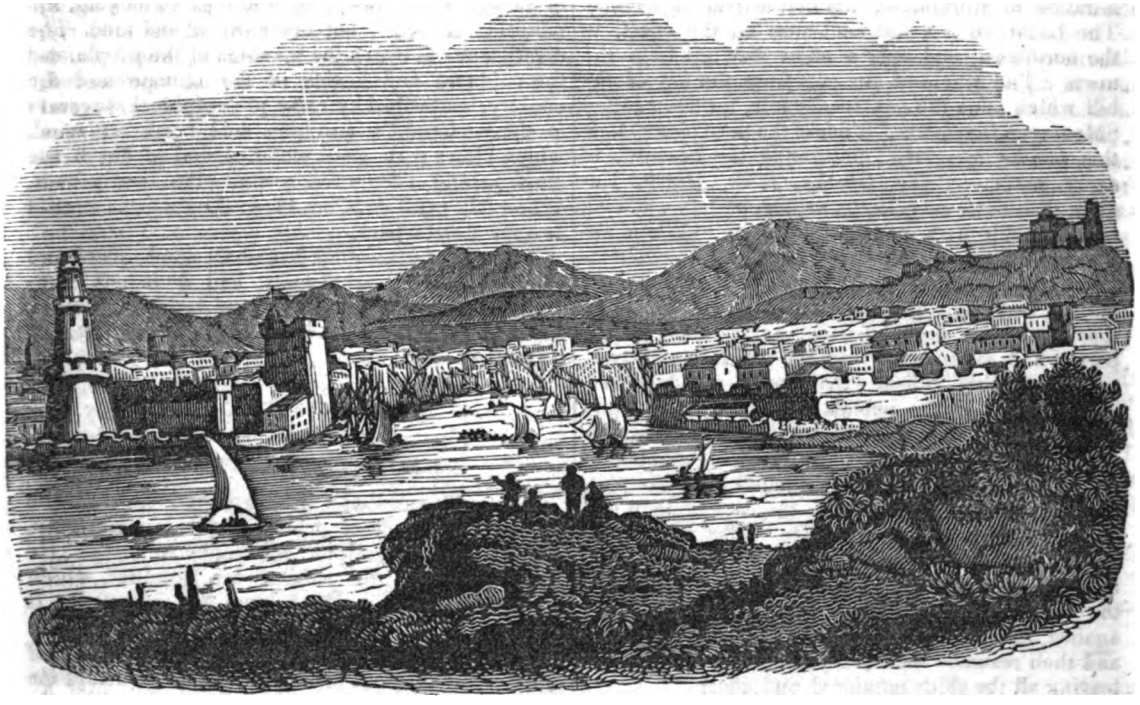
Upon anchoring at Carrol, information was received that two out of the three Americans were still at Aracolon, and a demand being sent for them, answer was returned that they were hostages for three chiefs who had gone away with Captain Bernard to receive certain presents which had been promised to the natives for their services in facilitating his departure from the island. This accorded with an account which had been previously obtained of Captain Bernard's having been thrown upon Lord North's island, and escaping thence, leaving a number of men behind. The Vincennes accordingly sailed for Lord North's island, where she arrived on the 9th of December, and found one of the Pelew chiefs, who was in ill health, and gave an account of the nine who landed there, saying that two had been taken off by ships in passing, while all the rest except himself had died. An armed party being landed the next day to search the island found confirmation of this story, and the ship returned with the recovered chief to the Pelew islands.

Upon her arrival at Carrol an expedition was fitted out consisting of one hundred and twenty-two officers and men, who proceeded to Aracolon, and after an absence of four days, returned to the ship having recovered Meader and Davis in exchange for the Pelew survivor.

From these islands the Vincennes proceeded to Lintin, when, as soon as her arrival was announced to the authorities she received the usual whimsical order to depart immediately, which was of course honoured with as little attention as "Old China Customs" have generally commanded. Leaving Lintin she touched at Singapore, and on the 16th of February, arrived at Qualla Battoo, where remaining several days, she exchanged salutes and friendly visits with the Rajah, and, it is hoped, contributed to the re-establishment of the good understanding which had been temporarily interrupted by the affair of the ship Friendship and the consequent visit of the frigate Potomack.

From Qualla Battoo she had a prosperous voyage of thirty-nine days to the cape of Good Hope, whence she returned to the United States by the way of St. Helena.

Norfolk Beacon.



[View of Marseilles.]

AMERICAN COMMERCE.

Marseilles, an ancient French city, the capital of the department Bouches du Rhône, and the principal French port in the Mediterranean, is situated at the gulf formed by the mouth of the Rhône, and its harbour is capable of accommodating more than two hundred vessels at a time. In addition to this there has been a new port recently constructed sufficiently large to receive ships of the line, the other being only capable of admitting frigates.

Marseilles, considered by many the finest city of France, is discovered at the distance of a league on

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the land-side, from the height called La Viste, in the form of a crescent, only by the masts and Flags of the ships of various nations. The approach to it by a spacious avenue lined with trees and well-built houses detached from each other, gives promise of a splendid city. On the left, a rich landscape opens, thickly studded with country-houses; on the right is the long roadstead, crowded with ships, its sides indented with a curious and picturesque diversity, with the isles of If, Pomegues, and Ratoneau; and, in the distance, the Mediterranean sea. Marseilles is composed of the old and new towns; the latter forming two thirds of the whole, elegantly built, and several houses bearing marks of the chisel of the celebrated sculptor Puget. There is an academy, library, museum, garden of plants, and an observatory, built by the Jesuits in the last century. This is one of the most interesting establishments of the town. The style of structure is simple, and the situation admirable, commanding the port with its forests of masts and rigging, the boundless sea, and the country like one cultivated garden or ornamental landscape, over which are spread the beautiful country-houses called bastides. The most distinguished edifice is the hotel de ville, or town-hall, built by Puget; its facade ornamented with bass-reliefs in white marble, and the arms of France, surmounted once more by the Royal crown, after having been displaced by the cap of liberty, which gave way in its turn to the crown imperial. The sculptured escutcheon of France is considered a chef d'œuvre, and is said to have excited the admiration of Bernini on his first arrival in France. The Lazaretto is a vast enclosure on the coast, to the northwest, and only a short distance from the town. The aspect of the port from the top of the hill which joins the new boulevards, formerly called "Montagne Bonaparte," is one of the most picturesque that can be imagined; presenting the costumes of every nation—Turks, Greeks, Jews, Dutch, English, Russian—merchants, sailors, porters, moving and mingling with prodigious activity. When approached very near, however, much of the enchantment vanishes, from the brutality of the sailors and porters, the fumes of brandy and tobacco, and sometimes the still more offensive exhalations of the port, which is protected from the winds, and consequently stagnant. These exhalations do not, however, it appears, affect the publick health, or even offend the sense of those who are habituated to them. A singular phenomenon occurred in the beginning of 1812: the waters suddenly retreated from the port, leaving the vessels stranded in the dark, muddy, and fetid bottom—a fearful spectacle. The inhabitants looked on the consternation, which became still more dreadful when, after the lapse of half an hour, the waves returned with a furious roaring, dashed against the quays, threatened to inundate the town, and then resumed their usual limits and tranquillity, leaving all the ships uninjured and afloat.

The exchange is not striking as a building, but presents a scene of remarkable activity and curious grouping. It opens and closes, at the striking of the clock, by beat of drum. The arsenal is admired, but rather from the want of comparison with edifices of a high order. The fishmarket-hall, built by Puget, and a new market-house, with a handsome Tuscan colonnade, strike the spectator more agreeably. The cathedral church, supposed to be the oldest in France, has little else to distinguish it. The theatre, facing a new and beautiful street, is one of the best built in France, at least out of Paris. The streets and places in the new town are well designed, spacious, and elegantly built, with flagged footpaths—a distinction in France, at least in the provinces The line of building from the gate of Aix, by which Marseilles is entered by the Paris road through the town, to the rue de Rome, by which it is entered from the opposite or Italian road, has both grandeur and beauty. The "courses," forming the intermediate parts of this line within the town, present a remarkable and picturesque coup d'œil on Sundays, when it would seem as if Marseilles disgorged its whole population into them.

The favourite excursion by water is to the château d'If, a castle and prison on a small island at the mouth of the harbour, which had amongst its prisoners Mirabeau, before the revolution, and after it the duke of Orleans (Egalité) and his younger son. This castle, in the centre of the harbour, on the central and largest of the three islets, defends the harbour, by its batteries. The commerce of Marseilles, essentially maritime, embraces the southern coast of France, the Levant, the coasts of Italy, Spain, Africa, the ports of the Mediterranean and Atlantick, the French settlements in the West and East Indies. Its manufactures are chiefly tobacco, printed goods, hats, glass, porcelain, china, soap, coral, &c. The common people preserve in their physiognomy and manners no trace of their Grecian or Roman origin, or antique civilization: they are harsh-looking, impetuous, and rude; but brave, frank, and kind. The discrepance between the manners of the people, and the mildness and beauty of the climate and the country, is ascribed by some philosophical observers to the "mistral," a parching cold northeast wind, which blows with great violence, and produces the most painful effects upon the skin and nerves. When this wind does not blow, the winter is as mild as spring elsewhere.

The city of Marseilles has about one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants, and it is one hundred and eighty miles S. by E. of Lyons, and three hundred E. N. E. of Bourdeaux. Lon. 5° 24′ E., lat. 43° 17′ N.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.

Lord Erskine was distinguished through life for independence of principle, for his integrity, and for his scrupulous adherence to truth. He once explained the rule of his conduct, which ought to be generally known and adopted. It ought to be deeply engraved on every heart. He said "It was the first command and counsel of youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be a duty, and to leave the consequences to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and I trust the practice, of this paternal lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain that my obedience to it has been a temporal sacrifice. I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point it out as such to my children."

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VALUE OF THE WILLOW.

The importance of the willow to man has been recognised from the earliest ages, and baskets made from willow-twigs were probably among the very first of human manufactures in countries where these trees abound. The Romans used the twigs for binding their vines and tying their reeds in bundles, and made all sorts of baskets of them. A crop of willows was considered so valuable in the time of Cato, that he ranks the saliotum, or willow-field, next in value to the vineyard and the garden. In France, the leaves whether in a green or dried state, are considered the very best food for cows and goats; and horses in some places are fed entirely on them from the end of August till November. Horses so fed, it is stated will travel twenty leagues a day without being fatigued. In the north of Sweden and Norway, and in Lapland, the inner bark is kiln dried, and ground for the purpose of mixing with oatmeal in years of scarcity. The bark of the willow and also the leaves are astringent; and the bark of most sorts may be employed in tanning.

CRUISE OF THE SPARKLER.

It was upon a bright morning in July, 1814, that the American privateer schooner Sparkler, which had been becalmed for eight and forty hours, about sixty miles outside the Bermudas, at last caught the breeze from the northwest and made all sail for the south'ard and east'ard.

She was of that class of vessels designated in nautical parlance, "Baltimore clippers:" and it needed but one glance at her symmetrical form to perceive that she was well worthy of her name. About two hundred tuns in burden, long, low and sharp, she was yet of great breadth of beam, while her beautiful tapering masts seemed almost to reach the sky.

Upon her snow-white decks, which were without spring or rise, were mounted sixteen long brass twelve pounders, eight on a side, not run out of the ports, as in a man-of-war, but slewed fore and aft: while her ports were closed, and her hull painted so exactly like that of a merchantman, in various colours, that it required a sharp eye and near observation to discover that she was other than she seemed, a peaceful merchant vessel from Fell's Point, bound to the Spanish Main.

In addition to her batteries, she mounted midships, upon a traversing carriage, a long brass forty-two pounder, while her cutlass-racks, arm chests, and boarding-pikes, the last lashed to the boom, showed she was also well prepared for close quarters, and to finish by boarding the work cut out by the great guns. She was withal well manned. Of her crew of one hundred and eighty men, the greater part were now upon deck, having just finished making sail, and in their dark faces and muscular forms, as they carelessly lounged about, might be read the proof that these trusts were bestowed worthily, upon men who would fight to the death in defence of their striped and spangled bunting.

The captain of the privateer, dressed with some pretensions to nicety, but wearing a common tarpawling, had been walking fore-and-aft, along the starboard-quarter-deck for half an hour, in silence, carelessly swinging the spy-glass, with which, ever and anon, he swept the horizon; he now paused in his promenade, and addressed the first mate.

"Mr. Townsend, I don't like these Irish hurricanes. Here we are eight days from Hampton Roads, and only just clear of Bermuda. We must make more easting soon, or we shall lose the outward bound West Indiamen, and be compelled to trust to chance customers."

"Very true, Captain Benson," replied the first mate, who was at this moment standing on a gun, and leaning against the starboard bulwarks: "but——

"Sail ho!" sung out the look-out aloft.

"Where away!" hailed Benson, while all hands sprung up at the announcement.

"Right ahead, sir," was the reply.

This news spread life throughout the vessel, and all hands being instantly mustered, ring-tails and bonnets were rigged, sail increased as much as possible, and our schooner wing-and-wing, continued her course, bearing down for the stranger; while her crew, delighted at the prospect of something *professional*, were speculating as to the value of the chase and the consequent amount of prize-money.

In half an hour, Benson hailed the look-out; "mast head, there! what do you make her out to be?"

"A large ship, sir," replied the look-out; "her starboard-tacks boarded, standing southwest."

"Keep her more to the south'ard, Mr. Townsend," said Captain Benson, on receipt of this information, "we'll cut her off."

"She's a stout lump of a ship, sir," replied the mate as he obeyed the order, "she may be a man-of-war."

"Very good, we have the weathergage," answered Benson, as he went forward to take another look.

In an hour's time the stranger was plainly to be seen. She was evidently a large ship, and from her build and appearance looked much like a man-of-war. This seemed more fully apparent a short time after: for the chase, which had till now appeared unconscious of the presence of the privateer, suddenly hauled her wind and made all sail towards her, while the rapidity with which her course was changed, and her canvass crowded, seemed proof positive that she was a man-of-war.

This manoeuvre produced some surprise on board the Sparkler.

"A Scotch prize, Captain Benson," observed the first mate as he handed him the glass.

"Perhaps so," replied Benson composedly, "clear away long Tom there, and double shot both batteries, we will soon see what she is."

It was now about noon, and the vessels being on opposite courses, had approached within five miles of each other, and this distance was rapidly diminishing.

"The chase is now within range, sir," reported Townsend.

"Very good, sir. Let drive at him with long Tom and send up the gridiron at the fore," replied Benson.

The flag of the United States waved in the breeze, and the forty-two spoke in thunder the moment the order was given.

This was a touch of his quality, which the chase had not expected at the hands of the privateer, and

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the smoke clearing up, showed her bearing off before the wind, crowding all sail.

"So much for your man-of-war, Mr. Townsend," said Benson, pointing out this change of course; "she is pulling her heel, and goes off before the wind because that is the worst point in a schooner's sailing. Run out the batteries, load long Tom, and open the magazine. We will try this fellow a little any how."

Meanwhile, on board the English West Indiaman, (for such was the stranger,) all was confusion and dismay. Her commander had from the first suspected the schooner was an American privateer, but had adopted the bold course of standing towards her in chase, to give the impression that he was a man-of-war, well knowing that it was in vain to hope to escape by superiour sailing from a Baltimore clipper. The report of the Sparkler's long forty-two, however, and the sight of the shot, which struck the water just ahead of him, had dispelled all his hope of frightening her; and now, as a last resource, he put his helm up, and bore away to the southeast, hoping to leave his pursuer astern until some other ship might heave in sight to save him.

This was certainly his wisest course, and his vessel being a fast sailer, and under a press of canvass, made rapid headway. She was the largest class of English West Indiamen, about twelve hundred tuns in burden, and was now from Plymouth, bound to Kingston, Jamaica, with a very valuable cargo, and a number of passengers; and, to defend the whole carried sixteen twelve pounders and a crew of forty men.

"Clear away those guns, my lads, and open the magazine," said the commander of the Indiaman, who, though he wished to escape, yet had a stomach for dry knocks; "I wish we had a forty-two pounder, for then we'd fight the Yankees on better terms."

"I hope, Captain St. John," said a passenger, who at this moment came up to the companion-way, "I hope, sir, you do not intend to fight the American."

"Certainly I do, Mr. Tompkins," replied St. John, "he shall not take all our cargo, and the ship into the bargain, without fighting for it, I promise you. Why, our cargo alone is worth fifty thousand pounds sterling! Jonathan shall not make his fortune this time if I can prevent him."

"But sir," continued Tompkins, anxiously, "consider the lady passengers. I beg you, sir, to surrender to the American, and perhaps he will treat us well, while, if you fight him, he will be enraged, and ——"

"Kill all our males, and carry our women and children into captivity beyond Babylon, as the scripture has it," interrupted St. John, hastily—"Consider the devil! All the ladies have to do, is to stay below and be quiet; and you, doubtless will fight to the last in defence of your wife and daughter; so there's another hand to work our guns. I mean he shall treat us well, and as for his rage, why we'll get angry too. Come, Mr. Tompkins, there's a musket for you."

"I sha'n't touch it, sir," said Mr. Tompkins, "it's against my principles to fight, and I will bring the matter before the passengers, to see if they will permit you to throw away their lives in this manner;" and so saying, he went below.

"Good pluck, that," said St. John, laughing at the bravery of his live freight; "however, perhaps ——"

Whizz-z-z came a forty-two pound shot from the long Tom of the privateer, which interrupted his soliloquy, and passed through his main-royal, and shortly after, another walked through the bunt of all three top-sails; and a moment after, a third struck his starboard quarter, knocking the splinters about in every direction, while the ladies below screamed at the top of their lungs to mend the matter.

"Now, my lads," said St. John, quietly addressing his crew, "send up our ensign at the peak, and stand by to shorten sail."

Continuing his course for a moment, that the privateer might distinctly see his colours, he then put down his helm, hauled close upon the wind, and stood towards her, justly considering it folly to attempt farther escape while every shot raked him fore and aft. That he might go into action in true man-of-war fashion, St. John next ordered to take in the royals, fore and mizzen top-gallant-sails, and flying-jib; hauled up the courses, and depressed both batteries for close quarters, and made every preparation for small arms and cutlasses, to beat off the privateer if possible, and, in any event, to send some of the Jonathans to Davy's locker.

This change in the Englishman's course produced a corresponding one in the privateer. He shortened sail, and perceiving that the Indiaman intended to show fight, continued to blaze away with his long forty-two, directing his shots solely to her decks, not wishing either to carry away her spars, or hit her between wind and water, and thoroughly understanding gunnery, his round shot coursed along the decks and cabin of the Indiaman with terrible precision, causing some fright and some positive injury to her timid passengers.

They were, however, soon huddled up in the rum in security, not one caring to fight for his dinner; St. John having coldly told them that they would certainly be captured by the privateer, but that he was determined to have the satisfaction of peppering the Yankees somewhat any how.

This, however, was not so safe an undertaking for, as the privateer rapidly neared them, grape-shot were added to round in her forty-two, which scattered around with their wonted fatal and appalling effect, while the round shot continued to perform his usual careful and scientifick manner, tearing up the decks, dashing in the bulwarks, and knocking those terrible missiles, the splinters, among the crew; while the crowds of armed men, now distinctly seen clustering about the decks of the privateer, showed full plainly that she was amply prepared for the combat hand to hand.

As one after another of the Indiaman's crew were cut down by one or the other of these destructives, the remainder, instead of being cowed, were, with true bull-dog spirit, only the more exasperated, working ship with great speed and undaunted bravery; and when the privateer began to open upon them with his larboard battery, they immediately returned the same in coin very spiritedly; and the long forty-two of the American being now neglected for the moment, the combat became more equal, each vessel working eight twelve-pounders of a side.

The commander of the privateer was much surprised at meeting such determined resistance where

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he had expected abject submission; and as the vessels neared, soon became aware, from the destructive effect of the English fire upon his crowded decks, that he must put an end to the present game immediately and trust to boarding for success. He accordingly changed his course so as to pass across the bows of the Indiaman, intending to rake him thoroughly and then board him; but St. John, who was now in his element, loudly cheering his men, and fighting most determinedly, was fully aware of his intention; and falling off before the wind also, he let drive his whole starboard-battery down upon the decks of the American and among his rigging, carrying away her fore-gaff, and the throat and peak-halyards of her mainsail; which last came thundering down by the run; and then, despite the broadside of the schooner, which swept along his decks in thunder and flame, he instantly hauled again upon the wind; so that, disabled as was the privateer, she lay right in his course, and was apparently doomed to be run down by the immense hull of the Indiaman.

This seemingly inevitable result was prevented, and the whole aspect of the combat changed by one of those small events which have so often turned the tide of battle.

At the moment of receiving the Indiaman's broadside, there were two men at the privateer's wheel; the one at the lee-wheel was instantly killed by a grape-shot, while the other, who escaped unhurt, in his endeavour to free the wheel from the grasp of the dying man, forgetting that the helm was a spoke or two a-lee, put it hard up. The schooner still had headway upon her, and the wind, acting upon her disabled sails, suddenly brought her head around to port, so that, she being a point upon the Indiaman's starboard bow, her jib-boom just swept clear of the ship's cutwater, and in an instant she was lying along her weather-side, afoul.

"Boarders away!" shouted Benson, perceiving his advantage; and despite a volley of musketry, which laid low a dozen of his best men and wounded more, he was instantly upon the Indiaman's deck, backed by a hundred men. The combat now was brief, and the English captain being struck down, his men conceived further resistance useless, and hauling down their colours, surrendered; having thus far kept at bay a most overwhelming force, with a determination and effect which proved them worthy representatives of the English name.

Quarters being given to all, the wounded were handed over to the surgeon of the privateer, and the remainder of the Indiaman's crew were sent on board of the schooner. The Americans then set about securing their prize and repairing damages; and before twilight had darkened into night, both vessels were close hauled upon the wind, still from the northwest, standing in for the American coast.

The injury to both vessels was principally in the upper works, spars and rigging, neither having received any material shot between wind and water; so that neither sprung any alarming leak, and what few took place were soon plugged: and so, continuing the repairs of masts, sails, &c., the Indiaman having a stout prize crew, they kept on their course for the land.

The passengers of the Indiaman were treated with the utmost respect, their cabin being left entirely for their use. They were also requested to point out their own private property, which would not in any event be touched; and Capt. Benson having farther assured them that they should be landed at Bermuda if possible, they finally came to the conclusion that he was a very polite fellow, and their lot far from forlorn.

About midnight, the weather having become very thick, it fell a dead calm, and continued until morning.

Now it so happened that an English sloop-of-war of twenty-four guns, though out of sight, had heard the cannonading of the day previous, and from the heavy reports of a single gun at intervals of a minute, became convinced that the gun in question was the long Tom of a Yankee privateer. Acting upon this belief, she had so shaped her course that she would probably be nearly up with the privateer at daybreak, rightly judging, that upon making the capture, the American would steer for the United States' coast In the darkness she had approached the privateer, though neither party was sensible of this proximity, and being also becalmed, had laid all night within six miles of her.

As the day broke, the wind sprung up from the northeast, and the privateer had just hauled upon it in company with her prize, when the look-out aloft reported a sail!—and sure enough, in plain sight to the southeast, was an English sloop-of-war crowding every thing in chase.

Surprised, Benson no doubt was; but with his usual promptitude his plan of operations was instantly laid; and running the schooner close under the lee of the Indiaman, a line was thrown aboard of her, by means of which three more were passed.

"Now, Mr. Townsend," said Benson, "lower away the stern and quarter boats; lay them alongside and fill them with men. You will go with them on board the Indiaman and make all sail, for in this chase the prize-crew will not be sufficient to work her rapidly; and when you have done that, open her hatches, rig whips and top-burtons, toss her boats overboard, and get the most valuable of her 'tween-decks' cargo on deck with all speed. Farther orders I will transmit by signal or otherwise."

These commands were soon obeyed, and the boats were sent twice full stowed, both vessels being at the time under rapid head-way. Thus a hundred of the privateersmen were on board the ship very shortly, while the boats were hauled back empty to the schooner, and run up at the davits as before.

Thus well-manned, the Indiaman was instantly under a crowd of canvass, and all her damages being repaired, she proved a crack sailer, and about equal on the wind, (their course being northnorthwest,) to the sloop-of-war. The privateer on this, shortened sail to keep abreast of her prize, and all three bowled merrily onward.

"There goes your launch, neighbour," said Benson to St. John, who was walking with him the quarter-deck of the schooner, as the ship's long-boat was tossed over the side according to orders, while the stern and quarter boats followed suit in their small way, thus making quite a fleet adrift, all officers and no seamen, like a French man-of-war. "I hope they will have a pleasant cruise; perhaps the sloop-of-war may pick them up to prevent so shameful a waste of good stuff. That reminds me, by-the-by,

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she may be within range—here, haul that forty two aft, some of you, we'll try Mr. Bull at long-bowls.

The long Tom was accordingly hauled aft, elevated, and let drive; but the distance proved greater than Benson had imagined, for although the shot actually hit the sloop-of-war, it was too nearly spent to do much injury.

This Mr. Bull determined to repay in coin, but having nothing heavier than a twenty-four pounder, was obliged to elevate it so much that the shot fell wide of the mark astern. It showed, however, that the privateer might be hit by a chance shot, and Benson, determining to avoid the possibility, however remote, of being crippled in this manner, changed his position so as to bring the Indiaman between himself and the sloop-of-war; and that they might be fully aware what his prize was, he ordered to send up at her peak the English ensign, under the stars and stripes; and at her mast-heads, her private signal and all the holiday bunting usually sported by English West Indiamen.

By thus placing the Indiaman between himself and his pursuers, where she was more likely to be hit than the schooner, Benson hoped to escape harm through the natural unwillingness of the sloop-of-war to fire upon her own flag.

This was a true Yankee trick, and was, for a time, for the foregoing reason, successful; the sloop-of-war contenting herself with crowding all sail in chase, seldom replying to the shot, which, one after another, with most provoking pertinacity and skill, were pitched always in her vicinity, and frequently plump into her, from the privateer's long forty-two; hoping thereby (herself a prime sailer) to rescue the Indiaman in good order, and compel the privateer either to take to his heels alone, or be sent to the bottom for his covetousness, when she should come down upon him with her reserved fire.

Now all this was very fine; but the sloop-of-war, though one of the crackest sailers in his Majesty's navy when going large, (before the wind,) was not so excellent when close-hauled, and was destitute of the true independent Yankee way of putting the wind's eye out with her flying jib-boom and when on a bow-line; accordingly, at this sentimental game she did not make much.

"Captain Benson," said St. John, as the privateer took up her position as before stated, and was firing at her pursuer as fast as her long Tom could be served, "you would soon escape the sloop-of-war by making sail on the schooner, and leaving my ship to take her chance."

"You don't say so, shipmate?" replied Benson, with a knowing wink and the true Yankee drawl. "Do tell! I don't do that are, sir, by a ——sight."

"Sail ho!" hailed the look-out aloft.

"Where away?" replied Benson quickly.

"To windward, sir," answered the look-out; and in plain sight on the weather-bow, distant not more than eight miles, was a large ship, bearing down, which, in the bustle of the chase, had escaped observation.

"An English frigate, by the Lord!" shouted St. John, jumping on a gun. Now, Captain Benson, what do you say? shall I take command in the name of his Britannick Majesty, God bless him; or will you flog both the sloop and the frigate?"

"Spin that yarn to marines, my fine fellow," replied Benson, quietly, as he removed the glass from his eye. "There's nothing English about that craft if I can read oakum."

"I'll bet you a dinner of stewed cat harpen-legs and a tuck-out of grog on that, brother Jonathan," continued St. John jeeringly; "but what is she then?"

"She is neither American, English, or French," replied Benson, "and that is all I care for. If she was one of Uncle Sam's forty-four gunners, they would be coming in for a share of the prize-money, and I dont want any of their assistance; so I am satisfied as it is. Keep up your fire, my lads. Straight as you go, quarter-master."

The sloop-of-war seemed to have been aware of the presence of the frigate before, for she continued her chase, occasionally firing a gun apparently aimed at the rigging of the Indiaman; and although the frigate was meanwhile rapidly approaching, seemed to think that she, at least, had nothing to fear.

For half an hour such was the state of affairs on all sides, and this time amply sufficed to bring the frigate within half-a-mile of the privateer on her weather-beam, heading as if to pass between her and the sloop-of-war.

Benson now sent up the American flag at the fore, and at the same instant a broad banner blew out clear at the fore-sky-sail mast-head of the frigate, disclosing amidst its rustling folds, the armorial bearings of the battle-ensign of the Danish crown; while far astern, at the mast-head of the sloop-of-war, glancing in the sun-beams, waved the meteor-flag of England. Firing one gun across the privateer's bows, and another across the sloop-of-war's, the frigate continued her course a moment longer, and then hove-to immediately between them, sending up a white flag at her main.

"The English of that, Captain St. John," said Benson, smiling, "is heave-to, send a boat on board, and knock off firing, because I am between you, so belay all with that forty-two, and take a severe turn round the hencoop."

He then made signal for the Indiaman to heave-to, and when she had done so, shortened sail on the schooner, and laid her right alongside of his prize, under her lee.

"Now, Mr. Townsend," said Benson, as his boat was lowered and manned, "you will turn-to all hands, and toss that cargo on board of us as if the devil was after you, while I board the frigate. How's this?" he continued, pausing at the gangway "the sloop-of-war has not hove-to."

Such was the fact. The sloop-of-war being some three or four miles from the frigate, continued her course without minding the summons of the Dane, and this disobedience of her orders was apparently not observed on board the frigate.

"That's a good one, Johnny War," shouted St. John, clapping his hands: "you perceive, Captain Benson, that my countryman yonder does not care a straw for the frigate's orders. She's neutral, and has no business to interfere."

The Dane, however, was not idle, and waiting quietly until the sloop-of-war was within half a mile of her, she then fired two guns in quick succession, the shot of the first passed merrily over the water just ahead of the Englishman, while the second whistled between his main and mizen masts.

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That decided the point: the sloop instantly backed her main top-sail, while her captain, jumping into his boat, pulled for the frigate, chock full of wrath at this interruption of his pastime.

"A race, my lads," said Benson, who jumped into his boat at this moment also; "she's as near the frigate as we are, give way!"

Now the etiquette of men-of-war pronounces it most honourable to board at the starboard gangway, which, as the Dane lay hove-to, was the side toward the privateer, and when her boat was within a few lengths of the ladder, the boat of the sloop-of-war came under the frigate's stern, making for the same gangway, it being, of course, beneath the Englishman's dignity to go on board at the other.

Benson, who was as full of fun as his opponent was of wrath, no sooner became aware of this fact, than he steered directly for the bow of the other boat, and his own being a sharp whale boat, he ran her right aboard with such force and good will, that all the English oarsmen "caught crabs," while their commander, who was standing at the moment, was nearly thrown overboard by the concussion.

"Old England for ever! Rule Britannia!" shouted Benson, as he shoved in at the ladder; "hope you are not drownded, my lord. I say, my lord, I guess that 'are was as solid as one of my forty-two's love taps. What's your opinion, my lord? If a fellow was to serve me such a sweetner as that, my lord, d—n my bloody eyes, my lord, if I wouldn't be into his pork-barrel about east, my lord. I say, Mr. Bull," continued Benson, as he deliberately mounted the ladder, "wouldn't have you expect I meant to do that 'are; Oh! no, my lord, it was all an accident done a-purpose. Come aboard, my lord, after me is manners."

The Englishman, out of all patience, threw a stretcher at Benson's head, and following, as he needs must, since he could not lead, dashed upon deck, boiling over with wrath; while, to add to his vexation, the officers and seamen standing around, though ignorant of English, were laughing heartily at the practical wit of the Yankee.

Once upon the quarter-deck, Benson altered his tone, and uncovering and bowing politely to the Danish captain, he addressed him in French, informing him who and what he was, and where bound, thus giving his version of the story, while the Englishman stood by, awaiting his turn.

At length, he also, in obedience to the commands of the Dane, gave his name and that of his vessel, Captain Stanley, of H. B. M. sloop-of-war L——, and bitterly complained of the interference of a neutral power with his chase of a privateer; and having warmed with his subject, he categorically demanded the name of the vessel and her commander, who had dared to heave-to an English man-of-war; and wound up with the declaration, that unless he was allowed instantly to open his fire upon the American, he would report the Dane to the lords of the admiralty, and through them to the king of Denmark.

"All this is very good, sir," replied the captain of the frigate, not in the least ruffled by the furious tone of the Englishman; "you are on board his Danish majesty's frigate Dannebrog, which I, the Baron Augustus Von Hovenburg, have the honour to command; but now that I have ascertained what you both are, you must allow Captain Benson as much time as will place him as far ahead of you as he was when I first ordered him to heave-to."

"D———d if I do, that's all," growled Captain Stanley.

"But you shall, sir," replied the Baron, secretly wishing to favour the American, though this proposition was only justice. "And, moreover, I shall allow no fighting between you while my ship is in presence."

"Which course does your lordship intend to steer?" asked Benson, very innocently, winking at the Englishman.

"Toward the American coast, sir," replied the Baron, understanding him at once.

"That's just my course, my lord," continued Benson demurely; "and I'll keep under your lordship's lee."

"I'll be d——d if you shall, sir," broke in Captain Stanley, whose patience was fast vanishing before the gibes of the Yankee.

"Don't know how you'll prevent me, sir," replied Benson very composedly, shutting his starboard eye, and squinting horribly with the other.

"Quietly, gentlemen, quietly," said the Dane, gravely; "just step into my cabin and take dinner with me, we'll talk this matter over. No refusal, gentlemen, come along."

Captain Stanley, though wishing the Dane at the devil, could not refuse; while Benson, enjoying the fun, gladly accepted the invitation, and all descending to the cabin, sat down to dinner.

"Now then, gentlemen," said the Baron, as he adjusted his napkin in the most scientifick manner, and made the other requisite preparations for taking his allowance aboard, "nothing so much injures digestion as violent talking, therefore we'll eat our dinner in peace, and discuss this matter over our wine. Captain Stanley, allow me to give you a bit of his majesty's junk;" and during dinner he talked over the news, the best method of ascertaining longitude by D. R., an improvement he had made in the log, and narrated some well-twisted yarns.

With all this display Benson was much pleased, as he knew it would give time for his men to get out the Indiaman's cargo, and accordingly swallowed the Baron's stories, and laughed so heartily at his jokes, that he made quite a lodgment in the Dane's good opinion;—while Stanley, too angry to eat or talk, answered only when addressed, and then only in monosyllables.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Baron, as he finished relating an out-and-outer, and passed the bottle for the twelfth time, "we will now arrange this matter. When I hove-to the schooner, she was four miles from the sloop-of-war; it is, of course, fair that she should now have the same advantage. You, Captain Stanley, will therefore remain hove-to, until Captain Benson has made this headway; and then you can continue your chase. But, Captain Benson, I cannot allow either you or your prize to keep under my lee, for I should by so doing violate my neutrality; and although I shall keep within sight of you, it will be only to see the result of the game, as I shall not interfere in any way."

"If you please, my lord," said Benson, a comical idea entering his cranium at this moment, "thirty minutes' truce from the time I reach my vessel, will

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suit me as well as four miles headway. In that time I shall return the Indiaman's crew and passengers on board of her, and we will then escape by running, or fighting, as it may happen."

"That is very fair, sir," replied the Dane; "and with that, Captain Stanley, I think you will be satisfied. At the end of the thirty minutes' truce I shall fill away, and leave you to fight your own battles, and at that we will consider it settled." So saying, he returned upon deck, followed by the rivals.

Captain Stanley, though little pleased with this decision, felt that it was useless to remonstrate, and sullenly mounted the gangway to descend into his boat, when, on glancing at the privateer, a sight greeted his eyes, which made him pause and give vent to several vigorous anathemas.

Now it so chanced that the privateer's men having nearly cleared the Indiaman of the most valuable part of her cargo, were at this moment tossing the cases of silk and chests of tea in a perfect shower over her gunwale upon the deck of the schooner; while the multitude of cases, boxes, &c., which lay about the American's deck, showed plainly that Jonathan had well improved his time.

This was too much for Captain Stanley's nerves, and jumping back upon deck, he angrily demanded of the Danish Baron, that Benson should be compelled to restore the cargo of the Indiaman.

"That, sir," replied the Baron, suppressing a laugh with difficulty, "is none of my business, and no part of Captain Benson's agreement. He agreed to leave the ship to take her chance, but said nothing about the cargo;—you must helm that as you can. And farthermore, sir," he added sternly, "if you offer to brace up until I do, which I shall do as soon as the thirty minutes have expired, I shall consider it a personal insult, and shall open my fire upon you immediately. So, adieu, gentlemen; it is seldom that I meet such pleasant society at sea, and I shall always remember you."

Politely taking leave of the Baron, Benson returned to his boat, when the bloody faces of both boat's crews showed that they had been enjoying a little quiet fight among themselves.

"How's this, my lads," said he, in a loud tone that Stanley might hear him, as he shoved off to let his boat draw up; "you did wrong to flog those gentlemen-ropehaulers; you should have doused your peak to them. I say, Captain Stanley," he added, as the latter came into his boat, "don't you think it would be a good plan for us to club together and take this frigate? I believe we could lick her, and then we would have our own fight good-naturedly, eh?"

The Englishman, however, was in no humour for jesting, and vouchsafed no reply; so each returned to his vessel.

"We have taken out all the schooner will stow of the Indiaman's cargo, sir," reported Townsend, as Benson came on board.

"Very good, sir," replied Benson; "muster all hands aft here."

Few words sufficed to explain his plan, and it was as rapidly put into execution. All the English prisoners, including Captain St. John, were put into the cabin of the Indiaman, and the companion-way, sky-lights, deadlights, and hatches, locked fast and battened down. Next, all her sheets, tacks, and halyards were stoppered and unrove; and her studding-sails were then set on both sides, she being still hove-to, and leaving the tacks standing, the sheets and halyards were also stoppered and unrove; and every thing being prepared, the remainder of the thirty minutes' truce was employed in starting overboard the balance of her cargo. When the Danish frigate braced up at the close of the truce, the Indiaman was cast off from the privateer, her yards squared, and her helm lashed fast amidships, and instantly gathering way, she was off like a shot before the wind, heading directly for the sloop-of-war.

The few Americans who yet remained on board of the Indiaman, then jumped into their boat, were hauled back by the line, the boat was run up at the davits, and the schooner filling away, stood north-northwest;—thus keeping her prize between herself and the sloop.

The Indiaman, meanwhile, bore rapidly down for the man-of-war, and the latter was so nearly in her course, that Stanley found great difficulty in getting out of the way in time, for had the Indiaman yawed two points, she would have run him slap aboard; which concussion, as it would probably have sent both to the bottom, was *not* exactly a "consummation devoutly to be wished." By this time, also, Stanley perceived that there were no persons on the Indiaman's deck; and the nature of Benson's trick dawning upon him, he became aware that it was not so easy to take possession of the Indiaman, she having, of course, a singular degree of independence in her motions; and before his operations were arranged, she had whizzed past him, and was off to the southwest at twelve knots an hour.

This was decidedly provoking, and Stanley was obliged at once to give up all hopes of capturing the privateer, which had now gained good start to windward, and make all sail in chase of the Indiaman, for to leave her in her present condition, would have been outright murder to all on board. Accordingly, with many heartfelt execrations at the Yankee's trick, he bore away in chase, while, to add to his vexation, the privateer perceiving his change of course, instantly put up her helm also, and despatching a forty-two pound shot to inform of that fact, gave him chase, taking care to avoid the range of his stern-chasers, so that it looked altogether amazingly, as he was running away from the schooner.

It was truly a laughable sight, to see the sloop-of-war setting studding-sails alow and aloft, and cracking on every thing in chase of the Indiaman; for to fire upon her could do no manner of good, as it would very likely kill some of her crew; so that it was altogether quite a romantick chase, very much like running after eggs down hill; to put your foot upon them would stop them doubtless; but it would probably break them in the bargain.

Accordingly, the Danes and the Yankees cachinnated greatly at Stanley's pickle; and he, guessing their thoughts, from his consciousness of the predicament he was in, mingled all manner of prayers for their future condition with the orders he gave, the which petitions, if granted, will materially affect the condition of the scamps aforesaid, on the leeward side of the river Styx.

The Indiaman, meanwhile, seemed spitefully to sail like the devil, so that it was more than an hour before the sloop was abreast of her, the privateer

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still giving chase to both. Having overtaken her, it was next necessary to board her, and this too was by no means so easy. Two large ships under full headway would rasp one another finely if laid alongside, while to send a boat was useless, as it would drop astern very shortly; so here was another peck of troubles.

Captain Stanley at length perceiving that nothing else would do, ran within a hundred feet of the Indiaman, and loading his starboard battery with chain-shot, let it drive among her rigging. Here, however, he got more than he bargained for. Intending to shoot away the braces, the shrouds and stays followed; and the wheel being also demolished, the Indiaman yawed suddenly, and in an instant was lying along his starboard-side afoul. The consequent rasp was highly emphatick, and, in consequence, down thundering came the masts and yards of the Indiaman, the greater part upon the decks of the sloop-of-war; so that Stanley was, on the whole, quite decently peppered; while, to crown all, the farewell forty-two-pound shot from the privateer, as she hauled upon the wind for the coast, came crashing through his tafferel.

American Monthly Magazine.

GREEK ANTIQUITIES IN AMERICA.

A RECENT discovery seems to afford strong evidence that the soil of America was once trodden by one of Alexander's subjects. A few years since, there was found, near Monte Video, in South America, a stone with the following words in Greek written on it: "During the reign of Alexander, the son of Philip, king of Macedon, in the 63d Olympiad, Ptolemy"—the remainder of the inscription could not be deciphered. This stone covered an excavation, which contained two very ancient swords, a helmet, a shield, and several earthen amphoræ of large capacity. On the handle of one of the swords was the portrait of a man, and on the helmet there was sculptured work representing Achilles dragging the corpse of Hector round the walls of Troy. This was a favourite picture among the Greeks. Probably this Ptolemy was overtaken by a storm in the Great ocean, as the ancients termed the Atlantick, and driven on the coast of South America. The silence of Greek writers in relation to this event may easily be accounted for by supposing that on attempting to return to Greece he was lost together with his crew, and thus no account of his discovery ever reached them.

United Service Journal.

[From the United States Magazine and Democratic Review.]

OLD IRONSIDES ON A LEE-SHORE.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

IT was at the close of a stormy day in the year 1835, when the gallant frigate Constitution, under the command of Captain Elliott—having on board the late Edward Livingston, late Minister at the Court of France, and his family, and manned by nearly five hundred souls—drew near to "the chops" of the English Channel. For four days she had been beating down from Plymouth, and on the fifth, at evening, she made her last tack from the French coast.

The watch was set at eight P. M.—The captain came on deck soon after, and having ascertained the bearing of Scilly, gave orders to keep the ship "full and by,' remarking at the same time to the officer of the deck, that he might make the light on the lee-beam, but, he stated, he thought it more than probable that he would pass it without seeing it. He then "turned in," as did most of the idlers, and the starboard watch.

At a quarter past nine, P. M., the ship headed west by compass, when the call of "Light O!" was heard from the foretopsail-yard.

"Where away?" asked the officer of the deck.

"Three points on the lee bow," replied the lookout-man; which the unprofessional reader will readily understand to mean very nearly straight ahead. At this moment, the captain appeared and took the trumpet.

"Call all hands," was his immediate order.

"All hands!" whistled the boatswain, with the long shrill summons familiar to the ears of all who have ever been on board of a man-of-war.

"All hands," screamed the boatswain's mates; and ere the last echo died away all but the sick were upon deck.

The ship was staggering through a heavy swell from the Bay of Biscay; the gale, which had been blowing several days, had increased to a severity that was not to be made light of. The breakers, where Sir Cloudesley Shovel and his fleet were destroyed in the days of Queen Anne, sang their song of death before, and the Dead-Man's Ledge replied in hoarser notes behind us. To go ahead seemed to be death, and to attempt to go about was sure destruction.

The first thing that caught the eye of the captain was the furled mainsail, which he had ordered to be carried throughont the evening—the hauling up of which contrary to the last order that he had given on leaving the deck, had caused the ship to fall off to leeward two points, and had thus led her into a position on "a lee shore," upon which a strong gale was blowing her, in which the chance of safety appeared to the stoutest nerves almost hopeless. That sole chance consisted in standing on, to carry us through the breakers of Scilly, or by a close graze along their outer ledge. Was this destined to be the end of the gallant old ship, consecrated by so many a prayer and blessing from the heart of a nation!

"Why is the mainsail up, when I ordered it set?" cried the captain in a tremendous voice.

"Finding that she pitched her bows under, I took it in under your general order, sir, that the officer of the deck should carry sail according to his discretion," replied the lieutenant in command.

"Heave the log," was the prompt command, to the master's mate. The log was thrown.

"How fast does she go?"

"Five knots and a half, sir."

"Board the main tack, sir."

"She will not bear it," said the officer of the deck.

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"Board the main tack," thundered the captain. "Keep her full and by, quartermaster."

"Ay! ay, sir!" The tack was boarded.

"Haul aft the mainsheet," shouted the captain, and aft it went like the spreading of a sea bird's wing, giving the huge sail to the gale.

"Give her the lee helm when she goes into the sea," cried the captain.

"Ay! ay! sir! she has it," growled out the old sea-dog at the binnacle.

"Right your helm, keep her full and by."

"Ay! ay! sir! full and by she is," was the prompt answer from the helm.

"How fast does she go?"

"Eight knots and a half, sir."

"How bears the light?"

"Nearly a beam, sir.'"

"Keep her away half a point."

"How fast does she go?"

"Nine knots, sir."

"Steady, so!" returned the captain.

"Steady," answered the helmsman, and all was the silence of the grave upon that crowded deck, except the howling of the storm—for a space of time that seemed to my imagination almost an age.

It was a trying hour with us—unless we could carry sail so as to go at the rate of nine knots an hour, we must of necessity dash upon Scilly, and who ever touched those rocks and lived during a storm? The sea ran very high, the rain fell in sheets, the sky was one black curtain, illumined only by the faint light which was to mark our deliverance, or stand a monument of our destruction. The wind had got above whistling, it came in puffs, that flattened the waves, and made our our old frigate settle to her bearings, while everything on board seemed cracking into pieces. At this moment the carpenter reported that the left bolt of the weather fore-shroud had drawn.

"Get on the luffs, and set them all on the weather shrouds. Keep her at small helm, quartermaster, and ease her in the sea," were the orders of the captain.

The luffs were soon put upon the weather shrouds, which of course relieved the chains and channels, but many an anxious eye was turned toward the remaining bolts, for upon them depended the masts, and upon the masts depended the safety of the ship—for with one foot of canvass less she could not live fifteen minutes.

Onward plunged the overladen frigate, and at every surge she seemed bent upon making the deep the sailor's grave, and her live oak sides, his coffin of glory. She had been fitted out at Boston when the thermometer was below zero. Her shrouds of course therefore slackened at every strain, and her unwieldly masts (for she had those designed for the frigate Cumberland, a much larger ship,) seemed ready to jump out of her. And now, while all was apprehension, another bolt drew!—and then another!—until at last, our whole stay was placed upon a single bolt less than a man's wrist in circumference. Still the good iron clung to the solid wood, and bore us alongside the breakers, though in a most fearful proximity to them. This thrilling incident has never, I believe, been noticed in public, but it is the literal fact—which I make not the slightest attempt to embellish. As we galloped on—for I can compare our vessel's leaping to nothing else—the rocks seemed very near us. Dark as was the night, the white foam scowled round their black heads, while the spray fell over us, and the thunder of the dashing surge sounded like the awful knell that the ocean was singing for the victims it was eager to ingulf.

At length the light bore upon our quarter, and the broad Atlantic rolled its white caps before us. During this time all were silent, each officer and man was at his post, and the bearing and countenance of the captain seemed to give encouragement to every person on board. With but a bare possibility of saving the ship and those on board, he placed his reliance upon his nautical skill and courage, and by carrying the mainsail when in any other situation it would have been considered a suicidal act, *he weathered the lee-shore, and saved the Constitution.*

The mainsail was now hauled up, by light hearts and strong hands, the jib and spanker taken in, and from the light of Scilly the gallant vessel, under close reefed topsails and main trysails, took her departure and danced merrily over the deep toward the United States.

"Pipe down," said the captain to the first lieutenant, "and splice the main-brace."—"Pipe down," echoed the first-lieutenant to the boatswain. "Pipe down," whistled the boatswain to the crew, and "pipe down," it was.

Soon the "Jack of the Dust" held his levee on the main gun-deck, and the weather-beaten tars, as they gathered about the grog tub, and luxuriated upon a full allowance of Old Rye, forgot all their perils and fatigue.

"How near the rocks did we go," said I to one of the master's mates the next morning. He made no reply, but taking down his chart, showed me a pencil-line, *between the outside shoal and the Lighthouse Island*, which must have been a small strait for a fisherman to run his smack through in good weather by daylight.

For what is the noble and dear old frigate preserved?

I went upon deck; the sea was calm, a gentle breeze was swelling our canvass from mainsail to royal, the isles of Scilly had sank in the eastern waters, and the clouds of the dying storm were rolling off in broken masses to the northward and westward, like the flying columns of a beaten army.

I have been in many a gale of wind, and have passed through scenes of great danger: but never, before or since, have I experienced an hour so terrific, as that when the Constitution was laboring, with the lives of five hundred men hanging on a single small iron-bolt to weather Scilly, on the night of the eleventh of May, 1835.

NOTE.—During the gale, Mrs. Livingston inquired of the captain, if we were not in great danger, to which he replied as soon as we had passed Scilly, "You are as safe as you would be in the aisle of a church." It is singular that the frigate Boston, Captain M'Neal, about the close of the Revolution, escaped a similar danger while employed in carrying out to France Chancellor Livingston, a relative of Edward, and also Minister to the Court of St. Cloud.

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[From the American Journal of Science and Arts.]

SOME ACCOUNT OF TWO VISITS TO THE MOUNTAINS IN ESSEX COUNTY, NEW YORK, IN THE YEARS 1836 AND 1837; WITH A SKETCH OF THE NORTHERN SOURCES OF THE HUDSON.

BY W. C. REDFIELD.

NOTWITHSTANDING the increase of population, and the rapid extension of our settlements since the peace of 1783, there is still found, in the northern part of the state of New York, an uninhabited region of considerable extent, which presents all the rugged characters and picturesque features of a primeval wilderness. This region constitutes the most elevated portion of the great triangular district, which is situated between the line of the St. Lawrence, the Mohawk, and Lake Champlain. That portion of it which claims our notice in the following sketches, lies mainly within the county of Essex, and the contiguous parts Hamilton and Franklin, and comprises the head-waters of the principal rivers in the northern division of the state.

In the summer of 1836, the writer had occasion to visit the new settlement at McIntyre, in Essex county, in company with the proprietors of that settlement, and other gentlemen who had been invited to join the expedition. Our party consisted of the Hon. Archibald McIntyre of Albany, the late Judge McMartin of Broadalbin, Montgomery county, and David Henderson, Esq. of Jersey City, proprietors, together with David C. Colden, Esq. of Jersey City, and Mr. James Hall, assistant state geologist for the northern district.

FIRST JOURNEY TO ESSEX.

We left Saratoga on the 10th of August, and after halting a day at Lake George, reached Ticonderoga on the 12th; where at 1 P. M. we embarked on board one of the Lake Champlain steamboats, and were landed soon after 3 P. M., at Port Henry, two miles N. W. from the old fortress of Crown Point. The remainder of the day, and part of the 14th, were spent in exploring the vicinity, and examining the interesting sections which are here exhibited of the junction of the primary rocks with the transition series, near the western borders of the lake, and we noticed with peculiar interest the effect which appears to have been produced by the former upon the transition limestone at the line of contact; the latter being here converted into white masses, remarkably crystalline in their structure, and interspersed with scales of plumbago.

On the evening of the 13th, we were entertained with a brilliant exhibition of the Aurora Borealis, which, between 7 and 8 P. M., shot upward in rapid and luminous coruscations from the northern half of the horizon, the whole converging to a point apparently fifteen degrees south of the zenith. This appearance was succeeded by luminous vertical columns or pencils of the color, alternately, of a pale red and a peculiar blue, which were exhibited in great beauty.

On the 13th, we left Port Henry on horseback, and, after a ride of six miles, left the cultivated country on the borders of the lake and entered the forest. The road on which we travelled is much used for the transportation of sawed pine lumber from the interior, there being in the large township of Moriah, as we were informed, more than sixty saw-mills. Four hours of rough travelling brought us to Weatherhead's, at West Moriah, upon the Schroon river, or East Branch of the Hudson, thirteen miles from Lake Champlain. An old state road from Warren county to Plattsburgh, passes through this valley, along which is established the line of interior settlements, in this part of the county. Our further route to the westward was upon a newer and more imperfect road, which has been opened from this place through the unsettled country in the direction of Black river, in Lewis county. We ascended by this road the woody defiles of the Schroon mountain-ridge, which, as seen from Weatherhead's, exhibits, in its lofty and apparently continuous elevations, little indications of a practicable route. Having passed a previously unseen gorge of this chain, we continued our way under a heavy rain, till we reached the dwelling of Israel Johnson, who has established himself at the outlet of a beautiful mountain lake, called Clear Pond, nine miles from Schroon river. This is the only dwelling-house upon the new road.

To travel in view of the log fences and fallen trees of a thickly wooded country, affords a favorable opportunity for observing the specific spiral direction which is often found in the woody fibre of the stems of forest trees, of various species. In a large proportion of the cases which vary from a perpendicular arrangement, averaging not less than seven out of eight, the spiral turn of the fibres of the stem in ascending from the ground, *is towards the left*, or in popular language, against the sun. It is believed that no cause has been assigned for this by writers on vegetable physiology. It may be remarked, incidentally, that the direction, in these cases, coincides with the direction of rotation, which is exhibited in our great storms, as well as with that of the tornado which visited New Brunswick in 1835, and other whirlwinds of like character, the traces of which have been carefully examined.

We resumed our journey on the morning of the 15th, and at 9 A. M. reached the Boreas branch of the Hudson, eight miles from Johnson's. Soon after 11 A. M., we arrived at the Main Northern Branch of the Hudson, a little below its junction with the outlet of Lake Sanford. Another quarter of an hour brought us to the landing at the outlet of the lake, nine miles from the Boreas. Taking leave of the "road," we here entered a difficult path which leads up the western side of the lake, and a further progress of six miles brought us to the Iron Works and settlement at McIntyre, where a hospitable reception awaited us.

SETTLEMENT AT MCINTYRE.—MINERAL CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY.

At this settlement, and in its immediate vicinity, are found beds of iron ore of great, if not unexampled extent, and of the best quality. These deposites have been noticed in the first report of the state geologists, and have since received from Professor Emmons a more extended examination. Lake Sanford is a beautiful sheet of water, of elongated and irregular form, and about five miles in extent. The Iron Works are situated on the north fork of the Hudson, a little below the point where it issues from Lake Henderson, and over a mile above its entrance into Lake Sanford. The fall of the stream between the two lakes is about one hundred feet. This settlement is situated in the upper plain of the

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Hudson, and at the foot of the principal mountain nucleus, which rises between its sources and those of the Au Sable.

A remarkable feature of this mountain district, is the uniformity of the mineral character of its rocks, which consist chiefly of the dark colored and sometimes opalescent feldspar, known as *labradorite* or Labrador feldspar. Towards the exterior limits of the formation, this material is accompanied with considerable portions of green augite or pyroxene, but in the more central portions of the formation, this feldspar often constitutes almost the only ingredient of the rocks. It seems not a little repugnant to our notions of the primary rocks, to find a region of this extent which is apparently destitute of mica, quartz, and hornblende, and also, of any traces of stratified gneiss. This labradoritic formation commences at the valley of the Schroon river, and extends westerly into the counties of Hamilton and Franklin, to a limit which is at present unknown. Its northern limit appears to be at the plains which lie between the upper waters of the Au Sable and Lake Placid, and its southern boundary which extends as far as Schroon, has not been well defined. It appears probable that it comprises an area of six or eight hundred square miles, including most of the principal mountain masses in this part of the state. So far as is known to the writer, no foreign rocks or boulders of any size or description are found in this region, if we are not to except as such, the fragments of the dykes, chiefly of trap, by which this rock is frequently intersected.

The surface of the rock where it has been long exposed to the weather, has commonly a whitened appearance, owing to its external decomposition. Blocks and boulders of this rock are scattered over the country in a southerly and westerly direction, as far as the southern boundary of the state of New York, as appears from the Report of Professor Emmons and other observations; and they are often lodged on the northern declivity of hills, high above the general level of the country. But it is not elsewhere found in place within the limits of the United States; the nearest locality at present known, being about two hundred miles north of Quebec, on the northeastern border of Lake St. John, from whence it appears to extend to the Labrador coast.* The most eastern of these transported boulders known to the writer is one of about one hundred tuns weight, at Cocksackie, on the Hudson, one hundred and thirty miles south from the labradoritic mountains. This block is found on the northern shoulder of a hill, three hundred feet above the river, and one hundred and fifty feet above the general level of the adjacent country.†

* See Lieut. Baddeley's communications in the Transactions of the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, Vol. I.

† The rocks found in the interior of the United States, west of the Hudson river, exhibit strata composed of shells, and other marine remains, which in some unknown period have evidently formed the floor of the ancient ocean. Geologists and other well-informed persons, will therefore find little difficulty in ascribing the extensive transfer of these heavy boulders to the agency of floating icebergs, or large masses of ice which were borne by the polar currents on the surface of the ancient sea, while the greater part of our continent was yet beneath its waters.

To those who think the climate of these parallels an objection to this theory, it may be remarked that huge glaciers are still formed in the mountain ravines at the head of the numerous bays which penetrate the southern extremes of the Andes, in a climate less rigid than that of the Essex mountains; and that icebergs are still met with in the Southern ocean, in latitudes as low as that of North Carolina, in cases where they have not been intercepted in their course by a warm current, like that of the gulf stream. Even on the American coast, and between it and the gulf stream, large ice islands were found in the summer of 1836, almost in the latitude of Albany.

It is worthy of notice that the labradoritic boulders abovementioned, instead of being brought from the N. W. and N. N. W., as in the case of the boulders of rocks in lower positions which are found so frequently in New England, have evidently been carried by a north or northeast current in a south or southwesterly direction, and corresponding nearly to the present course of the great polar current, along the coast of Greenland, Labrador, and the shores of the United States.

FIRST EXPEDITION TO THE MOUNTAINS.—ENCAMPMENT.

It has been noticed that the north branch of the Hudson, after its exit from Lake Sanford, joins the main branch of the river, about seven miles below the settlement at McIntyre. Having prepared for an exploration up the latter stream, we left McIntyre on the 17th of July, with three assistants, and the necessary equipage for encampment. Leaving the north branch, we proceeded through the woods in a southeasterly direction, passing two small lakes, till, at the distance of three or four miles from the settlement, we reached the southern point of one of the mountains, and assuming here a more easterly course, we came, about noon, to the main branch of the river. Traces of wolves and deer were frequently seen, and we discovered also the recent tracks of a moose, *Cervus Alces, L.* We had also noticed on the 16th, at the inlet of Lake Sanford, the fresh and yet undried footsteps of a panther, which apparently had just crossed the inlet.

The beaches of the river, on which, by means of frequent fordings, we now travelled, are composed of rolled masses of the labradoritic rock, and small opalescent specimens not unfrequently showed their beautiful colors in the bed of the stream. As we approached the entrance of the mountains, the ascent of the stream sensibly increased, and about 4 P. M., preparations were commenced for our encampment. A shelter, consisting of poles and spruce bark, was soon constructed by the exertions of our dexterous woodsmen. The camp-fire being placed on the open side, the party sleep with their heads in the opposite direction, under the lower part of the roof.

On the morning of the 18th, we resumed the ascent of the stream by its bed, in full view of two mountains, from between which the stream emerges. About two miles from our camp, we entered the more precipitous part of the gorge through which the river descends. Our advance here became more difficult and somewhat dangerous. After ascending falls and rapids, seemingly innumerable, we came about noon to an imposing cascade, closely pent between two steep mountains, and falling about eighty feet into a deep chasm, the walls of which are as precipitous as those of Niagara, and more secluded. With difficulty we emerged from this gulf, and continued our upward course over obstacles similar to the preceding, till half past 2 P. M., when we reached the head of this terrific ravine. From a ledge of rock which here crosses and obstructs the stream, the river continues, on a level which may be called the Upper Still Water, for more than a mile in a westerly and northwesterly direction, but continues pent in the bottom of a deep mountain gorge or valley, with scarce any visible current. To this

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point the river had been explored by the proprietors on a former occasion.

LAKE COLDEN.—MOUNTAIN PEAKS.

Emerging from this valley, we found the river to have a meandering course of another mile, in a northwesterly and northerly direction, with a moderate current, until it forks into two unequal branches. Leaving the main branch which here descends from the east, we followed the northern tributary to the distance of two hundred yards from the forks, where it proved to be the outlet of a beautiful lake, of about a mile in extent. This lake, to which our party afterward gave the name of Lake Colden, is situated between two mountain peaks which rise in lofty grandeur on either hand. We made our second camp at the outlet of this lake, and in full view of its interesting scenery.

Previous to reaching the outlet, we had noticed on the margin of the river, fresh tracks of the wolf and also of the deer, both apparently made at the fullest speed, and on turning a point we came upon the warm and mangled remains of a fine deer, which had fallen a sacrifice to the wolves; the latter having been driven from their savage repast by our unwelcome approach. There appeared to have been two of the aggressive party, one of which, by lying in wait, had probably intercepted the deer in his course to the lake, and they had nearly devoured their victim in apparently a short space of time.

The great ascent which we had made from our first encampment, and the apparent altitude of the mountain peaks before us, together with the naked condition of their summits, rendered it obvious that the elevation of this mountain group had been greatly underrated; and we were led to regret our want of means for a barometrical measurement. The height of our present encampment above Lake Sanford was estimated to be from ten to twelve hundred feet, and the height of Lake Colden, above tide, at from one thousand eight hundred, to two thousand feet, the elevation of Lake Sanford being assumed from such information as we could obtain, to be about eight hundred feet. The elevation of the peaks on either side of Lake Colden, were estimated from two thousand, to two thousand five hundred feet above the lake. These conclusions were entered in our notes, and are since proved to have been tolerably correct, except as they were founded on the supposed elevation of Lake Sanford, which had been very much underrated.

August 19th. The rain had fallen heavily during the night, and the weather was still such as to preclude the advance of the party. But the ardor of individuals was hardly to be restrained by the storm; and during the forenoon, Mr. Henderson, with John Cheney, our huntsman, made the circuit of Lake Colden, having in their course beaten up the quarters of a family of panthers, to the great discomfiture of Cheney's valorous dog. At noon, the weather being more favorable, Messrs. McIntyre, McMartin and Hall, went up the border of the lake to examine the valley which extends beyond it in a N. N. E. and N. E. direction, while the writer, with Mr. Henderson, resumed the ascent of the main stream of the Hudson. Notwithstanding the wet, and the swollen state of the stream, we succeeded in ascending more than two miles in a southeasterly and southerly direction, over a constant succession of falls and rapids of an interesting character. In one instance, the river has assumed the bed of a displaced trap dyke, by which the rock has been intersected, thus forming a chasm or sluice of great depth, with perpendicular walls, in which the river is precipitated in a cascade of fifty feet.

Before returning to camp, the writer ascended a neighboring ridge for the purpose of obtaining a view of the remarkably elevated valley from which the Hudson here issues. From this point a mountain peak was discovered, which obviously exceeded in elevation the peaks which had hitherto engaged our attention. Having taken the compass bearing of this peak, further progress was relinquished, in hope of resuming the exploration of this unknown region on the morrow.

AVALANCHE LAKE.—RETURN TO THE SETTLEMENT.

On returning to our camp, we met the portion of our party which had penetrated the valley north of the lake, and who had there discovered another lake of nearly equal extent, which discharges by an outlet that falls into Lake Colden. On the two sides of this lake, the mountains rise so precipitously as to preclude any passage through the gorge, except by water. The scenery was described as very imposing, and some fine specimens of the opalescent rock were brought from this locality. Immense slides or avalanches had been precipitated into this lake from the steep face of the mountain, which induced the party to bestow upon it the name of Avalanche lake.

Another night was passed at this camp, and the morning of the 20th opened with thick mists and rain, by which our progress was further delayed. It was at last determined, in view of the bad state of the weather and our short stock of provisions, to abandon any further exploration at this time, and to return to the settlement. Retracing our steps nearly to the head of the Still Water, we then took a westerly course through a level and swampy tract, which soon brought us to the head-waters of a stream which descends nearly in a direct course to the outlet of Lake Henderson. The distance from our camp at Lake Colden to McIntyre, by this route, probably does not exceed six miles. Continuing our course, we reached the settlement without serious accident, but with an increased relish for the comforts of civilization.

This part of the state was surveyed into large tracts, or townships, by the colonial government, as early as 1772, and lines and corners of that date, as marked upon the trees of the forest, are now distinctly legible. But the topography of the mountains and streams in the upper country, appears not to have been properly noted, if at all examined, and in our best maps, has either been omitted or represented erroneously. Traces have been discovered near McIntyre of a route, which the natives sometimes pursued through this mountain region, by way of Lakes Sanford and Henderson, and thence to the Preston Ponds and the head-waters of the Racket. But these savages had no inducement to make the laborious ascent of steril mountain peaks, which they held in superstitious dread, or to explore the hidden sources of the rivers which they send forth. Even the more hardy huntsman of later times, who,

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when trapping for northern furs, has marked his path into the recesses of these elevated forests, has left no traces of his axe higher than the borders of Lake Colden, where some few marks of this description may be perceived. All here seems abandoned to solitude; and even the streams and lakes of this upper region are destitute of the trout, which are found so abundant below the cataracts of the mountains.

WHITEFACE MOUNTAIN.—THE NOTCH.

At a later period of the year, Professor Emmons, in the execution of his geological survey, and accompanied by Mr. Hall, his assistant, ascended the Whiteface mountain, a solitary peak of different formation, which rises in the north part of the county. From this point, Prof. E. distinctly recognised as the highest of the group, the peak on which the writer's attention had been fastened at the termination of our ascent of the Hudson, and which he describes as situated about sixteen miles south of Whiteface. Prof. E. then proceeded southward through the remarkable Notch, or pass, which is described in his Report, and which is situated about five miles north from McIntyre. The Wallface mountain, which forms the west side of the pass, was ascended by him on this occasion, and the height of its perpendicular part was ascertained to be about twelve hundred feet, as may be seen by reference to the geological Report which was published in February last, by order of the Legislature. It appears by the barometrical observations made by Prof. Emmons, that the elevation of the tableland which constitutes the base of these mountains at McIntyre, is much greater than from the result of our inquiries we had been led to suppose.

SECOND JOURNEY TO ESSEX COUNTY.

The interest excited in our party by the short exploration which has been described, was not likely to fail till its objects were more fully accomplished. Another visit to this alpine region was accordingly made in the summer of the present year. Our party on this occasion consisted of Messrs. McIntyre, Henderson and Hall, (the latter at this time geologist of the western district of the state,) together with Prof. Torrey, Prof. Emmons, Messrs. Ingham and Strong of New York, Miller of Princeton, and Emmons, Jr. of Williamstown.

We left Albany on the 28th of July, and took steamboat at Whitehall on the 29th. At the latter place an opportunity was afforded us to ascend the eminence known as Skeenes' mountain, which rises about five hundred feet above the lake. Passing the interesting ruins of Ticonderoga and the less imposing military works of Crown Point, we again landed at Port Henry and proceeded to the pleasant village of East Moriah, situated upon the high ground, three and a half miles west of the lake. This village is elevated near eight hundred feet above the lake, and commands a fine view of the western slope of Vermont, terminating with the extended and beautiful outline of the Green Mountains.

We left East Moriah on the 31st, and our first day's ride brought us to Johnson's at Clear Pond. The position of the High Peak of Essex was now known to be but a few miles distant, and Johnson informed us that the snow remained on a peak which is visible from near his residence, till the 17th of July of the present year. We obtained a fine view of this peak the next morning, bearing from Johnson's N. 20° west, by compass, a position which corresponded to the previous observations; the variation in this quarter being somewhere betweeen 8° and 9° west.

Descending an abrupt declivity from Johnson's, we arrive at a large stream which issues from a small lake farther up the country, and receiving here the outlet of Clear Pond, discharges itself into the Schroon river. The upper portions of these streams and the lakes from which they issue, as well as the upper course of the Boreas with its branches and mountain lakes, are not found on our maps. From the stream beforementioned, the road ascends the Boreas ridge or mountain chain by a favorable pass, the summit of which is attained about four miles from Johnson's. Between the Boreas and the main branch of the Hudson we encounter a subordinate extension of the mountain group which separates the sources of these streams through the passes of which ridge the road is carried by a circuitous and uneven route.

We reached the outlet of Lake Sanford about noon on the 1st of August, and found two small boats awaiting our arrival. Having embarked we were able fully to enjoy the beauty and grandeur of the lake and mountain scenery which is here presented, all such views being, as is well known, precluded by the foliage while travelling in the forests. The echoes which are obtained at a point on the upper portion of the lake, are very remarkable for their strength and distinctness. The trout are plentiful in this lake, as well as in Lake Henderson and all the neighboring lakes and streams. We arrived at McIntyre about 4 P. M., and the resources of the settlement were placed in requisition by the hospitable proprietors, for our expedition to the source of the Hudson.

BAROMETRICAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE ROUTE.

The following table shows the observations made with the barometer at different points on our route, and the elevation above tide water as deduced from these observations and others made on the same days at Albany by Matthew Henry Webster, Esq. No detached thermometer was used, the general exposure of the attached thermometers to the open air being such as to indicate the temperature of the air, at both the upper and lower stations, with tolerable accuracy. In the observations with the mountain barometer a correction is here made for variation in the cistern, equal to one fiftieth of the depression which was found below the zero adjustment at thirty inches.

It is proper also to state, that the two mountain barometers made use of, continued in perfectly good order during our tour, and agreed well with each other in their zero adjustment, which is such as will give a mean annual height of full thirty inches at the sea level; but, like other barometers which have leather-bottomed cisterns, are liable to be somewhat affected by damp and warm weather when in the field, and it is possible that this hygrometric depression may have slightly affected some of the observations which here follow.

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Date.	Place of observation.	Hour.	Upper station.—Barom. correct'd 1-50 for variation of cistern.		Lower station.—60 feet above tide at Albany		Corrected height in feet, above tide.
			Att. Th.	Barom.	Att. Th.	Barom.	
July 29,	Lake Champlain at White Hall, - - -	9 A. M.	72°	29.91	-	-	90
"	Summit of Skeenes' Mountain at Do.* - -	8.40 "	71	29.39	-	-	588
"	Lake Champlain at Port Henry, - - -	5 P. M.	73	29.91			
"	East Moriah, Four Corners,† - - - -	5.45 "	71	29.09	-	-	880
July 31,	Road summit, 9 miles from Lake Champlain,	10.45 A. M.	71	28.42	72°	29.94	1.546
"	West Moriah, at Weatherhead's, Schroon valley,	1.15 P. M.	75	28.86	75	"	1.117
"	Road summit, pass of Schroon Mountain, -	4 "	69	28.57	73	29.93	1.375
"	Johnson's, at Clear Pond, - - - -	5.50 "	67	27.93	72	"	2.012
Aug. 1.	Do. Do. Second observation,‡	6.20 A. M.	62	28.03	70	30.04	1.991
"	Road summit, ridge west of Johnson's, -	8 "	64	27.45	71	"	2.592
"	Boreas River bridge, - - - - -	9.45 "	69	28.01	73	30.02	2.026
"	Hudson River bridge, - - - - -	12.30 P. M.	78	28.19	79	29.95	1.810
"	Lake Sanford inlet, - - - - -	4 "	76	28.17	78	"	1.826
"	Iron Works at McIntyre, - - - -	4.20 "	76	28.11	77	"	1.889
"	Lake Henderson outlet, - - - -	4.40 "	75	28.06	76	"	1.936

Lake Champlain is about ninety feet above tide water.

It appears from the above that the two principal depressions in the section of country over which this road passes, west of the Schroon valley, are in one case two thousand and in the other eighteen hundred feet in elevation.

SECOND EXPEDITION TO THE MOUNTAINS.

We left the settlement on the 3d of August, with five woodsmen as assistants, to take forward our provisions and other necessaries, and commenced our ascent to the higher region in a northeasterly direction, by the route on which we returned last year.

We reached our old camp at Lake Colden at 5 P. M. where we prepared our quarters for the night. The mountain peak which rises on the eastern side of this lake and separates it from the upper valley of the main stream of the Hudson, has received the name of Mount McMartin, in honor of one now deceased, who led the party of last year, and whose spirit of enterprise and persevering labors contributed to establishing the settlement at the great Ore Beds, as well as other improvements advantageous to this section of the state.

On the 4th, we once more resumed the ascent of the main stream, proceeding first in an easterly direction, and then to the southeast and south, over falls and rapids, till we arrived at the head of the great Dyke Falls. Calcedony was found by Prof. Emmons near the foot of these falls. Continuing our course on a more gradual rise, we soon entered upon unexplored ground, and about three miles from camp, arrived at the South Elbow, where the bed of the main stream changes to a northeasterly direction, at the point where it receives a tributary which enters from south-southwest. Following the former course, we had now fairly entered the High Valley which separates Mount McMartin from the High Peak on the southeast, but so enveloped were we in the deep growth of forest, that no sight of the peaks could be obtained. About a mile from the South Elbow we found another tributary entering from south-southeast, apparently from a mountain ravine which borders the High Peak on the west. Some beautifully opalescent specimens of the labradorite were found in the bed of this stream.

HIGH VALLEY OF THE HUDSON.

Another mile of our course brought us to a smaller tributary from the north, which from the alluvial character of the land near its entrance is called the High Meadow fork. This portion of our route is in the centre of this mountain valley, and has the extraordinary elevation of three thousand and seven hundred feet above tide. We continued the same general course for another mile, with our route frequently crossed by small falls and cascades, when we emerged from the broader part of the valley and our course now became east-southeast and southeast, with a steeper ascent and higher and more frequent falls in the stream. The declivity of the mountain which encloses the valley on the north and that of the great peak, here approximate closely to each other, and the valley assumes more nearly the character of a ravine or pass between two mountains, with an increasing ascent, and maintains its course for two or three miles, to the summit of the pass. Having accomplished more than half the ascent of this pass we made our camp for the night, which threatened to be uncommonly cold and caused our axemen to place in requisition some venerable specimens of the white birch which surrounded our encampment.

PHENOMENA OF MOUNTAIN SLIDES.

A portion of the deep and narrow valley in which we were now encamped, is occupied by a longitudinal ridge consisting of boulders and other *debris*, the materials, evidently, of a tremendous slide or avalanche, which at some unknown period has descended from the mountain; the momentum of the mass in its descent having accumulated and pushed forward the ridge, after the manner of the late slide at Troy, beyond the centre of the valley or gorge into which it is discharged. It appears indeed that the local configuration of surface in these mountain valleys, except where the rock is in place, ought to be ascribed chiefly to such causes. It seems apparent also, that the Hudson, at the termination of its descent from the High Valley, once discharged itself

* Four hundred and ninety eight feet above Lake Champlain.

† Seven hundred and ninety feet above do.

‡ Mean of the two sets of observations two thousand feet, nearly.

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into Lake Colden, the latter extending southward at that period to the outlet of the Still Water, which has been noticed in our account of the former exploration. This portion of the ancient bed of the lake has not only been filled, and the bed of the stream as well as the remaining surface of the lake raised above the former level, but a portion of the finer *debris* brought down by the main stream, has flowed northwardly into the present lake and filled all its southern portions with a solid and extensive shoal, which is now fordable at a low stage of the water. The fall of heavy slides from the mountains appears also to have separated Avalanche lake from Lake Colden, of which it once formed a part, and so vast is the deposit from these slides as to have raised the former lake about eighty feet above the surface of the latter. In cases where these slides have been extensive, and rapid in their descent, large hillocks or protuberances are formed in the valleys; and the denudation from above, together with the accumulation below, tends gradually to diminish the extent and frequency of their occurrence. But the slides still recur, and their pathway may often be perceived in the glitter of the naked rock, which is laid bare in their course from the summit of the mountain toward its base, and these traces constitute one of the most striking features in the mountain scenery of this region.

MAIN SOURCE OF THE HUDSON.—FALL OF THE AU SABLE.

On the morning of the fifth, we found that ice had formed in exposed situations. At an early hour we resumed our ascending course to the southeast, the stream rapidly diminishing and at length becoming partially concealed under the grass-covered boulders. At 8.40 A. M. we arrived at the head of the stream on the summit of this elevated pass, which here forms a beautiful and open mountain meadow, with the ridges of the two adjacent mountains rising in an easy slope from its sides. From this little meadow, which lies within the present limits of the town of Keene, the main branch of the Hudson and a fork of the east branch of the Au Sable commence their descending course in opposite directions, for different and far distant points of the Atlantic Ocean. The elevation of this spot proves by our observations to be more than four thousand seven hundred feet above tide water; being more than nine hundred feet above the highest point of the Catskill mountains, which have so long been considered the highest in this state.

The descent of the Au Sable from this point is most remarkable. In its comparative course to Lake Champlain, which probably does not exceed forty miles, its fall is more than four thousand six hundred feet! This, according to our present knowledge, is more than twice the descent of the Mississippi proper, from its source to the ocean. Waterfalls of the most striking and magnificent character are known to abound on the course of the stream.

HIGH PEAK OF ESSEX.

Our ascent to the source of the Hudson had brought us to an elevated portion of the highest mountain peak which was also a principal object of our exploration, and its ascent now promised to be of easy accomplishment by proceeding along its ridge, in a W. S. W. direction. On emerging from the pass, however, we immediately found ourselves entangled in the zone of dwarfish pines and spruces, which with their numerous horizontal branches interwoven with each other, surround the mountain at this elevation. These gradually decreased in height, till we reached the open surface of the mountain, covered only with mosses and small alpine plants, and at 10 A. M. the summit of the High Peak of Essex was beneath our feet.

The aspect of the morning was truly splendid and delightful, and the air on the mountain-top was found to be cold and bracing. Around us lay scattered in irregular profusion, mountain masses of various magnitudes and elevations, like to a vast sea of broken and pointed billows. In the distance lay the great valley or plain of the St. Lawrence, the shining surface of Lake Champlain, and the extensive mountain range of Vermont. The nearer portions of the scene were variegated with the white glare of recent mountain slides as seen on the sides of various peaks, and with the glistening of the beautiful lakes which are so common throughout this region. To complete the scene, from one of the nearest settlements a vast volume of smoke soon rose in majestic splendor, from a fire of sixty acres of forest clearing, which had been prepared for the "burning," and exhibiting in the vapor which it imbodied, a gorgeous array of the prismatic colors, crowned with the dazzling beams of the mid-day sun.

The summit, as well as the mass of the mountain, was found to consist entirely of the labradoritic rock, which has been mentioned as constituting the rocks of this region, and a few small specimens of hypersthene were also procured here. On some small deposites of water, ice was found at noon, half an inch in thickness. The source of the Hudson, at the head of the High Pass, bears N. 70° E. from the summit of this mountain, distant one and a quarter miles, and the descent of the mountain is here more gradual than in any other direction. Before our departure we had the unexpected satisfaction to discover, through a depression in the Green mountains, a range of distant mountains in nearly an east direction, and situated apparently beyond the valley of the Connecticut; but whether the range thus seen, be the White mountains of New Hampshire, or that portion of the range known as the mountains of Franconia, near the head of the Merrimack, does not fully appear. Our barometrical observations on this summit show an elevation of five thousand four hundred and sixty-seven feet. This exceeds by about six hundred feet, the elevation of the Whiteface mountain, as given by Prof. Emmons; and is more than sixteen hundred and fifty feet above the highest point of the Catskill mountains.*

WEAR OF THE RIVER BOULDERS.

The descent to our camp was accomplished by a more direct and far steeper route than that by which we had gained the summit, and our return to Lake Colden afforded us no new objects of examination. The boulders which form the bed of the stream in the upper Hudson, are often of great magnitude, but below the mountains, where we commenced our exploration last year, the average size does not much exceed that of the paving stones in our cities;—so

* The High Peak of Essex is supposed to be visible from Burlington, Vt., bearing S. 63° or 64° W. by compass; the variation at Burlington being 9°45′ west.

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great is the effect of the attrition to which these boulders are subject in their gradual progress down the stream. Search has been made by the writer, among the gravel from the bottom and shoals of the Hudson near the head of tidewater, for the fragmentary remains of the labradoritic rock, but hitherto without success. We may hence infer that the whole amount of this rocky material, which, aided by the ice, and the powerful impulse of the annual freshets, finds its way down the Hudson, a descent of from two thousand to four thousand seven hundred feet, in a course of something more than one hundred miles, is reduced by the combined effects of air, water, frost, and attrition, to an impalpable state, and becomes imperceptibly deposited in the alluvium of the river, or continuing suspended, is transferred to the waters of the Atlantic.

GREAT TRAP DYKE.

On the 7th of August we visited Avalanche lake, and examined the great dyke of sienitic trap in Mount McMartin, which cuts through the entire mountain in the direction from west-northwest to east-southeast. This dyke is about eighty feet in width, and being in part broken from its bed by the action of water and ice, an open chasm is thus formed in the abrupt and almost perpendicular face of the mountain. The scene on entering this chasm is one of sublime grandeur, and its nearly vertical walls of rock, at some points actually overhang the intruder, and seem to threaten him with instant destruction. With care and exertion this dyke may be ascended, by means of the irregularities of surface which the trap rock presents, and Prof. Emmons by this means accomplished some twelve or fifteen hundred feet of the elevation. His exertions were rewarded by some fine specimens of hypersthene and of the opalescent labradorite, which he here obtained. The summit of Mount McMartin is somewhat lower than those of the two adjacent peaks, and is estimated at four thousand nine hundred and fifty feet above tide.

The distance from the outlet of Lake Colden to the opposite extremity of Avalanche Lake is estimated at two and a quarter miles. The stream which enters the latter at its northern extremity, from the appearance of its valley, is supposed to be three fourths of a mile in length, and the fall of the outlet in its descent to Lake Colden is estimated, as we have seen, at eighty feet. The head waters of this fork of the Hudson are hence situated farther north than the more remote source of the Main Branch, which we explored on the 4th and 5th, or perhaps than any other of the numerous tributaries of the Hudson. The elevation of Avalanche Lake is between two thousand nine hundred and three thousand feet above tide, being undoubtedly the highest lake in the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains.

The mountain which rises on the west side of this lake and separates its valley from that of the Au Sable, is perhaps the largest of the group. Its ridge presents four successive peaks, of which the most northern save one, is the highest, and is situated immediately above the lake and opposite to Mt. McMartin. It has received the name of Mt. McIntyre, in honor of the late Controller of this state, to whose enterprise and munificence, this portion of the country is mainly indebted for the efficient measures which have been taken to promote its prosperity.

ASCENT OF MOUNT McINTYRE.

On the morning of the 8th, we commenced the ascent of Mount McIntyre through a steep ravine, by which a small stream is discharged into Lake Colden. The entire ascent being comprised in little more than a mile of horizontal distance, is necessarily difficult, and on reaching the lower border of the belt of dwarf forest, we found the principal peak rising above us on our right, with its steep acclivity of naked rock extending to our feet. Wishing to shorten our route, we here unwisely abandoned the remaining bed of the ravine, and sustaining ourselves by the slight inequalities of surface which have resulted from unequal decomposition, we succeeded in crossing the apparently smooth face of the rock by an oblique ascent to the right, and once more obtained footing in the woody cover of the mountain. But the continued steepness of the acclivity, and the seemingly impervious growth of low evergreens on this more sheltered side, where their horizontal and greatly elongated branches were most perplexingly intermingled, greatly retarded our progress. Having surmounted this region, we put forward with alacrity, and at 1 P. M. reached the summit.

The view which was here presented to us differs not greatly in its general features from that obtained at the High Peak, and the weather, which now began to threaten us with a storm, was less favorable to its exhibition. A larger number of lakes were visible from this point, and among them the beautiful and extensive group at the sources of the Saranac, which are known by the settlers as the "Saranac Waters." The view of the Still Water of the Hudson, lying like a silver thread in the bottom of its deep and forest-green valley, was peculiarly interesting. The opposite front of Mount McMartin exhibited the face of the great dyke and its passage through the summit, near to its highest point, and nearly parallel to the whitened path of a slide which had recently descended into Avalanche Lake. In a direction a little south of west, the great vertical precipice of the Wallface mountain at the Notch, distinctly met our view. Deeply below us on the northwest and north, lay the valley of the west branch of the Au Sable, skirted in the distance by the wooded plains which extend in the direction of Lake Placid and the Whiteface mountain.

Mount McIntyre is also intersected by dykes, which cross it at the lowest points of depression between its several peaks, and the more rapid erosion and displacement of these dykes has apparently produced the principal ravines in its sides. The highest of these peaks on which we now stood, is intersected by cracks and fissures in various directions, apparently caused by earthquakes. Large blocks of the same labradoritic rock as the mass of the mountain, lay scattered in various positions on the summit, which afforded nearly the same growth of mosses and alpine plants as the higher peak visited on the 5th. Our barometrical observations show a height of near five thousand two hundred feet, and this summit is probably the second in this region, in point of elevation. There are three other peaks lying in a westerly direction, and also three others lying eastward of the main source of the Hudson, which nearly approach to, if they do not exceed, five thousand feet in elevation, making of this class, including Mount

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McMartin, Whiteface, and the two peaks visited, ten in all. Besides these mountains there are not less than a dozen or twenty others that appear to equal or exceed the highest elevation of the Catskill group.

VISIT TO THE GREAT NOTCH.—RETURN TO THE SETTLEMENT.

The descent of the mountain is very abrupt on all sides, and our party took the route of a steep ravine which leads into the valley of the Au Sable, making our camp at nightfall near the foot of the mountain. The night was stormy, and the morning of the 9th opened upon us with a continued fall of rain, in which we resumed our march for the Notch, intending to return to the settlement by this route. After following the bed of the ravine till it joined the Au Sable, we ascended the latter stream, and before noon arrived at this extraordinary pass, which has been described by the state geologists, and which excites the admiration of every beholder. Vast blocks and fragments have in past ages fallen from the great precipice of the Wallface mountain on the one hand, and from the southwest extension of Mount McIntyre on the other, into the bottom of this natural gulf. Some of these blocks are set on end, of a height of more than seventy feet, in the moss-covered tops and crevices of which, large trees have taken root, and now shoot their lofty stems and branches high above the toppling foundation. The north branch of the Hudson, which passes through Lakes Henderson and Sanford, takes its rise in this pass, about five miles from McIntyre, and the elevation of its source, as would appear from the observations taken by Prof. Emmons last year, is not far from three thousand feet above tide.

Following the course of the valley, under a most copious fall of rain, we descended to Lake Henderson, which is a fine sheet of water of two or three miles in length, with the high mountain of Santanoni rising from its borders, on the west and southwest. It is not many months since our woodsman, Cheney, with no other means of offence than his axe and pistol, followed and killed a large panther, on the western borders of this lake. Pursuing our course along the eastern margin of the lake, we arrived at the settlement about 3 P. M., having been absent on our forest excursion seven days.

ELEVATION OF THE MOUNTAIN REGION.

The following table of observations, as also the preceding one, is calculated according to the formula given by Bowditch in his Navigator, except for the two principal mountain peaks, which are calculated by the formula and tables of M. Oltmanns, as found in the appendix to the Geological Manual of De la Beche, Philadelphia edition. For the points near lake Champlain, the height is deduced from the observations made at the lake shore, instead of those made at Albany, adding ninety feet for the height of lake Champlain above tide. The barometrical observations made at Syracuse, N. Y., at the same periods, by V. W. Smith, Esq., (with a well adjusted barometer, which has been compared with that of the writer,) would give to the High Peak an elevation of five thousand five hundred and ten feet. The observations at Albany have been taken for the lower station, because the latter place is less distant, and more nearly on the same meridian. Perhaps the mean of the two results may with propriety be adopted. In most of the other cases, the results deduced from the observations at Albany agree very nearly with the results obtained from the observations made at Syracuse.

Date.	Place of observation.	Hour.	Upper station.—Barom. correct'd 1·50 for variation of cistern. Att. Th.	Upper station.—Barom. correct'd 1·50 for variation of cistern. Barom.	Lower station.—60 feet above tide at Albany. Att. Th.	Lower station.—60 feet above tide at Albany. Barom.	Corrected height in feet, above tide.
Aug. 3,	Lake Colden outlet,	5.30 P. M.	70°	27·10	74	29.78	2.851
Aug. 4,	Hudson River, above the Dyke Falls,	12.30 "	74	26·72	72	29.97	3.356
"	Do. in High Valley, E. of Mt. McMartin,	2.30 P. M.	72	26.37	73	29.96	3.711
"	Do. one third mile above camp, in the High Pass,	4.30. "	52	25 66	72	29.97	4.344
Aug. 5,	Head of the High Pass, source of the main branch of the Hudson and a fork of the east branch of the Au Sable,	8.40 A. M.	47	25 43	64	30.20	4.747
"	Summit of the High Peak of Essex, one and a quarter miles S. 70° W. from the source of the Hudson,	1 P. M.	47	24.83	69	30.24	5.467
Aug. 8,	Summit of Mount McIntyre, between Lake Colden and West branch of the Au Sable,	1 30 P. M.	60	25.11	73	30.14	5.183
Aug. 12,	Summit of Bald Peak,* on the west shore of Lake Champlain, seven miles N. 29° W. from Crown Point,	11 A. M	65	27.99		-	2.065
"	Lake Champlain at Port Henry,	4 P. M	75	30.02			
	Do. corrected as for 11 A. M.	- -	73	30.03			

BALD PEAK, AND VIEW OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—ROUTES TO THE HEAD OF THE HUDSON.

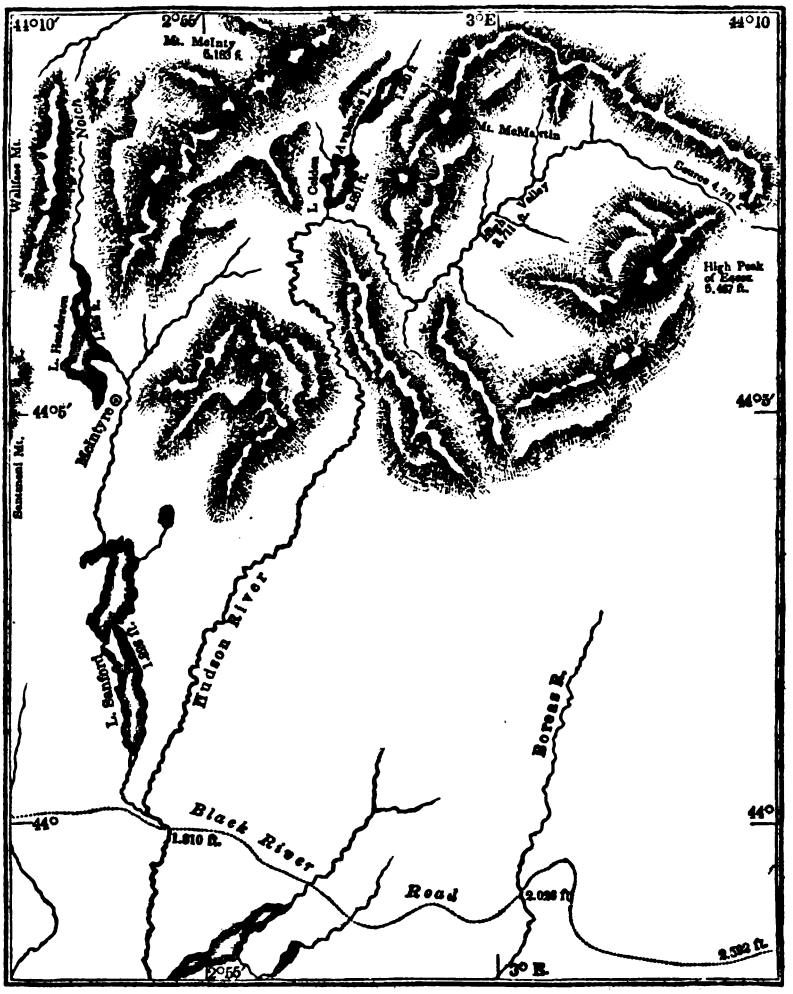
Bald Peak is the principal eminence on the western shore of lake Champlain, about seven miles N. N. W. from Crown Point, and was ascended by the writer on our return to the lake. A good carriage road leads from East Moriah nearly to the foot of the peak, from whence the ascent by a footpath is not difficult, and may be accomplished even by ladies, without hazard. The summit commands a view of some of the principal peaks in the interior, among which the High Peak is conspicuous, bearing N. 80° West, by compass. The prospect of

* 1974 feet above Lake Champlain.

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the prolonged basin of lake Champlain, which is obtained from this point, is well worth the trouble of the ascent, and is worthy the attention of tourists who can find it convenient to land either at Port Henry or Westport.

The source of the Hudson and the High Peak of Essex, can be most conveniently reached from Johnson's, at Clear Pond, by a course N. 20° W.; or by landing at Westport, or Essex, and proceeding to the nearest settlement in Keene. By landing at Port Kent, and ascending the course of the Au Sable to the southeast part of Keene, and from thence to the Peak, the most interesting chain of waterfalls and mountain ravines that is to be found, perhaps, in the United States, may be visited. At Keene, Mr. Harvey Holt, an able woodsman, who was attached to our party, will cheerfully act as guide and assistant, in reaching the mountain. From the valley which lies southward of the peak, and near to the head waters of the Boreas and Au Sable, may be obtained, it is said, some of the best mountain views which this region affords. But travellers in these wilds, must be provided with their own means of subsistence, while absent from the settlement.



The above sketch must be considered only as an approach to correctness of topography, and is based in part upon the old survey lines, as found on the county map; but the geographical position is approximated to Burr's Map of the State of New York, by means of bearings from known objects on the borders of Lake Champlain.

MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The only point east of the Mississippi which is known to exceed this group of mountains in elevation, is the highest summit of the White mountains in New Hampshire; the elevation of which is given by Prof. Bigelow, from barometrical observations reduced by Prof. Farrar, at six thousand two hundred and twenty-five feet.* Prof. Bigelow adduces the observations of Capt. Partridge, made several years since, as giving an elevation of only six thousand one hundred and three feet. But the writer is indebted to Dr. Barrett for a memorandum of observations made by Capt. Partridge in August, 1821, which gives the height of the principal peaks of the New Hampshire group, as follows:—

* New England Journal of Medicine and Surgery, Vol. V, p. 330.

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Mount Washington,	above the sea,		6.234 feet.
" Adams,	"	"	5.328
" Jefferson,	"	"	5.058
" Madison,	"	"	4.866
" Franklin,	"	"	4.711
" Monroe,	"	"	4.356

From this it appears most probable that there are a greater number of peaks in the Essex group that exceed five thousand feet, than in New Hampshire; although the honor of the highest peak is justly claimed by the latter.

IMPERFECT STATE OF GEOGRAPHICAL KNOWLEDGE—RESOURCES OF THE MOUNTAIN DISTRICT.

It appears unaccountable that the elevation of this region at the sources of the Hudson should have been, hitherto, so greatly underrated. Even Darby, in his admirable work on American geography, estimates the fall of the rivers which enter Lake Champlain from the west, as similar to those on the east, which he states to be from five hundred to one thousand feet.* The same writer also estimates the height of the table land from which the Hudson flows, at something more than one thousand feet!† The mountains of this region, appear to have almost escaped the notice of geographical writers, and in one of our best Gazetteers, that of Darby and Dwight, published in 1833, the elevation of the mountains in Essex county, is stated at one thousand two hundred feet. In Macauley's History of New York, published in Albany in 1829, there is however, an attempt to describe the mountains of the northern district of the state, by dividing them into six distinct ranges. This description is necessarily imperfect, as regards the central portion of the group; but this author appears to have more nearly appreciated the elevation of these mountains than any former writer. He states the elevation of Whiteface at two thousand six hundred feet, and the highest part of the most westerly or Chateaugua range at three thousand feet. To the mountains near the highest source of the Hudson, including probably the High Peak, he has given the name of the Clinton range, and has estimated their elevation from six hundred, to two thousand feet!‡ He also describes the West Branch of the Hudson which rises near the eastern border of Herkimer county, as being the principal stream. The Northwest Branch, which unites with the main North Branch, a few miles below Lake Sanford, he describes as rising on the borders of Franklin and Essex counties and as pursuing a more extended course than the North Branch. Perhaps this description may be found correct, although information received from other sources does not seem to confirm the position.

It is understood that Prof. Emmons, in pursuing his geological explorations, has ascended another of the principal peaks situated easterly of the highest source of the Hudson, and made other observations which will be of value in settling the geography of this region. The professor finds the northern district of the state, to be one of great interest to the geologist, and although from the deficiencies of our maps, he is constrained to the performance of duties which pertain to the geographical, rather than to the geological department of science, yet all that can be accomplished in either branch, with the means placed at his disposal, may be confidently expected from his discriminating zeal and untiring perseverance.

Owing, perhaps, to the soda and lime which are constituents of the labradoritic rock, and its somewhat easy decomposition when exposed to the action of the elements, the soil of this region is quite favorable to the growth of the forests as well as the purposes of agriculture. The beds of iron ore which are found on the waters of the Hudson, at McIntyre, probably surpass in richness and extent, any that have been discovered in other countries. In future prospect, this may be considered as the Wales of the American continent, and with its natural resources duly improved, it will, at no distant period, sustain a numerous and hardy population.

New York, November 1, 1837.

* Darby's View of the U. S. p. 242. † Ib. p. 140.

‡ Macauley's History of New York, Vol. I. p. 2 to 9 and 20, 21, Albany, 1829

OUR NATIONAL FLAG.

The Hon. Joel B. Poinsett, late Secretary of War, of the United States, related the following incident at a publick meeting in Charleston during the nullification controversy some years since:—

"Wherever I have been, (says Mr Poinsett,) I have been proud of being a citizen of this great republick, and in the remotest corners of the earth have walked erect and secure under that banner which our opponents would tear down and trample under foot. I was in Mexico when that city was taken by assault. The house of the American ambassador was then, as it ought to be, the refuge of the distressed and persecuted; it was pointed out to the infuriated soldiery as a place filled with their enemies. They rushed to the attack. My only defence was the flag of my country, and it was flung out at the instant that hundreds of muskets were levelled at us. Mr. Mason, (a braver man never stood by his friend in the hour of danger,) and myself placed ourselves beneath its waving folds, and the attack was suspended. We did not blench, for we felt strong in the protecting arm of this mighty republick. We told them that the flag that waved over us was the banner of that nation to whose example they owed their liberties, and to whose protection they were indebted for their safety. The scene changed as by enchantment, and those men who were on the point of attacking my house and massacring the inhabitants, cheered the flag of our country and placed sentinels to protect it from outrage. Fellow citizens, in such a moment as that, would it have been any protection to me and mine to have proclaimed myself a Carolinian? Should I have been here to tell you this tale if I had hung out the Palmetto and the single star? Be assured that to be respected abroad, we must maintain our place in the Union."

The human heart rises against oppression, and is soothed by gentleness, as the wave of the ocean rises in proportion to the violence of the winds, and sinks with the breeze into mildness and serenity.

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INDIAN SUMMER—AMERICAN FORESTS, AND THE INFLUENCE OF THE GREAT LAKES ON OUR AUTUMN SUNSETS.

The beauty, blandness and mingled glories of a Western Indian Summer belong alike to earth and sky. In the valley of the great Lakes they are blent with a mellow richness and loveliness unknown in other climes. The spirits of beauty can worship in no temple more resplendent than the arched heavens lit up by an Autumn sunset, and burnished with flashes and crimson colourings, deepened by the many-teinted foliage of the primeval woods, mirrored and reflected from waters broad and bright as the Mediterraneans of the old world. The forest—pen nor pencil can do justice to the spectacle it presents, when the frost of a night has changed the lingering green of a summer. "It is as if a myriad of rainbows were laced through the tree-tops—as if the sunsets of a summer—gold, purple and crimson—had been fused in the alembick of the west, and poured back in a new deluge of light and colour over the wilderness. It is as if every leaf in those countless trees had been planted to outflush the tulip—as if, by some electrick miracle, the dies of the earth's heart had struck upward, and her crystals and ores, her sapphires, hyacinths and rubies, had led forth their imprisoned colours, to mount through the roots of the forest, and, like the angels that in olden time, entered the bodies of the dying, reanimate the perishing leaves, and revel an hour in their bravery."

A writer in a late number of the "Oasis" advances the plausible theory that the chain of lakes lying in a great circle from south of west to north, add much to the splendour of our Autumn sunsets. Rays of light falling on a reflecting surface, slide off, so to speak, in a corresponding angle of elevation or depression, whatever it may be. The writer considers the great American lakes as vast mirrors spread horizontally upon the earth, reflecting the rays of the sun that fall upon them according to the optical laws that govern this phenomenon. The higher the sun is above the horizon, the less distance the reflecting rays would have to pass through the atmosphere, and of course, the less would be the effect produced; while at or near the time of setting, the direct rays striking horizontally upon the waters, the direction of the reflecting rays must be so also, and therefore pass over or through the greatest possible amount of atmosphere previous to their final dispersion. Objects on the earth's surface, if near the reflecting body, require but little elevation to impress their irregularities on the reflected light. Any considerable eminences on the eastern shores of the great lakes would produce the effect of lessening or totally intercepting these rays at the moment the sun was in a position nearly or quite horizontal. The reflective power of a surface of water is much greater than that of earth, which accounts for the admitted superiour beauty and brilliancy of autumnal sunsets in the northern, over the most gorgeous in the southern states.

The views of this writer may be novel, yet his hints are worthy the attention of the curious. The succession of most resplendent sunsets for the past several weeks, when not destroyed by atmospherick derangement attending storms, the effulgence which continues to curtain the chambers of the day-king—with the frequent auroral ministers that attend his exit in this latitude, lead us to marvel, and reverence and worship the Power that spreads and gilds the bannery tent—displaying a handiwork man can only admire and enjoy, not imitate.

The theory of this writer accounts for the successive flushes of golden and scarlet light so often observed to rise and blend and deepen in the west as the sun approaches the horizon, and sink below it, by the supposition that each lake, one after the other, lends its reflecting light to the visible portion of the atmosphere, and thus as one fades, another flings its mass of radiance across the heavens, and acting on a medium prepared for its reception, prolongs the splendid phenomena. He says:—

"We have for years noticed these appearances, and marked the fact, that in the early part of September, the sunsets are of unusual brilliancy, and more prolonged, than at other times. They are at this season, immediately after the sun goes down, accompanied by pencils or streamers of the richest light, which, diverging from the position of the sun, appear above the horizon, and are sometimes so well defined that they can be distinctly traced to the zenith. At other seasons of the year, clouds just below the horizon at sunset produce a somewhat similar result in the formation of brushes of light; and elevated ranges of mountains by intercepting and dividing the rays, whether direct or reflected, effect the same appearances; but in this case there are no elevated mountains, and on the finest of these evenings the sky is perfectly cloudless. The uniformity of these pencils at the same season for a great number of years, prove the permanency of their cause, and lead us to trace their origin to the peculiar configuration of the country bordering on the great lakes.

"At the time of the year these streamers are the most distinct, a line drawn from this point (Oswego) to the sun would pass over a small part of the west end of Lake Ontario, the greatest diameter of Lake Huron, and across a considerable portion of Lake Superiour. From considerations connected with the figure of the earth, and the relative position of the sun and the lakes, with the hills that border Lake Huron on the east, it appears clear to us that the broken line of these hills acts the part of clouds or mountains in other circumstances in intercepting and dividing into pencils the broad mass of light reflected from the Huron, and thus creating those splendid streamers, by which, as it were, the commencement of autumn is marked. As the sun still advances to the south, the pencils formed by the highlands are lost to us, but in their place come two broad ones, caused by the feebler reflective powers of the isthmuses that separate St. Clair from the Huron, and the former from Lake Erie. This occurs not far from the middle of September, when the sun sets a few degrees north of west, and can be observed nearly a month. These interruptions of the brilliance of the west are not, however, of the duration of those effected by the hills, as the sun has scarcely time to leave the surface of the Huron before these pencils and breaks are all abruptly melted into the rich dark crimson that floats up from the Michigan or the mighty Superiour.

"After the southern declination of the sun has become such that the Huron range of hills is to the

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northward of the range of light reflected to us, these pencils disappear from the heavens apparently, and do not return until, with another season, and a renewed atmosphere, the sun is found in the same position. The reason of this is, the whole of the Michigan peninsula is so level that it does not break the reflected light from that lake; and the broader ones made by breaks in the chain of lakes from Erie to Huron, are not of a nature to be so distinctly marked as those produced by the interception of rays by hills or clouds.

"We have thrown out these hints—for we consider them nothing more—in the hope of directing the notice of other and more competent observers to the facts stated, and if possible, thereby gaining a satisfactory explanation of the splendid phenomena connected with our autumnal sunsets, should the above not be considered as such."

The favourable location of our city, overlooking as it does a broad expanse of waters on the north and west, often gives it the famed rose-coloured skies of impassioned Italy. At such an hour the divinity is stirred within us, and few can go out under the pavilion nature has spread over our forest, city, and Erie, without feeling that "God alone is to be seen in heaven." The breathings of the sweetest of American bards then come unbidden from the fount of memory:—

"Oh! what a glory doth this world put on
For him that with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lighted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear."

[Cleveland Herald.

RIVERS IN MISSISSIPPI.

The principal streams of the state of Mississippi are as follow:—

Pearl river, which heads near the Choctaw county line, and has a course of about seven hundred miles, till its waters mingle with those of the Gulf of Mexico. Steamboats can ascend it five hundred and eighty miles to Pensacola, on its west bank, in Leake county, four miles southwest of Carthage. The greatest impediments to its navigation are in the first hundred miles above its mouth. One point of it, in Madison county, is only thirteen miles from the Big Black, and about thirty-five from the Yazoo. Its principal tributaries are the Lobutcha, Yukainokhina and the Bogue Chitto from the west, and Strong river from the east. Yukainokhina has been ascended some miles by keels.

Yazoo river may be considered as heading near Pontotock. The stream sweeps round, and receiving the Cold Water from the west, and the Tallatoba from the east, flows on under the name of Tallahatchie, till its junction with the Yalobusha from the left; when the united stream assumes the name of Yazoo. Near the Holmes county line, there are two channels at high water. That on the left, which is about seventy miles long, is known by the name of Little river; part of which is also called Chula lake. The island formed is called Honey island, and is very fertile. Descending further, a few miles below Satartia, in Yazoo county, the Sun Flower—two hundred miles long, and navigable for steamboats—puts in from the right, or Washington county side. Within fifteen miles of its mouth, it receives Deer creek from the right, and finally, after a course of seven hundred miles, empties into the Mississippi, twelve miles above the flourishing city of Vicksburgh. From one point of the Yazoo, known as the Chickasaw bayou, it is only seven miles through for skiffs, in high water, to Vicksburgh: while it is thirty round.

Steamboats have ascended the *Yalobusha* forty miles.

The *Yoccony Patawfa*—two hundred miles long—is also a branch of the Tallahatchie.

From the confluence of the Cold Water to the mouth of the Yazoo and westward to the Mississippi, the country is entirely alluvial, no part of it being more than thirteen feet above overflow. Here, doubtless, the ocean once dashed its wave, and held dominion till the Mississippi, slowly, but not less surely, compelled it to retire.

The *Yazoo Pass* puts out from the Mississippi ten miles below Helena, and after twenty-five miles joins the Cold Water, or Oka Kapussa, and thus communicates with the Yazoo. By this route, which is longer than the main channel, you reach the Mississippi by a genuine current, in five hundred miles, through which many boats have descended. Efforts are now making to clear the pass of obstructions to its navigation; but the appropriation of ten thousand dollars is inadequate. The summit level on both sides of the breadth of a thousand yards should be dyked for some miles.

The *Yazoo* is from one hundred to two hundred yards broad. At and near its mouth, it is called Old river; because it was the bed of the Mississippi one hundred and fifty years ago. It is there a mile in width or more. At Liverpool, twenty miles below Manchester, the Yazoo is within seven miles of the Big Black.

Steamboats may ascend the Yazoo four hundred miles or more.

Deer Creek is nowhere more than from fifteen to twenty miles from the Mississippi. It has been ascended in skiffs nearly to its source. It communicates with the Sun Flower, by the Rolling Forks, and it is usual to ascend the Sun Flower in order to reach the plantations on Deer Creek, or to pass over to the Mississippi.

Big Black rises in Choctaw county, and after a course of five hundred miles, enters the Mississippi one mile and a half above the city of Grand Gulf, in the county of Claiborne. It receives not a single tributary of importance. Its width at low water exceeds one hundred yards in very few places; but, during floods, it is a mile or more in width. Steamboats may ascend it more than three hundred miles. As you ascend, after leaving the county of Claiborne, it intervenes between the counties of Hindes and Madison on the south, and those of Yazoo and Holmes on the north. About thirty thousand bales of cotton annually descend this river.

The *Tombigby* is only partly—say two hundred and fifty miles—within the state of Mississippi. Between townships sixteen and seventeen north of the basis of townships of the Chostaw district or

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in latitude thirty-three degrees, fifteen minutes, it passes into the state of Alabama, and flows on to join the stream of that name. It divides the counties of Monroe and Lowndes nearly centrally. It has been navigated by steamboats, within our state, one hundred miles or more, to Cotton-Gin-Port, ninety miles above Columbus, and six hundred from the gulf of Mexico; from whence, to its source, it is about seven hundred and fifty miles.

The *Oktibbeha* is a branch of the Bigby, as it is familiarly called, and enters it from the west, four miles above Columbus. It may be navigated twenty miles, to Mahew.

Noxubee river, which gives its name to a county, is another branch, one hundred and thirty miles long, and rises in our state.

Pascagoula river disembogues into the gulf of Mexico. It is formed by the union of the Chickasawhay from the north, and Leaf river from the northwest.

NEW FISH.

Mr. Strickland, of Yorkshire, has communicated to the British Association an account of the capture of a new species of fish, at Burlington Quay, on the eleventh of August, 1839. It was of the shark tribe, but it differed from those that are usually met with. It was seven feet and a half in length, and three feet three inches round the girth. The skin was smooth and shining, and on the upper part of the back it had sharp spiles, not large in size, and about one inch asunder. Its eyes were large, and hung over the mouth, and between the eyes were placed the nostrils. It was of a reddish slate color when taken, but assumed a redder cast before it died. The author then described the anatomy of the fish, the result of which convinced him that it was a species not hitherto taken on the British shore. Mr. Yarrel thought it would be found to resemble one brought from Africa by Dr. Smith, and to belong to the genus *Saylbinum* of Cuvier; but Dr. Smith had found it necessary to subdivide that genus, and this animal might be referred to the group thus separated from the species originally placed in the genus.

AMERICAN SCENERY.

Probably no country in the world presents such a great variety of sublime and beautiful scenery as our own, and yet it is a strange fact that Americans go abroad to enjoy the beauties of the sunny vales of France and Italy, and to view the sublime scenery upon the banks of the Rhine, when vales as sunny, and Alps as grand are here within our own borders. And it is to be lamented that these foreign scenes are so often made the "wooff and filling" of the tales of romance of American writers, to the entire neglect of our own unequalled natural scenery, hallowed as almost every spot is by associations connected with our history. A salutary change in this respect is now progressing, but it must be radical before we can possess a purely national literature.

We propose under this head to introduce whatever we find that will prove interesting to our readers, and commence with the following:—

THE ARCH ROCK AT MACKINAC.

I wish some of our friends, those not irretrievably tied to the car of artificial life, refined, elegant *recherche* though it be, might now and then break away from the charmed circle, and visit the island of the North—the Great Turtle of the aretics. If there be any restorative to over-wrought morbid sensibility—to the lassitude which sometimes creeps over the most nervous minds, it is a few weeks of genuine rustication like this. Wander through pathless woods—lose yourselves amid tangled cedars, maples, and wildest evergreen—drag yourself up steep precipices by friendly briers and wild vines. Sweep around the island in a bark canoe, and paddle it yourself—look from the shaded side of the bark on four fathoms water into the crystal depths below, and see the glorious world there—take in the heavens and the rocks, the green trees, the grassy summits, the quiet glades, the cool springs bubbling from dark caverns—the white pebbles and the transparent waters, and thank your Maker for faculties to enjoy these sights; that dreamy abstractions have not refined you out of a sense of their glorious freshness.

You have been here, and know that many places on the Island are made interesting by history and tradition. Among those, however, that owe less to associations than to extraordinary formation, may be mentioned the celebrated Arch Rock; yet this is not altogether wanting in interest from such sources. There was a tradition long prevalent among the eastern nations, the Iroquois and Algonquins, that the sun passed through this rock just before disappearing in the Western horizon. Those adventurous chiefs, who in after times visited the Island, for the purposes of trade or war, made earnest inquiries for the sacred rock which received the setting sun under its arch.

There are few scenes more imposing than a view of the arch from the top, looking down on water, and away over the pure wave, and the blue Islands that lie soft and trembling in the distance, like some of Turner's glorious visions, married to wave, and heaven.

But if the view from above impresses the mind with awe, I know not what language to use to describe the sensations awakened in contemplating the same from below. Off on the water at a sufficient distance, for the eye readily to compass the whole, its structure is built upon so vast a scale, that it really appears light and airy as though mingling in the mist of a cloudy atmosphere, or the hazes of extreme distance. The

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banks all along the shore, and immediately in the vicinity are lofty and precipitous, and have already familiarized the mind with great elevation; and though the arch rises far above surrounding rocks, yet the tall trees that grow from its base, and spread their foliage against its precipitate and dark ledges, and the stinted cedars and other evergreens that shoot from crevices and over awful chasms, take away the nakedness from the vast columns and masses of limestone, which in every varied, fantastic and grand form, spring to incredible heights.

The whole range of rock, indeed, is much higher, and more vast than appears from the water. Several circumstances contribute to this deception. Shrouded, as much of the lower part of the rocks are with evergreen, beauty is mingled with its grandeur, and consequently the simple sensation of the sublime is broken There is also a rugged acclivity or preparation, difficult of ascent, composed of broken fragments, and gradually converted into a soil that sustains a growth of tangled underwood. The dark base of the rocks is thus softened. The eye running along this ascent, covered with dense foliage, takes the whole as springing from the level, and is again deceived—for we compare heights unknown with what objects soever there may be around, whose uniform magnitudes are familiar—such as figures of men, animals, and in their absence, trees. Again the deception is continued, for trees and shrubs that cling to the sides of the rocks, and shoot out from gloomy fissures in many places, keep up the appearance of verdure quite to the top. These, which in fact, are often a succession of tall trees, each length repeated, seen at a distance, seduce the eye, and give back the impression of the lofty trees that spring from the water's edge! True, the slightest observation corrects all this, yet the impression is left on the mind, and some pains must be taken to remove it by a detailed examination, ere you fully awaken to the stupendous structure before you.

To realize this, let us paddle our bark ashore; let us approach the vestibule of one of Nature's temples.* * * * We have wended and fought our way through dense thickets, over irregular fragments of rocks, up an ascent fearful enough, and through a small archway, which in any other place would be a wonder in itself. Now you have reached the spot from which springs the lowest foot of the great arch. Here you are under and surrounded by vast rocks and perpendicular masses that rise for a great distance in irregular and broken forms above, and finally jut out beyond the plumb-line, and with the tangled briers that crown their summits, shut out the heavens from view!

The atmosphere is chilled by gloomy shades, and rocks, and dark caverns. The upper foot of the arch is yet at a great distance; you clamber half way of this distance and pause to get breath; you look up, and find yourself immediately under the apex of the great arch!—spanning a chasm of fifty feet. And here you discover a new element of the sublime—a feature which has not before been remarked. This immense arch bends outward toward the water, at least eight feet—a form that gives beauty and consistency to the inner curvature, or great *funnel*, of which it forms a section; but while an apparent harmony is thus obtained, as it leaves the prodigious mass of overhanging limestone less secure, startles the mind with awful apprehension.

A grandeur, dizzy and frightful, invests these suspended masses of rock; and the mind, unable to sustain reflection, feels as though pressed down by some dreadful phantom. Alas! how futile must be all efforts at pictorial representation from this position; and yet here are you the most impressed with its sublime forms.

Bewildering sensations now succeed, difficult to be described. From painful oppression the mind seeks relief by comparing the grandest human structures with what now seizes its attention; and where nature has not far overshot the proudest monument of human art, a strange sort of delight is felt, and quiet and self-possession restored.

But here, in vain does the mind seek such repose—comparisons are hardly dwelt on, though the struggle is made. A range of rock on rock, dreary chasms, perpendicular lines stretching away into dizzy heights, and whitened cliffs pushed up into the regions of lightning and thunder, present a combination of sublime images that defy comparison—that defy all efforts to delineate or comprehend. The mind shrinks within itself, awed to solemn thought and appalled by what is above and around it. You unconsciously sink to the ground—you cover your face with your hands, and murmur—"Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou shouldst regard him?"

Correspondent of Detroit Advertiser.

THE CUMBERLAND WATER-FALL.

This Fall is situated on the top of the Cumberland mountains, East Tennessee. I had frequently heard it spoken of by travellers who had visited it; and their descriptions excited in me a very great desire to see it, as I conceived it to be a beautiful miniature representation of the falls of Niagara. I have recently had an opportunity of gratifying this desire; and I assure you that my most exalted preconceptions were more than realized when I had the pleasure of viewing this most interesting scene, which is distinguished alike for its beauty, and its wild and awful grandeur. This fall is within two hundred yards of the stage road crossing the Cumberland mountain. The pathway which conducts to it passes over a gently inclined plane, on the lower margin of which meanders a small stream, which is here remarkable only for its beautifully transparent water which flows on smoothly and silently, to the very verge of the precipice over which it falls. Immediately beyond the little rivulet there rises an abruptly steep mountain, which is clothed with a luxuriant growth of ivy and laurel, the beauty of which was greatly heightened when I saw it, by being covered with richly variegated bloom—and the noble yew trees, as if too proud to associate with the humble shrubbery beneath, send far their lofty shafts, which almost vie with the clouds in height.

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How striking a contrast is there between this part of the scenery, and what is soon exhibited to the eyes of the beholder! Here every object is calculated to inspire feelings of calmness and serenity; and the distant roar of the cascade falls like melodious music on the ear, to compose and soothe the mind. But how soon is the beholder awakened from this sweet and contemplative reverie, when he finds himself on the brink of the awful precipice over which tumbles the beautiful little stream just described! He is filled with wonder and amazement when he surveys on the one hand the stupendous cliff above, whose towering apex seems to scale the clouds, and on the other, the profound abyss beneath, into which the water falls and vanishes from the sight. After viewing this truly grand scene for some time, with a pleasure which can be more easily conceived than described, I turned away from the spot, and, as I supposed, bade a final adieu to it; being more forcibly struck than I had ever been before, with the wondrous power and might of the great Artificer of the universe. But to my great surprise, I learned from the gentleman living very near, and who met me while retracing my steps to my carriage, that I had as yet seen but a small part of this awfully grand scenery. He informed me that there was a way by which we could descend to the base of the precipice, on the brink of which I had just stood, where I could have a much better view of the fall of water. Wishing to gratify my excited curiosity to the utmost extent, I consented to accept him as my guide. He conducted me down a very rugged, and precipitous declivity of considerable extent, amid crags of almost mountain height. At length we reached the foot of the precipice, and stood in full view of the whole wonderful and amazing prospect. At first, I felt almost overwhelmed by the contemplation, and spent some minutes in viewing the water merely where it falls into a lovely circular basin of stone. But language is utterly inadequate to express my emotions, when I ventured to raise my eyes to survey the lofty and spacious concave which was suspended over my head, and the precipitation of the water from its brink. You can form some faint conception of the magnificence and grandeur of this scenery, when I tell you that the great dome above, which looks like the firmament in miniature, is not less than one hundred and fifty feet in diameter and one hundred and seventy-five feet in height, from the bottom of the basin, into which the water is received. The excavation extends so far back, from the point at which the water is projected that there is a space of full forty feet between the base of the precipice and the basin, so that persons can walk with ease under the arch, without being made wet by the spray, which is considerable, and which exhibits the appearance of a shower of rain. The water passes from the edge of the arch above in a mass, but descending through the air for nearly two hundred feet, it becomes divided like large drops of rain—which present a strikingly singular appearance. In the afternoon, the beauty and interest of the scene are greatly heightened by the numerous brilliant rainbows which are formed by the refracting influence of the descending stream and the ascending spray.

When the stream of water is much increased by rain, it is projected full twenty yards from the base of the precipice, and occasions a violent whirlpool in the basin, which has the effect of wearing the rocks and pieces of timber in it smooth and round.

Below the arched excavation, the precipice, which consists of solid rock, is just like a perpendicular wall of one hundred and fifty feet in height. Within ten feet of the base of this wall, are to be seen several large niches, which contain a great many bones, some of which are human, and supposed to have been deposited there by some of the Indian tribes.

While contemplating this august scenery, my guide related to me two incidents, which served to excite in my mind feelings of a very solemn and melancholy character. The first was the murder of a man by two gamblers, who had followed him from Mc Minnville, Middle Tennessee, under the impression that he was possessed of a large amount of money. He showed me the spot where they committed the horrid deed, it being near to the basin, where they had decoyed their unsuspecting victim, under the pretence of showing him this interesting spectacle. Suffice it to say, that he was most barbarously murdered, and then despoiled of all he had, and his mangled corpse was left exposed to the beasts of prey. He was, however, soon discovered and received a decent interment. The other incident was the accidental destruction of a negro man who having fled from his master, a trader, and being pursued at night, leaped headlong, *unconsciously*, over this dreadful precipice to the right of the fall, full one hundred and fifty feet, and mangled his head and body against the crags beneath. His passage from time to eternity was indeed a short one! His tomb is amid the rocks not far from where he fell, and contiguous to that of his companion in misfortune.

Correspondent of Richmond Esquirer.

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

THY *stars* and *stripes* abroad unfurled,—
Blest guardian of our father land,
Beamed brightly when to earth were hurled
The chains that bound each freeman's hand

Around thy fold a gathered band,
Stood ready for an open foe;
They stood not as the hirelings stand,
Waiting a sign, to strike the blow.

Their hearts were nerved for freedom's fight,
A *Holy* and a glorious cause;
Their emblem stood in azure light,
That light, the type of equal laws,

So mayst thou wave, Flag of the free,
As pure—as bright, as Planets are;
May Heaven protect thy spotless fame,—
Spotless alike in peace or war. W. H. T.

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FRUITS AND SCENERY OF FLORIDA.

The general appearance of Florida is uninteresting. One half of the Territory is an immense pine barren, where little is to be seen beside the palmetto, the myrtle and the pine. Here and there, however, may be found "hammocks" of live oak, post oak and hickory, and by the borders of the lakes and rivers are delightful groves of oranges and figs. Our first approach to Florida was by the conveyance of a yawl boat, hired for the occasion Though it was the depth of winter, yet the atmosphere was, as it had been for a fortnight, singularly balmy and soft. Such air we may believe the inhabitants of Elysium enjoy. Our little sail being hoisted, the wind wafted us with speed across the bosom of the river.

The St. Johns is the most important river of this Territory. Its source is among a chain of lakes in the Middle Eastern District. These lakes are accessible to sloops. They are often deep, but of a living clearness and brilliancy. In their depths dwell unnumbered fish of various kinds—the trout, the flounder, and others. Alligators dwell in these waters, and are sometimes found of the enormous length of fifteen feet! Their average size, however, is by no means so great. During the heat of noon in winter, and at all times in summer, they may be seen lying upon the sand-bars of the rivers and lakes, (leisure-loving monsters!) enjoying the repose of almost perpetual silence and warmth; indifferent to all wars and political tumults: savagely desirous of young negroes; laughing at bullets, and accounting them as stubble, and with "dignified disgust" turning from the crack of a rifle as though it were but the small voice of a popgun.

They are the enemies of bathers. A boy from one of the towns lying on the Southern rivers, while bathing, was attacked by one of these "ugly insects," as they were laughably termed by an "ancient mariner" of our acquaintance. The advances of the monster were unforeseen. A shout from the companions of the endangered youth failed to warn him from the spot—and—my blood freezes while I write—he rushed into the very jaws of the waterdemon before him. Oh, God! what an awful moment to the young spectators was that! They saw their companion struggling in the waves, his head locked in the very jaws of the enemy. The combatants sank. With admirable adroitness, the youth seized the alligator by the eyeholes, forcing the balls instantly from the sockets. With a fiend-like howl, the monster retreated to the bottom of the river, while the unlucky youth, blinded and drenched with blood, staggered to the shore. This is no fancy sketch. It occurred near Darien, in Georgia. Other encounters of this kind were communicated to us. One more relation shall conclude our present remarks upon this subject.

Alligator versus Steam. This was a forced and unavoidable combat, and a brief one. The captain of a steamboat, while at his post, perceived one of the inhabitants of the river pushing his way directly across before the boat. At its approach, the animal sank, and rose immediately before the wheel! He rushed at the shaft, which struck him with great violence, dragged him upward in its revolution, and flung him through the shivered boards of the wheel house, a mangled and quivering victim upon the deck. This anecdote was told us by the Captain himself, and struck us as being very horrible.

We might say some things further relating to the alligator. We might tell how he swalloweth pine knots previous to the lethargy of his winter life, and considereth them not inferior to pastry and pancakes, also how excellently well his tail tasteth to the epicure, who cooketh said tail and considereth it equal to bass; furthermore how the ladies shudder at such feats and such opinion, and consider it barbarism to devour any portion of said "varmint"—with other remarks of like character. But we return from the digression to the subject of our paper.

The scenery of Florida is not all uninteresting. He who has seen from some quiet nook a graceful bend of the river bordered with orange bowers and groves of the holly and magnolia and oak, and (truly tropical and stately) the cabbage palmetto and cocoa-nut, will find in his memory recollections wherewith to frame a dream of the loveliness of Mahomet's paradise. There are "sinks," too, in Florida—places where rivers suddenly sink or vanish in the sand, or where they rush with abandoned plunge into the dark caverns, mingling there with subterranean torrents, and gliding away through thickest gloom with many murmurings and discordant sounds. At some future time, the poet, looking into these dark and misty caverns, may imagine, while he feels the inspiration of horror, that these melancholy and subterraneous sounds are the moans of the water genii, lamenting that the river amid whose spray they spread their wings, has left the cypress shades and open sunshine to wander on through the chilliness and mist and sunless glooms of caverns.

Some of these Stygian waters rise and sink with the tide, thereby indicating their connexion with the sea. Lakes, once wide and beautiful, have sunk in a single night, leaving their beds covered with the fish. During the present winter a lake sunk thus, leaving millions of fish dancing upon the land. Cartloads of these were carried off and cured by the neighboring "crackers," (squatters and herdsmen.) The remainder, putrifying, tainted the whole atmosphere for miles around, reminding the traveller of the plague of Egypt.

I was speaking of trees. Unanimously we voted the magnolia to be the most beautiful. The exquisite fragrance of its blossoms, and the "imperial pride" and beauty of its foliage, have made it a great favorite. The live oak attains, however, to great size. We passed some groves certainly magnificent. When growing in the low grounds, they are hung with dismal festoons of moss. A contractor, furnishing timber for naval purposes, informed me of an enormous tree, growing on the banks of a river. He measured it, and found it

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thirty feet to the first bough, and thirty-six in circumference at base. He compared its trunk to the shot tower at New York. I regarded his assertions as exaggeration and extravagance of language, but was assured by the planter over whose grounds its mighty shadow moved, that the statement was correct. This giant of the forest was beginning to feel the inroads of decay. It was not cut, as it was found hollow in the middle. These trees are almost invariably hung with the festoonery of the grape. The vines of the grape in Florida are sometimes of great size, bearing abundantly. From the fruit good wine has been made. The *acoonta* or Indian bread is a vine which clambers up the forest trees. Its thorns are very sharp and malignant. From the root the Indian prepares a species of flour in taste not unlike the flour made from potatoes. The palmetto is a shrub which gives character to the scenery. Its leaf is fan-shaped and beautifully green.

The pine of Florida is the long leafed-kind. It grows sometime to a great height, towering above all in lordly stateliness and strength. When the wind rages, the roar of the pine forest is indescribably grand. In Alcehua county, the soil is generally rich; there the pine is oft enormous in stature, and its roots strike deep into the fertile earth, so that the ploughman may drive his plough close to the very trunk.

The cabbage palm resembles the palmetto in its leaf, but it is a tree, and grows sometimes to the height of fifty feet. The trunk is pointed with a thousand shafts of bark, shooting out like bayonets. It resembles the cocoanut.

The orange is of three kinds—the sweet, the bitter sweet, and the sour. The latter are not unlike the lemon as to flavor. The first mentioned is the delicious fruit brought to the north from the West Indies. The bitter sweet is most abundant, and is certainly pleasant. Figs, white and purple, are found in the hammocks of middle Florida, and are as agreeable as the cultivated fruit. Peaches are also found wild, strange as it may seem. Perhaps the botanist may say that they must have been introduced by the natives—by the men who wandered through the wilds of the territory, before the savage had passed the frozen ocean in his descent to the temperate and tropical climes of America. The cocoanut has been introduced from Cuba, as well as the plantain and banana, the myrtle or orange, the lemon and pineapple. Of the latter there are very few to be found though the soil and climate are highly favorable.

[That the peninsula of Florida presents a vast field for individual as well as national enterprise, in promoting the interest of agriculture and horticulture, by the transplantation there of exotics from the tropics, cannot be doubted. During the second session of the twenty-fifth congress, Doctor Henry Perrine, late American consul at Campeachy, Yucatan, addressed several letters to the secretary of the treasury, and a memorial to congress, recommending and praying for the introduction of tropical plants into Florida. His letters abound with much useful scientific information, and were justly entitled to the high consideration of the committee of Agriculture, to whom his memorial was referred; and a report favorable to his prayer, was submitted by Mr. Linn, the chairman. The doctor founded his hope of success in such an undertaking, upon four leading facts: First; many valuable vegetables of the tropics do actually propagate themselves in the worst soils and situations, in the sun and in the shade of every tropical region, where a single plant arrives by accident or design. Second; for other profitable plants of the tropics which require human skill or care, moisture is the equivalent to manure, for tropical cultivation evidently consists in appropriate irrigation. Third; a tropical climate extends into southern Florida, so peculiarly favorable to human health and vegetable growth, that the fertility and benignity of its atmosphere will counterbalance the malignity and sterility of its soil. Fourth; the inundated marshes and miry swamps of the interior of southern Florida are more elevated than the arid sands and until lable rocks of the coast; and hence the same canals which may drain the former will irrigate the latter, and afford the appropriate proportions of moisture for both.

Dr. Perrine confidently states, and proves by sound arguments drawn from facts, that the soils of our southern states, where tobacco, rice and cotton are cultivated, are peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of several kinds of tropical fibrous-leaved plants, which are extremely useful, and important in an agricultural point of view. He considers those plants under the head of *agave* and *yucca*, as the most useful of any, and especially the *agave Sisalana*, or *Sisal hemp*, known among the Mexicans as the *yashqui* variety of the *henequin*.

This plant is cultivated extensively in Yucatan, and in many parts of Mexico, and is considered a very important article of commerce. Very strong, light and elastic foliaceous fibres of the yashqui are extracted from the fresh leaves by simple scraping only, and are immediately converted into bagging, &c., without spinning, twisting, or any other preparation. These fibres are also used in the manufacture of coarse articles of extensive consumption, and furnish cheaper equivalents for baling, and envelopes in general, than any other material woven or plaited. They are also used there instead of hair for sieves; instead of withes for baskets; instead of leather and wood for valises and trunks, and are even made into vessels in the shape of bottles, bowls, cups and saucers. By American taste, they might be made a cheap material for many ornamental objects.

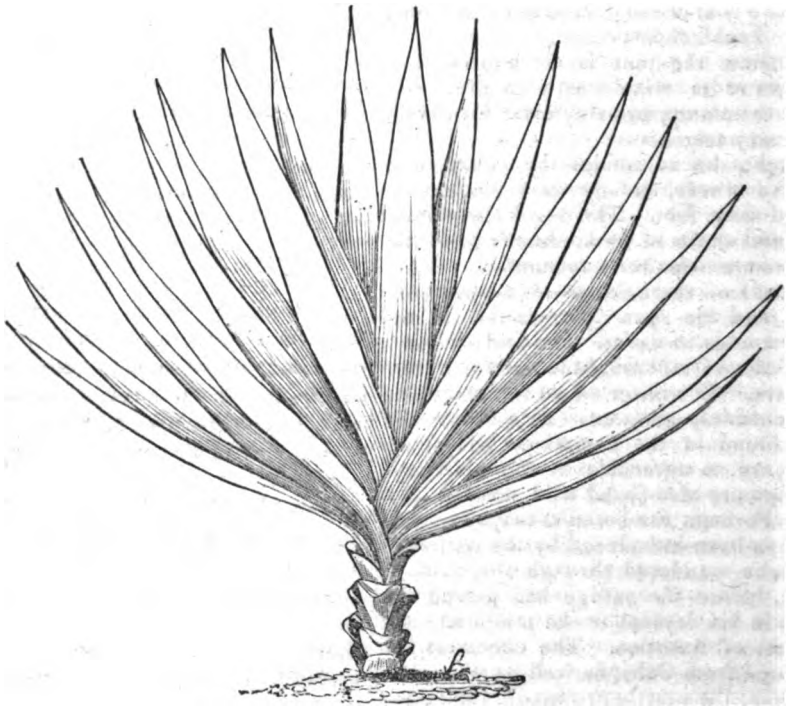
Nor is the use of the *henequin* confined to such articles alone, but it makes the cheapest and most durable kind of paper. Several mills are in opetion near the city of Mexico, and by a decree of the Mexican Congress, this kind of paper is or-

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dered to be used for the record of laws, and all official transactions of members of government. Doctor Perrine estimates, that ten thousand individuals of superior varieties of the cultivated species of sacqui and of yashqui, and one hundred each of the peculiar varieties of the wild species of chelem, cahum, chulul-qui, &c., would form a more valuable cargo than was ever before transported to the United States, should it be devoted to no other use than the manufacture of paper; and in his memorial to Congress in 1832, says, that "the domestication of the species of a single genus of tropical plants will cause a great revolution in the agriculture of the southern states, which will not only effectually relieve their present embarrassments, but will also give a productive value to their ruined fields and most steril districts; and that the extensive cultivation of a single species, the agave sisalana alone, will furnish a profitable staple to the planters of the south, and a cheap material to the manufacturers of the north, which will supply many wants of our merchants' vessels, our navy, and our citizens in general; augment our coasting trade, and our foreign commerce, and thus contribute greatly to the prosperity and perpetuity of our Union."

The subject is certainly one of much interest, and it is to be hoped that when the *morus multicaulis* fever has somewhat abated, that the attention of both government and individuals may be turned to the formation of an acclimating nursery for these valuable exotics, and introduce their cultivation upon the peninsula of Florida and the adjacent states.

The subjoined cut exhibits the appearance of the full-grown plant, without flowers.



Agave Sisalana, or Sisal Hemp.

PRINTING AND THE ARTS.

One cannot but reflect on that grand revolution which took place when language, till then limited to its proper organ, had its representation in the work of the hand. Now that a man of mean estate can have a library of more intrinsic value than that of Cicero, when the sentiments of past ages are as familiar as those of the present, and the knowledge of different empires is transmitted and common to all, we cannot expect to have our sages followed, as of old, by their five thousand scholars. Nations will not now record their acts by building pyramids, nor consecrate temples and raise statues, once the only means of perpetuating great deeds or extraordinary virtues. It is in vain that our artists complain that patronage is withheld; for the ingenuity of the hand has at length subdued the arts of design—printing has made all other records barbarous, and great men build for themselves a "livelong monument."

Bell on the Hand.

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AMERICAN SCENERY.

THE OHIO.

It was in the month of October. The autumnal teints already decorated the shores of that queen of rivers, the Ohio. Every tree was hung with long and flowing festoons of different species of vines, many loaded with clustered fruits of varied brilliancy, their rich bronzed carmine, mingling beautifully with the yellow foliage, which now predominated over the yet green leaves, reflecting more lively teints from the clear stream than ever landscape painter portrayed or poet imagined.

The days were yet warm. The sun had assumed the rich and glowing hue which at that season produces the singular phenomenon called there the "Indian summer." The moon had rather passed the meridian of her grandeur. We glided down the river, meeting no other ripple of the water than that formed by the propulsion of our boat. Leisurely we moved along, gazing all day on the grandeur and beauty of the wild scenery around us.

Now and then a large cat-fish rose to the surface of the water in pursuit of a shoal of fry, which, starting simultaneously from the liquid element, like so many silvery arrows, produced a shower of light, while the pursuer with open jaws seized the stragglers, and with a shake of his tail, disappeared from our view. Other fishes we heard uttering beneath our bark a rumbling noise, the strange sounds of which we discovered to proceed from the white perch, for, on casting our net from the bow, we caught several of that species, when the noise ceased for a time.

Nature, in her varied arrangements, seems to have felt a partiality towards this portion of our country. As the traveller ascends or descends the Ohio, he cannot help remarking that alternately, nearly the whole length of the river, the margin on one side is bounded by lofty hills and a rolling surface, while on the other, extensive plains of the richest alluvial land are seen as far as the eye can command the view. Islands of varied size and form rise here and there from the bosom of the water, and the winding course of the stream frequently brings you to places where the idea of being on a river of great length changes to that of floating on a lake of moderate extent. Some of these islands are of considerable size and value—while others, small and insignificant, seem as if intended for contrast; and as serving to enhance the general interest of the scenery. These little islands are frequently overflowed during great freshets or floods, and receive at their heads prodigious heaps of drifted timber. We foresaw with great concern the alterations that cultivation would soon produce along those delightful banks.

As night came, sinking in darkness the broader portions of the river, our minds became affected by strong emotions, and wandered far beyond the present moments. The tinkling of bells told us that the cattle which bore them were gently roving from valley to valley, in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the great owl, or the muffled noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to us; so was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar. When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth, with echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving note of commencing civilization. The crossing of the stream by a deer, foretold how soon the hills would be covered with snow.

Many sluggish flat-boats we overtook and passed—some laden with produce from the different head waters of the small rivers that pour their tributary streams into the Ohio; others, of less dimensions, crowded with emigrants from distant parts, in search of a new home. Purer pleasures I have never felt; nor have you, reader, I ween, unless indeed you have felt the like, and in such company.

The margins of the shores and of the river were at this season amply supplied with game. A wild turkey, a grouse, or a blue winged teal, could be procured in a few moments; and we fared well, for whenever we pleased we landed, struck up a fire, and provided as we were with the necessary utensils, procured a good repast.

When I think of these times, and call back to my mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forest, that every where spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the axe of the settler; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river has been by the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I see that no longer any aborigines are to be found there; and that the vast herd of elks, deer and buffaloes, which once pastured on these hills and in these valleys, making for themselves great roads to the several salt springs, have ceased to exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day, and the fire by night; that hundreds of steamboats are gliding to and fro, over the whole length of the majestic river, and forcing commerce to take root and to prosper at every spot; when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transplanting civilization into its darkest recesses—when I remember that these extraordinary changes have all taken place within the short period of twenty years, I pause, and wonder; although I know all to be fact, I can scarcely believe its reality.

Whether these changes are for the best or for the worse, I shall not pretend to say; but in whatever way my conclusions may incline, I feel with great regret that there are on record no satisfactory accounts of the state of that portion of the country, from the time when our people first settled in it. This has not been because no one in America is able to accomplish such an undertaking. Our Irvings and our Coopers have proved themselves fully competent for the task.

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It has more probably been because the changes have succeeded each other with such rapidity, as almost to rival the movements of their pen. However, it is not too late yet; and I sincerely hope that either or both of them will ere long furnish the generations to come with those delightful descriptions which they are so well qualified to give, of the original state of a country that has been so rapidly forced to change her form and attire, under the influence of increasing population. Yes; I hope to read, ere I close my earthly career, accounts from those delightful waters of the progress of civilization in our western country. They will speak of the Clarks, the Croghans, the Boones, and other men of great enterprise. They will analyze, as it were, each component part, and the country as it once existed, and will render the picture as it ought to be, immortal. Audobon.

STATISTICS.

From among a great many valuable statistics contained in a neatly printed and well arranged pamphlet, compiled by Mr. W. H. Hadley, we have culled the following:—

United States Army.

According to official reports, the United States army in January, 1840, amounted to twelve thousand five hundred and fifty seven men. Its general organization is:—a General staff, Medical department, Pay department, Purchasing department, Corps of Engineers, Corps of Topographical Engineers, Ordnance department, two regiments of Dragoons, four regiments of Artillery, eight regiments of Infantry.

The principal officers are:—one Major-General, two Brigadier-Generals, one Adjutant-General, seventeen Colonels, eighteen Lieutenant-Colonels, twenty-six Majors, one hundred and seventy-two Captains, two hundred and eight first Lieutenants. Total number of non-commissioned officers, musicians and privates, is eleven thousand eight hundred and four.

The total number of militia in the United States, is about one million, four hundred thousand. The militia comprises all able-bodied white males from eighteen to forty-five years old; and when called into actual service, they receive the same pay as the regular army.

United States Navy.

The Navy of the United States contains the following officers:—fifty-five Captains of the higher grade, fifty-five Commanders, two hundred and ninety Lieutenants, sixty-one Surgeons, seventeen passed Assistant Surgeons, fifty-three Assistant surgeons, fifty-one Pursers, thirteen chaplains, one hundred and ninety-one passed Midshipmen, two hundred and thirty-one Midshipmen, twenty-nine Masters, seventeen Professors of Mathematics and teachers of naval schools, thirty-two boatswains, thirty-seven gunners, twenty-four carpenters, and twenty-five sailmakers.

The Marine corps consists of one Colonel-commandant, one Lieutenant-colonel, four Majors, thirteen Captains, twenty first Lieutenants, twenty second Lieutenants.

There are in the navy, finished and in progress, eleven ships of the line, three of which carry seventy-four guns each; seven, eighty guns, and one (Pennsylvania) one hundred and twenty guns. There are fourteen first class frigates, forty-four guns each; two second class frigates, each twenty-six guns; one Razee, fifty-four guns; twenty-one sloops of war, twelve carrying twenty guns each, two eighteen guns, and six sixteen guns; four brigs, ten guns each; eight schooners, four carrying ten guns, one four guns, the remainder, number unknown; seven steam ships.

Commissioned officers of the navy are divided into the following ranks and denominations:—Commodores commanding squadrons; Captains commanding frigates and vessels of twenty guns; Masters-commandant, commanding sloops, Lieutenant-commanders rank with Brigadier-generals; Masters-commandant rank with Majors; and Lieutenants in the navy, rank with Captains in the army.

Railroads and Canals.

There are in the United States, sixty-five railroads, traversing a distance of four thousand five hundred and twenty-three miles. There are forty-two canals traversing a distance of three thousand four hundred and sixty-eight miles. This includes the number of railroads and canals finished and in progress.

Indian Warriors.

The estimated number of Indian warriors belonging to tribes removed by government west of Missouri and Arkansas, is sixteen thousand three hundred and ten. The number of warriors belonging to indigenous tribes located immediately west of the said states, is one thousand five hundred and forty-four. The number of warriors of indigenous tribes within striking distance of the western frontier, is forty-three thousand three hundred and eighty-five. Total number

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of warriors, sixty-one thousand two hundred and thirty-nine.

Post Office.

The following statement of the condition of the Post Office Department at two different periods, exhibits a fair picture of the rapid growth of the nation and the extension of business. The increase of business, etc., of other departments of government, as well as in individual enterprise, has been in about the same ratio. In 1790, there were in the United States:—

Post offices,	75
Total amount of receipts for postage,	$37,935
Total expenditures,	$32,140
Extent of Post roads in miles,	1,875
Miles of annual mail transportation,	9,375

In 1839, or half a century later, there were:—

Post Offices	12,780
Total amount of receipts for postage,	$4,476,638
Total expenditures,	$4,624,117
Extent of Post roads in miles,	133,999
Miles of annual mail transportation,	34,496,878

The extent of mail transportation, stated above, is exclusive of the distance it is carried by steamboats and other vessels. The business is conducted in the Post Master General's office, by himself, his three assistants, and fifty-six clerks and messengers, whose aggregate salaries amount to $79,000; and in the Auditor's office, by himself and fifty-two clerks and messengers, whose aggregate salaries amount to $64,980. The communications received in the different offices, excluding the Auditor's office, amount to a daily average of about 900 for the working days, equal to 281,700 a year; the communications sent, to about 500 daily, equal to 156,500 a year, and the cases actually decided by the Post Master General, to fifty daily, equal to 15,650 a year.

Revolutionary Pensioners.

There were living in 1839, thirty-two thousand nine hundred and twenty-five soldiers of the revolutionary army, who received pensions from government.

PICTURE OF BRITISH GUIANA.

The following is from a Demerara paper:—"Whether the colony be surveyed by the eye of philosophy or of industrious speculation in business, it presents the most encouraging prospect to the adventurer; and there is not a province under the sun where a small capitalist could sow the seeds of a fortune with better hopes of an early and plentiful harvest than in this despised colony of British Guiana; nor is there a soil that ever was blessed by the sun and the rains of heaven, in which a poor man, without any thing but his health and strength of body and mind, could commence, on which he would more certainly become comfortable and independent than on this. It is peculiarly fitted for giving employment to all ages of both sexes. The poor of Ireland, England and Scotland, who have large families, in thousands of instances cannot avail themselves of the assistance of their children in the prosecution of their labor, because, in country districts particularly, where agriculture is the chief employment, strong hands are required, and of these there is generally a superabundance, so that the young and the weak are deprived of the opportunity of contributing toward their own support; but if a thousand poor laboring men, each with ten of a family, should arrive in this colony, they could get work for every one of them that was able to pluck a coffee berry or pull a weed out of the provision grounds. The animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, vie with each other in the abundance, and in the obsequiousness of their presentation. In the former two, particularly, human agency is required rather to check and subdue the redundancy of the productions, than to increase their prolific qualities; and in the latter, if we are to believe the testimony of naturalists and scientific travellers who have investigated the subject, there are numerous rich and extensive mines of the precious metals, concealed only by a superstratum, which could be without much difficulty removed. Let us go forth into the woods, and at every step we are introduced to new scenes of beauty; flowers of varied hue and dimensions salute us with their delightful and health-giving fragrance; around us stand the mighty and majestic trunks of the finest and most durable timber in the world, and over our heads wave in refreshing shade their undecaying foliage; and ever and anon, as they move to and fro in graceful oscillations, they discover to the beholder the dazzling plumage of the individuals of the feathered tribe, for the beauty and grandeur of which this colony is so distinguished. Every aged tree is clasped about with its parasites and climbing plants, as an affectionate family cling to the counsel and support of their aged and venerable parents. The whole forest is embalmed with spice, and the fields are carpeted with eternal green."

A RELIC OF ANCIENT DAYS.

The following curious relic of bygone days is copied from the minutes or records of the Corporation of Albany:—

"The Commissioners of Albany to the Governor at New York.

"1 January 1680-1

"Hon'd Sir

"According to former practices in this season

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of the year, we have sent this post to acquaint you how all affairs are here, with us, Which is Thanks be to God, all in peace & quietnesse. The Lord continue to you the same thro your whole government. We doubt not but you have seen the Dreadfull Comett Starr it appeared in the South west on ye 9th of December last about two o clock in ye afternoon fair Sunn Shynne weather a little above the Sun which takes its course more notherly—and was seen ye Sunday night after, about twy light, with a very fyery tail or Streamer in ye west to ye great astonishment of all spectators and is now seen every night in clear weather—

"Undoubtedly God threatens us with Dreadful punishments if we do not repent—We wou'd have caused ye domine to proclaim a day of fasting and humiliation to-morrow to be kept—the 12th day of January in ye town of Albany and Dependencies, if we thought our power and authority did extend so far, and would have been well-received by yourself, for all persons ought to humble themselves in such a time and pray to God to withdraw his righteous Judgments from us as he did to Ninevah—Therefore if you would be pleased to grant your approbation we would willingly cause a day of fasting and humiliation to be kept, if it were monthly—whose answer we shall expect by the Bearer. Wee cannot forbear to acquaint you of a very great Scearcity of Corn throughout our jurisdiction which is ten times more than was expected now when ye people Come to thrash, So it is supposed there will scearce be Corn to supply ye inhabitants here with bread—

"This is all at present wishing you and your Council a happy New Year shall break off and remain.

"Your humble and obed't Servants Ye Commiss'rs of Albany.

"Mr. Thomas Ashton Commander
Martie Gerritson
D Wessels
Corns Van Dyck
J Provost
J Bleecker
H Van Ness

"Extraordinary Vegarderinge gehonden is January A D 1680-1.

"The Indian Wattowit must have a blanket and shirt at New York."

CALIFORNIA.

Considerable attention is at this time turned toward California, a region of country contiguous to the southwestern boundary of the Oregon territory, large portions of which are said to be of the most fertile character. In a late number of a western paper, we find the following remarks relative to the occupation of this region.

"We notice the Arkansas papers begin to talk about annexing the province of California to the Western Territory. The next news we shall hear, it may be, will be that a company has formed to go out and establish a colony on the Gulf of California. The best harbors on the Pacific are found in the Peninsula of California, while the amenity of the climate and the richness of the soil is not surpassed by the garden spots of the earth. In natural advantages, even Texas, with all its boasted agricultural facilities, would not compare with the regions round about California. It is the paradise of North America. The possession of the country is nominally in Mexico. The territory, however, is unoccupied, and in a wild state, with the exception of a few small settlements separated by remote distance. There, then, is the finest country on the globe, open to the first occupants. We should not be surprised soon to hear of our adventurous pioneers in the west moving to that remote quarter. It is not much farther off than Texas used to be, when the first settlement of the young Republic was made.

"A yankee colony, then, would be a great acquisition to Mexico, if the government were disposed to receive them kindly. At any rate the point is so distant from the settled provinces of Mexico, that the intruders might remain safe from molestation. Mexico is too busy in keeping her own unruly population in subjection to find time to be troubling herself about a small American settlement in a remote corner of her dominions. The fact is becoming obvious that Mexico cannot long retain a hold of her unwieldy domain. Great Britain or France will ere long be stretching their hands towards California, if we do not. The plan of a colony on the Gulf, we think is not a bad one. Like the colony planted in Texas, twenty years ago, it would prove to be a prolific germ, that would grow rapidly, and soon expand into a flourishing and powerful republic. The time has perhaps not quite arrived for the accomplishment of the scheme, but the day cannot be far off when the Anglo-Saxon settlements will be seen planted on the shores of the Pacific. The Mexicans will never muster enterprise and industry enough to settle and subdue the country. To a harder and more civilized race will belong the glory of founding an empire of Federal Republican states along the Pacific coast, extending from the extremity of California to the boundary of the Oregon Territory."

It has been ascertained by a committee appointed to procure and report statistical information relative to the cultivation of tobacco in the United States, that there are about one million five hundred thousand souls engaged in the manufacture and cultivation of tobacco in the United States: one million of whom are in the States of Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri. Allowing the population of all the States to be fifteen millions, then it appears that one tenth of our people are in some way engaged in the tobacco business, either as cultivators or manufacturers.

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AMERICAN SCENERY,

IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF CANANDAIGUA LAKE, NAPLES, &C.

After leaving Rushville, about eight miles from Naples, the road winds through a romantic valley, hedged on the east and west sides by steep and beautifully wooded hills, interspersed with clearings and productive farms, extending to the bases of the shielding hills. About six miles from Naples, the sun, with the soft lustre of the season, hung above the forest-tops, emitting rays like light streaming through the painted glass of an old castle. The outlines of the hills from east to west, to the traveller below, presented a truly picturesque appearance. Their declivities were intersected by deep gorges, through which small streams descended with hollow murmurings to the shaded valley. The lake, which is a perfect gem, was hidden from sight by their lofty sides, darkened by evergreens and the pendent boughs of the weeping elm. Far in the distance towered the upland ridges, fringed with sylvan giants, that seemed to me like palisades fixed by Nature to guard her secrets from the assaults of Day.

We left our horses with a friend, and wandered up a glen that extended in an eastwardly direction from his house. Its course was sinuous, and the walk was difficult, owing to the tangled undergrowth and the massive blocks of slate piled up in the rudest magnificence. We at last reached a place where farther advance was prevented by precipitous walls of rock rising to the height of several hundred feet, whose sides were made beautiful by a few dwarf pines rooted in the hollow crevices, and which hung their scraggy arms over the abyss, forming an impenetrable barrier to the visitations of the dying sun. A waterfall, with its gurgling melody, trickled down the mountain, awakening in the mind a deep feeling of tranquillity. The timid woodcock now and then whirred by us, and our voices startled the partridge from his sequestered cover. It was a place of concealment where an anchorite might pitch his tent, a robber elude pursuit, or a hunted patriot bid defiance to the bloodhound of tyranny. The trees, far above on the rim of the encircling and overbrowing bluffs, were reduced by distance to the slight proportions of the shrubbery around us. It was a strange spectacle. The leaves of the trees were paler than those growing in the sunlight, and their trunks were clothed in a thick drapery of moss. A trailing birch hung its silver tassels above us, shooting abruptly from the side of the precipice, near which a fragment of rock, dislodged by its own weight from the bed of ages, rolled down, with a noise like thunder, almost at our feet, fearfully warning us that danger lurks everywhere—in calm as well as storm—in Nature's most quiet haunt as well as amid the rapids of Niagara.

In company with some friends who were with me, I thridded the twilight mazes of a gully lying southwest from the village of Naples, until I arrived at one of the most beautiful cataracts that ever gladdened the eye of the rapt painter or inspired bard. The waves fell with a solemn music, rendered almost sepulchral by the rocky walls environing the deep and faintly-lighted bottom of the dell, which "gathered and rolled back" in wildly-mournful echoings the deep-toned murmurs of the milk-white and agitated waters. After a pleasant walk in a northwestwardly direction from the cascade, we reached another fall that surpassed anything that ever presented itself in a poetic dream. The curving abutments of rock, embracing a massed and slate-paved area of eighty feet, gave an unnatural intonation to the voice. Huge layers of rock, loosened by the frosts of countless winters and the dissolving rains of so many springs, had crumbled away at the base making a recess that was continually wet by the spray of the miniature cataracts, falling from the height of forty feet or more over wave-worn and naked crags, savage in their rugged outlines and vast proportions.

A grotto large enough for the occupancy of two individuals, of square dimensions, penetrated into the rocky wall about sixteen feet, and in a storm the hunter could conceal himself in its slab-roofed chamber, and be effectually shielded from the howling wind, and the beating raindrops. The Egerian sibyl would have found there an abiding place, equal, in wild loveliness and quiet sublimity, to her immortal haunt—and I thought of the lines of Byron—

> "This cave was surely shaped for the greeting
> Of an enamored goddess, and the cell
> Haunted by holy love."

The brink of the bank above, overhanging the bed of the stream, was rendered picturesque by shelving rocks, in the clefts of which immense pines had fixed their everlasting anchorage, forming rude observatories for the lover of Nature to look down upon her wondrous works beneath. The sunbeams fell with a softened radiance upon the scene, tipping the feathery foam with a mellow, shifting drapery of gold, and a dreamy, autumnal haze hung its blue curtain upon the hills. On the southwest side a table-rock, projecting from the brow of a perilous precipice about two hundred feet above the dell and covered with dwarf evergreens, seemed the lookout place of the "Genius loci." About fifty feet from the fall, an immense furrow had been ploughed by some convulsion of the elements, that had borne down trees of ponderous growth, the mossy skeletons of which, lay like gigantic warriors overthrown in battle, in the deep, lone glen, indifferent to the sun that once gleamed upon their bark-mailed trunks, and the winds that once sported with their emerald crests.

On the southwest side, a rock, of slab-like form and about eighty feet above the bed of the stream, shot out from the side of the bank upbearing a natural mound of earth, of conical form overspread with a thick carpeting of pale moss, and from its apex a small cedar grew in rich luxuriance, like a funeral tree planted by Nature on the grave of some perished Dryad. In a southeastwardly direction from this beautiful feature in the scene, a natural tower made by ledges of rock of circular formation, rose from the bottom of the gully covered with vines and creeping

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plants, that resembled the ivied banner that hung from the crumbling battlements of monastic or baronial ruins. At the point of egress from the circular area the sides of the dell incline toward each other, and the trees growing thereon intermingle their branches forming a thickly-matted and verdant canopy. New Yorker.

CAVERN AT TRENTON FALLS.

It has long been known, that there has existed in the vicinity of these falls, a cave of considerable extent, although it has never been fully explored. On the first of this month, in connexion with a number of young gentlemen from Oneida Institute, we examined it more extensively than had before been done. Its entrance is to be found at a distance of perhaps a mile and a half from the recess, directly upon the creek, on the west side, and about two hundred yards from its bank. It is in a field owned by Stephen Buffington, and has immediately around it a clump of bushes.

Before entering, we entirely changed our dress, putting on old clothes which we had provided for the occasion, and took in our hands candles, hammers, matches, &c.—(a preparation which was afterward found to be essential to safety.) We also left at the mouth some persons to build a fire, (a precaution which we would also recommend to others for their comfort on coming out) It is not convenient for more than three or four persons to enter at a time. Each one should carry a candle or other light, as it greatly facilitates the progress, and a single one is every moment liable to be extinguished. We were able to enter by stooping slightly; but the passage immediately contracts, so that but one person can pass at a time, and that only upon his hands and knees. The way is arched in the rock above, and has in its bottom a fissure of considerable depth, in which flows a stream of pure water. It is nearly horizontal, in a direction towards the creek, and uniform in size, except here and there, when it is partially closed by pieces of rock which have fallen from above. At a distance of about ten yards from the mouth, this passage opens into the upper part of a circular room, about twelve feet in depth, which, from its figure has been called "the Bottle." It presents nothing very remarkable. Ascending from this, the passage is continued forward of the same form, and in the same direction as before, for a distance of thirty yards, when it is firmly closed by rocks. Here, however, the fissure in its floor is enlarged in several places. Through one of these openings we found a passage; and descending in the posture of a chimney-sweep, through a space of fifteen feet, we came to the channel of the brook. Following this we found a straight and narrow route, in form and course like the one above, for forty yards. Through this it is necessary to go on the hands and knees a part of the distance, and occasionally lie flat down and crawl like a serpent, carrying one arm before with the candle, and applying the other closely to the side of the body, and even with this expedient, a person of greater than ordinary size might stick fast in the passage, and be unable to extricate himself without assistance. At length, the way becomes wider and higher, and its sides begin to be covered with an incrustation of carbonate of lime, which being crystalline, presents, by the reflection of the light, a handsome appearance. Soon it expands more, and passes an apartment of considerable dimensions. Here all our toil was rewarded: our eyes were gratified with the sight of stalactites, hanging in numbers from the roof, and running in ridges like little columns along the sides. The whole surface of the rock, and the pebbles on the floor, are covered with an incrustation, white in some parts, and brown in others, presenting an appearance truly beautiful. The stillness which reigns in this deep part of the cavern, in connexion with the thought that we are separated from the living world above by such depth of solid rock, produces a peculiarly solemn impression on the mind, while the reverberation of our voices, returning upon our own ears in greatly magnified notes, causes a very singular sensation.

Passing still onward, the passage continues for many yards, of various dimensions, and as we crawled along, a pleasant sound as of falling water fell upon our ears; and, indeed, we soon entered a cavern larger than either of those we had seen, from the side of which, issues a living spring, or a brook, which, like the one we followed, has found its way from the surface of the earth, and here falls from a ravine, in a perfect sheet, like a cascade in miniature. This cavern was more beautiful than the former. Its sparry roof and walls, and its white pebbles, with the water reflecting in its fall the light of our candles, and breaking the profound stillness which would otherwise prevail, produce an effect altogether pleasant and more easily imagined than described. The rill makes its way through the rock to the creek, but cannot be followed more than twenty feet from this cascade, the way being then closed by large stones. At this point bones were found, indicating it to have been the resort of beasts of prey. On starting to come out, our first impulse was to make extensive depredations on the encrusted walls and roof, but the recollection of the narrowness of the passage prevented, and we contented ourselves with taking one or two pieces of a foot or more in length, which we brought out singly; and filling a bag with smaller pieces, which we rolled along in the path before us, we arrived safe at the mouth of the cave, having been absent two and a half hours.

The whole distance we estimated at three hundred feet; the air was pure, and although cold and damp, our constant exercise kept up free circulation, and we sustained no injury, except the bruises received by our heads from the rocks. Thus, in addition to the well-known grandeur and beauty of the works of the Author of nature seen in this vicinity, we have viewed another curiosity fully equal to the former, giving to the spot new interest and greater variety. True, it is difficult of access, but those who enter it, will be richly paid for their labour: the lovers of adventure, by the novelty of so romantick a journey into the bowels of the earth; the mineralogist, by the rare and curious specimens which he will add to his cabinet. D. B.

Whitesborough, July 5, 1836.

To enrich my mind and purify my heart; to keep my tongue still and my arm active; to eat slowly and sleep quickly: this is all my philosophy.

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EXTRAORDINARY PROPERTY OF SHADOWS.

An eminent living geometer has proved by calculations, founded on strict optical principles, that in the centre of the shadow of a small circular plate of metal, exposed in a dark room to a beam of light emanating from a very small brilliant point, there ought to be no darkness—in fact, no shadow at that place; but, on the contrary, a degree of illumination precisely as bright as if the metal plate were away. Strange and even impossible as this conclusion may seem, it has been put to trial, and found to be perfectly correct.

MINERALS IN THE UNITED STATES.

In a previous part of this volume, we gave a portion of a report of a Geological Exploration of the territory of Iowa, by David Dale Owen. In addition to the valuable information relative to a particular district of our Union, contained in that report, we add the following concerning the mineral products of the United States in general, taken from a work recently published, by Dr. Lee of New York city:—

COAL.

The coal strata have been observed as far north on this continent as human discovery has yet penetrated. At Melville island, in latitude 75°, where the summer lasts but a few weeks, Captain Parry found in the coal formation an abundance of impressions and casts of plants which bore a tropical aspect; and in Spitzbergen, which is still nearer the north pole, there is also an extensive coal deposite, with the same remains of fossil vegetables.

Nova Scotia affords bituminous coal of good quality; the quantity very great, if not inexhaustible.

Rhode Island has many localities which yield large quantities of coal. Those which have been explored are situated chiefly in Portsmouth, near the northern extremity of the state.

Massachusetts.—Anthracite coal has been discovered at Worcester; vein 7 thick; operations for the present suspended. Mansfield has extensive formations of anthracite; and small quantities of bituminous coal have been found in the new red sandstone near West Springfield.

Anthracite coal-fields of Pennsylvania.—No part of the world can boast of such inexhaustible beds of anthracite as the state of Pennsylvania. To use the language of Prof. Rogers: "Embracing a territory where the upper coal-bearing rocks of the great ancient secondary basis of the continent terminate toward the east and north, the revolutions which have stripped other states of their treasures have left us in possession of some of the largest and most richly supplied coal-fields of which any country can boast. When we regard their immense extent, comprising either the whole or a part of the area of 30 counties out of the 54 in the state, and the wide range and great thickness of many of the coal seams; and when we contemplate the amazing variety in the character of the mineral itself, showing every known gradation from cannel coal to anthracite, fitting it thus for every possible adaptation in the arts or as a fuel, and then turn our attention to the geological and topographical structure of the regions, affording a ready access to their most secluded districts, we behold such a prodigality of happy circumstances as may well inspire exultation. It is estimated that the anthracite coal conveyed to market from our mines in the course of the last year (1837) has nearly amounted to 900,000 tons; yet this large quantity sinks into insignificance when we look at what the coal trade even in the next ten years is destined to become. If we turn to the southern anthracite basin, the present seat of the most extensive mining operations in the state, we behold a mass of coal measuring nearly 60 miles in length and 2 in average breadth, having in the middle an aggregate thickness of good and available coal exceeding probably 100 feet! When we consider that from this basin and its branches above 730,000 tons have been sent to market in the course of the past year from six districts only, and when we reflect that nearly all this coal has been taken from the strata above the water-level, below which hundreds, nay, thousands of feet of coal, following the dip of the same, lie still untouched, we are made aware of the enormous amount of undeveloped resources in this coal region."

The bituminous coal-fields of Pennsylvania.—Great and valuable as are the anthracite deposites of Pennsylvania, her bituminous coal region is still more extensive and inexhaustible. We have already stated that the great secondary deposite, which extend from the Hudson to the Mississippi, and probably to the Rocky mountains, is in Pennsylvania limited by the Allegany mountains, which appear to form the barrier or dividing line between the anthracite and bituminous coal-beds, or between the secondary and transition formations. The union or junction of these formations is distinctly marked in the end of the mountain where the west branch of the Susquehannah breaks through it, above Bald Eagle, the latter resting against the former, and forming the basin in which the bituminous coal, in regular and successive strata, is deposited.

The coal-field, then, which is bounded on the south and east by the Allegany mountains, extends into Virginia and westward, so that bituminous coal abounds to a greater or less extent in all the western counties of Pennsylvania, with the exception of Erie, in which it has not been discovered. The counties of Bradford, Lycoming, Tioga, Potter, McKean, Warren, Crawford, Bedford, Huntingdon, and Centre, lie partly in and partly out of the coal-field. The counties of Allegany, Armstrong, Beaver, Butler, Cambria, Clearfield, Fayette, Greene, Indiana, Jefferson, Mercer, Somerset, Venango, Washington, and Westmoreland, are wholly within its range, and embrace together an area of 21,000 *square miles.*

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or 13,440,000 acres, while the anthracite coal districts have been computed to contain but 624,000 acres.*

Its great abundance and cheapness have indeed given birth to the vast and widely-extended manufacturing establishments of the west. Without coal they could not exist. It thus constitutes the life-spring of western Pennsylvania, and the pedestal of her great manufacturing emporium, Pittsburgh. This city alone and its environs, in 1835, contained 120 steam-engines for the various manufactures of iron, steel, glass, cotton, salt, brass, white lead, flour, oil, leather, &c. These engines consume annually nearly 3,000,000 bushels of coal.

The coal consumed for every purpose in and about Pittsburgh has been estimated at 7,665,000 bushels, or 255,500 tuns. At four cents a bushel, the price now paid in Pittsburgh, it would amount to $306,512. Beside this, great quantities are shipped to Cincinnati, New Orleans, and the intermediate places, where it is sold for from five to ten dollars a tun. Large quantities of it are also consumed in the western counties of Pennsylvania in the manufacture of salt, as there are more than 100 salt manufacturing establishments in that region, and many others going into operation, which produce annually more than 1,000,000 bushels of salt, and consume 5,000,000 bushels of coal. The total amount of anthracite and bituminous coal at present derived from the coal beds of Pennsylvania cannot fall much short 2,000,000† tuns annually; being about one twelfth as much as the total annual product of all the coal-fields of Great Britain, nearly half as great as that of all the rest of Europe, and about equal to that of France.

Coal-fields of Maryland.—These are bituminous, and, so far as discovered, two in number, viz, the Cumberland field, extending from Will's creek to the head branch of the Potomac, being about 60 miles in length by from 5 to 7 in width, covering an area of 400 sq. miles; the coal existing in beds of from three to fifteen feet thick, of an excellent quality, burning easily, with a bright and durable flame, caking, and leaving little residue. The other, called the Youghiogeny field, lies west of the Allegany ridge, is of unknown extent, and has beds of coal 20 feet in thickness.

Virginia abounds in both anthracite and bituminous coals. It is a remarkable fact, that nearly all the coal-beds of this country, like those of England, are associated with iron ore, as if on purpose for its reduction.

Besides coal and iron, Virginia contains gold, copper, lead, salt, limestone, marls, gypsum, magnesian, copperas, and alum earths; thermal, chalybeate, and sulphuretted springs; excellent marbles, granites, soapstones, sandstones, &c.

Ohio.—Were we to state that the whole of the south and eastern part of the state of Ohio was one magnificent coal-field, we believe we should not vary far from the truth.

Kentucky.—About a mile from the Cumberland river, in Adair county in boring for salt water, a bed of coal 45 feet thick was struck thirty feet below the surface, and at 150 feet beneath the coal a vein of salt water was reached, into which the auger dropped, and immense quantities of gas were discharged for a number of days. Indeed, coal and salt water may be said to abound from the heads of the Cumberland river to the heads of the Licking, occupying the whole of the northern and eastern borders of the state of Kentucky. West of this line iron ore is abundant.

Tennessee.—The coal of Tennessee is generally bituminous and of an excellent quality, burning freely, with much smoke and a white bright flame, furnishing a good coke, and containing about seventy per cent. of carbon.

Other coal-fields of the United States.—We have thus briefly described the most important coal-fields of our country which have as yet been explored: there are known to exist numerous others, which at no distant day will probably rise to an equal degree of importance. Such are those of Illinois, Alabama, Mississippi, and Indiana, some of which are already worked to a considerable extent, especially on the Wabash. We have, however, stated enough to satisfy the reader that nature has been most lavish in her distribution of this valuable mineral over the surface of our country, and in those very places, too, where it would seem to be most needed; and that no country on the globe can boast an equal amount of coal deposites with the United States of America.

IRON

is found in several states, in great abundance, and of good quality. Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, have extensive formations, and in inexhaustible quantities.

Iron Ore in Maine.—In the state of Maine the ores of iron are valuable and abundant; and at Woodstock, in the northern part of the state, bordering on the British provinces, there is one of the most extensive veins of this metal ever discovered. Dr. Jackson states that it is nearly 900 feet wide, and runs through an unknown extent of country. The ore is the compact red hematite, and yields 44 per cent. of pure metallic iron, and 50 per cent. of cast iron. By a simple calculation, it can be shown that, as a cubic foot of the ore weighs 200 lbs. if the bed were wrought to the depth of 100 feet, and 500 feet in length, it would yield 45,000,000 cubic feet of ore. A vein of magnetic iron ore exists on Marshall's island, about three feet wide; and on the Aroostook river is a bed of red hematic iron of the best quality, 36 feet wide, and of immense and unknown length.

Iron ore of New York.—The state of New York also furnishes an abundance of this useful metal. In Columbia and Dutchess counties the mines are numerous and easily worked, and free

* Packer's Report to the Senate of Pennsylvania, March 4th, 1834.

† The *coking process* is now understood in Pennsylvania, and it is found that the bituminous coal is quite as susceptible of this operation, and produces as good coke as that of Great Britain. Indeed, it is now used to considerable extent in some of her iron manufactures.

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from water. These beds yield annually about 20,000 tuns of ore, which is worth at the spot from $1.50 to $2.50 per tun. Within twelve miles of Amenia there are ten furnaces, which make 10,000 tuns of iron per annum, and afford employment to 1,000 men. There are several other furnaces in Columbia and Dutchess counties; and the aggregate value of the pig iron made at them all is estimated at $500,000 per annum. Much of this iron, especially that made from the bed in Amenia, which yields 5,000 tuns of ore per annum, is said to equal that from Salisbury. Much of the ore in these counties lies in a tertiary formation, under a deposite of pebbles, gravel, and loam, and frequently, as at Amenia, at the junction of talcose slate and limestone.

Some idea may be formed of the immense quantity of iron in this region, when we state that at Newcomb, a few miles from the Hudson river, a bed has been traced more than a mile in length, and 300 feet in width; and about a mile north is another bed, 500 feet wide, which extends nearly a mile, and of an unknown depth.

In 1810, the quantity of bar iron made in the United States was 29,000 tuns; in 1830, 112,860 tuns, and also 191,536 tuns of pig iron, of the value of $13,329,760. In 1810, the total value of our iron manufactures was estimated at $14,364,526. At present it exceeds probably $50,000,000, as there is not only a vast increase in the amount of the articles produced, but many new branches of manufacture have been introduced within the last few years.

GOLD.

The gold region of the United States may properly be said to extend from the Rappahannock, in Virginia, to the Coosa in Alabama. Gold has, however, been found in Lower Canada, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, and it is therefore supposed by some that the gold deposites follow the primitive formation from Canada to the gulf of Mexico. At Somerset, in Vermont, Professor Hitchcock thinks there is every indication of a gold region, and that it probably extends south into Massachusetts, as it has been discovered at Deerfield.

The richest gold mines in the United States are those of Virginia, North Carolina, and Georgia.

A full account of the mineral riches of the United States would fill many volumes; of those which remain undescribed, we can briefly notice but a few.

LEAD.

Lead is found in numerous places in the United States, but in few, however, in quantities sufficient to render its working profitable. It has been worked at Southampton and near Middletown (Connecticut), also in several places in Dutchess county (New York), and at the Perkiomen mine in Pennsylvania. The most valuable locality of this mineral in the state of New York is at Rossie, St. Lawrence county, where a vein two feet wide penetrates a ledge of rocks fifty feet high, and extends to an unknown depth.

One of the most extensive deposites of lead on the globe exists in what is called the mineral district of Missouri, which comprises parts of the counties of Washington, St. Genevieve, Jefferson, St. Francis, and Madison; extending a distance of about 70 miles in length, and from the Mississippi, in a southwesterly direction, about 50 miles in breadth. Beside a great abundance of lead, this region contains also iron, manganese, zinc, antimony, arsenic, plumbago, &c. The lead ore is the galena or sulphuret of lead. It is found in loose detached masses in the soil, and not in veins, in rocks, as it usually occurs, and yields about 70 per cent. pure lead, and an annual product of several millions of pounds.

The total amount of lead from the United States lead-mines in Missouri, from 1825 to 1832, was 5,151,252 lbs.; and from 1821 to 1836, the product of the lead mines of Fever river amounted to 70,420,357 lbs.; giving a total from both these sources of 75,571,609 lbs.

COPPER.

Copper is found in many places in this country, in connexion with lead and zinc, as at the Perkiomen lead-mine (Pennsylvania); Schuyler's mines (New Jersey), Cheshire and Wethersfield (Connecticut), Singsing (New York), &c.; but, as the quantity is too small to be worked in many places to advantage, we pass it by. The same remarks will also apply to silver ore, a small quantity of which is contained in nearly all our lead ores.*

MANGANESE

occurs frequently in the form of an earthy oxyde, resembling bog-iron ore, and is employed extensively in furnishing oxymuriatic acid for bleaching, communicating a violet or purple color to glass, in painting porcelain, and furnishing oxygen gas. It has not heretofore been in great demand, but there is no doubt it exists in quantity sufficient to supply the wants of the country.

PEAT.

Owing to the abundance of other kinds of fuel, peat has not yet been brought into extensive use, although it exists in inexhaustible quantities in many parts of the United States. Peat is derived from the vegetable fibres of partially decayed plants, or from decayed wood, which is called *ligneous* peat, though this is inferior to the other. The best peat lies at a depth of three or four feet, and frequently contains the trunks and branches of cedar and other durable kinds of wood, which have undergone little change. Though peat abounds in cold and wet regions, it is rarely found in warm climates, because vegetable decomposition is there too rapid to allow of the preservation of organic matter.

* There are indications of a rich deposite of copper near Rossie, St. Lawrence county, New York.

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It is unnecessary to mention localities where this substance is found. Professor Hitchcock estimates, that in the eastern part of Massachusetts 80,000 acres, or 125 square miles, are covered with it, being an average thickness of six feet four inches. This would yield at least 121,000,000 of cords. Professor Mather remarks, that "peat is so common in every part of the first geological district (of New York, embracing the southern part) that it may be found on almost every square mile. The value of peat-grounds is not yet fully appreciated; but when this combustible shall come into use, as it soon will, owners of those peat-lands which are convenient to a market must realize a large amount; and it should be remembered that these grounds, when dug once, are not exhausted, like a coal-mine, but in a few years, if properly managed, will be renovated, and afford a new supply. A peat meadow, with a thickness of only three feet, will give more than 1,000 cords per acre. This combustible may be furnished at so low a rate that the poor may have an abundance of fuel. The odor of peat is unpleasant to some persons, but not more so than that of bituminous coal. Peat is usually cut out in pieces like bricks, by a kind of spade with a raised edge on one side, and is then dried like unbaked bricks, and afterward stacked or housed for use."

Every swamp contains either peat or a vast amount of vegetable matter which may be usefully employed in agriculture. It may also be employed for producing gas-light, as in France. Peat is often used for manure, after rotting it with lime in the barn-yard or compost heap. Peat is not confined to fresh-water lakes and marshes, but also abounds in those which are salt. Mather estimates that the first geological district of New York contains at least 3,000,000 cords of peat, some of which has as great a specific gravity as bituminous coal, and is nearly or quite as valuable for fuel.

"Perhaps it would be saying too much," says Prof. Emmons, "to assert that peat is more valuable than coal; but when we consider that it contains a gaseous matter equal in illuminating power to oil or coal-gas, that its production is equally cheap, and, in addition to this, that it is a valuable manure if properly prepared, its real and intrinsic worth cannot fall far short of the poorer kinds of coal. There is one consideration which commends itself to the philanthropic of all large cities, viz, the introduction of peat as a fuel to supply the necessities of the poor. It is believed that much suffering may be prevented, and much comfort promoted, by the use of peat in all places where fuel is expensive, as in New-York and Albany."

CAPT. ERICSSON'S STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.

The alarming frequency and extent of conflagrations in the city of New York, during the winter of 1839-'40, caused the attention of the citizens generally, and of the different insurance companies in particular, to be turned to the subject of adopting more efficient means for extinguishing fires, than the city possessed. The untiring efforts of the well-organized and efficient fire department, seemed insufficient to perform the arduous duties required of them, and general alarm pervaded the community. At this juncture, the Mechanic's Institute of that city very opportunely directed its efforts for the promotion of the public good, by offering the gold medal of the Institute—the highest honor within its gift—as a reward for the best method of applying steam to the fire-engine. Several plans were submitted, and, after a thorough and patient investigation of their several merits, by the Committee on Arts and Sciences, of the Institute, the token of excellence was awarded to Captain J. Ericsson, one of the most celebrated of European engineers, who is now on a visit to this country. Of this engine, the committee in their printed report remark:—

The points of excellence as thus narrowed down were found to belong in a superior degree to an engine weighing less than 2¼ tuns, that with the lowest estimated speed has a power of 108 men, and will throw 3,000 lbs. of water per minute to a height of 105 feet, through a nozzle of 1¼ inches diameter. By increasing the speed to the greatest limit easily and safely attainable, the quantity of water thrown may be much augmented.

In the American Repertory of Arts for October, the report of the committee appears at length, from which we copy the following detailed description of the engine:—

DESCRIPTION OF THE DRAWING.

Figure 1—Represents a longitudinal section of the boiler, steam-engine, pump, air-vessel, and blowing apparatus, through the centre line.

Figure 2—Side view of the steam fire-engine complete.

Figure 3—Plan or top view of the engine: air-vessel, slide-box of steam-cylinder and induction-pipe supposed to be removed.

Figure 4—Transverse section of the boiler, through the furnace and steam-chamber.

Figure 5—Lever or handle for working the blowing apparatus by manual labor.

Similar letters of reference will be used to denote similar parts in all of the figures.

A.—Double acting force-pump, cast of gun-metal, firmly secured to the carriage frame by four strong brackets cast.—*a*, *a*. Suction-valves.—*a'*, *a'*. Suction passages leading to the cylinder.—*a''*. Chamber containing the suction-valves, and to which chamber are connected *a'''*, *a'''*. Suction pipes to which the hose is attached by screws in the usual manner, and which may be closed by the ordinary screw cap. The delivering valves and passages at the top of the cylinder are similar

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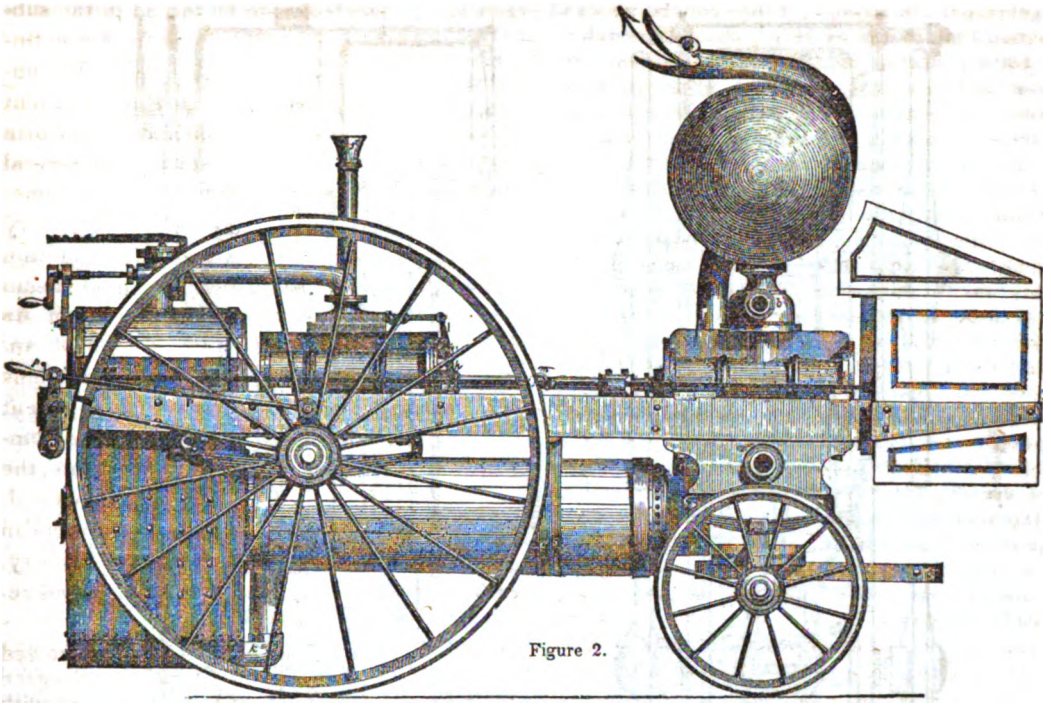


Figure 2.

Captain Ericsson's Steam Fire-Engine.

to those just described, but the valve-chamber communicates directly with

B.—Air-vessel of a globular form, made of copper.—*b*, *b*. Delivery pipes to which the pressure hose is attached: when only one jet is required, the opposite pipe may be closed by a screw-cap, as usual. The piston or bucket of the force-pump to be provided with double leather packing; the piston-rod to be made of copper; the gland and stuffing box to be made of brass.

C.—Boiler, constructed on the principle of the ordinary "locomotive boiler," and containing 27 tubes of 1½ inch diameter. The top of the steam-chamber and the horizontal part of the boiler to be covered with wood, to prevent the radiation of heat.—*c*. Fire-door.—*c'*. Ash-pan, consisting of a square box attached below the furnace, and having a small door in front.—*c''*. Square box attached to the end of the boiler, enclosing the exit of the tubes. The hot air from the tubes received by this box is passed off through—*c'''*. Smoke pipe, carried up through either of the spaces D, making a half-spiral turn round the air-vessel, and terminating in the form of a serpent or a dragon, to avoid the unsightly appearance of an abrupt vertical termination.—c^4. Brackets of wrought iron, riveted to the upright part of the boiler, and bolted to the carriage frame.—c^5. Wrought iron stay, also bolted to the carriage frame, for supporting the horizontal part of the boiler.

E.—Cylindrical box attached to the top of the steam-chamber, containing:—*e*. Conical steam-valve, and also—*e'*. Safety-valve.—*e''*. Screw with handle connected to the steam valve, for admitting or shutting off the steam.—*e'''*. Induction-pipe, for conveying the steam to

F.—Steam-cylinder, provided with steam passages and slide-valve, of the usual construction, and secured to the carriage frame in similar manner to the force-pump.—*f*. Eduction-pipe, for carrying off the steam into the atmosphere.—*f'*. Piston, provided with metallic packing (on Barton's plan).—*f''*. Piston-rod of steel, attached to the piston-rod of the force-pump by means of

G.—Crosshead of wrought iron, into which both piston-rods are inserted and secured by keys.—*g*. Tappet-rod attached to the crosshead, for moving the slide-valve of the steam-cylinder by means of—*g'*, *g'*, Nuts which may be placed at any position on the tappet-rod.

H.—Spindle of wrought iron, working in two bearings attached to the cover of the steam-cylinder, the one end thereof having fixed to it—*h*. Lever, moved or struck ultimately by the nuts *g'*, *g'*.—*h'*. Lever, fixed to the middle part of the spindle H, for moving the steam-valve rod.

I.—Force-pump for supplying the boiler, constructed with spindle-valves on the ordinary plan; the suction-pipe thereof to communicate with the valve-chamber of the water-cylinder, and the delivering-pipe to be connected to the horizontal part of the boiler.—*i*. Plunger of force-pump, to be made of gunmetal or copper, and attached to the crosshead G.

J.—Blowing-apparatus, consisting of a square wooden box, with panelled sides, in which is made to work—*j*. Square piston, made of wood, joined to the sides of said box by leather.—*j'*. Circular holes or openings through the sides, for admitting atmospheric air into the box; these holes being covered on the inside by pieces of leather or India-rubber cloth to act as valves.—*j''*. Are similar holes through the top of the box,

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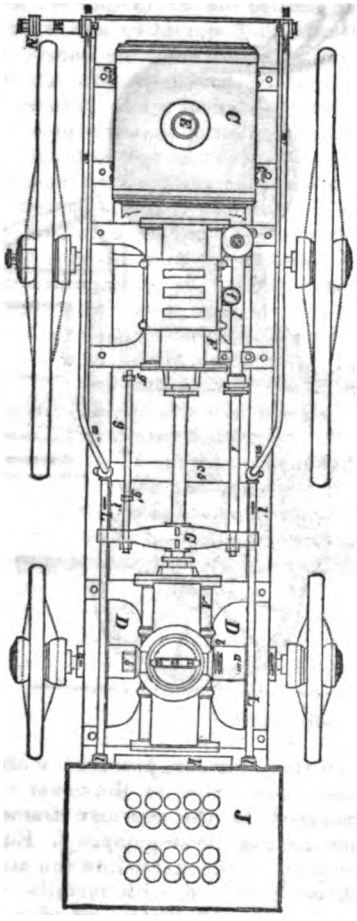


Figure 3.

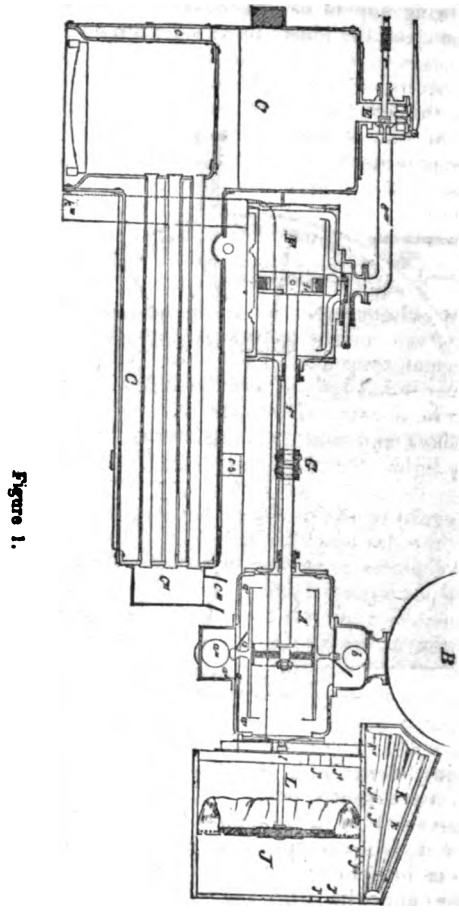


Figure 1.

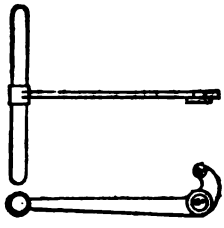


Figure 5.

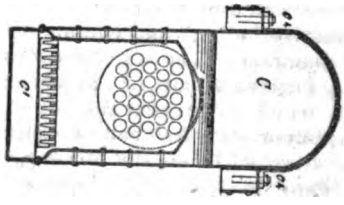


Figure 4.

for passing off the air at each stroke of the piston, into

K.—Receiver or regulator, which has—*k*. Moveable top, made of wood, joined by leather to the upper part of the box; a thin sheet of lead to be attached thereto, for keeping up a certain compression of air in the regulator.—*k*. Box or passage made of sheet iron, attached to the blowing apparatus, and having an open communication with the regulator at *k''*; to this passage is connected a conducting pipe, as marked by dotted lines in figure 1, for conveying the air from the receiver into the ash-pan under the furnace of the boiler, at *k'''*; this conducting pipe passes along the inside of the carriage frame, on either side.

L, L.—Two parallel iron rods, to which the piston of the blowing apparatus is attached: these rods work through guide-brasses *l*, *l*, and they may be attached to the crosshead G, by keys at *l'*, *l'*. The holes at the ends of the crossheads for admitting these rods, are sufficiently large to allow a free movement whenever it is desirable to work the blowing apparatus independently of the engine.

M.—Spindle of wrought iron, placed transversely, and working in two bearings fixed under the carriage frame: to this spindle are fixed—*m*, *m*, two crank-levers, which by means of—*m'*, *m'*, two connecting rods, will give motion to the piston-rods L, L, by inserting the hooks *m''*, *m''*, into the eyes at the ends of the said piston-rods.

N.—Crank-lever, fixed at the end of spindle M, which by means of

O—Crank-pin, fixed in the carriage-wheel, and also

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P—Connecting rod, will communicate motion to the blowing apparatus, whenever the carriage is in motion, and the above parts duly connected.

n.—Pin fixed in lever N, placed at such distance from the centre of spindle M, that it will fit the hole *n'* of the lever shown in figure 5, while *n''* receives the end of spindle M. Whenever the blowing apparatus is to be worked by the engine or by manual force, the connecting rod P should be detached by means of the lock at *p*. The carriage frame should be made of oak, and plated with iron all over the outside and top; the top plate to have small recesses, to meet the brackets of the cylinders, as shown in the drawing. The lock of the carriage, axles, and springs, to be made as usual, only differing by having the large springs suspended *below* the axle. The carriage wheels to be constructed on the suspension principle; spokes and rim to be made of wrought iron, very light.

With regard to the power of the engine represented by the drawing, I estimate it equal to 108 men. The pressure in the boiler being kept at 65 pounds per square inch, and the steam-piston being 10 inches diameter, its effective force, considering the *direct* application, will be at least 4,000 lbs. which, multiplied by 135 feet (or 45 double 18-inch strokes), will be 540,000 lbs. raised one foot per minute; this, divided by 5,000 (the power of man), gives 108. The piston of the force-pump being only 9 inches in diameter, while the steam-piston is 10 inches in diameter, and the pressure of the steam kept at 65 lbs. to the square inch, I can state from experience that in calm weather the water will be projected 110 feet perpendicularly.

The size of the jet will be determined by the following calculation: *Effective* pressure on steam-piston=50 lbs. per square inch; proportion of pistons as 81 to 100, hence $\frac{50\times100}{81}=61$ lbs. per square inch pressure in the air-vessel. The weight of one cubic foot of water being 62.5 lbs. it will be seen that 61 lbs. pressure is equal to 142 feet column of water; for $\frac{61\times1728}{62.5}=1713$, which divided by 12=142. Under ordinary circumstances this will produce a pressure at the exit of the jet equal to 130 feet column; hence, it will issue at the rate of $\sqrt{130\times5.3}=60$ feet per second, or 3,600 feet per minute. Deducting the loss of water by the valves, &c., the *effective* area of the piston of the force-pump will be 50 square inches; this multiplied by 135 will be 6,750; and thus the jet will be $1\frac{31}{36}$ square inch, or full $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch diameter, in order to throw the greatest quantity of water to the maximum height. For less heights the jet will increase in the inverse ratio of the square roots of the respective elevations.

The experience which I have had in the management of steam fire-engines induces me to suggest, before I conclude, that the best way of keeping the engine always in readiness, is that of having a small boiler or hot-water stove erected in the place where the engine is kept, and by means of a connecting pipe, with a screw joint, keep up heat in the engine-boiler; the fire-grate or flues of which should be kept very clean, with dry shavings, wood, and coke, carefully laid in the furnace, ready for ignition: a torch should always be at hand to ignite with at a moment's notice. The plan of keeping up a *constant* fire in the engine-boiler is bad in practice, as it prevents the keeping the flues clean, and causes formation of sediment in the boiler, to say nothing of wear and tear; but which is still more important, perhaps, at the very moment of the word of fire being given, the furnace is covered with clinkers, or the engineer is busy cleaning it.

The principal object of a steam fire-engine being that of not depending on the power or diligence of a large number of men, one or two horses should always be kept in an adjoining stable for its transportation. To this fire-engine establishment the word of fire should be given, without intermediate orders: the horses being put to, the rod attached connecting the carriage-wheel to the bellows, and the fuel ignited, the engine may on all ordinary occasions be at its destination, and in full operation, within ten minutes.

J. ERICSSON.

New York, *July* 1, 1840.

REMINISCENCES.

A work of considerable interest has lately appeared entitled "Reminiscences of the last sixty-five years" in which the writer, E. S. Thomas, Esq., one of the oldest members of the editorial fraternity in this country, records his personal recollections of the men and events to which he alluded. From among a great many similar notices of the distinguished men who occupy a conspicuous place in the history of our country for the last half century, we copy the following concerning two of the earliest and most devoted patriots of the Revolution:—

JOHN HANCOCK.

"The memory of this great patriot, statesman, and orator, has been most grossly neglected. While hundreds, whose services in the cause of independence were not a tythe of his, have been eulogized to the skies, and live on canvass, and in marble, this great patriot's name but seldom finds a place even when celebrating that freedom he was among the very first, if not *the* first, to risk his life in obtaining. I have for years noticed this neglect, with feelings of unfeigned regret.

"Never was a man more beloved by any people, than Hancock was by the people of Massachusetts. With the exception of a single year, Bowdoin was *put* in, he was for sixteen successive years, elected their governor, and closed his patriotic and illustrious life in that high station. Hundreds of times have I seen him, when so worn

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out, and crippled by disease, that he could not stand, taken from his carriage into the arms of two faithful servants (who regularly attended for the purpose), and carried up to the council-chamber, a distance of nearly fifty yards from the street. The last time he addressed his fellow-citizens was the most impressive scene I ever witnessed. A town-meeting was called, upon a question of great excitement. Old Faneuil Hall could not contain the people, and an adjournment took place to the Old South meeting-house. Hancock was brought in, and carried up into the front gallery, where the Hon. Benjamin Austin supported him on the right, and the celebrated Dr. Charles Jarvis upon the left, while he addressed the multitude. The governor commenced by stating to his fellow-citizens, that '*he felt*,' it was the last time he should ever address them—that '*the seeds of mortality were growing fast within him.*" The fall of a pin might have been heard, such a death-like silence pervaded the listening crowd, during the whole of his animated and soul-stirring speech, while tears ran down the cheeks of thousands.

"The meeting ended, he was conveyed to his carriage, and taken home, but never again appeared in public—his death soon followed after. The corpse was embowelled, and kept for eight days, to give an opportunity to the citizens, from the most distant parts of the state, to render the last tribute of respect to his memory. They came by thousands and tens of thousands—the procession was an hour and a half in passing. The post of honor, among the military was given to the Concord Light Infantry, under Captain *Davis*, the same who commanded them on the ever-memorable *nineteenth of April*, '75. It was the most solemn and interesting, and incomparably the longest funeral procession I ever saw. Samuel Adams, who was lieutenant-governor, became governor, *ex-officio*, by the death of Hancock, and followed the bier (there were no hearses, with nodding plumes, in those days), as chief-mourner, but the venerable patriot could not endure the fatigue, and was compelled to retire from the procession.

"Hancock, as an orator, had no equal. He seized upon the passions of his hearers, and led them captive at his pleasure; none could resist. A gentleman who heard him deliver his great oration, commemorative of the massacre of the fifth of March seventeen hundred and seventy, told me that the multitude who listened to it were wrought up to such a pitch of phrensy, that a single sentence from the orator, calling upon them to take arms, and drive the murderers from their town, would have been at once carried into effect. Such was his control over them, many could not keep their seats, from indignation. I read this oration in my youth; it abounds

'In thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.'

It made my young blood run coursing through my veins, and the hair on my head to stand erect, as I read it. I said to myself, with the old Roman, 'If such is the effect from reading, what would it have been to have heard him deliver it?' His form was elegant; his face beautiful, manly, and expressive; his eye piercing; his voice flexible. He could raise his hearers to the highest pitch of phrensy, or sooth them into tears, at pleasure.

"It was THIS ORATION which first prepared the minds of men to resist the oppression of the British government. From the day it was delivered, it was the determination of thousands, that at the first opportunity afforded them they would burst the bands that bound them, and abide the consequences. Four years after, the opportunity was presented, at Lexington, and our nation's Independence was the result.

"Hancock, before the Revolution, was a man of vast fortune; and although he permitted it to flow, in the cause of his country, like water, he had still enough left to support a splendid establishment, and to live and entertain like a prince. His generosity was unbounded. I will remember that one evening in each week, during summer, a full band of music, at his own expense, attended in front of his venerable stone mansion, at the head of the Common, to entertain the citizens who were promenading on the Mall. He seldom left Boston to visit at any distance; but when he did, he was always escorted by a volunteer troop of cavalry, who held themselves in readiness for that purpose. He was very fond of joke and repartee, so much so, that a worthy citizen of Boston, Nathaniel Balch, Esq., a hatter, who never failed to appear among the invited guests at his hospitable board, obtained the unenvied appellation of '*the Governor's Jester.*' The celebrated Brissot, in his travels in the United States, speaks of his meeting this gentleman at Hancock's table; and such was the mutual attachment between the governor and Mr. Balch, that if the former was called away, no matter what distance, 'Squire Balch attended him, like his shadow, which the following circumstance most happily illustrates. Governor Hancock was called on to visit the then province of Maine, on which occasion he travelled in state, and was attended by the Hon. Col. Orne, one of the executive council, and Nathaniel Balch, Esq. Their arrival at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was thus humorously announced: '*On Tuesday last, arrived in this town, Nathaniel Balch, Esq., accompanied by his Excellency, John Hancock, and the Hon. Azor Orne, Esq.*'"

SAMUEL ADAMS.

"I have taken for my subject on this occasion, recollections of SAMUEL ADAMS, who, though not '*a hero without example*,' was '*a patriot without reproach.*' In speaking of circumstances so long passed, I shall speak only of what I *know*; never having read the 'Biography of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence,' I know not what account may there be given of any of them. I never saw Mr. Adams until the year 1792; he was then far in the vale of years, with a constitution which was, judging from his appearance, naturally strong, but then nearly worn out, not with toil, but care. He still continued to use all the exercise his strength would admit, by visiting, almost daily, a Mr. Hughes, a constable, a re-

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spectable calling in Boston in those days, whatever it may be now. They had been friends from early life, and the same intimacy was common between their respective ladies. Mr. Adams was then lieutenant-governor, a place of honor, with but little profit, and no duty at all except in case of the death of the governor, when *ex-officio*, the duties of the executive devolved upon the lieutenant. Mr. Adams lived in a large old-fashioned frame-house, on Winter street, which had once been painted yellow, but like its venerable owner, was a good deal the worse for wear. He entertained little or no company, having neither the means nor the inclination to do it. He was poor.

"On the death of Governor Hancock, he walked as chief mourner, preceded only by the Hancock piece of artillery. (It is proper here to remark, that the first cannon taken from the British in the war of the Revolution, were two brass four-pounders; on one was engraven, by order of the state, the name of John Hancock, and the other, Samuel Adams, with appropriate devices.) Before the almost interminable procession had reached State-street, Mr. Adams strength failed him, and he retired. He had then become *ex-officio* governor of the state, and at the next election was confirmed in his high office by the votes of the people. The then salary of the governor of Massachusetts, if my memory serves, was a thousand pounds currency, or $3,333—but a very small sum toward enabling the incumbent of the gubernatorial chair, to follow the example, in style and hospitality, set by Hancock, who lived and entertained like a prince. Mr. Adams possessed neither carriage nor horses; but he had been elected governor but a few weeks, when some gentlemen of Boston presented the venerable patriot with a new and handsome chariot, and a pair of as fine horses as there were in the city. The first use he made of his new equipage, shows the man in a point of view too rare not to be admired; seating himself beside his venerable lady, they drove to Constable Hughs', where the governor alighted, and handing Mrs Hughes into his seat, the two old ladies drove off together, while he stayed and talked with his old friend, and I stood by devouring their discourse.

"In 1793, theatrical entertainments were first introduced into Boston after the Revolution. There was an express law against them. Application was made to the legislature to repeal the law, and it passed both houses; but Mr. Adams was then governor and refused to sign it; and we doubt whether it has ever been repealed to this day.

"It is recorded of Mr. Adams, that a large sum was offered him by agents of the British government, to take sides with it against his native land, but it was indignation spurned, and on a subsequent occasion, when a similar circumstance was alluded to, he exclaimed, '*They well know that a guinea never glistened in my eyes.*' It was well for our country, and for mankind, that there were such men, in whose eyes guineas did not glisten; they appear to have been raised up for the occasion, and having accomplished the great work given them to do, have disappeared from the face of the earth, and there have arisen in their stead, a race of men so unlike them, that it seems scarcely possible they can be descendants of such sires. The contrast is striking, and well calculated to make us tremble for the future."

THE SILKWORM'S WILL.—Miss H. F. Gould.

On a plain rush hurdle a silkworm lay,
When a proud young princess came that way:
The haughty child of a human king
Threw a sidelong glance at the humble thing,
From the mulberry-leaf her simple food,
And shrunk, half scorn and half disgust,
Away from her sister-child of the dust,
Declaring she never yet could see,
Why a reptile form like this should be;
And that she was not made with nerves so firm,
As calmly to stand by a "crawling worm!"

With mute forbearance the silkworm took
The taunting words and the spurning look.
Alike a stranger to self and pride,
She'd no disquiet from aught beside;
And lived of a meekness and peace possessed,
Which these debar from the human breast.
She only wished, for the harsh abuse,
To find some way to become of use
To the haughty daughter of lordly man;
And thus did she lay a noble plan
To teach her wisdom, and make it plain
That the humble worm was not made in vain;
A plan so generous, deep, and high,
That, to carry it out, she must even die!
"No more," said she, "will I drink or eat!
I'll spin and weave me a winding sheet,
To wrap me up from the sun's clear light,
And hide my form from her wounded sight.
In secret then, till my end draws nigh,
I'll toil for her; and when I die,
I'll leave behind, as a farewell boon
To the proud young princess, my whole cocoon,
To be reeled and wove to a shining lace,
And hung in a veil o'er her scornful face;
And when she can calmly draw her breath
Through the very threads that have caused my death;
When she finds, at length, she has nerves so firm,
As to wear the shroud of a crawling worm,
May she bear in mind, that she walks with pride
In the winding-sheet where the silkworm died!"

Some people get along by feigning a great dislike to public employment. To hear them, you would suppose they were all making enormous sacrifices in consenting to pocket good fat salaries; and when they are at the top of the ladder, they pull out their pocket handkerchiefs, and cry, with deep feeling, "What a dog's life! but I shall be rewarded in another world."

Most women are forced to graft their virtues (I mean, at least, such as are godlike rather than saintly, truth, constancy, secrecy) on some beloved being, as husband or children, before they will bear fruit. Take away love, and it is like taking away the grass—there is no blossom; and many a saint would have been a sinner if she had no husband or children. Jean Paul

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A SUMMER UPON THE PRAIRIE.

"About one o'clock on the evening of the eighth of June, the bright waters of the Platte river could be seen in the distance, rolling on in the direction of the mighty Missouri. A march of ten miles brought us to its banks, near which the command halted for the night. We had hardly pitched our tents when several Indians were discovered galloping towards us. The arrival of several Ottoe chiefs announced our proximity to their village, from which we were distant about ten miles. They had previously been advised of our approach and had come out as a delegation of their tribe to meet us and bid us welcome to their village. Upon their signifying their intention to camp with us for the night, and accompany the command on the morrow, they were invited to seat themselves and partake of our fare. This invitation was accepted with little unnecessary ceremony, and indeed it might be, for it is doubtful whether either of our guests had tasted fish, flesh, or fowl, for a month previous. For some length of time, beef, bread and coffee disappeared from before them as if by magick. The repast having been finished they now betook themselves to their pipes and canne co-nick* and after exhausting all topicks of conversasion, they quietly rolled themselves in their blankets to dream of the morrow.

At nine o'clock in the morning of the ninth, we took up our line of march for the Ottoe village. We had not proceeded more than five miles, before we were literally surrounded by Indians; some dressed from head to foot in all the gaudy colours of the rainbow; while others could boast of nothing but a small piece of cloth or strouding about the loins. The deficiency of clothing, however, was generally made up in red paint, with which they were completely covered, giving them much the appearance of men destitute of their skins. Many of their horses had evidently been decorated for the occasion, some with eagles' feathers tied to their tails, foretop and mane, with a scalp hanging from the bits of the bridle, and their bodies fantastically coloured with various kinds of paint.

As soon as the command came in sight of the village, the male Indians, old and young, were seen rushing out to meet us. Those who could raise a horse of any description were mounted; while those who could not, hastened toward us on foot. On passing their village the confusion became general: the tops of their dirt-houses were literally covered with women and children, while a thousand meager, half-starved dogs kept up an incessant yell below. Two miles west of the village we encamped.

The Ottoe village is situated about one mile from the right bank of the Platte river, upon a beautiful bluff, or second bank. It commands a full view of the surrounding country and the river, with its hundreds of islands covered with cotton wood and willow. The Elk-horn, a large stream falling into the Platte near its junction with the Missouri, can also be seen stretching off to the northwest, its banks studded with timber, until the dark green line which marks its course is lost in the distance. Much military skill is displayed, both in the location and internal arrangement of this village, the credit of which belonged to the chief of the Ottoes, Jutan.

Their lodges are built in a conical form, both in and above the ground; the ground appears, in the first instance, to have been excavated to the depth of from two to three feet. The roof is supported by several sticks of timber which are forked at the top; these are from ten to fifteen feet long, and so arranged as to form a circle. Upon the forks of these timbers other timbers are arranged along poles, one end resting upon the ground and the others coming together at the top, forming a conical framework.—Upon this framework a netting of willows, bound together by strips of bark, is placed. Over the whole, dry grass is thrown, to prevent the dirt from falling through. The roof is then covered with dirt to the thickness of from two to three feet. These lodges are from fifty to seventy-five feet in diameter. The fire is built in the centre, the smoke escaping through the aperture left for the purpose at the top. Around the fire mattresses, manufactured from willows or rushes, are placed upon the ground, which serve as apologies for chairs. A camp-kettle or two together with a few spoons made of wood or buffalo's horns, complete the furniture of the Ottoe mansion.

The chief Jutan is at this time, probably, the most noted and popular Indian belonging to any tribe under the protection of our government. His stature is somewhat above the ordinary size, and well-proportioned. His countenance indicates much good humour, while a peculiar twinkling of the eyes stamps upon him at once his true character—that of the cunning, artful, intriguing warriour. His successive warfares with the neighbouring tribes, in former days, bear ample evidence that he is not destitute, either of personal courage or a knowledge of Indian war fare and its tacticks.

In the fall of 1822, Jutan sustained a severe loss in the death of his favourite among six wives. She was young and beautiful, and accompanied him the year previous to Washington, where she of course attracted much attention, and received many presents, all of which Jutan attributed to her personal charms. At her death, he refused to be consoled; the whole nation was put in mourning by blacking the upper part of the face of every man, woman and child. After the usual time of howling and crying before interment, she was consigned to the earth. A deep grave was dug upon a prominent hill, a short distance from the village, in which she was deposited, together with every article belonging to her while living, including many articles of great value, which had been presented to her at Washington city. The grave was then filled in the usual manner, after setting several strong posts in it, around which the earth was thrown. This being completed, Jutan ordered three of his best horses to be made fast to the posts, and choked to death, which was accordingly done. One of the horses was intended to convey the deceased favourite to the distant and happy land for which she had departed, while the other two were to convey her goods and chattels." Army and Navy Chronicle.

*This is a substance used by all Indians in the place of tobacco for smoking. It is either the bark of a young willow, sumach leaves, after having been killed by the frost in the fall, or a kind of weed, found only in the vicinity of the Rocky mountains, called mountain-tea

It is possible to have almost all the qualifications for happiness, yet to feel little less than misery.

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THE WOOD RIVER MASSACRE.

Read before the Illinois State Lyceum, December 6, 1852.

[BY THOMAS LIPPINCOTT.]

AMONG the various incidents of the early settlements of Illinois, and those of the last war with Great Britain, that have commanded the attention of writers, there is one which I do not remember to have seen in print, that well deserves to be preserved among the records of frontier hardihood and suffering. I refer to the massacre of a woman and six children, by the Indians, in the forks of Wood river, in 1814. The following is given as an authentic sketch of the facts, taken from the lips of captain Abel Moore and his wife, who were sufferers in the transaction.

Travellers who have passed on the direct road from Edwardsville to Carrollton, will remember at a pleasant plantation on the banks of the east branch of Wood river, a short distance from the dwelling-house and powder-mill of Mr. George Moore, an old building, composed of rough, round logs, the upper story of which projects about a foot on every side, beyond the basement. This, in times of peril, was a block-house, or in the common phrase, a fort, to which the early settlers resorted for safety. Pursuing the road about two miles, to an elevated point on the bank of the west fork, where the road turns abruptly down into the creek, another farm, now in possession of a younger member of the family of Moores, exhibits the former residence of Reason Reagan; and midway between these two points, resides captain Abel Moore, on the same spot which he occupied at the period to which our narrative relates. William Moore lived nearly south of Abel's on a road which passes towards Milton. Upper Alton is from two to three miles, and Lower Alton four or five miles distant from the scene of action.

It appears, that while the gallant rangers were scouring the country, ever on the alert, the inhabitants, who for several years had huddled together in forts, for fear of the Indians, had, in the summer of 1814, attained to such a sense of security, that they went to their farms and dwellings, with the hope of escaping further depredations. In the forks of Wood river, were some six or eight families, whose men were for the most part in the ranging service, and whose women and children were thus left to labour for and defend themselves. The block-house which I have described, was their place of resort on any alarm; but the inconvenience and difficulty of clustering so thickly, induced them to leave it as soon as prudence would at all permit.

Nor had the hardy inhabitants forgotten, amidst their dangers, the duties of social life, nor their higher obligations to their Creator. The Sabbath shone, not only upon the domestic circle, as gathered round the fireside altar, but its hallowed light was shed on groups collected in the rustic edifices which the piety of the people had erected for divine worship.

It was on the Sabbath, the tenth of July, 1814, that the painful occurrence took place, which I now record. Reason Reagan had gone to attend divine worship at the meeting-house, some two or three miles off, leaving his wife and two children at the house of Abel Moore, which was on the way. About four o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Reagan went over to her own dwelling, to procure some little articles of convenience, being accompanied by six children, two of whom were her own; two were children of Abel Moore, and two of William Moore. Not far from, probably a little after, the same time, two men of the neighbourhood passed separately, I believe, along the road, in the opposite direction to that in which Mrs. Reagan went; and one of them heard at a certain place, a low call, as of a boy, which he did not answer, and for a repetition of which he did not delay. But he remembered and told it afterwards.

When it began to grow dark, the families became uneasy at the protracted absence of their respective members; and William Moore came to Abel's, and not finding them there, passed on towards Mr. Reagan's, to discover what had become of his sister-in-law and children; and nearly about the same time, his wife went across the angle directly towards the same place. Mr. Moore had not been long absent from his brother's, before he returned with the information that some one was killed by the Indians. He had discerned the body of a person lying on the ground, but whether man or woman, it was too dark for him to see without a closer inspection than was deemed safe. The habits of the Indians were too well known by these settlers, to leave a man in Mr. Moore's situation, free from the apprehension of an ambuscade still near.

The first thought that occurred, was to flee to the block-house. Mr. Moore desired his brother's family to go directly to the fort, while he should pass by his own house to take his family with him. But the night was now dark, and the heavy forest was at that time scarcely opened here and there by a little farm, while the narrow road wound through among the tall trees, from the farm of Abel Moore, to that of his brother, George Moore, where the fort was erected. The women and children therefore chose to accompany William Moore, though the distance was nearly doubled by the measure.

The feelings of the group as they groped their way through the dark woods, may be more easily imagined than described. Sorrow for the supposed loss of relatives and children, was mingled with horror at the manner of their death, fear for their own safety, and pain at the dreadful idea, that the remains of their dearest friends lay mangled on the cold ground near them, while they were denied the privilege of seeing and preparing them for sepulture.

Silently they passed on till they came to the dwelling of William Moore; and when they approached the entrance, he exclaimed, as if relieved from some dreadful apprehension, 'thank God, Polly is not killed.' 'How do you know?' inquired one. 'Because, here is the horse she rode.' My informant then first learned that his brother-in-law had feared, until that moment, that his wife was the victim that he had discovered.

As they let down the bars, Mrs. William Moore came running out, exclaiming, 'they are all killed by the Indians, I expect.' The mourning friends went in for a short time—but hastily departed for the block-house, whither by daybreak, all or nearly all the neighbours, having been warned by signals, repaired to sympathise and tremble.

I have mentioned that Mrs. William Moore went, as well as her husband, in search of her sister and children. Passing by different routes, they did not meet on the way, nor at the place of death. She jumped on a horse, and hastily went in the nearest

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direction, and as she went, carefully noted every discernible object, until at length, she saw a human figure lying near a burning log. There was not sufficient light for her to discern the size, sex, or condition of the person, and she called the name of one and another of her children, again and again, supposing it to be one of them asleep. At length she alighted, and approached to examine more closely. What must have been her sensations on placing her hand upon the back of a naked corpse, and feeling, by further scrutiny, the quivering flesh from which the scalp had been torn! In the gloom of night, she could just discern something, seeming like a little child, sitting so near the body as to lean its head, first one side, and then the other, on the insensible and mangled body. She saw no further, but thrilled with horror and alarm, remounted her horse and hastened home; and when she arrived, quickly put a large kettle of water over the fire, intending to defend herself with scalding water, in case of an attack.

There was little rest or refreshment, as may well be supposed, at the fort, that night. The women and children of the vicinity, together with the few men who were at home, were crowded together, not knowing but that a large body of the savage foe might be prowling round, ready to pour a deadly fire upon them at any moment. A neighbour and six of the children of the little settlement, were probably lying in the wood, within a mile or two, dead and mangled by that dreadful enemy! What subjects of thought and feeling! About three o'clock, a messenger was despatched to Fort Russell with the tidings.

In the morning, the inhabitants undertook the painful task of ascertaining the extent of their calamity, and collecting the remains for burial. The whole party, Mrs. Reagan and the six children, were found lying at intervals, along the road, tomahawked and scalped, and all dead, except the youngest of Mrs. Reagan's children, which was sitting near its mother's corpse, alive, with a gash, deep and large, on each side of its little face. It were idle to speak of the emotions that filled the souls of the neighbours, and friends, and fathers, and mothers, and husband, who gathered round to behold this awful spectacle. There lay the mortal remains of six of those whom, but yesterday, they had seen and embraced, in health; and there was one helpless little one, wounded, and bleeding, and dying, an object of painful solicitude, but scarcely of hope.

To women and youth, chiefly was committed the painful task of depositing their dear remains in the tomb. This was performed on the six already dead, on that day. They were interred in three graves, which were carefully dug, so as to lay boards beneath, beside, and above the bodies—for there could no coffins be provided in the absence of nearly all the men—and the graves being filled, they were left to receive in aftertimes, when peace had visited the settlement, a simple covering of stone, bearing an inscription descriptive of their death.

It was a solemn day, observed my informant, to follow seven bodies to the grave, at once, from so small a settlement; and they too, buried under such painful circumstances. Could we have followed that train to the grave in which their little church and cemetery were embowered, would we not feel that the procession, the occasion, the ceremony, the emotions, were of a character too awful, too sacred to admit of minute observation then—or accurate description now? The seventh, however, was not then buried. The child found alive, received every possible attention; medical aid was procured with great difficulty, but in vain. It followed within a day or two at most.

On the arrival of the messenger at Fort Russell, a fresh express was hastened to captain (now general) Samuel Whiteside's company, which was on Ridge prairie, some four miles east of Edwardsville.

It was about an hour after sunrise, on Monday morning, when the gallant troop arrived on the spot—having rode some fifteen miles—ready to weep with the bereaved, and to avenge them of their ruthless foes. Abel Moore, who was one of the rangers then on duty, and of course absent at the catastrophe, was permitted to remain at home to assist in burying his children and relatives, and the company dashed on, eager to overtake and engage in deadly conflict with the savages. I regret that I have no *recent* account of the particulars of this interesting pursuit; and that my memory does not hold them with sufficient distinctness to warrant an attempt at the narration. At Indian creek, in what is now Morgan county, some three or four of the Indians were seen, and one killed; and it is a current report among the rangers that not one of the ten that composed the party, survived the fatigue of the retreat before the eager troop.—Western Monthly Magazine.

THE WESTERN HUNTER.

Among the early emigrants to the west, whose original features attract and fix attention, we think that the Hunter is entitled to a conspicuous place. The profession which he adopted, and the world in which he lived, were full of charms to his captivated fancy. There was the valley of flowers to gladden his eye. There was the woodland melody to enchant his ear. There were the fountains of crystal waters to quench his thirst, and the delicious banquet of the chase to regale his appetite. There were his companions, his rifle and his hounds, to keep alive his warm affections, while above and around him was an ever-present sublimity to fill his soul with awe. Even the extremest toils and perils were cheerfully encountered; for while they gave an astonishing acuteness to the senses, and imparted vigour and elasticity to the frame, they stirred up tumultuous feelings, and called into exercise, to render perfect, his powers of invention. Far removed, for long periods of time, from any human intercourse, he converses with the echoes of the forest, or communes in silence with his Maker and the divinity that dwells within. He is happy in the solitude of the deep woods, and rejoices in the ampleness of his undisputed range. But the tide of emigration swells, and roars, and sweeps onward. He hears the axe of industry, and sees the smoke from the intruder's dwelling overshadowing his fair hunting-grounds. The buffalo and the deer have already taken their flight. Gazing for a moment at the encroachments of civilization, he turns his face towards the setting sun, and uttering a malediction upon the hand that so ruthlessly wars with nature's peace, he plunges again into the far depths of the wilderness, that he may roam unmolested in his own appropriate home.—Ibid.

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GEORGE FOX AND THE QUAKERS.

[From Bancroft's History of the United States.]

The nobler instincts of humanity are the same in every age and in every breast. The exalted hopes that have dignified former generations of men, will be renewed as long as the human heart shall throb. The visions of Plato are but revived in the dreams of Sir Thomas More. A spiritual unity binds together every member of the human family; and every heart contains an incorruptible seed, capable of springing up and producing all that man can know of God, and duty, and the soul. An inward voice, uncreated by schools, independent of refinement, opens to the unlettered mind, not less than to the polished scholar, a sure pathway into the enfranchisements of immortal truth.

This is the faith of the people called QUAKERS. A moral principle is tested by the attempt to reduce it to practice.

The history of European civilization is the history of the gradual enfranchisement of classes of society. The feudal sovereign was limited by the power of the military chieftains, whose valour achieved his conquests. The vast and increasing importance of commercial transactions gave new value to the municipal privileges of which the Roman empire had bequeathed the precedents; while the intricate questions that were perpetually arising for adjudication, crowded the ignorant military magistrate from the bench, and reserved the wearisome toil of deliberation for the learning of his clerk. The emancipation of the country people followed. In every European code, the ages of the feudal influence, of mercantile ambition, of the enfranchisement of the yeomanry, appear distinctly in succession.

It is the peculiar glory of England, that her free people always had a share in the government. From the first, her freeholders had legislative power as well as freedom; and the tribunals were subjected to popular influence by the institution of a jury. The majority of her labourers were serfs; many husbandmen were bondmen, as the name implies; but the established liberties of freeholders quickened, in every part of England, the instinct for popular advancement. The Norman invasion could not uproot the ancient institutions; they lived in the heart of the nation, and rose superiour to the conquest

The history of England is therefore marked by an original, constant and increasing political activity of the people. In the fourteenth century, the peasantry, conducted by tillers, and carters, and ploughmen, demanded of their young king, a deliverance from the bondage and burdens of feudal oppression; in the fifteenth century, the last traces of villenage were wiped away; in the sixteenth, the noblest ideas of human destiny, awakening in the common mind, became the central point, round which plebeian sects were gathered; in the seventeenth century, the enfranchised yeomanry began to feel an instinct for dominion; and its kindling ambition, quickly fanned to a flame, would not rest till it had attempted a democratic revolution. The best soldiers of the Long Parliament were country people; the men that turned the battle on Marston Moor were farmers and farmer's sons, fighting as they believed, for their own cause. The progress from the rout of Wat Tyler to the victories of Naseby and Worcester, and Dunbar, was made in less than three centuries. So rapid was the diffusion of ideas of freedom, so palpable was the advancement of popular intelligence, energy and happiness, that to whole classes of enthusiasts the day of perfect enfranchisement seemed to have dawned; legislation, ceasing to be partial, was to be reformed and renewed on general principles, and the reign of justice and reason was about to begin. In the language of that age, Christ's kingdom on earth, his second coming was at hand. Under the excitement of hopes, created by the rapid progress of liberty, which, to the common mind was an inexplicable mystery, the blissful centuries of the millennium promised to open upon a favoured world.

Political enfranchisements had been followed by the emancipation of knowledge. The powers of nature were freely examined; the merchants always tolerated or favoured the pursuits of science. Galileo had been safe at Venice, and honored at Amsterdam or London. The method of free inquiry, applied to chymistry, had invented gunpowder, and changed the manners of the feudal aristocracy; applied to geography, had discovered a hemisphere, and circumnavigated the globe, made the theatre of commerce wide as the world; applied to the mechanical process of multiplying books, had brought the New Testament, in the vulgar tongue, within the reach of every class; applied to the rights of persons and property, had, for the English, built up a system of common law, and given securities to liberty in the interpretation of contracts. Under the guidance of Bacon, the inductive method, in its freedom, was about to investigate the laws of the outward world. and reveal the wonders of divine Providence, as displayed in the visible universe.

On the continent of Europe, Descartes had already applied the method of observation and free inquiry to the study of morals and the mind. In England, Bacon hardly proceeded beyond the province of natural philosophy. He compared the subtile visions, in which the contemplative soul indulges, to the spider's web, and sneered at them as frivolous and empty; but the spider's web is essential to the spider's well being, and for his neglect of the inner voice, Bacon paid the terrible penalty of a life disgraced by flattery, selfishness, and mean compliance. Freedom, as applied to morals, was cherished in England among the people, and therefore had its developement in religion. The Anglo-Saxons were a religious people. Henry II. had as little regard for the Roman See as Henry VIII.; but the oppressed Anglo-Saxons looked for shelter to the church, and invoked the enthusiasm of Thomas à Becket to fetter the Norman tyrant, and bind the Norman aristocracy in iron shackles. The enthusiast fell a victim to the church, and to Anglo-Saxon liberty. If, from the day of his death, the hierarchy abandoned the cause of the people, that cause always found advocates in the inferiour clergy; and Wickliffe did not fear to deny dominion to vice, and to claim it for justice. The reformation appeared, and the inferiour clergy, rising against Rome and against domestick tyranny, had a common faith, and common political cause with the people. A body of the yeomanry, becoming independent, planted Plymouth colony. The inferiour gentry espoused Calvinism, and fled to Massachusetts. The popular movement of intellectual liberty is measured by advances towards the

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liberty of prophecying, and the liberty of conscience.

The moment was arrived when the plebeian mind should make its boldest efforts to escape from hereditary prejudices; when the freedom of Bacon, the enthusiasm of Wickliffe, and the politicks of Wat Tyler, were to gain the highest unity in a sect; when a popular, and, therefore, in that age, a religious party, building upon a divine principle, should demand freedom of mind, purity of morals, and universal enfranchisement.

The sect had its birth in a period of intense publick activity—when the heart of England was swelling with passions, and the public mind turbulent with factious leaders; when zeal for reform was invading the church, subverting the throne, and repealing the privileges of feudalism; when Presbyterians in every village were quarreling with Anabaptists and Independents, and all with the Roman Catholics and the English church.

The sect could arise only among the common people, who had every thing to gain by its success, and the least to hazard by its failure. The privileged classes had no motive to develope a principle before which their privileges would crumble. "Poor mechanicks," said William Penn, "are wont to be God's great ambassadors to mankind." "He hath raised up a few despicable and illiterate men," said the accomplished Barclay, "to dispense the more full glad tidings reserved for our age." It was the comfort of the Quakers that they received the truth from a simple sort of people, unmixed with the learning of schools; and almost for the first time in the history of the world, a plebeian sect proceeded to the complete enfranchisement of mind, teaching the English yeomanry the same method of free inquiry, which Socrates had explained to the young men of Athens.

The simplicity of truth was restored by humble instruments, and its first messenger was of low degree. George Fox, the son of "righteous Christopher," a Lancashire weaver, by his mother descended from the stock of the martyrs, distinguished even in boyhood by frank inflexibility and deep religious feeling, became in early life an apprentice to a Nottingham shoemaker, who was also a landholder, and, like David and Tamerlane, and Sixtus V., was set by his employer to watch sheep. The occupation was grateful to his mind, for its freedom, innocency, and solitude; and the years of earliest youth passed away in prayer and reading the Bible, frequent fasts, and reveries of contemplative devotion. His boyish spirit yearned after excellence; he was haunted by a vague desire of an unknown, illimitable good. In the most stormy period of the English democratick revolution, just as the Independents were beginning to make head successfully against the Presbyterians, when the impending ruin of royalty and the hierarchy made republicanism the doctrine of a party, and inspiration the faith of fanaticks, the mind of Fox, as it revolved the question of human destiny, was agitated even to despair. The melancholy natural to youth heightened his anguish; abandoning his flocks and his shoemaker's bench, he nourished his inexplicable grief by retired meditations, and often walking solitary in the chase, sought in the gloom of the forest for a vision of God.

He questioned his life; but his blameless life was ignorant of remorse. He went to many "priests" for comfort, but found no comfort with them. His misery urged him to visit London; and there the religious feuds convinced him that the great professors were dark. He returned to the country, where some advised him to marry, others to join Cromwell's army; but his excited mind continued its conflicts; and, as other young men have done from love, his restless spirit drove him into the fields, where he walked many nights long by himself, in misery too great to be declared. Yet at times a ray of heavenly joy beamed upon his soul, and he reposed, as it were, serenely on Abraham's bosom.

He had been bred in the church of England. One day, the thought rose in his mind, that a man might be bred at Oxford or Cambridge, and yet be unable to explain the great problem of existence. Again he reflected that God lives not in temples of brick and stone, but in the hearts of the living; and from the parish priest, and the parish church, he turned to the dissenters. But among them he found the most experienced unable to reach his condition.

Neither could the pursuit of wealth detain his mind from its struggle for fixed truth. His desires were those which wealth could not satisfy. A king's diet, palace, and attendance, had been to him as nothing. Rejecting the "changeable ways of religious" sects, the "brittle notions" and airy theories of philosophy, he longed for "unchangeable truth," a firm foundation of morals in the soul. His inquiring mind was gently led along to principles of endless and eternal love; light dawned within him; and though the world was rocked by tempests of opinion, his secret and as yet unconscious belief was firmly stayed by the anchor of hope.

The strong mind of George Fox had already risen above the prejudices of sects. The greatest danger remained. Liberty may be pushed to dissoluteness, and freedom is the fork in the road where the by-path leads to infidelity. One morning, as Fox sat silently by the fire, a cloud came over his mind; a baser instinct seemed to say, "All things come by nature;" and the elements and the stars oppressed his imagination with a vision of pantheism. But as he continued musing, a true voice arose within him, and said, "there is a living God." At once the clouds of scepticism rolled away; mind triumphed over matter, and the depths of conscience were cheered and irradiated by light from heaven. His soul enjoyed the sweetness of repose, and he came up in spirit from the agony of doubt into the paradise of contemplation.

Having listened to the revelation which had been made to his soul, he thirsted for a reform in every branch of learning. The physician should quit the strife of words, and solve the appearances of nature by an intimate study of the higher laws of being. The priests, rejecting authority and giving up the trade in knowledge, should seek oracles of truth in the purity of conscience. The lawyers, abandoning their chicanery, should tell their clients plainly, that he who wrongs his neighbour does a wrong to himself. The heavenly-minded man was become a divine and a naturalist, and all of God Almighty's making.

Thus did the mind of George Fox arrive at the conclusion, that truth is to be sought by listening to the voice of God in the soul. Not the learning of the universities, not the Roman See not the English

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church not dissenters, not the whole outward world can lead to a fixed rule of morality. The law in the heart must be received without prejudice, cherished without mixture, and obeyed without fear.

Such was the spontaneous wisdom by which he was guided. It was the clear light of reason, dawning as through a cloud. Confident that his name was written in the Lamb's book of life, he was borne by an irrepressible impulse, to go forth into the briery and brambly world, and publish the glorious principles which had rescued him from despair and infidelity, and given him a clear perception of the immutable distinctions between right and wrong. At the very crisis when the House of Commons was abolishing monarchy and the peerage, about two years and a half from the day when Cromwell went on his knees to kiss the hand of the young boy who was duke of York, the Lord, who sent George Fox into the world, forbade him to put off his hat to any, high or low; and he was required to *thee* and *thou* all men and women, without any respect to rich or poor, to great or small. The sound of the church bell in Nottingham, the home of his boyhood, struck to his heart; like Milton and Roger Williams, his soul abhorred the hireling ministry of divines for money; and on the morning of a first-day, he was moved to go to the great steeple-house, and cry against the idol. "When I came there," says Fox, "the people looked like fallow ground, and the priest, like a great lump of earth, stood in the pulpit above. He took for his text these words of Peter—'We have also a more sure word of prophecy;' and told the people this was the scriptures. Now the Lord's power was so mighty upon me, and so strong in me, that I could not hold; but was made to cry out, 'Oh, no! it is not the Scriptures, it is the Spirit.'"

This principle contained a moral revolution. If it flattered self-love and fed enthusiasm, it also established absolute freedom of mind, trod every idolatry under foot; and entered the strongest protest against the forms of a hierarchy. It was the principle for which Socrates died and Plato suffered; and now that Fox went forth to proclaim it among the people, he was every where resisted with angry vehemence, and the priests and professors, magistrates and people, swelled like the raging waves of the sea. At the Lancaster sessions forty priests appeared against him at once. To the ambitious Presbyterians, it seemed as if hell were broke loose; and Fox, imprisoned, and threatened with the gallows, still rebuked their bitterness as "exceeding rude and devilish," resisting and overcoming pride with unbending stubbornness. Possessed of vast ideas which he could not trace to their origin, a mystery to himself, like Cromwell and so many others who have exercised vast influence on society, he believed himself the special ward of a favouring Providence, and his doctrine the spontaneous expression of irresistible, intuitive truth. Nothing could daunt his enthusiasm. Cast into jail among felons, he claimed of the public tribunals a release only to continue his exertions; and as he rode about the country, the seed of God sparkled about him like innumerable sparks of fire. If cruelly beaten, or set in the stocks, or ridiculed as mad, he still proclaimed the oracles of the voice within him, and rapidly gained adherents among the country people. If driven from the church he spoke in the open air; forced from the shelter of the humble alehouse, he slept without fear under a haystack or watched among the furze. His fame increased, crowds gathered like flocks of pigeons, to hear him. His frame in prayer is described as the most awful, living, and reverent ever felt or seen; and his vigorous understanding, soon disciplined by clear convictions to natural dialectics, made him powerful in the public discussions to which he defied the world. A true witness, writing from knowledge, and not report, declares that by night and by day, by sea and by land, in every emergency of the nearest and most exercising nature, he was always in his place, and always a match for every service and occasion. By degrees "the hypocrites" feared to dispute with him; and the simplicity of his principle found such ready entrance among the people, that the priests trembled and scud as he drew near; so that it was a dreadful thing to them when it was told them, "The man in leathern breeches is come."

The converts to his doctrine were chiefly among the yeomanry; and Quakers were compared to the butterflies that live in felts. It is the boast of Barclay, that the simplicity of truth was restored by weak instruments, and Penn exults that the message came without suspicion of human wisdom. It was wonderful to witness the energy and the unity of mind and character which the strong perception of speculative truth imparted to the most illiterate mechanicks; they delivered the oracles of conscience with fearless freedom and natural eloquence; and with happy and unconscious sagacity, spontaneously developed the system of moral truth, which, as they believed, existed as an incorruptible seed in every soul.

Every human being was embraced within the sphere of their benevolence. George Fox did not fail, by letter, to catechize Innocent XI. Ploughmen and milkmaids, becoming itinerant preachers, sounded the alarm throughout the world, and appealed to the consciences of Puritans and Cavaliers, of the Pope and Grand Turk, of the negro and the savage. The plans of the Quakers designed no less than the establishment of a universal religion; their apostles made their way to Rome and Jerusalem, to New England and Egypt; and some were even moved to go toward China and Japan, and in search of the unknown realms of Prester John.

The rise of the people called Quakers is one of the memorable events in the history of man. It marks the moment when intellectual freedom was claimed unconditionally by the people as an inalienable birthright. To the masses in that age all reflection on politicks and morals, presented itself under a theological form. The Quaker doctrine is philosophy, summoned from the cloister, the college, and the saloon, and planted among the most despised of the people.

As poetry is older than critics, so philosophy is older than metaphysicians. The mysterious question of the purpose of our being is always before us and within us; and the little child, as it begins to prattle, makes inquiries which the pride of learning cannot solve. The method of the solution adopted by the Quakers was the natural consequence of the origin of their sect. The mind of George Fox had the highest systematick sagacity; and his doctrine, developed and rendered illustrious by Barclay

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and Penn, was distinguished by its simplicity and unity. The Quaker has but one word, the INNER LIGHT, the voice of God in the soul. That light is as reality, and therefore in its freedom the highest revelation of truth; it has kindred with the Spirit of God, and therefore merits dominion as the guide to virtue; it shines in every man's breast, and therefore joins the whole human race in the unity of equal rights. Intellectual freedom, the supremacy of mind, universal enfranchisement—these three points include the whole of Quakerism, as far as it belongs to civil history.

Quakerism rests on the reality of the Inner Light, and its method of inquiry is absolute freedom applied to consciousness.

NORTH AMERICA.

North America comprises all the country lying north of the isthmus of Darien, in lat. 8°; and extends from Davis's straits on the one side, to Beering's straits on the other. Its length, from northeast to southwest, is 5,000 miles; and its greatest width, from east to west, 3,800. It is bounded on the north by the Arctick ocean, and Baffin's bay; on the south, by the isthmus of Darien; on the east, by the Atlantick ocean; and on the west, by the Pacifick.

The principal rivers of North America are the Mississippi, Missouri, St. Lawrence, Columbia, Mackenzie's, Severn, and the Rio del Norte.

The principal gulfs are those of St. Lawrence, Mexico, and California. The bays are those of Honduras, Baffin's, and Hudson's.

The principal mountains are Auhuack, and Sierra Madre, in Mexico; the Rocky, the Ozark, in Arkansas and Missouri; the Allegany, and the White mountains.

The principal lakes of North America, which are the largest collections of fresh water in the whole world, and besides being navigable for large ships, are subject to storms as violent as those on the ocean, are lakes Superiour, Huron, Michigan, Erie, Ontario, Winnipeg, lake of the Hills, Slave lake, and Great Bear lake.

The islands of North America are the West Indies, situated between North and South America; the Bermuda isles, Newfoundland, the Alleutian islands, and several in the Gulf of Mexico, and along the coast.

At the time when Columbus discovered this new world, it was very thinly peopled by an uncultivated race of men, divided into numerous tribes and nations. The northern regions, from Labrador to Beering's straits, were inhabited by a distinct savage race, called Esquimaux. Since that period, many settlements of Europeans have been made, which have rapidly increased in numbers, and their descendants now occupy a great part of the continent, and form the greatest portion of the present population. Several of the native tribes, who are called Indians, have become extinct, and their present numbers, in North and South America, are estimated by Baron Humboldt at 8,610,000. The colonies of the Europeans that occupied the eastern coasts of North America chiefly belonged to England, and were subject to the laws of the British parliament; but in 1764, that power imposed on the American states a tax, which was without their own consent, and not immediately applicable to the wants or necessities of the colonists. This was no sooner promulgated to the people, than it was met with great indignation, and even with defiance. This act in consequence, was soon repealed, but the seeds of disaffection were sown from the very hour of its imposition, and a constant state of agitation was kept up for ten years, when it broke out into open warfare. After many severe and desperate engagements, which generally proved of advantage to the Americans, who, indeed, were assisted by the French, the contest ended by the peace of Versailles, which was ratified, and concluded September 3d, 1783, and by which the thirteen united colonies of America were admitted to be "free, sovereign, and independent states."

The present political divisions, therefore, of North America, are, the United States, Colonies of Great Britain, Russian Possessions, Central Republicks, and Mexico.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The United States extend from 23° to 49° north latitude, and from 60° 50′ to 124° 25′ west longitude; the length of this tract of country is about 2,850 miles, and its breadth about 1,380. It is bounded on the north by the British and Russian possessions; on the east by the Atlantick ocean; on the west by the Pacifick; and on the south by Mexico. The climate is very temperate, but in the northern parts the winters are severe; generally speaking the temperature of the country is colder than that of the same latitudes in Europe, and about equal to that of latitudes ten degrees further north. The soil in general, is productive, and on the banks of the Mississippi very exuberant.

The principal rivers of the United States are the Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, Arkansas, La Plata, Red river, Tennessee, Cumberland, Columbia, Mobile, Appalachicola, Connecticut, Hudson, Potomack, James, and the Savannah.

The lakes are Superiour, which is 340 miles long, and 150 broad; Michigan, of the same length, and 75 miles in breadth; Huron, 240 miles long, and 150 broad; Erie, 200 miles long and 60 broad; the last are 512 feet above the level of the sea, and connected with each other by navigable channels. Between lakes Superiour and Huron, there is a fall of twenty-three feet; but the waters of these lakes, and several smaller ones, fall 320 feet into lake Ontario. The cataract of Niagara, where these waters pass over a perpendicular descent of 160 feet, is a remarkable natural curiosity, and is viewed with admiration by travellers from all parts of the world. Lake Ontario is 150 miles long. Champlain, Winnipiseogee, Sunapee, and Moosehead, are smaller lakes.

The principal mountains are the Rocky mountains, the Ozark, the White, and the Allegany. The greatest elevation of the Rocky mountains is 12,500 feet.

ADVENTURE IN THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS.

Some years ago, some gentlemen went on a hunting excursion to the Cumberland mountains which divide Virginia from Kentucky. They established their camp in a wild, secluded valley—

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and made preparations for a week's capital sport. But on the first day's diversion, Captain Stanwood, a brave and athletic officer in the army, strayed away from his companions in quest of game—and after wandering about for some hours, was obliged to entertain the very unwelcome opinion that he had lost his way. But accustomed to a backwoods life—and armed with a good rifle, a tomahawk and hunting-knife, he did not regard the event in so serious a light as many would have done—and indeed, if he had been provided with provisions, he would not have suffered a moment's uneasiness about the matter.

As the shades of night began to fall, he struck a light with the fireworks he carried in his pocket, built a good fire with the dry wood, which he found in abundance around him—placed his arms in such a manner that he could seize them in an instant if necessary, then stretched himself on the ground, and, overcome with the fatigues of the day, slept soundly until morning. He then arose, and resumed his attempt to find his way back to the camp. He soon came to a portion of this unexplored wilderness, where the trees were not large, but where there was a dense growth of underwood—and after he had been with much labour striving to make his way through it, for about an hour, he became aware that some wild animal was following in his footsteps. He could distinctly hear the cracking of the bushes—and could now and then catch a glimpse of the creature through the bushes at a distance—yet he was unable to ascertain the species of animal, which seemed so kindly determined to cultivate an acquaintance. He, however, looked to the priming of his rifle, loosened his knife in the sheath, and prepared himself to make a desperate struggle, if attacked.

It was not long before he emerged from the thick growth of underwood, and found himself on the side of a barren mountain—where the rocks were disposed in platforms or shelves, one over the other, and extending apparently to a great distance. He stepped out on one of these platforms, and commenced walking off rapidly, with the intention of putting as much space as possible between him and his prowling enemy—occasionally looking back to learn if he was followed. He had not gone more than a hundred and fifty yards, before he saw creeping out of the thicket, with a stealthy pace, an enormous panther, or catamount, which took a ledge above him, and followed after him, apparently resolved that they should not part company until they had become better acquainted with each other's merits.

Captain Stanwood, although brave and inured to perils by flood and field, well knew the character of his cunning but ferocious companion, and did not feel quite so much at his ease, as if a deer, or even a wolf or bear, had come out of the thicket. He knew that he should not get rid of the panther until after a combat, which must result in the death of one, perhaps both. He was a good marksman—but he well knew the consequence of only wounding his antagonist—and resolved not to fire at him until he could be sure of lodging a ball in his heart—otherwise the ferocious beast would spring upon him, and in his rage and agony tear him limb from limb.

They journeyed on in this way for a distance of two or three miles—whenever Captain Stanwood stopped, his enemy on the ledge above him would also stop and lie down, with his huge paws projecting, cat-like, from his breast, as if ready for a sudden spring. At length Captain Stanwood found himself approaching the termination of the rocky ledge, and was anxious to bring the affair to a crisis, before he entered the wood—where the advantage would be altogether on the side of his grim adversary. Besides, the panther had been gradually lessening the space between them, and was now within a distance of not more than sixty or seventy yards.

He stopped—the panther also stopped—Captain Stanwood looked to his flint—and primed his rifle with fresh powder. He also took his hatchet and knife from his side, and placed them on a rock, breast high, against which he was standing, that he might seize them at once if his rifle should fail him, and he be compelled to grapple hand to hand with this fiercest and most dreaded of the inhabitants of the wilderness. He then put the rifle to his eye and directed it toward the white spot on the panther's breast, which was visible from the spot where he stood. It was an anxious moment, and he fancied for a moment that his nerves trembled. He knew that his life, perhaps, depended on the accuracy of his aim—and he resolved to suspend operations a minute, for his nerves to acquire their wonted rigidity. He then again coolly raised his rifle, put it to his shoulder, and the sharp report reverberated from the sides of the mountain. He saw, through the smoke, that the catamount sprung upward six or eight feet, and then fell motionless on the rock. Captain Stanwood reloaded his rifle, and then ascended the side of the mountain, until he reached a spot above where his enemy lay extended—he fired another shot at his head, but the animal moved not—and he was convinced that it was dead. He then found, on examination, that the first shot had pierced his thorax, and perforated his heart.

Captain Stanwood went on his way, rejoicing that he had so fortunately escaped. He entered the forest before him, and pursued a direction which he thought would take him to the camp. He was fatigued and hungry—but late in the afternoon a black bear crossed his path—and uttering a half stifled growl, seemed inclined to dispute his further progress. A bullet from the Captain's rifle, however, put an end to the contest before it had hardly begun—and in a few minutes the bear was flayed, and our adventurer proceeded on, carrying on his shoulders the shaggy skin of the animal, and enough of his flesh to serve him for a good supper and breakfast on the following day. He came, about sunset, to a rocky ledge, in which there was a cave, where he had some idea of passing the night—and was about gathering some materials for a fire, when he concluded to proceed on his way as long as the twilight lasted. He soon reached the banks of a small stream, which he could not ford—and which

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he knew was but a few hours' walk from the camp—and concluded to return to the cave, cook some supper and take up his lodgings for the night—and in the morning, resume his journey.

It was quite dark when he reached the cave. He entered it, placed his rifle against the rock, and was about gathering some dry leaves with which the floor of the cave was covered, when, much to his astonishment and horror, he grasped a man's foot! He sprang back and caught up his rifle—at the same time he heard the individual, whose slumbers he had thus unceremoniously interrupted, jump up and seize his arms. Stanwood yelled out in a voice that must have alarmed all the wild beasts within earshot, "Who's there? Speak quick, or I fire."

The occupant of the cave hastily answered, "A friend! don't fire, Stanwood! I'm glad I've found you at last."

Stanwood recognised the voice of Captain Wilson, an old friend and companion in arms, who had made one of the hunting party—and who, it appeared, had started that morning alone, in quest of his friend, who, he rightly imagined, had lost his way. He had hit upon his track in the afternoon, and followed it to the spot where lay the carcass of the bear—and continued on until he came to the cave, where, finding that Stanwood had gone on, Wilson, worn out with fatigue, resolved to abide till morning. He had thrown himself down on the leaves, and had just fallen into a sound sleep, when he was aroused by Stanwood seizing him by the leg.

The friends struck a light—made a rousing fire, roasted and ate some huge slices of "bear's venison"—and passed a comfortable night in the cave—and the next morning returned to the camp without meeting with any further adventures.

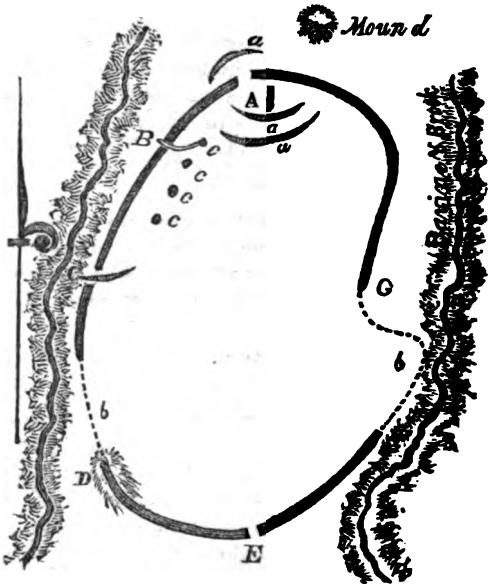
OSAGE ORANGE.—Maclura Aurantiacie.

The Osage orange is a native of Arkansas and Missouri, where it rises in elegant proportion to the height of sixty feet. The tree is deciduous and hardy, as it has endured the rigours of the last seven winters, near Boston, and is one of the most ornamental of all our native trees. The leaves are oval, lanceolate, of a beautiful shining green, and bear a striking resemblance to those of the orange, and the wood like the orange, is armed with long sharp spines. The trees are diœcious, or some male and some female, therefore requiring more than one tree for the production of fruit; but these, however, cannot be distinguished when young. The fruit is beautiful, but not eatable, of the size of a large orange, of a golden colour, and the trees when laden with the fruit are splendid. The wood produces a fine yellow die. It is valuable for furniture, as it receives the finest polish. It is remarkably tough, strong, and elastick, and is therefore called *bow-wood*, being preferred by the Indians to all other wood for bows. It is also supposed to be the most durable timber in the world, and for ship-building is esteemed preferable to live oak.

On the best authority, I am assured, that the trees of the Osage orange, when set at the distance of fifteen inches asunder, make the most beautiful as well as the strongest hedge-fence in the world, through which neither men nor animals can pass.

ANCIENT FORT IN BUTLER COUNTY, OHIO.

In the number of the Family Magazine for May, 1839, page 331, mention is made of a fort in Butler county, and a diagram of it was promised. But, after long delay, I was disappointed in obtaining the proper instruments for taking the angles and measuring the distances, and was compelled to resort to the expedient I had used thirty years ago, viz: measuring by steps and taking the angles by a tape line. The accompanying diagram is the result of the process. Mr. McBride, of Hamilton, in his map of Butler county, has given a small one, but I like mine better



A, C. Gateways—distant from each other ninety rods.
B, C, F. Breaches of the embankment made by the waters of rains which accumulated within.
Distance from C to G, thirty-two rods.
A, A, A. Embankments of crescent form for defending the embrasure.
B, B. Spaces without embankment.
C, C, C, C. Pits of two or three hogsheads' capacity each.
D. At this angle the embankment appears to have been composed of small flat stones.
The space occupied by the crescents, within, forms a sort of amphitheatre.

This fort is situated, as will be seen, between two ravines, and, consequently, on the ridge between them. It certainly (the triple *vallum* notwithstanding) was not a position of great strength; for an enemy of any bravery at all, only armed with spears, might have passed along the gentle slope from B to D, out of bow-shot, and entering the part undefended, would have enfiladed the besieged by occupying the higher ground in their rear, within the fort. The peninsula, on the south of E, seems as if it might have been cultivated. But the work may have been but an outpost for the defence of their cornfields on the Miami bottoms, *contiguous*. There is another work, much less perfect, south-westerly from the above, as may be seen on Mr. B's map, but I have not had leisure to examine it particularly.

N. Crookshank.

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CHIVALRY IN EARLY AMERICA.

The history of heroism and chivalry, even from the days of the warlike Benjamites, to the battle of Waterloo, furnishes us with no records of prowess or valorous deeds, exceeding in interest and romance, the chronicles of early chivalry in America. The remark may seem hazardous; since, if we do not concede to the Egyptians, the Arabians, and the Greeks and Romans, that superiority which the Caucassian claims over the Mongul race, both in intellectual and physical organization, we not only exclude the primitive inhabitants of the New World, from the concomitant advantages, but deny their chivalry the interest associated with the refinement of an enlightened and classic people. That the condition of man, however, in the earliest efforts of civilization in America, was favourable to deeds of chivalry and high and honourable sentiment; and that their mental capacities have been greatly underrated by modern historians, may be gleaned from the works of many of the Spanish clergy, whose province it was to give futurity an accurate estimate of the aboriginal character.

Acosta, Garces, Zummagua and the Abbe D. Francisco Saviero Claviegero, unite in classing the ancient Mexicans among the most enlightened people of their time; and that they were chivalrous even to the highest degree of etiquette, may be deduced from historical records of their heraldry, codes of honour and national pursuits. Their courage was undoubted; their skill in fortification and warfare, evincing a thorough knowledge of military tactics and engineering;—yet, under the chivalrous tendency of their laws, their native ferocity and love of bloodshed, were never degraded by unnecessary carnage. They were magnanimous to their enemies, courteous to their rivals, adhesive to their friends and humane to all. "The bravery of a warrior," says Gordon, "was not estimated so much by the number of foes he slew in battle, as by the number of captives he made." It is related, however, of a neighbouring tribe, the Colhuas, that after a sanguinary engagement, they presented themselves before their general with their prisoners, and called upon the Mexicans to exhibit similar proofs of their courage; but the latter, having taken four prisoners only, whom they did not produce, were reproached with cowardice. Whereupon they brought forth many baskets filled with the ears of the enemy, and said, "Judge from these witnesses how many captives we might have made, had we been inclined. But we chose rather to employ our time in the destruction of our enemy than to waste it in binding them." During the four centuries of Mexican monarchy, commencing 667, to the destruction of the Foltecas, chivalry was in high repute. The neighbouring races, living on the boundaries of the Mexican empire, among whom were the Chechecneeas, succeeded the Foltecas, but were neither as distinguished for their knowledge or cultivation as the latter. On the ruins of the Foltecas the Chechecneeas founded a nation far superior to their own originally. Nopaltzin, son of their king Xotol, married the Foltecasian virgin Azcasochell. Exclusive of his partiality to the sex, he was the very mirror of chivalry; and at the rejoicings by which his wedding was celebrated, he distinguished himself in the athletic sports—wrestling, boxing, running, and fighting with wild beasts. The race of royal warriors who ascended the throne successively after the death of Xotol, were Nopaltzin, Hotzin, Quinatzin, Techotlalla and others, nearly all distinguished for their love of glory, heroism, and chivalry. Of the different races dwelling on the bounds of Mexico, and frequently in the great lake, the Mazahuas, Tarascas, Meztecas, Chipanese, Cohuscas and Nahuallascas, the most renowned in arms were the last-named—a tribe, however, second in importance to the Hascallans, from their warlike bravery, jealousy of honour, chivalry, and association with American history.

The memorable battle of Tescuco was fought by this tribe, and is thus described by the Abbe Claviegero:—"They first settled in a petty district on the eastern shore of the lake, which, becoming too straight for their numbers, they endeavoured to enlarge; and by this effort drew upon themselves the enmity of their neighbours, who entered into a confederacy against them. A battle ensued, the most bloody and memorable in Mexican history; in which the Hascallans proved victorious, and covered the fields with the carcasses of their enemies, and tinged the waters of the lake with their blood." From this period to the reign of Montezuma, was almost entirely a succession of cruel wars, military enterprizes and intrigues, and was the most brilliant era in the history of chivalry. The potent emperor Montezuma, was doomed to witness a terrible and memorable reversion in the condition of his country. It was presaged by astrologers, conjurors, mystic spirits and boding phantoms, that the downfall of the Mexican empire and her chivalry was at hand. Cortes with his Spanish forces soon appeared off the coast, and fulfilled the prophecies.

After several efforts at negotiating a commercial intercourse between the inhabitants, Cortes "for the second time," says Gordon, "set forth from the island of Cozumel on the 4th of March. Having doubled the cape of Cutochu, Cortes, instigated by some soldiers who had been with Cordova and Gujalva, was disposed to land and chastise the inhabitants for their resistance to these captains, but was deterred by the remonstrances of his pilots and the unfavourable position of the wind. Thence he proceeded to the river Tobasco, attracted by the friendly conduct of the inhabitants towards Gujalva, and by the quantity of gold he had obtained there. Cor-

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tes, however, was surprised to discover, that from some unknown cause the disposition of the people was totally changed. A large force resisted his descent with arms, turning a deaf ear to every amicable overture which he made them, by means of Aquilar, who perfectly understood their language. After an obstinate combat, the Spaniards made good their landing; and though Cortes did not desire to commence his conquests here, nor to be delayed in his course, he deemed it indispensable to reduce their confidence, and chastise the presumption of his present enemies." This, however, was easier meditated than executed. He had to deal with as brave and intrepid, though not as skilful, a people as his own. The sequel will show: "Cortes drew out his army from Tobasco, and placed it in an elevated and advantageous position, where he awaited the approach of the enemy. Confident in their numbers, which the Spaniards have given at forty thousand, the Indians rushed impetuously upon the lines, regardless of the discharge from the crossbows and arquebuses, and by a close conflict, rendering these weapons less available; but they were unable to withstand the keen and enduring edge of the Spanish sword, the overwhelming charge of the horses, and the sweeping desolation of the artillery; and after a short but severe contest, this immense army was put to rout, with the loss of eight hundred killed and many more wounded."

To follow the far-famed warrior and emperor Montezuma through the varied vicissitudes of his life—to note individually his chivalrous deeds in defence of his country—to do justice to his character as an orator, a noble and a hero, and to give even a cursory sketch of the instrumentality of himself and his tribes throughout the entire Spanish war, in endeavouring to resist the infringements of foreign embassies—would occupy more time and research than our present task admits of: let us rather refer the reader to the history of that brightest ornament of ancient chivalry.

Meantime the discoveries and adventures in another quarter of the infant country, were fraught with interest and romance. Captain Smith had been prosecuting vigilantly his researches in Virginia, where he met with his extraordinary reverses of fortune with the Powhatans. His capture, and release through the interposition of the immortal heroine Pocahontas, are too well known to need repetition. That generosity and gratitude were as characteristic, however, of the North American Indian, as high and chivalrous sentiment, may be seen from the following extract:—"Smith, while a prisoner, suffered greatly from the excessive coldness of the weather, and would have suffered more but for an unexpected relief. An Indian named Mocassator, brought him his *goune*—as Smith calls it—perhaps a fur mantle or blanket, and gave it to him professedly in requital of certain beads and toys which Smith had given him at Jamestown, immediately after his arrival in Virginia." The Powhatan tribe was one of the most powerful and formidable in Virginia during the early wars with the English. The great chief himself was as proverbial for his haughty dignity and martial demeanor, and devotion to chivalry, as for his cruelty and severity. His renowned brother, Opechancanough, was also a high-minded warrior, and one who played a conspicuous part in the terrible massacre of 1622. The Indian mode of warfare is seen to advantage in Thatcher's description of the massacre. "A certain hour was agreed upon to ensure a simultaneous assault in every direction. The various tribes engaged in the conspiracy were drawn together and stationed in the vicinity of the several places of massacre, with a celerity and precision unparalleled in the annals of the continent. One by one they followed each other in profound silence, treading as nearly as possible in each others' steps, and adjusting the long grass and branches which they displaced. They halted at a short distance from the settlement and waited in death-like stillness for the signal of attack." The issue is one of those appalling events so frequent in Indian warfare. In one hour fell three hundred and forty-seven men, women and children: yet we are not to estimate by this calamitous effort of the Indian warriors, either their courage or their chivalry. They fought for liberty; they were a persecuted race; and their codes of honour, though differing from those of the English, were not violated by any advantage they thought proper to take. An instance of this uncompromising jealousy of power, is related of the chief Opechancanough, who after the massacre took not the least trouble to conceal his hostility. "He returned a haughty answer to the first demand made upon him for the redemption of the English captives; and trampled under foot the picture of the English monarch, which was sent to him as a compliment." The occasion of the massacre is no less characteristic of the Indian than the terrible event itself. A murder was committed on a trader named Morgan by the celebrated war-captain Nemattanow, a character reputed among his people as protected by the Deity himself, having in all his skirmishes with the English, escaped without a wound. "From this accident," says Thatcher, "seconded by his own ambition and craft, he obtained at length the reputation of being invulnerable and immortal." Having been taken prisoner for the murder of Morgan, and causing his captors infinite trouble in his passage to a neighbouring settlement, they shot him down. "In his last moments" continues the biographer, "he most earnestly besought of them two great favours—never to make it known that he was killed by a bullet; and secondly, to bury him among the English, that the certain knowledge and monument of his mortality might still be concealed from the sight of his countrymen."

Throughout the entire struggle with the English

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and early settlers, instances of chivalry and heroism were daily witnessed; and particularly during king Philip's war against the colonists. The most powerful chiefs after this date were, Canonicus and Miantomo, renowned for their transactions with Roger Williams, in 1664. Uncas, the hero of "the Monedians," Passacus, Pexham, Ninigret, Pekoath, Sassacus, the murderer of Captain Stone, Pomham, sachem of Shanniot, Chanonchet, Weetamore, Passaconnay and Wonolancet, all renowned for their courage and success in arms.

It would require the limits of a large dictionary, however, to give an historical sketch of *every* distinguished warrior up to the times of Black Hawk and Red Jacket. Let a few illustrations of some, show further their early chivalry. One of the most renowned chieftains, was Piskaret, in his own day the most celebrated in the North. "He and his four comrades solemnly devoted themselves to the purpose of redeeming the sullied glory of their country, at a period when the prospect of conquest, and perhaps of defence, had already become desperate. They set out for Trois Rivieres in one canoe, each of them being provided with three muskets, which they loaded severally with two bullets, connected by a small chain ten inches in length. In Sorrel river they met with five boats of the Iroquois, each having on board ten men. As the parties rapidly came together, the Audirondacks pretended to give themselves up for lost, and began howling the death-song. This was continued till their enemy was just at hand. They then suddenly ceased singing, and fired simultaneously on the five canoes. The charge was repeated with the arms which lay ready loaded; and the slight birches of the Iroquois were torn asunder, and the frightened occupants tumbled over as fast as possible. Piskaret and his comrades, after knocking as many of them on the head as they pleased, reserved the remainder to feed their revenge, which was soon afterwards done by burning them alive in the most cruel tortures." Whoever has read Washington Irving's "Astoria" and "Rocky Mountains," must have been struck with the graphic descriptions of the wars between the Crows and Blackfeet, and the beautiful character given of the more civilized and less warlike tribe, the Nes Perces. James' "Chivalry and the Crusades" abounds not with more thrilling adventure and daring exploit. Associated, as those wild and picturesque regions are, with the habits and customs of their tribes, records of their wandering life must ever possess an interest of the most absorbing character, to the lovers of romance and chivalry. When will they cease to sympathise with the immortal bard, who chaunts the praise to valour?—

"While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from his death-bed of fame!"

Return we to the last of a long line of chiefs—the orator, statesman and warrior, Red Jacket. On his death at the Seneca village near Buffalo, his tribe sung the death-song of their country, and recounted the exploits and the virtues of him whom they were to bear to his last home. "They remembered," says Thatcher, "his own pathetic appeal—'who shall take my place among my people?' They thought of the ancient glory of their nation, and they looked around them on its miserable remnant. The impression was irresistable. Tears trickled down the cheeks of the brave comrades of the dead. Well might they weep! He that lay before them was indeed the last of the Senecas! The strong warrior's arm was mouldering into dust, and the eye of the orator was cold and motionless forever!"

Forever! O heavenly word! Soon will the fated *race* sleep the eternal sleep! The once happy people are dwindling away. The chivalrous race, who contended with warriors as noble as themselves, are *hunted* with bloodhounds! Well might they exclaim "*Why persecutest thou us even unto death?*"

J. R. B.

LINES ON REVISITING THE COUNTRY.

I STAND upon my native hills again,
Broad, round, and green, that, in the southern sky,
With garniture of waving grass and grain,
Orchards and beechen forests, basking lie;
While deep, the sunless glens are scooped between,
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen.

A lisping voice and glancing eyes are near,
And ever-restless steps of one, who now
Gathers the blossoms of her fourth bright year;
There plays a gladness o'er her fair young brow,
As breaks the varied scene upon her sight,
Upheaved, and spread in verdure and in light;

For I have taught her, with delighted eye,
To gaze upon the mountains; to behold
With deep affection, the pure, ample sky,
And clouds around the blue abysses rolled,
To love the song of waters, and to hear
The melody of winds with charmed ear.

Here I have 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air;
And where the season's milder fervors beat,
And gales, that sweep the forest borders, bear
The song of bird and sound of running stream,
Have come awhile to wonder and to dream.

Ay, flame thy fiercest, sun: thou canst not wake,
In this pure air, the plague that walks unseen;
The maize leaf and the maple bough but take
From thy fierce heats a deeper, glossier green;
The mountain wind, that faints not in thy ray,
Sweeps the blue steams of pestilence away.

The mountain wind—most spiritual thing of all
The wide earth knows—when, in the sultry time,
He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,
He seems the breath of a celestial clime,—
As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow
Health and refreshment on the world below.

BRYANT.

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REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

It is well known to our readers, that among the many natural curiosities found in the extensive caves and grottoes in the vicinity of the great Laurel Ridge, (Cumberland mountains,) many human skeletons and bones of animals have been discovered, some of them in a petrified state. These caves abound in prodigious vaulted apartments and chambers, which, when viewed by torch-light, exhibit scenes of gloomy grandeur which astonish the beholder. Several petrified trees have also been discovered on the banks of the river near this ridge, as also bones of mammoths, and other animals whose races are now extinct.

But the most remarkable discovery that has ever been made in this part of the country—if not the greatest natural curiosity in the world, was brought to light on Sunday, twenty-fourth January, by two scientifick gentlemen with whom we are acquainted, and who are now in town. They have been for several weeks exploring the caves above alluded to, and gathering such curiosities as they wished to carry away with them.

They are provided for this purpose with a boat of gum-elastick, and capable of buoying two persons. With this boat, and other conveniences procured for the purpose, they will, undoubtedly, before they leave their task, penetrate every accessible hole in the west Cumberland mountains—for they are determined to spend the whole season among them.

The wonderful discovery which will now shortly be presented to the publick, is *three petrified bodies entire*, one of a dog, and two human bodies, one of them holding a spear. It is believed by these gentlemen, that all three of the bodies may be removed from their position in a perfect state—though the dog, being in a lying posture upon a flat rock, it will undoubtedly be a difficult task to remove it uninjured. The human bodies appear to be those of men—probably hunters. Their clothing can hardly be distinguished—but still it is evident that that too was in a measure turned into stone. They are described thus: One sitting, with the head leaned as it were against a projecting rock, and the other standing, with a spear balanced in his hand, as though he was surprised, and had just started on a quick walk. The dog lies as if crouched in terrour, or about to make a spring—but the features, or body, is not distinct enough to determine which position.

This wonderful formation cannot be accounted for in any other way, than that these persons were buried by some terrible convulsion of nature. The cave in which they were found, is full one hundred and twenty-eight feet into the mountain, and is situated about a mile and a half beyond what is called Mammoth Grotto, in a direct line. The entrance to the place is difficult, and it is thought that it was never before attempted at all. At the foot of the entrance of the cave is a considerable brook of water, which appears to gather from all parts of it. There is also a valley thence to the river. The gentlemen who have made this interesting discovery, are making active preparations to bring away the bodies, which they intend to have forwarded to New York.

Since the above was written, we have had an invitation to visit the cave and bodies, which we shall most certainly accept. We have hitherto declined to mention the names of the persons to whom we have alluded in this account. One of them is a wealthy English gentleman, resident of Philadelphia, John Chester, Esq., and his companion is Mr. Jacob L. Davis, a Philadelphian. The object of their scientifick researches, is principally their own gratification. We shall next week give our readers some further particulars relative to the position of the cave, &c., which our visit will enable us to do

Hamilton (Tenn.) Observer.

LYNCH LAW.

Lynch Law had its origin in 1780, as known by that appellation, in a combination of the citizens of Pittsylvania, Virginia, entered into for the purpose of suppressing the depredations of a trained band of horse-thieves and counterfeiters, whose well-concerted schemes had bidden defiance to the ordinary laws of the land, and whose success encouraged and emboldened them in their outrages upon the community A late number of the Southern Literary Messenger contains a copy of the constitution, dated Sept. 22, 1780, adopted for their government in visiting the guilty offenders with summary justice, which, from its having been drawn up by Col. William Lynch of that county, has given the name of *Lynch Law* to the summary infliction of punishment by private and unauthorized individuals ever since. The Editor says he is informed by a member of the association, that its efforts were completely successful in arresting the ravages of the lawless miscreants against whom they were directed.

ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT FOR THE GOSPELS.

The Rev. H. Todd gave lately to the Royal Irish Academy a short account of the manuscript of four Gospels, of the seventh century, and in Irish characters, which is preserved in the library of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth. The volume is a small quarto, in the minute hand called Caroline, common to all Europe in the reign of Charlemagne, but now used only in Ireland, and known as the Irish character. The present volume appears to have belonged to Melbridgid Mac Dornan, or Mac Tornan, who was Archbishop of Armagh in the ninth century, and died A. D. 925. By him it was probably sent to Athelstan, king of the Anglo Saxons who presented it to the city of Canterbury.

The facts are inferred from an inscription in Anglo-Saxon characters, (and in the hand of the ninth or beginning of the tenth century,) which occurs on a blank page immediately following the genealogy in the first chapter of St. Matthew. The discovery of this manuscript and the satisfactory proof which facts afford of its Irish origin, are important, as adding another to the many instances with which we are already acquainted, of the employment of Irish scribes in the transcription of the Scriptures during the sixth and seventh centuries. It is now ascertained that almost all the sacred books so highly venerated by the Anglo-Saxon Church, and left by her early bishops as heir-looms to their respective sees, were obtained in Ireland or from Irish scribes.

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[Falls of Montmorency.]

AMERICAN LANDSCAPE.

Among the many attractions which are presented to the traveller in America, the different falls are not the least interesting. The falls of Niagara are celebrated throughout the civilized world, as one of the grandest and the most sublime spectacles to be found in the universe. Among falls of a secondary character, those represented in the illustration, the falls of Montmorency, deserve notice; and although the scenery around them is by no means as impressive as at Niagara, yet the true lover of nature—he who looks with the eye of an enthusiast upon the sublime and the beautiful, as it came from the hand of the Creator—can spend many an hour of pleasure and delight, in watching the Montmorency, as it comes rushing and thundering down the steep precipice, sending forth its rainbows of light spray, in token of joy that the rough way is passed over, and that its waters may afterward roll on in peace and quiet.

The falls of Montmorency are situated in the river of the same name, distant from six to seven miles below Quebeck. The river shoots in a sheet over a vast precipice; its breadth at the top of the cascade is about one hundred feet; its perpendicular descent is about two hundred and forty feet. The banks on each side of it are smooth and precipitous; their summits are crowned with trees, while a mill is perched high upon the verge of the fall.

RESOURCES OF ILLINOIS.

A coarse freestone, much used in building, is dug from quarries near Alton, on the Mississippi, where it exists in large bodies. Large masses of rock, of granite formation, and roundish in form, are scattered over the surface of the prairies. They are usually called by the inhabitants "lost rocks." They weigh from one thousand to ten or twelve thousand pounds—are entirely detached, and are frequently found at the distance of several miles from any quarry. But there never has been a quarry of granite discovered in the state. These stones are denominated in mineralogy, *boulders*. The fact of their existence in several parts of the state; that they are a species of granite; that they are usually found on the surface, or are partially imbedded in the soil of the prairies, which is considered, by some, of diluvial formation; have given rise to a question of difficult solution concerning their history.

We have in part anticipated the class of vegetable productions, by a notice of the principal trees and shrubs that exist in this state. Black-walnut is extensively used for building materials and cabinet work, and is susceptible of a fine polish. It appears to be a general substitute for the pine in the uses of household furniture.

Grape-vines are found indigenous and abundant in most parts of the state, yielding grapes which might be profitably made into excellent wine.—Foreign vines are easily cultivated. But the indigenous vines are found in every variety of soil; twined with every little grove in the prairies and barrens; and curling themselves to the tops of the loftiest trees that rise in the beauty and luxuriance of their growth from the rich soil of the bottoms. In the infancy of settlement, the French made wine in such abundant quantities, as to make it an article of export to their native country, itself celebrated for its "blushing vinehills." But the proper authorities of the old kingdom prohibited the introduction of wine from Illinois, as it might injure the sale of their own staple article. It is stated in one of the magazines of the country, that so prolifick are the vines, one gentleman made twenty-seven barrels of wine with very little labour, in his own immediate neighbourhood. And as it will appear, in a continued consideration of this state, that corn is one of its important productions, we have here the old scriptural standard of prosperity and luxury—a country abounding with "corn and wine." Chicago American.

Pride, like the magnet, constantly points to one object, self; but unlike the magnet, it has no attractive pole, but at all points repels.

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CLAY FOR FOOD.—Humboldt says the *Ottomaques* on the banks of the Meta and the Orinoco, feed on a fat, unctuous earth, or a species of pipe-clay, tinged with a little red oxyd of iron. They collect it very carefully, knead it into balls of four or six inches in diameter, which are slightly baked before a slow fire. Whole stacks of this provision are seen piled up before their doors. When eaten, they are soaked a little time in water; and each individual consumes, on an average, about a pound a day. Sometimes the dish is made a little richer, by the addition of two or three lizards, mixed with fern roots.

AMERICAN SCENERY.

MONTGOMERY-PLACE, DUTCHESS CO. N. Y.

If there is anything for which I am grateful, it is that I was born in New York. I love the patriot names of her Jay, her Clinton, and her Morris; and bless the mother that could give to the Union such jewels, to enrich by their light the halo which shines around the head of Washington. Our mountains, too—who can look upon the Highlands and not feel a native pride swell within him; and while his heart answers to that mysterious influence, which visits us while communing with such mighty features of God's creation—those watchtowers of Time—who does not also confess that *other* power, which borrows from early story and legend, recollections that, laid up in our "boyhood's prime," bring back upon us the fervor of young thoughts, as we exclaim—

"This *is* my own, my native land."

And there, too, is the Hudson—the household god of our state—which, unasked, showers a wealthy blessing upon all; holding an equal patronage over all the interests which concur to form an intelligent, generous, and wealthy people. Time will enrich its banks, until, like the Nile,

"It will be seen to glide
'Mong shrines and marble cities on each side,
Glittering like jewels strung along a chain."

I was induced, about the middle of October, to visit that beautiful seat, Montgomery-place, situated upon the east bank of the Hudson, and thirty miles from the city of that name. Its present proprietress is the widow of the late Edward Livingston—a man whom none knew but to love and revere, who has earned a place among the honored great by the union of eminent abilities as a statesman with the richest attainments as a jurist. Filling a variety of honorable offices, each witnessed his fidelity and devoted trust, and all were embellished and dignified by his accomplished mind and polished manners. Even party rancour, which has tarnished the bright fame of some of our most eminent and gifted statesmen, has left his name untouched. The humanity which breathes throughout his "Penal Code" has consecrated his fame among the few who lie in a more honored sepulture than Westminster Abbey—whose names are worn next the heart of the lovers of mankind.

The immediate age of the philanthropist is rarely just to his merits. Bewildered by the glare of some great political movement, or stupified by the magnitude of some present event, it is diverted from a proper attention to those humane and benevolent spirits who are maturing, in tranquil thought, schemes which embrace the amelioration of crime and the gradual improvement of social happiness. But this false and partial estimate will be corrected by time. Posterity, like those Egyptian judges who sat in judgement upon the actions of the dead, are undazzled by pomp, and unseduced by bribes. In its eyes, events which now swell and fill the world with gaping wonder, shrink into their own proper, insignificant measure: Candor brushes away the *tinsel* which *plated* in such brilliancy, meanness and vice; Truth extinguishes the fires of envy, which, kindled in prejudice, were fed by the virtues of the good, the noble, and the wise.

The plan of criminal punishment which absorbed much of Mr. Livingston's attention, and whose merciful provisions attest his humane disposition, *will be appreciated*, but not in this age. When that intensity of feeling and action which now renders the American community almost incapable of cool reflection, which inflames into such a restless pursuit after wealth and distinction, every profession and class, shall have been sobered; men will find time to examine the comparative merits of the two codes, and, enlightened by the facts which experience will have accumulated, will be prepared to resign opinions which, unsupported by arguments, rest only in prejudice. That such will be the result, few can hesitate to believe who have marked the legitimate influence of civilization upon the penalties of law.

I cannot accuse myself of wandering, in thus speaking of the public services and judicial labours of Mr. Livingston. His elegant seat, to which he often retreated to forget for awhile the burden of his official duties, and to share in the free converse and receive the grateful and assiduous devotion of his accomplished family, is filled with *mementoes* of its former honored proprietor, which recall to the mind the traits of his character and the varied incidents of his public life. Not without *profit*, too, is it to contemplate the services of one whom the country "delighted to honor;" who preserved, amid every elevation, a fame unsullied; who rose upon the ruins of none, and who might say with him of Athens, "that not one citizen had put on mourning on his account;" but of whom it might be said at his death, that each citizen lamented a public benefactor taken away. It is from the study of such examples that the young citizen can best mould his ambition; and virtue derives a double vigor and power from the incentives which imbodied goodness thus furnishes. Too apt are we, also, in the strife and turmoil of to-day, in "the golden chase of life," to forget those whose bones rest under our green sward, but whose labors flourish in silent blessings upon the country.

"As from the wing the sky no scar retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,"

so fades away in the minds of men the remem-

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brance of those who sowed the harvest from which they are revelling in plenty. We must, like Old Mortality, deepen the inscription, or moss and time will cover and obliterate it.

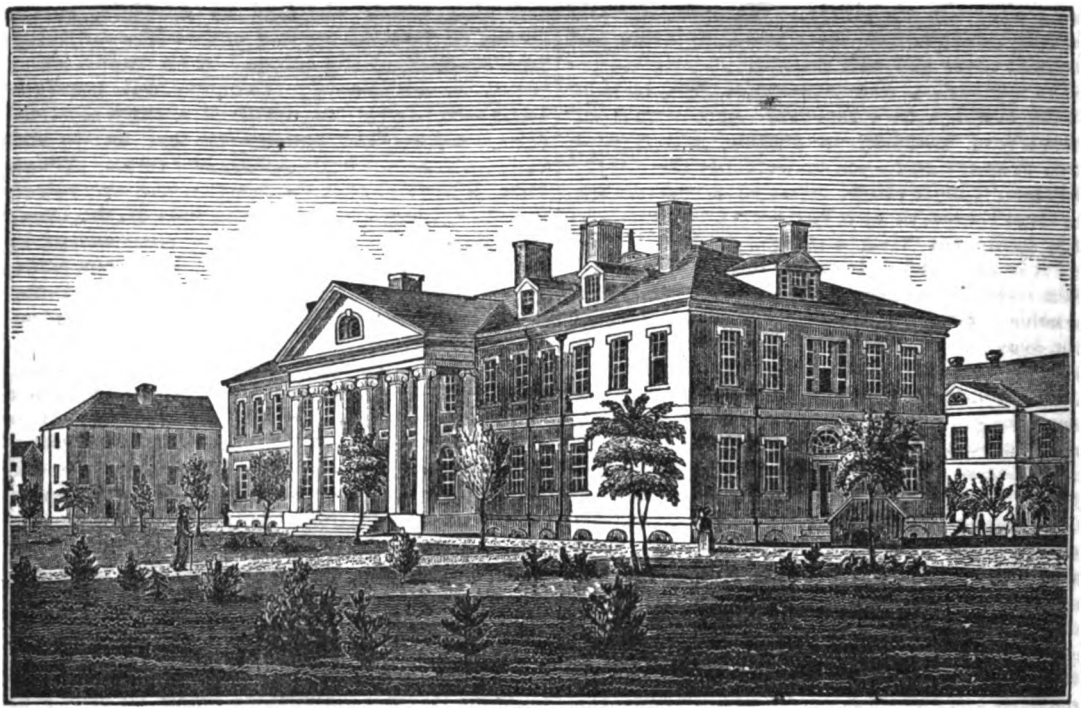
The approach to the mansion of Mrs. L. is by a road, studded on either side with a row of forest-trees; standing in sentinel array, as a guard of honor come out to welcome the expected guest. This avenue opens by a wicker gate to a broad area of mingled forest, garden, and sunny park: the view expanding and widening, until it is crowned and lost in the far-off glories of the river, the champagne country beyond, and the noble Catskills, springing away and burying their heads in the clouds. Numberless bridle-paths run off from the carriage road; serpentining in mazy pleasure—now approaching, now receding, until, diving down some little ravines, they disappeared from the sight. The garden, which salutes you as you emerge from the deep shade of the grove, was now mourning the loss of its summer, holiday garb; and showed only here and there a lingering flower, the lone companions of a bright and laughing company. The purpling fruits of summer had been gathered; autumn had touched the parterre, and shaken its rich and variegated honors to the ground; and even the sculptured gardener seemed to hang his head in sorrow, and mutter between his marble lips, "Othello's occupation 's gone." To be sure, we could commission the imagination to perform the office of nature. We could bid her summon back from their decay the flowers, teint them with the never-ending hues of summer, hang them in ripe and nodding beauty along the winding walk, and relieve the flush and circling richness of the expanded flower, with the folded or half-opened bud. Yet this is but a tantalizing occupation. The magic pleasure, the exquisite and liquid delight which thrills us when nature herself bids the desolate spot to bloom, adorns the naked stem with green leaves, and fills the flowering cup with the breath of perfume—these, imagination cannot supply. Yet why deplore their loss? The same autumnal spirit which spreads a pall over the glad beauty of the garden, covers with richest mantle the forest. The leaves of the oak and maple had been touched with the frosty influence, and were here and there borne from their withered stems and whirled upon the ground, and as we sauntered along the winding path, rustled to our tread with that gentle, melancholy stir which subdues, not saddens the mind, and fits it for a serene communion with the sobered grandeur of the season.

My companion was one of the few who possess that instinctive delicacy which shrinks from forcing an unseasonable gayety upon those who, like myself, feel the influence of the dying year. Woman best knows how to adapt herself to the varying mood of man, and interprets more readily than our sex the changing language of the seasons. In summer we love to see the light, graceful form of the girl, floating in a playful motion among flowers and green things; now stopping to pluck a breathing gem, and now, while you are admiring her heightened glow and beauty, breaking away and sending upon the scented breeze her innocent, free-hearted laugh. But in autumn the vivacity and glee which charmed us erewhile, seems almost to reproach us, and comes like the dying tone of a harp-string snapped by too rude a hand. It may be an unmanly sensibility, but I cannot endure to hear in the woods of autumn the *loud voice*, awakened by hilarity, or sent out to find an echo in the answering hills and trees. When green foliage clothes the boughs, and the voices of birds are merry among the tops of the trees, then send abroad the many-toned song and peal: but when the stir of the wind is like a complaining melody among the stricken leaves, let the hushed tone make no discord upon the great forest-harp of nature.

So thought my *cicerone* as she moved along, pointing out to my notice, in a low, subdued voice, the impressive beauties which met us. The grounds, which retreat to the north, are irregular, and endlessly varied. Sometimes they slope off by a regular descent, and again drop suddenly down; forming a dell in which, one might easily imagine, the winds strewed their couches at night, and soothed themselves to rest with the musical murmur of a little stream, which led its silver thread at the bottom. Descending farther along the edge of this ravine, we crossed a rustic bridge thrown over the brook, which here escaping from its narrow channel, defied the nimble foot of the pedestrian to leap it. A lengthening vista, formed by the branches of the linden, intertwining and bending over your head an arch, the thousand hues of their taper leaves peeping out from between the lattices, tempted you away from the water, eddying and sporting among the rocks of its bed. Mounting by a narrow path, by dint of climbing and catching to the under-brush which lined its sides, we were warned of our close vicinity to a waterfall, which a few steps forward revealed to us, dashing down a perpendicular ledge, and hurrying away its chafed and foaming water to an expanded bay, into whose unruffled bosom it soon buried itself and was soothed to quiet. I have sometimes thought that to cascades nature has given a greater and more unending variety than to any other feature of her creation. Everything else has its cognate, its counterpart. Every landscape has in it *something*, which looks familiar and common, if not absolutely vulgar. But in the dash of water as it tumbles down and finds an echo on either shore, there is a freshness which is ever renovating, and which breaks upon you with an inspiration that verges upon ecstasy. I have seen many a waterfall, from the "cataract of Niagara" to the humble rapid; but I have never found one to which I was indifferent, which possessed the same charm, or stirred within me kindred emotions.

That over which we were now hanging had its own features, its guardian divinity to preside over its influences. Shall I describe it? I could only sketch a few obvious traits; who will attempt to paint the *emotions* which are evoked, the thousand *undefined thoughts* which spring and live in its roar, but flee for ever as we depart? I could speak of the stream, plunging like a bison over a precipice, recovering from its leap, and shaking

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Department of State.

the rocks as it bounded away; of the evergreens, which seemed to love their dangerous eminence, advancing to the very brink of the shelf, and contrasting their bright hues with the milky foam into which the dusky-colored water had been fretted; of the creeping plants, which hung their festoons over the face of the jagged rock, and fringed with living green the otherwise naked bank;—but who shall delineate the rush of memory from its secret, viewless depths, the tide of retrospection, the gush of feeling,

> "When thoughts on thoughts a countless throng,
> Came chasing countless thoughts along!"

when the fountains of the mind are broken up, and its waters mingle and blend in richest confusion? Words are sometimes impotent; never more so than when employed to give an idea of *reverie*. After lingering some time in silent admiration and thought, we bent our way backward along the shore of the river; delaying a little to hear the dash of the wave upon the rocks, and anon stopping upon some gentle ascent to mark the *hectic* beauty of the leaves, brightening under the hand of decay. Correspondent of the N. Y. Mirror.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

The building occupied by the Secretary of State and his clerks, and called the State Department, is a large edifice, two stories in height, and each story very high, of one hundred and sixty feet in length, and fifty-five feet in width; with a wide passage through the middle of the building. It is situated east of the President's House, at the distance of two hundred yards.

In the Department of State are deposited the treaties with foreign nations; the original of the Declaration of Independence, the commission to General Washington, &c. The library attached to the Department is large and appropriate. The laws of the several States are also to be found here, and a copy of every book for which a copyright is taken out.

MISSOURI.

The following article, detailing the history, geography, and natural resources of Missouri, we copy from the *North American Review*, April 1839, Art. xi. The excellence of the matter is our apology for inserting it at length, thus occupying more space than we usually allot to a single article.

Few of our readers, we suppose, are prepared to be told, that Missouri is not only the largest State in the Union, but that it is unsurpassed and perhaps unequalled by any other in natural resources. Yet such is the fact; taking into view its advantages of climate, soil, rivers, variety of agricultural productions, and mineral wealth, we do not know of any State which is entitled to take precedence of this.

The history of Missouri, as a home of civilized man, begins with the cession by France to En-

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gland, of her possessions east of the Mississippi, at the peace of 1763. The French, then relinquishing their possessions on the east of the river, began to make progress in colonizing its western banks. The first town founded in Missouri was St. Geneviève, which was laid out by a party of French from Kaskaskia, in Illinois, in the course of the year of the cession to Great Britain. Other settlements, west of the Mississippi, were about the same time formed. In the year 1764, the city of St. Louis was founded, by M. Laclède, a partner in a company which was extensively engaged in the fur trade, a business at that time already very lucrative. It was selected as the *dépôt* for Upper Louisiana, in which term was included all the State of Missouri and the territory west and northwest of the same. In this wide tract of country, a monopoly of the trade with the Indian tribes had been granted, by M. d'Abadie, Director-General of Louisiana, to the company just alluded to. It was wealthy, and clothed with very valuable privileges, so that the settlement at St. Louis almost immediately assumed considerable importance. The selection of a place, moreover, was so judicious, that, independently of any other circumstances, it could not fail to attract early attention, being so evidently destined to become, what we now live to see it, the metropolis of a wide-spread and fertile region. It is one of those points which seem formed by nature for the sites of large cities, uniting all the advantages that are essential, on the one hand, for the comfort and health of their immediate inhabitants, and, on the other, for the convenient exportation of the produce of the country, and the importation of whatever is needed for the supply of its wants. Nothing can permanently keep back a place possessing such advantages. Thirty years ago, the towns of St. Charles, St. Geneviève, and Cape Girardeau, were competitors of St. Louis in point of population and wealth. The difference of natural advantages has already made a marked distinction among them; and it is safe to foretell, that in St. Louis will prove to have been laid the foundations of one of the largest cities of the West, perhaps of the largest inland city of the United States. It has only just begun to attract the attention which it deserves. In four years, reckoned from the winter of 1833—4, its population and business doubled; and it is reasonable to expect that, ten years hence, it will contain fifty thousand inhabitants.

The fur trade, and the exportation of lead, constituted the chief business of the early settlers of Upper Louisiana, as indeed they made the occupation of the majority of its inhabitants down to the period of its coming into the possession of the United States. Of the emigrants into this region, in the years immediately succeeding its first occupation by the French, some began to form new settlements, as Vuide Poche, afterward called Carondolet, Florisant, and Les Petites Pôtes, now St. Charles; others joined the infant settlement at St. Louis, which, on coming to be considered the capital of Upper Louisiana, became the residence of the French and afterwards of the Spanish governors.

But the hope of living under their own laws and rulers, which had brought the settlers together, was speedily disappointed. The weakness of France had already compelled her to relinquish her last hold upon America. By a treaty, which was made with Spain in 1762, but was not fully carried into execution until 1769, she had ceded to that power all her territories west of the Mississippi, together with the island and city of New Orleans.

"The fate of the Louisianians," says Stoddard, "was made known to them by a letter signed by the French king, dated April twenty-first, 1764, addressed to M. d'Abadie, whom he calls Director-General and Commandant of Louisiana, informing him of the treaty of cession, and directing him to give up, to the officers of Spain, the country and colony of Louisiana, together with the city of New Orleans and the military posts. He expressed a desire for the prosperity and peace of the inhabitants of the colony, and his confidence in the friendship and the affection of the king of Spain. He, at the same time, declared his expectation, that the ecclesiastics and religious houses, which had the care of the parishes and missions, would continue to exercise their functions; that the superior council and ordinary judges would continue to administer justice according to the laws, forms, and usages of the colony; that the inhabitants would be preserved and maintained in their estates, which had been granted to them by the governor and director of the colony; and that, finally, all these grants, though not confirmed by the French authorities, would be confirmed by his Catholic Majesty. The treaty of cession, dated the third of November, 1762, was never published, and the terms of it remain a secret to this day; but there is good reason to believe that the sentiments, expressed by the French king, corresponded with the stipulations it contained."—*Sketches of Louisiana.*

Four years elapsed before any attempts were made on the part of Spain to take possession of her newly-acquired territory. Even then the attempt was unsuccessful. The Spanish governor, who arrived in 1766, with a military force, found it prudent to abandon his design and return to Havana, so great was the excitement among the colonists, because the transfer had been made without their consent.

"Things remained in this situation," says Stoddard, "till the seventeenth of August, 1769, when O'Reilly arrived, and took peaceable possession of the colony. He immediately selected twelve of the most distinguished leaders of the opposition, as the victims of resentment. Six of them were devoted to the halter, to gratify the malice of arbitrary power, and to strike terror into the other malecontents. The other six, deemed less guilty, and surely they were much less fortunate, were doomed to the dungeons of Cuba. This scene of blood and outrage made a deep impression of horror on the minds of the people, and will never be forgotten. In 1770, the Spanish authorities were established in Upper Louisiana.

"O'Reilly was the first governor and intendant-general, who exercised the Spanish power in Louisiana. As governor-general he was vested with the supreme power of the province, both

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civil and military; and, as intendant-general he granted lands, prescribed the conditions, and confirmed the concessions made by his subordinates; superintended the fiscal department, and the affairs of the Indians."—*Ibid.*

On the twenty-sixth of November, 1769, he issued a proclamation changing the form of government in Louisiana, abolishing the authority of the French laws, and substituting those of Spain in their stead. From the time of its promulgation, the French laws ceased to have any authority, and all controversies were tried and decided conformably to the Spanish laws. To the credit of Spain, however, it should be recorded, that her governors conducted themselves with almost uniform moderation and impartiality toward the French inhabitants. This is abundantly proved by the fact, that the spirit of society in Louisiana does not seem to have been materially changed by the transfer to Spanish authority. New laws were of course introduced; but, except at the very first, no opposition was made to their administration, and no outbreaks of public feeling took place. The manners and customs of the people continued French; and, at the present day, we can hardly find any trace of the Spanish dynasty. It is, moreover, a remarkable fact, that when Louisiana again came under French dominion, in the year 1800, the French inhabitants were dissatisfied with the change.

In 1670, the Spanish governor, M. Rious, began to exercise authority in Upper Louisiana. The house in which he resided yet stands, in St. Louis. It is built in an old-fashioned, substantial manner, with a portico all around, and will probably long remain, a memorial of the past.

From this date, to the year 1800, the colonies in Upper Louisiana experienced scarcely any thing of great interest. The most remarkable events were, an attack by the British and Indians upon St Louis, in 1778; an unparalleled rise of the Mississippi, in 1785; and the arrival, at St. Louis, of ten keel-boats, in 1788; each of which events gave a name to the year in which it occurred. The attack referred to was instigated by the Canadian English, by way of retaliation against Spain, for the part which she took in the American Revolution. The assailing force consisted of about fifteen hundred men, of whom the greater part were Indians. The whole Spanish settlements were in great danger, but the inhabitants of St. Louis behaved in a most spirited manner. When the attack was first threatened, they fortified the city with a breastwork, formed of the trunks of trees, placed upright upon the ground, with their interstices filled with earth. It formed a semicircle, extending to the bank of the river at both extremities, and terminating at each in a small fort. Three gates, each defended by heavy cannon, afforded a communication with the country. The remnants of these defences yet exist, and are pointed out by the old inhabitants. The attack itself differed in nothing from the usual mode of Indian warfare. It was entirely unsuccessful, and was followed by no important result.

In the year 1800, all the territory west of the Mississippi was ceded back again by Spain, to France. But during the three years of the continuance of French authority, nothing important occurred. No alteration was made in the jurisprudence of either Upper or Lower Louisiana, and the Spanish laws remained in full force, as the laws of the whole province; a fact which is very important to those who would understand the legal history, and some of the present laws, of Missouri.*

By the treaty of April thirtieth, 1803, Louisiana was purchased by the United States from the French crown; and, six months after, the President was authorized to take formal possession. W. C. C. Claiborne was appointed Governor and Intendant-General of Louisiana, and Amos Stoddard was commissioned to exercise the powers and prerogatives of the Spanish Lieutenant-Governor of that province. The province of Louisiana was subsequently divided into two parts, the territory of Orleans and the district of Louisiana; the latter comprehended the present State of Missouri, and, as a matter of convenience, was placed under the jurisdiction of the governor of Indiana, in whom all necessary powers had been vested. The governor at that time was General William H. Harrison, and by him the government was organized and put in motion, in a manner most creditable to him and satisfactory to Congress. In 1805, the district was organized as a territory, the legislative power being vested in a governor and three judges. In 1812, an act of Congress gave it its present name, and transferred the legislative function to a General Assembly. In 1820, a State government was formed, a constitution being established on the nineteenth day of July, of that year. An act of Congress, passed after a well-known protracted debate, gave Missouri admission to the Union on the second day of March, 1821. From the period of the transfer of Louisiana to the jurisdiction of the United States, the country, which heretofore had been slowly settled, and by people of little enterprise, had begun to be very rapidly filled up. A new population then came in, and a new aspect was given to every thing. The laws began to be more fixed and better understood, and their administration to be more impartial. The settlements, after the lapse of a few years became more secure from Indian depredations, and every thing began to bear the marks of American enterprise. The original French inhabitants were, indeed, not much, if at all, benefited by these changes. Some of them were made, suddenly, very rich; but the quiet and peaceful lives of the majority were sadly disturbed. In general, they could not sympathize with the schemes, nor com-

* "It is believed by many, that the whole body of the Spanish law was repealed and abolished by an act of the General Assembly, on the fourteenth of January, 1816, which adopts the common law and British statutes as the law of the territory. But the words of that act are, 'which common law and statutes are not contrary to the laws of this territory.' 'The laws of this territory' embrace the Spanish laws, 'not inconsistent with the acts of Congress in relation thereto,' altered, modified, and repealed as they had been by preceding legislatures. If, then, the Spanish laws were, previous to this act, a part of the law of the territory, it follows, that the common law and British statutes control only those cases, where the Spanish law, restricted and modified, and the acts of the legislature, had been silent."—*MS. Memoir by a Citizen of St. Louis*

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pete with the enterprise of the new comers, and were, therefore, soon thrown into a painful obscurity. For a long time after the introduction of American authorities, they mourned bitterly over the innovations, which, however useful, their unambitious minds could not regard as improvements. What was their loss, however, was the country's gain. Notwithstanding several severe checks to immigration, the population rapidly increased. The late war, for a time, effectually repressed the progress of the country, and many settlements, as those of Boon's Lick and Salt River, were entirely broken up. But peace was no sooner declared, than crowds of emigrants, chiefly from Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Carolinas, began to cross the Mississippi; and, in the year 1817, the population of Missouri was supposed to be not less than sixty thousand.

It was not the French alone, who had cause to lament the occupation of Missouri by the Americans. To the Indians it brought the most unhappy consequences. That ill-fated people quickly perceived the change in the policy toward them, introduced by the new government. So long as they had none but the French to deal with, they were generally pacific. They had few causes of complaint, and no wrongs to avenge, and they very seldom raised the tomahawk against their white neighbors. With the exception of a few instances of inroad for the sake of plunder, the settlements remained undisturbed. The French, it is well known, have always pursued an indulgent policy toward the Indians. But, no sooner do the English or Americans come near them, than war and massacres begin. So it was in Missouri. The Americans had scarcely taken possession of that country, before causes of contention were found; the fierce passions of the Indians were aroused, but little pains taken to appease them; the border warfare began, with all its horrors; and, when the war with England commenced, many of the tribes were ready to give her that assistance, which she has never been backward to ask, or scrupulous to use. The years from 1811 to 1814, inclusive, witnessed many bloody contests, in different parts of the State. The enterprise of Tecumseh, to excite a general Indian war, was attended with partial success; but some of the principal tribes held back, and the determined measures of the government soon quelled the disturbances. Forts were built at several important points on the Missouri and Mississippi; and, after the year 1814 no further contests ensued, except such as were immediately, and without much bloodshed, decided. The Indians, since that time, have been gradually, but rapidly, receding before the whites. Great numbers of them are yet left in the western parts of the State, and the territory immediately adjacent, from whom trouble is, perhaps not unreasonably, anticipated; but the day of their strength and prosperity is gone, and the next generation will probably witness their almost utter extinction.

Between the years 1817 and 1824, in consequence of the commercial embarrassments, and the sudden check given to the fever of speculation, in the Western States, Missouri made comparatively little progress. But, since then, she has increased very rapidly, both in population and riches. The country is settled by a substantial class of people, chiefly farmers, from the more northern of the slave-holding States. Until recently, they have not exhibited the same degree of public spirit and enterprise, that is found in some others of the Western States; but they have now awakened to the necessity of internal improvements, and several important works are projected or advancing. Education, for which ample provision has been made by law, is also beginning to receive the attention which it deserves.

The natural resources of this State are unusually varied and great. Its most remarkable feature is its mineralogical wealth. Almost every county in the State contains mines of some kind or other, many of which are unparalleled in richness. In a single county (Washington) are found iron, lead, copper, copperas, chalk, black-lead, brimstone, coal, freestone, limestone, millstones, resembling the French buhr, and some indications of silver and gold; most of them in very large quantities. *The nitrate of Potash*, or saltpetre, occurs in several caverns on the Merrimac and Current Rivers, in great abundance; also upon the Gasconade, a hundred miles west of St. Louis. *Salt springs* are found in almost every part of the State. *Compact limestone* is very abundant. It constitutes the basis rock at St. Louis, where it answers a valuable purpose as a building material. It is of a grayish blue color, and contains many fossil remains. *Chalk* has been discovered on the banks of the Mississippi, but in what quantities we do not know. *Sulphate of lime*, or gypsum, exists in great abundance. It is found on the Kansas River, the cliffs of which often consist of solid strata of this mineral; also in Jackson County, and elsewhere. *Alum* (sulphate of alumine and potash) is found effloresced, in a cave in Bellevue, Washington County. *Buhr stone*, said to be equal to the French, is in great abundance on the Osage and Gasconade Rivers. *Potters' clay* has been discovered, of the best quality, on the right bank of the Mississippi, about forty miles above the junction of the Ohio, and extending for thirty-four miles up the river. The stratum varies in thickness from one to ten feet, rests on sandstone, and is covered by shell limestone, containing well characterized nodules and veins of flint. It is also found, ten feet below the surface, at Gray's Mine, Jefferson County, where it is snow-white, unctuous, becomes plastic by mixture with water, and is infusible at a very high heat. *Red chalk* is found in Washington County. Several springs in the vicinity of Herculaneum, and one near St. Louis, are highly impregnated with *sulphur*, which is deposited on the stones, over which the water runs, in a yellow crust. *Coal*, of a good quality, is found in St. Louis, Howard, Cooper, Boon, Monroe, Saline, Lafayette, Gasconade, and almost all the counties of the State. *Sulphuret of zinc* is found, associated with sulphuret of lead, at the mines in Washington, Jefferson, and St. François Counties *Oxyde of manganese* and *sulphuret of antimony*

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have both been discovered in Washington County and on the Merrimac.

But the great mineral wealth of Missouri is in its mines of copper, lead, and iron. We are not informed of any copper mines in the State, which are in actual operation; but the existence of the mineral, in great quantities, has been ascertained beyond question. We have seen several beautiful specimens, brought from different parts of the State, one of which, found in Washington County, almost upon the surface of the ground, was the richest that we have ever seen. The lead mines of the State are better known. They are found, to the greatest extent, in the counties of Washington, St. Geneviève, St. François, Madison, and Jefferson, and also on the Osage River. Some of them have been worked for seventy years. Those in Washington County are thus described by the "Missouri Gazeteer."

"Potosi is situate about the centre of the mineral region; and there are upward of seventy-five lead mines now open and actually occupied within sixteen miles of the town, at which are engaged about five hundred hands in mining, though a great number have gone from this county to Fever River, Merrimac, and other mines, within the last two years. It is impossible to enumerate all the mines in Washington, for the whole county is, as it were, one vast mine. The mineral obtained here by the first process of smelting produces from sixty-five to seventy per cent., and by the second process about fifteen, making, in all, about eighty-five per cent. of clear, good lead. These five hundred hands raise about five million pounds of lead annually, which, at twenty-five or thirty dollars per thousand pounds, is worth about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, making about three hundred dollars to the hand."

These are probably the richest beds of ore in the State, but new discoveries of them, or of indications of their presence, are every year made, in different places, and probably not one half of them are yet known.

The *iron* mines are, however, the most remarkable. Some of these are so rich and so unprecedented in their character, that the descriptions of them are almost incredible, and seem like fabulous stories. Washington, St. François, and Madison Counties, which are adjacent to each other, contain enough iron to supply the world, for ages to come.

"The Iron Mountain, as it is commonly called, in the southeast corner of Washington County, is one of the most remarkable curiosities in the world. It is about one mile broad at the base, three hundred and fifty or four hundred feet high, and three miles long, literally covered with a bright, shining ore, having every appearance of metal which has been smelted. At the base of the mountain, the ore is in pieces of a pound weight or more, and, as you approach the apex of the hill, the pieces increase in size, to thousands of tons weight, until they assume the appearance of huge rocks, presenting to the astonished beholder a spectacle which cannot be described; and those large masses are of a quality surpassing any thing of the kind heretofore known to the world. Six miles south, in Madison County, is another mountain, larger than the one above, known in this county by the name of the 'Pilot Knob.' It is entirely covered with iron ore, in huge masses, larger and more abundant than the former."

Besides these iron mountains, all the hills of that district contain great quantities of ore. That whole tract of country is a vast bed of iron. The ore is, besides, remarkably pure. That from the "mountains" does not need to undergo any intermediate process, but may be wrought without being smelted into pigs. A pen-knife was recently made from the ore, with an exquisite polish and a fine edge. We need not speak of the immense value of such mines as these. They are worth an hundred times more than all the gold and silver of Mexico. We should remark, however, that they are perfectly accessible, and that their treasures may be brought into the market at as small an expense as the nature of the commodity admits. They are situated only about forty miles from the Mississippi, and but seventy from St. Louis, to which city a railroad is now in contemplation. An abundance of stone-coal has lately been discovered in their vicinity, and the whole district abounds with water power. It will not be many years before their wealth is poured into St. Louis, and thence throughout the whole land. They render it certain, that Missouri must, at no very distant day, become one of the most important manufacturing States in the Union.

Except in the mineral districts, which are, in general, comparatively barren, the soil is uniformly good. It is, besides, very varied in its nature, so as to be adapted to a great variety of productions. The northern counties contain large tracts of excellent land, calculated for hemp and flax. Cotton is cultivated, although not to such advantage as in Mississippi and other southern States. Tobacco is raised in large quantities, and of the best quality. All the varieties of grain and grasses yield abundant crops. Garden vegetables grow to great perfection. Fruit trees, of all the kinds which belong to temperate climates, are successfully cultivated, and the fruit is at least equal to that in the eastern States. The timber includes almost all the valuable and ornamental varieties of the temperate zone. There are extensive pine forests on the Gasconade and Merrimac rivers. The facilities for raising stock are great, and farmers direct their attention very much to this branch of their business. There are many parts of the State, consisting of rocky points and broken sections of country, which seem peculiarly fitted for sheep-pastures, and hold out great inducements for the operations of wool-growers. In short, the agriculturist can hardly go amiss, to whatever he turns his attention. There is not, perhaps, so large a body of rich land as in some other States, but there is so favorable an alternation of prairie and hilly country, of meadow and woodland, that it is all rendered valuable.

The state is throughout well watered. Mill-sites and water-power are found almost wherever they are needed. The Missouri River passes through the richest agricultural portion of the

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State, and is navigable for steamboats twenty-five hundred miles from its mouth. It has almost innumerable tributaries, which, together with those of the Mississippi, irrigate every part of the State. The Osage river is one of the most considerable. It empties into the Missouri, ten miles below Jefferson City, and is navigable for moderate-sized boats, for several hundred miles. The Gasconade is also a very important river, falling into the Missouri a hundred miles from its mouth, and passing through a very fertile and well-timbered country.

The climate of Missouri is, in general, pleasant and salubrious. Like that of all North America, it is very changeable, and subject to extremes of heat and cold; but it is, we think, decidedly milder, if we take the whole year through, than that of the same latitudes east of the mountains. We are aware that, in this opinion, we differ from a greater part of the authorities upon the subject of climate in the United States; but we have had ample means of observation, and we are confident in the conclusion now expressed. We think, that, while the summers are not at all more oppressive than they are in the corresponding latitudes on and near the Atlantic coast, the winters are shorter, and, with the almost universal exception of a few weeks of severe weather in February, very much milder. We are sure, that we have never witnessed, in any eastern city, a continuance of such beautiful weather, in the months of November, December, and January, as we have seen in the central parts of Missouri. The spring season, except the first half of March, is almost uniformly delightful.

In point of healthiness, this State will bear a favorable comparison with the other western States. It is not, of course, free from the diseases to which all newly settled countries are subject, such as "fever and ague," the disease which undermines many a strong constitution, and which, although not dangerous in itself, prepares the way for more fatal disorders. But, in most respects, the whole State may be considered healthy. The disease alluded to is generally confined to the borders of the rivers, and may be avoided by proper care.

The waters of the Missouri, and of most of its tributaries, in consequence of the nature of the soil that they flow through, are very wholesome, in which respect they are much superior to the Upper Mississippi, the Illinois, and, we think, the Ohio The Missouri is singularly turbid; so much so, that it gives the same character to the whole Lower Mississippi; and new-comers are unwilling to drink its waters; but they soon learn to think it the pleasantest and most refreshing beverage, and to prefer it, when settled, to the clearest spring water. Chymists who have analyzed it declare, that it is entirely free from all hurtful admixtures, which can by no means be said of the water of most of the Western rivers. This circumstance, of course, exerts a highly favorable influence on the health of the State. Very exaggerated reports have gone abroad, of the prevalence and fatality of the bilious fever. It is certainly the most fatal disease of the region, but moderate caution and foresight are sufficient to guard against it, and it never assumes an epidemic character. The freedom from consumption and its train of kindred disorders, of which there are hardly any cases in Missouri, is more than a set-off to all diseases which are peculiar to that section of the country.

Could we proceed to speak of the commercial advantages of the State, we should be led to offer some speculations concerning the practicability of a direct intercourse between the mouth of Columbia River and the East Indies, which, if ever established will be a source of immense wealth to the whole West, and especially to Missouri.

[From the Western Messenger.]

EARLY TIMES IN TENNESSEE.

When we cast our eyes over the great valley of the West, watered by the Mississippi and Ohio and their tributary streams, our minds are carried back to that period when it was one vast wilderness, inhabited by a fierce and savage race, to whom the arts of civilization were unknown, and whose principal occupations were war and hunting. We recall the deeds of our "pioneer fathers," and to our imagination are presented in vivid colours the difficulties and dangers they encountered before they effected a permanent foothold, and enjoyed unmolested the comforts of home. By their courage and perseverance, they surmounted every obstacle, and the fruits of their enterprise are now displayed in the population and the increasing wealth of the country. Its vast resources are in a state of rapid development; industry and enterprise, aided by enlightened legislation, are calling forth its energies, and the prophetick declaration that "westward the star of empire takes its way," is advancing to its fulfilment. The tide of emigration is forcing itself from the worn-out lands of the east, and that region which, a few years ago, was denominated the "far West," and was regarded as the outskirts of civilization, is now the residence of an active, industrious, enterprising and intelligent population. Cities have risen up as if by magick; agriculture, manufactures and commerce flourish; literature, science and the arts are extending their healthful and invigorating influence throughout the country, and the broad banner of civil and religious freedom is every where displayed, inviting the poor and oppressed to take shelter under its ample folds. Bright and glorious are the prospects of the valley of the West! Onward, still onward must be its triumphant march! Blessed with a soil unsurpassed in fertility and a salubrious climate, and possessing, by means of its great rivers, immense advantages for trade and commerce, it must, ere the lapse of many years, rival the older states beyond the mountains, in every thing that can render a country prosperous, and a people happy. This is not a dream of an enthusiast—the wild imagining of a citizen of the West. Nature has proclaimed its destiny; she has stamped it in characters too plain to be misunderstood. Narrow-minded legislation, and a niggard policy, may for a while retard, but nothing can prevent its ultimate rise to that greatness which, from the beginning, nature destined it to attain.

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At an early period of our national existence, the bountiful soil and mild climate of Tennessee attracted the notice of adventurers. In 1771, during our colonial dependance, several settlements were made north of Holston river, in that part of Tennessee which now includes the counties of Sullivan and Hawkins; some settlements were also made about the same time south of the same river. The pioneers who thus adventured were principally from North Carolina. Although the country abovementioned properly belonged to North Carolina, the settlers north of the Holston agreed among themselves to adhere to Virginia, and be governed by its laws, as well for protection against the Indians as against the numerous bands of horse-thieves and other marauders, who infested the borders. Those who settled south of the Holston, considered North Carolina as the parent state or colony, but they were governed by laws of their own making. Although they acknowledged separate jurisdictions, they were united by a common interest and for mutual defence, and in the prosecution of their bold enterprise of effecting permanent settlements in what might be called an enemy's country, they encountered hardships and perils of no common sort, and overcome difficulties which appeared at first almost insurmountable.

The settlements on both sides of the Holston gradually increased by the accession of new emigrants, notwithstanding they were exposed to the attacks and inroads of their savage neighbours; but in 1774, emigration received a check, in consequence of the combined efforts of the Shawnee and other hostile tribes, who penetrated as far as Sullivan county, committing numerous depredations upon the property of such of the settlers as were unable to oppose effectual resistance, and sacrificing the lives of those who were unable to escape from their murderous assaults.

In this state of things the government of Virginia, in July, 1774, ordered an expedition against the hostile tribes, the command of which was given to Col. Andrew Lewis. To co-operate in this expedition, upon the success of which, in a great degree depended the safety of the frontier settlements, Capt. Evan Shelby raised a company of fifty men, in that part of Tennessee, now called Sullivan and Carter counties. They set out about the seventeenth of August, and in the beginning of September, formed a junction with Col. Christian, on New river. Animated by that bold and daring spirit, which subsequently, in more brilliant scenes, animated their descendants, they bore a part in the celebrated battle of the Great Kenhawa, on the tenth of October, where the Indians were defeated with considerable loss. In this battle, the late Gen. James Robertson and Col. Valentine Sevier (then both non-commissioned officers) were distinguished for their vigilance, activity, and bravery—qualities for which they were more particularly distinguished in subsequent contests with the Indians in Tennessee. This battle was fought at the time the first Congress sat in Philadelphia, and its result had the effect of suppressing the depredations of the Indians until July, 1776, when the colonists, by their representatives, declared themselves independent, and pledged "their lives, fortunes, and sacred honour," to maintain their independence. The war of the revolution had now assumed such an aspect, that the British government did not hesitate, through their emissaries, to stir up the Indians to renewed hostilities upon the frontiers; acting upon the maxim that it had the right to employ "all the means which God and nature had put into its hands."

Influenced by a British agent named Cameron, the Cherokees, then a powerful tribe, prepared for war, but their intention was happily frustrated. About the first of July, three men, namely, Isaac Thomas, William Fawley, and John Blankenship, who had resided several years among the Cherokees, left the nation, and making their way to the white settlements, communicated the information that twelve hundred warriors were armed and equipped, and ready to march against the frontiers. The departure of these men caused the Indians to postpone their march for two weeks, which gave time to the whites to prepare for their reception by the construction of forts, and other means of defence, and at the same time, two companies from Washington county, Virginia, under the command of Captains James Thompson and William Cocke, and one company from what is now called Sullivan county, Tennessee, under Captain James Shelby, amounting together to one hundred and seventy-six men, marched towards Long island, in the Holston, for the purpose of watching the motions of the enemy. When they were arrived within a mile of the island, they met the Indians, about eight hundred in number, advancing under the command of *Dragging Canoe*, a daring and experienced chief. The Indians relying upon their superiority of numbers, did not observe their usual caution, but flushed with the hopes of anticipated victory, rushed upon their antagonists in great disorder. The result proved that the "race is not always to the swift, or the battle to the strong." Both parties engaged hand to hand, but a few minutes decided the battle in favour of the whites. Thirty-six of the Indians were killed on the spot, the rest fled in great confusion, seeking refuge among the hills and mountains. The other division of the Indian force, consisting of four hundred warriours, attacked the fort at the Sycamore shoals, but were gallantly repulsed by Robertson and Sevier.

Thus ended the invasion of the Cherokees, to the great disappointment of Cameron, who had no doubt of its successful issue, and that the whites would be compelled to abandon the country. Notwithstanding their defeat in these two instances, the Indians, led on by false hopes, and urged by British agents, continued to harass the frontiers, and in consequence of these aggressions, the governments of Virginia and North Carolina, in the fall of 1776, raised a force of between two and three thousand men for the purpose of attacking the Cherokee towns. This army was placed under the command of Col. Christian, who advanced into the Indian country. The Cherokees, who had not recovered from their defeat at Long Island and the Sycamore shoals, could not be brought to a general action, and they at length sued for peace. The propositions to bury the tomahawk were listened to by Col. Christian, and it was agreed that a treaty should be held the ensuing spring. Owing, however to the opposition of *Dragging Canoe* "whose voice was still for war," the treaty was postponed until the ensuing summer. This restless

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and warlike chief, removed with three or four hundred warriours, who adhered to his fortunes, to the Chickamauga, a branch of the Tennessee.

In the latter part of June, 1777, the Cherokees assembled to the number of twelve or thirteen hundred, at Great island, the place appointed for holding the treaty. The governments of North Carolina and Virginia at the same time ordered between seven and eight hundred militia to assemble at the same place, in order, by a display of force, to overawe the Indians, and afford protection to the commissioners, who were Cols. Avery and Lanier, and Major Winston, on the part of North Carolina, and Cols. Christian, Preston, and Evan Shelby on the part of Virginia. A treaty of peace was finally concluded in August, but such was the condition of the country in consequence of the revolutionary struggle, and such the influence of British emissaries, that the frontiers enjoyed the blessings of peace but a short time.

Whilst those events were passing, *Dragging Canoe*, whose enmity to the whites never slumbered, was not inactive, and during the year 1778, his party having considerably increased in numbers, he frequently harassed the frontiers by his predatory incursions, and many of the whites fell victims to the tomahawk and scalping-knife. In the beginning of the year 1779, this warlike chief could number amongst his followers upward of one thousand warriours from almost every tribe on the Ohio. Their depredations extended from Georgia to Pennsylvania, and consequently upon the whole of this extensive frontier, life and property were insecure. The governments of North Carolina and Virginia determined to make another vigorous effort—vigorous as far as their then circumstances and means would permit. They accordingly raised a force of one thousand men, under the command of Col. Evan Shelby, and a regiment of twelve months' men under the command of Col. John Montgomery. This force was ordered to proceed against the Indians. It is worthy of remark, that nearly the whole of the supplies necessary for the campaign, were purchased upon the individual responsibility, and through the personal exertions of Isaac Shelby, late governour of Kentucky, whose active patriotism was displayed during the trying scenes of the revolution, and in the border warfare of that period, as well as during the late war with Great Britain, when with the gallant Harrison, he triumphed upon the Thames. The army assembled at the mouth of Big Creek, in Tennessee, about four miles from where the town of Rogersville now stands, about the tenth of April. Having made all their preparations, they descended the river in canoes and pirogues, with so much caution and celerity, that they completely surprised the enemy, who fled in every direction without giving battle. They were, however, hotly pursued, and about forty were slain. Their towns were burned, their corn destroyed, and their cattle driven off. This victory dispersed the Indian force, and for some time gave peace to Tennessee, and opened a communication with the settlements in Kentucky. Although for some years after, the war was frequently renewed, the tide of emigration continued to swell; the permanency of the settlements was secured, and in the year 1776, Tennessee was admitted into the Union as a sovereign and independent state.

Since that period, she has continued to advance in prosperity, and now occupies a distinguished position among her sister states. That she may continue to prosper, is the sincere wish of one whose recollections still linger round the scenes that were once familiar and are still dear to him. W. T.

NOTE. The facts stated in the foregoing article are taken from the papers of one who bore a distinguished part in the proceedings of the times, and who filled the highest office in the state of Kentucky, the late Governour Shelby.

ANECDOTE OF JUDGE PARSONS.

WHEN Judge Parsons was a practising lawyer, he was once employed to plead two cases in court, which were precisely alike, but in one he was engaged for the defendant, in the other for the plaintiff. It happened that both cases were tried the same day. He spoke for half an hour to the first jury, and the case was given to them and they had retired. When he appeared before the second jury he made use of very different arguments from those before employed by him, of which the court took notice, reminding him that he seemed to have changed his tune, and repeated to him what he had said, but a few minutes before.

Mr. Parsons fixed his keen eye upon the judge, and replied—"May it please your honour, I *might* have been *wrong* a half an hour ago, but now I *know I am right.*" He proceeded: and when the juries returned it was found he had gained a verdict in both cases!

Bounty on Wheat.—The Committee on Agriculture, in the Massachusetts House of Representatives have reported a bill granting to every citizen raising fifteen bushels of wheat a bounty of *two dollars*, and *five cents* for every bushel above fifteen. In their report accompanying this bill, they estimate the number of barrels of flour annually imported into, and consumed within that state, at seven hundred thousand, or one barrel to each individual of the population, which at ten dollars per barrel, the lowest average price for the last three years, makes the enormous sum of seven million dollars a year paid to other states by the inhabitants of Massachusetts for the single article of flour. The operation of the law of Maine, giving a bounty for raising wheat the past year, is spoken of as having been most salutary, the amount raised being believed to have been nearly a million of bushels.

TOBACCO.

Dr. Caldwell, of the Transylvania University, says there are but three animals that can abide tobacco, viz: the African rock goat, the most loathsome animal on the earth—the foul tobacco-worm—and the rational creature, MAN!

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AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS OF THE UNITED STATES.

COMPILED FROM THE RETURNS OF THE MARSHALS FOR TAKING THE SIXTH CENSUS.

STATES AND TERRITORIES.	Bushels of WHEAT.	Bushels of RYE.	Bushels of INDIAN CORN.	Bushels of OATS.	Bushels of BUCK-WHEAT.	Bushels of BARLEY.	Bushels of POTA-TOES.	HORSES and MULES.	NEAT CATTLE.	SHEEP.	SWINE.
Maine*	848,166	137,941	950,528	1,076,409	51,543	355,161	10,392,380	59,208	327,255	649,264	117,386
New Hampshire*	442,954	395,530	1,252,572	1,198,989	115,468	121,400	6,234,901	39,850	261,088	606,891	120,167
Vermont*	652,293	447,318	1,047,601	2,342,497	158,509	55,685	8,206,784	60,274	350,106	1,393,420	297,952
Massachusetts*	158,923½	541,956	1,809,395	1,899,530	87,010	166,419	5,385,652	62,484	271,760	378,226	143,021
Rhode Island	3,088	34,521	425,893	169,925	2,979	63,790	904,773	8,074	36,700	90,146	29,669
Connecticut	86,980	736,865	1,468,538	1,456,523	299,470	33,789	3,414,227	34,751	233,969	406,985	132,222
New York	11,853,507	2,984,913	10,195,142	20,728,738	2,244,338	2,498,170	30,000,508	476,115	2,642,438	5,381,225	2,116,953
New Jersey	774,023	1,636,576	4,311,381	3,096,516	866,970	12,601	2,074,118	69,769	219,548	218,555	259,051
Pennsylvania	13,029,756	6,293,447	13,696,619	18,053,477	1,971,928	178,100	8,626,923	338,565	1,146,418	3,396,431	1,450,531
Delaware	215,165	33,560	2,099,361	937,405	11,299	5,260	200,712	14,421	54,883	39,247	74,228
Maryland*	3,511,433	824,333	8,470,165	3,579,950	74,848	3,594	1,058,919	93,954	240,432	262,909	421,520
Virginia	10,066,809	1,397,170	34,646,696	13,297,551	241,643	14,620	2,873,470	243,173	1,008,313	1,280,736	1,916,230
North Carolina†											
South Carolina	705,925	44,530	14,721,785	1,446,158	72	3,967	2,697,713	130,826	573,840	232,664	888,513
Georgia	1,732,956	69,851	17,329,797	1,290,048	269	13,345	1,184,386	134,748	755,060	254,947	1,288,314
Ohio (a)	16,214,260	801,943	33,954,162	13,993,624	681,335	207,590	5,600,566	407,404	1,186,204	1,964,957	2,084,268
Kentucky‡											
Tennessee	4,547,273	297,033	42,467,349	6,770,116	6,187	4,758	2,373,034	327,526	777,390	748,459	2,795,630
Louisiana	105	1,812	5,900,473	110,013			845,935	99,067	348,708	100,056	344,685
Alabama	746,106	36,632	18,680,663	1,427,992	52	6,682	1,560,700	128,515	607,580	144,372	701,160
Mississippi	196,576	15,642	13,161,231	598,604	61	1,544	1,538,628	109,227	623,157	128,376	995,739
Missouri	946,077	63,185	15,591,432	1,937,573	16,347	9,771	684,491	157,578	367,623	288,235	1,072,813
Indiana	4,154,256	127,586	28,008,051	5,875,449	49,681	25,778	1,548,190	243,767	614,489	673,952	1,580,051
Illinois	2,740,380	95,965	22,116,627	4,558,507	63,950	64,455	1,956,887	195,186	604,693	377,963	1,394,286
Michigan §											
Arkansas	112,200	5,925	3,931,149	167,452	88	85	290,887	39,085	135,527	41,877	393,004
Florida Territory§											
Wisconsin Ter.†											
Iowa Territory	154,737	3,787	1,326.241	216.385	6,217	729	234,063	10,801	37,449	15,354	104,891
District of Columbia	12,147	5,081	39,385	15,751	272	294	12,035	2,145	3,274	572	4,673
(a) Shelby county, since received	78,691	5,498	253,422	180,010	1,795	562	29,218	3,637	10,509	10,143	18,941

* The returns of the states marked thus, (*) have been corrected: the statistics from the remainder of the states and territories are not yet examined. † The aggregate not yet made. ‡ Statistics not yet received. § Aggregate not made. No return from Middle Florida. ‖

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AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS OF THE U. S. Concluded

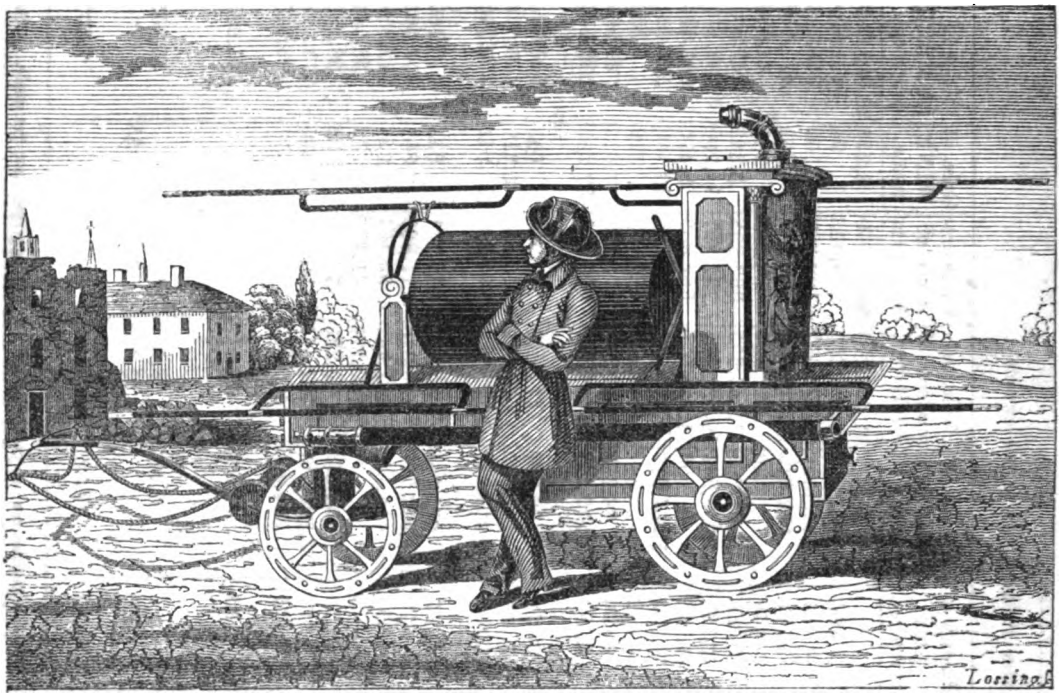
COMPILED FROM THE RETURNS OF THE MARSHALS FOR TAKING THE SIXTH CENSUS

STATES AND TERRITORIES.	Pounds of WOOL.	Value of POULTRY.	Tons of HAY.	Tons of HEMP & FLAX.	Pounds of gathered Tobacco.	Pounds of COTTON gathered.‖	Pounds of Silk Cocoons.	Pounds of SUGAR made.	Value of products of the Dairy.	Value products of Orchard.	Gals. of WINE made.	Value of LUMBER produced.	Bbls. tar, turpentine, pitch, resin.
Maine*	1,465,551	$123,171	691,058	38				238,230	$1,493,718	$148,249	2,236	$1,808,683	
New Hampshire*	1,260,988	97,862	496,647	53,040	115		406	1,097,398	1,585,955	220,056	94	491,358	
Vermont*	3,257,795	176,437	734,047	24¼	585		4,233	4,220,541	4,892,097	1,109,387	100	366,146	
Massachusetts*	1,055,591	540,295	569,425	23,132	64,955		1,741	579,227	2,273,219	389,177	1,905	476,845	
Rhode Island	173,630	61,492	63,417	lb. 383	307		358	50	218,922	32,098	745	44,455	
Connecticut	893,675	176,659	426,160	lb. 147,841	471,657		17,388	51,764	1,365,653	302,953	5,243	147,831	
New York	4,012,144	2,373,029⅔	3,160,916	763	6,567		2,103¼	10,093,991	10,497,032	1,732,357	14,700	3,788,173	2,924
New Jersey	396,573	412,487	326,496	33,710	1,922		1,966	56	1,315,676	562,863	9,416	297,856	2,200
Pennsylvania	3,076,783	1,033,172	1,199,963	170,760¼	350,861		278,939	1,555,977	2,271,420	554,657	19,182	566,607	1,807
Delaware	64,404	47,465	21,880	602⅔	272	347	1,442		232,446	25,914	529	5,562	
Maryland*	500,499	219,159	110,836	34	18,916,012	5,673	2,290	36,266	466,558	114,339	7,622	230,985	
Virginia	2,672,044	752,467	288,740	92,123	14,157,841	10,767,451	3,188	1,530,541	1,454,861	668,921	37,233	516,412	5,262
North Carolina†													
South Carolina	289,202	590,594	20,008	35	51,518	148,907,880	2,210	30,900	577,849	52,276	643	504,884	735
Georgia	363,340	473,158	9,264	1,787	164,551	134,322,755	3,208	231,140	552,805	135,446	6,319	106,066	153
Ohio (*a*)	3,650,970	730,720	1,024,803	252,520	6,023,309		4,316	6,909,257	1,701,602	461,191	161,844	300,242	430
Kentucky‡													
Tennessee	1,029,526	581,531	30,512	45,053	26,542,448	128,250,308	1,163	251,745	930,603	366,767	653	200,266	3,119
Louisiana	49,524	273,314	36,308		120,174	87,640,185	317	249,937,720	150,818	11,869	2,884	111,405	12,233
Alabama	173,400	829,220	13,933	5	214,307	240,379,669	1,351	10,135	197,442	33,161	11,253	233,828	197
Mississippi	185,839	369,481	171	16	83,451	289,838,818	85	70	389,177	41,119	12	152,094	2,248
Missouri	462,644	230,283	44,870	20,071	8,450,727	360,338	70	252,560	69,230	76,305	22	68,150	356
Indiana	1,202,209	393,228	191,158	97,657	1,821,406	180	370	3,720,186	751,441	90,324	3,495	213,471	
Illinois	600,366	330,968	156,442	50,326	415,706	199,989	1,171	394,446	433,873	118,638	471	198,070	
Michigan§													
Arkansas	63,034	93,549	579	1,039	143,889	23,867,192	90	2,535	34,577	7,454		161,685	25
Florida Territory§													
Wisconsin Ter.†													
Iowa Territory	23,028	17,557	17,953	313	12,676			41,450	23,609	50		50,305	
District of Columbia	707	1,101	1,231		55,550		576		75,566	3,507	25		
(*a*) Shelby county, since received	15,874	4,211	4,508				1	79,831	3,532			3,277	

* The returns of the states marked thus, (*) have been corrected: the statistics from the remainder of the states and territories are not yet examined. † The aggregate not yet made. ‡ Statistics not yet received. § Aggregate not made. No return from Middle Florida. ‖ Some of the Marshals have returned pounds of Ginned Cotton, others in the Seed.

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AMERICAN FIREMEN.—No. I.



New York Fireman and Engine.

NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.

We intend to give in successive numbers, statistics of the Fire Department in each of our larger cities respectively, with illustrations of the costumes of the firemen, and forms of their engines, as far as we are able to obtain information. Among the many inventions of modern philanthropy, the organization of bands of men against the destructive operations of fire, for public good, stands conspicuous; and when such organization is complete in any city or considerable town, millions of dollars' worth of property is annually saved from destruction. Hence, information concerning the organization of different departments, may be considered very useful, inasmuch as efficient measures practised by one, may be made known to another, and mutual improvement be the consequence. There is yet a wide field for improvement, and much remains to be done in the invention of preventives, ere the destructive character of conflagrations in our large cities will be changed. We commence with the Fire Department of the city of New York.

The above engraving represents a New York fireman in full costume, and a correct exterior view of a New York engine, with its hose coiled and covered upon the windlass. The cap of the fireman is made of very strong leather; a rim wider back than front; the top covered with stiff projections crossing each other at right angles in the centre, forming a protection to the head: in front is a stiff piece of leather, in the form of a shield, on which the number of the company and initials of the owner are usually painted. The frock coat and the pantaloons are made of stout pilot-cloth, black or brown, under which is worn a red flannel shirt. Some of the companies have leather legs to their pantaloons, or rather, have boots with legs reaching to the knee and attached to the pantaloons. Their whole costume is at once a protection against wet and cold.

The whole Fire Department is under the direction of a chief engineer, and nine assistant engineers, whose duty it is to be present at all fires, if practicable, and to superintend the general concerns of the Department.

The chief engineer and assistant engineers are nominated by the whole body of firemen to the Common Council for appointment, and hold their offices at the pleasure of the Common Council. The candidates for nomination are ballotted for, and the persons receiving the highest number of votes are entitled to a nomination to the Common Council for appointment. The salary of the chief engineer is five hundred dollars (formerly twelve hundred) per annum.

According to the last published report of the chief engineer, (*Cornelius V. Anderson,*) there are in the city, thirty-five engines in good order, six in indifferent order and five rebuilding; twenty-four hose carriages, with 24,600 feet of

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Costume of Chief Engineer.

hose—two carriages building, and one rebuilding; seven hook-and-ladder trucks, forty-one ladders and forty-six hooks; 37,000 feet of hose in good order, and 4,700 feet in ordinary, making in the whole, (including five hundred feet at the new almshouse,) 42,200 feet; one hundred and fifty buckets. There are in the department one hundred and twenty companies, of which twenty-seven are not doing duty, twenty of which are hose companies. There are in the department 1758 men, of which two hundred and sixty-nine are not doing duty.

In the upper part of the city, a large reservoir is located, from which water flows in abundance through the principal streets in pipes which, through hydrants supply the hose and engines. This is a great aid, and it is believed that when the Croton water works are finished, such will be the abundance of water, that fires will become as infrequent in New York as elsewhere, and that she will lose her name of "City of Fires."

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES.

STRENGTH OF IRON.

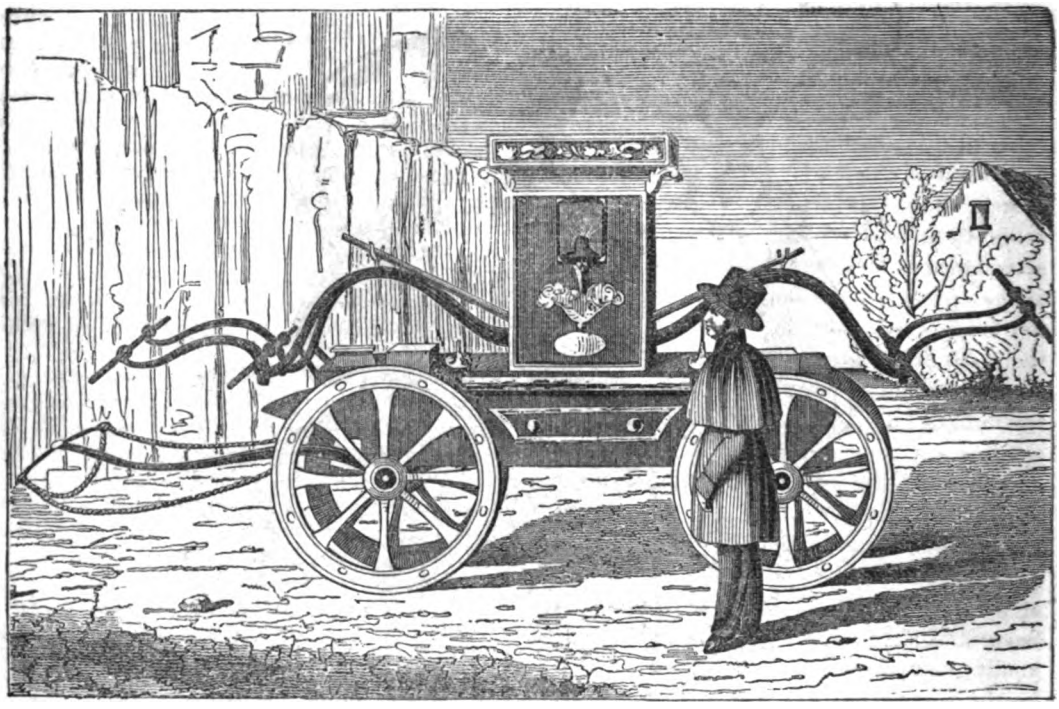
The temperature of maximum strength for cast iron has been estimated at about three hundred and ninety-eight degrees; but the Committee on the Explosion of Steamboilers, appointed by the Franklin Institute, consider that the maximum for wrought iron is very rapid; at a red heat, or about eight hundred degrees, it is only one-sixth of the maximum; so that in a range of less than five hundred degrees, it loses five-sixths of its strength. As the relative strength of wrought iron at three hundred degrees to eight hundred degrees, is about six to one; therefore, if the temperature of the iron above three hundred degrees *increase*, in an arithmetical progression, whose rate is one hundred degrees, the relative strength will *decrease* in an arithmetical progression, whose ratio is one.

NEW MICROSCOPIC APPARATUS.

M. Dujardin has invented an apparatus in which, by means of achromatic lenses, fixed in a tube at the foot of the instrument, the illuminating light appears to issue from the objects themselves, and thus avoids the effects of diffraction, which often gives to small lines a false diameter. A greater clearness is thus given to objects and a permission to an indefinite augmentation of the light.

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AMERICAN FIREMEN.—No. II.



Philadelphia Fireman and Engine.

PHILADELPHIA FIRE DEPARTMENT.

From a full description of the Fairmount water-works, and of the organization of the Fire Department of Philadelphia, we extract the following statistics.

The Fire Department is conducted by voluntary associations of citizens, who govern themselves by certain rules and defray the expenses of the purchase and care of the various apparatus, principally from their own funds. The sum of three hundred dollars only, per annum, is appropriated to each company by the corporation of the city, Northern Liberties, Spring Garden and Southwark; two hundred dollars by the corporation of Kensington, and one hundred dollars by that of Moyamensing. The first engine company in Philadelphia was formed in 1732, at the instigation of Dr. Franklin, and since the establishment of the water-works, in 1803, a hose company was formed, principally through the exertions of Roberts Vaux and Reuben Haines, Esquires, for the purchase of a hose, and of a carriage to convey it to fires; the success of which was such that there are now twenty-eight carriages of that description in the Fire Department. The hose used on these carriages is generally made of leather, about two inches and a half in diameter, and divided into sections of about fifty feet, each section being connected with brass swivel screws. There are two thousand five hundred and ninety-one active firemen in the city and districts, forty-three thousand nine hundred and ninety-one feet of hose, twenty-eight hose companies and twenty-seven engine companies. There are one thousand and seven fire plugs, which are distributed as follows:—In the city, five hundred and ten. Spring Garden, one hundred and forty-six. Northern Liberties, one hundred and forty-three. Southwark, one hundred and twenty-one. Kensington, fifty. Moyamensing, thirty-seven. For the purpose of promoting harmony in the Fire Department, and generally to increase its respectability and usefulness, the Board of Delegates of the Fire Association of Philadelphia, at a stated meeting on the fourth of March, 1839, proposed the organization of a Board of Control.

In connexion with the Department, there is a Board of Control, consisting of one member chosen from each company that has adopted the suggestion, being forty-seven out of the fifty-five. The controllers assemble upon an alarm of fire at the first corner north and west of the fire, and have the power to settle all disputes or difficulties which may occur between any of the companies that acknowledge their jurisdiction. They are elected for one year. The government of

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the Board is vested in a President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer and ten directors, chosen annually in August. It is the duty of the Board to superintend and direct the operations of the controllers in times of fire.

There is also in connexion (in interest at least) with the Fire Department, an association for the relief of disabled firemen. This association was organized in November 1834, and incorporated March 1835. Its object is to afford pecuniary relief to firemen who are disabled or injured by attendance at fires, and also to afford assistance, at the option of the Board of Trustees, to persons not firemen, who may be disabled by fire apparatus. All firemen are eligible to membership, by paying one dollar per annum. The payment of ten dollars, constitutes a person a member; and citizens not members of the Fire Department, may become life-members by paying the treasurer twenty dollars. The government of the association is vested in a Board of twenty-one Trustees, chosen annually on the first Monday of January, by the members of the association. Several of the best physicians of the city have kindly volunteered their services gratuitously for the association, and thus it is made an institution of a truly benevolent character.

Our engraving represents the external appearance of their engines, and a Philadelphia fireman in full costume. The hat of the fireman is made of stiff leather, his coat and pantaloons of pilot, or oil cloth, and over his shoulders is worn an oil-cloth cape, which is of material use in protecting his whole person from water.

Every time you fail to perform a promise, you injure your character for truth; every time you do an unkind act, you harden your heart; and every time you fail to do what conscience dictates, you say to the monitor, which God placed within to warn you, "Hush, I want not your warning," and soon she will withdraw and leave you to slumber, unreproved, till the last trumpet shall call you forth to judgment.

SACRIFICE OF A LAND TORTOISE.

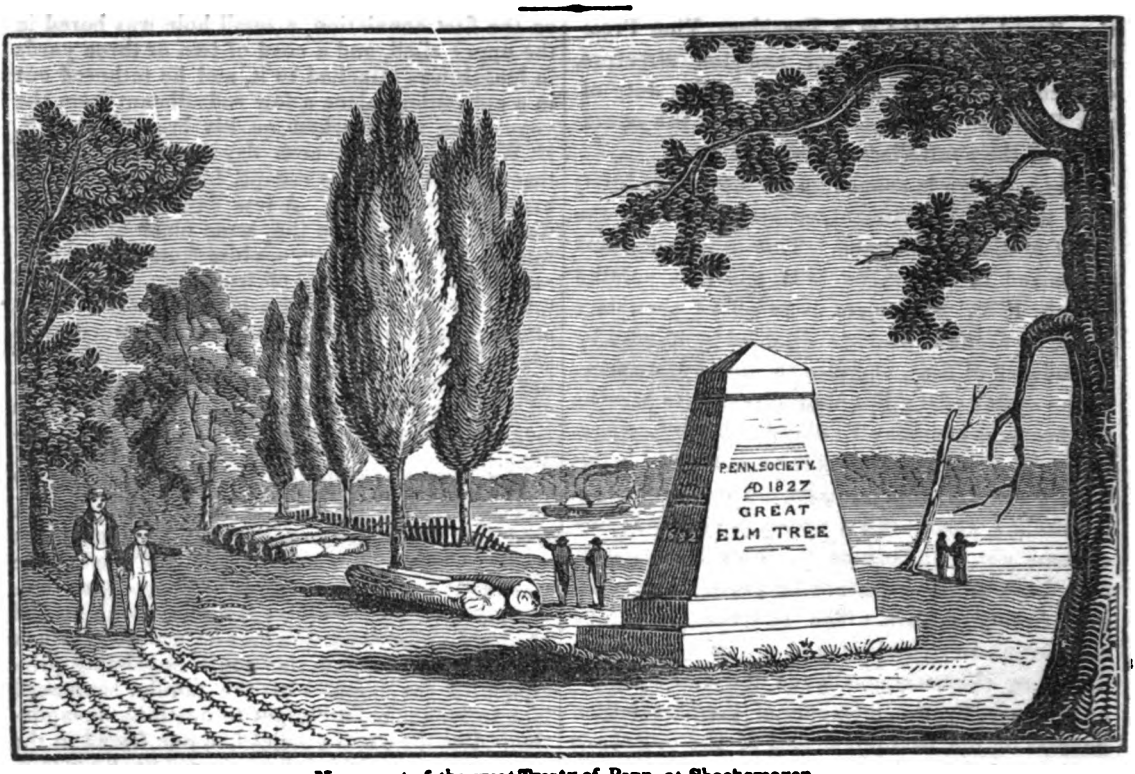
Sometime in June, 1828, an animal known by that name was found in my garden, in the act of treating himself to green peas and cucumbers, among which he had feasted several days, but the trespass had been attributed to the hens and chickens. Being unwilling to put him to death on the first conviction, a small hole was bored in the upper shell, and a cord of two or three yards in length was attached to it, and he tethered out in a convenient place a few rods distant from the vegetables, and marked on his breast-plate "S. H. W. 1828." The next day it was discovered that he had made his escape, having gnawed off his "tether string." A few days after this he was again detected in the same place of his former trespass, and to secure him from further depredations, a small ring of iron wire was linked into the hole of the shell, a more substantial cord attached to it, and the prisoner again placed upon his tether. This, however, proved insufficient for his safe-keeping. The new cord was soon severed, and the vagrant carrying off with him his iron ring and a small part of the cord, made his escape.

In June, 1829, "Monsieur Tonson came again!" and was detected in his old line of business. A trial for his crimes was instituted, the evidence against him was too clear to admit of doubt; he was found guilty, the number of peapods, cucumbers, and melons, of different kinds, which he had champed and ruined, was ascertained as nearly as might be, whereupon the court, consisting principally of the females of the family, sentenced him to be immediately put to death by decapitation. But the poor convict had one friend in the court that exerted his influence, and finally obtained a commutation of his punishment from death to transportation, without limit of time. Pursuant to this order, he was conveyed to a small pond, about a quarter of a mile from the garden, the scene of his transgressions; but not pleased with his accommodations among frogs and other creeping things, soon found his way back to his old friends and their garden. He was then carried nearly half a mile in an opposite direction, and thrown into a small muddy brook, environed with bogs and sedge-grass. In June, 1832, who should appear but our old visiter again, with his marks and iron ring! What should now be done? The majority of the court denounced him as an outlaw, and utterly beyond the reach of mercy. His friend and advocate, however, urged in behalf of the convict that the sentence of transportation was *without limit of time*, and assured the court that if a convenient opportunity should offer, he would send him next to Botany Bay; but if not, he would pledge himself to carry him to a place so distant that little fear could be entertained of his returning to his old haunts. Upon these terms a respite was obtained, and his sponser caused him to be transported to Suffield, and there left in a grass-field a little north of the meetinghouse. In June, '33, we had another family visit from our old acquaintance. I wrapped him up in a piece of old carpet, so that he could have no means of noticing objects, carried him to Poquonoc, and threw him into a small stream in an alder-swamp near Rainbow Mills. But "true as the needle to the pole," he renewed his visit in 1835; and this summer (1838) he obliged us with another *call*, and I suppose is yet in my garden. He appears in fine health, plump and lusty, but has no discernible increase in size.

Samuel Woodruff.

Hartford Courant.

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Monument of the great Treaty of Penn, at Shackamaxon.

TREATY OF WILLIAM PENN.

This compact, which for its justice and benevolence, has conferred immortal honour upon the founder of Pennsylvania, was made under the widespreading branches of an elm-tree, that stood upon the bank of the Delaware at Shackamaxon. The stately tree was uprooted by a storm in 1810, when the trunk measured twenty-four feet in circumference, and its age was ascertained to be two hundred and eighty years, having been one hundred and fifty years old at the time the treaty took place. It was held in the highest veneration by the Indian nations, by the first settlers, and by their descendants. During the revolutionary war, in 1775, when the British army had possession of the district of country within Kingston bay, and when firewood was very scarce, General Simcoe who had command of the troops there, from a regard which he entertained for the character of William Penn, and the interest which he took in the history connected with the tree, ordered a guard of British soldiers to protect it from the axe. Many curious recollections belong to this venerated spot, and some of these are noticed in a memoir concerning the treaty, which may be seen by reference to the transactions of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, carefully prepared by Mr. Roberts Vaux, whose correspondence with the late Judge Peters, Mrs. Deborah Logan, and the Rev. Dr. Collin, relating to the traditionary account of the *treaty*, was the means of bringing out much other instructive and entertaining matter worthy of perusal and preservation.

The Penn Society, in order to preserve a knowledge of the spot where the elm-tree stood, have caused a simple block of marble to be placed there, in the expectation, at some future day, of erecting a monument, altogether worthy of the event, and the scene which is now more humbly commemorated in the manner that the annexed engraving represents.

The inscriptions on the stone are as follows: —

ON THE NORTH. Treaty Ground of William Penn and the Indian natives, 1682. Unbroken faith.	ON THE WEST. Placed by the Penn Society, A. D. 1827, to mark the site of the great Elm-Tree.
ON THE SOUTH. William Penn, Born 1644. Died 1718.	ON THE EAST. Pennsylvania founded. 1681, By Deeds of Peace.

DISCOVERIES IN EARLY AGE.

Even in science the greatest discoveries have been made at an early age. Sir Isaac Newton was not twenty when he saw the apple fall to the ground. Harvey, I believe, discovered the circulation of the blood at eighteen. Berkeley was only six-and-twenty when he published his Essay on Vision. Hartley's great principle was developed in an inaugural dissertation at college. Hume wrote his "Treatise on Human Nature" while he was yet quite a young man. Hobbes put forth his metaphysical system very soon after he quitted the service of Lord Bacon. I believe also that Galileo, Leibnitz, and Eulep commenced their career of discovery quite young, and I think it is only then, before the mind becomes set in its own opinions or the dogmas of others, that it can have vigour or elasticity to throw off the load of prejudice, and seize on new and extensive combinations of things.

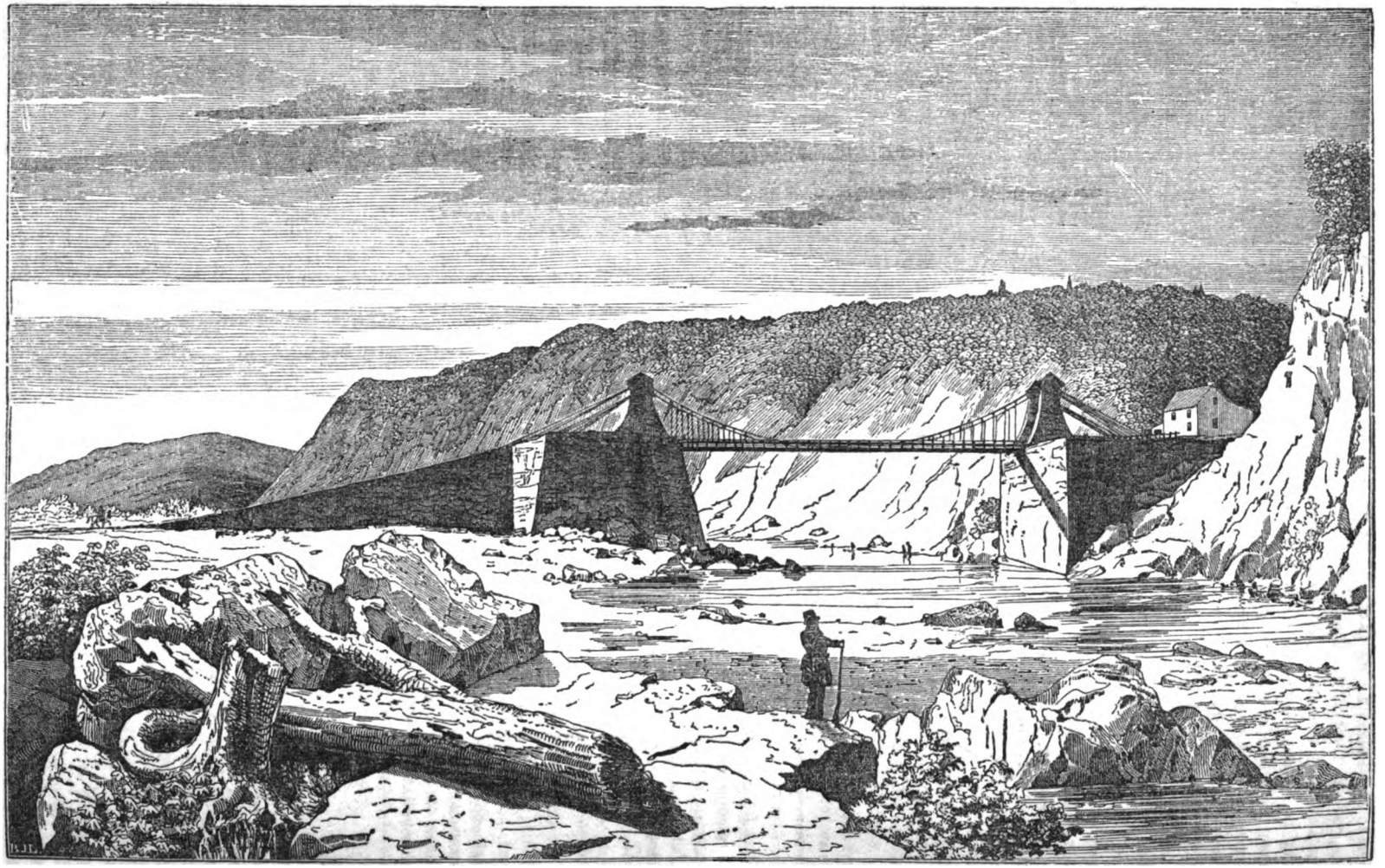
LONGEVITY.

In the year 1827, there died in Russia 947 persons above a hundred years old, 202 above 110, 98 above 115, 52 above 120, 21 above 125, and one above 135.

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CHAIN BRIDGE OVER THE POTOMAC, near Georgetown, D. C.

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CHAIN BRIDGE OVER THE POTOMAC.

In this number of the Family Magazine we present to our readers a view of the Chain Bridge over the Potomac river, two miles above Georgetown, in the District of Columbia. At some future period it may be within our power to present other views along this noble river, with those of others remarkable for their historical associations or picturesque beauties; and though we claim not to vie with works of delicately-finished engravings on metal, yet do we claim to tell a true story in a plain way, and to send forth throughout our land information from pencil as well as pen, fitted for parlour and cottage. In answer to a request for an illustration for our picture a correspondent writes:—

"You asked me to tell you something about the Potomac. When you contemplate publishing an octavo on the subject, let me know it a year or two in advance, and I will be prepared to comply with your request; only call in a friend at my elbow to help us out occasionally with a pictorial illustration and we will make a book of it.

"Old *Patawomeck*, as they called it in the days of the illustrious Captain John, (and shame on us that it is not called so now,) after a long and broken course, flowing through one of the mildest and most beautiful countries in the world, from its source near the Back Bone, a spur of the Alleganies, and receiving the contributions of the Shanandoah and many other mountain streams, meets the tide water at the Little Falls, near the Chain Bridge above Georgetown, about three hundred miles from the Atlantic.—From thence it soon swells into a broad expanse of water navigable for the largest vessels of commerce. Within the view embraced by your picture, is the spot where, in June 1608, Captain Smith, with an exploring party from Jamestown, landed. Two hundred and thirty years ago, a group of Englishmen may have filled the place where now stands the city sportsman; there are the same 'mighty rocks, growing in some places above the grownd as high as the shrubby trees, and divers other solid quarries of divers tinctures; and divers places where the waters had falne from the high mountaines they had left, a spägled skurfe, that made many bare places seem as guilded.'* Ill-starred Captain John! had it been thy fortune to have explored this noble river at another season—hadst thine host at Nameraughquend but placed before thee that mystery of its waters, a *canvass-back*, or even his cousin-german a *red neck*, thou wouldst have sworn allegiance to its shores forever and Jamestown had been abandoned, surely. On the hill of our Capitol might have waved the standard of King James, and who can tell but that thy coming hither in June instead of November may not have changed the destiny of a mighty nation? and who can tell how many a long speech that same nation has now to pay for and charge to account of that same little bird—the result of sleepless nights from over-eaten suppers and dread of being sent no more to this its chosen rendezvous? Our aldermen and men of council should look well to this, and in their sage resolves forget not the presiding genius of their city. They should look more jealously upon the long guns that infest our river, for as surely as the canvass-back is driven from us, as surely will the "voice of the people" be heard no longer here; the high places of Washington become desolate, and the mighty swarms of great men, with bag and baggage, will settle on some other spot and build another capitol, 'over the hills and far away.'

"The view itself tells you that the bridge throws over the river at the point of Little Falls, is a picturesque object. About ten miles above it are the Great Falls, where the vast volume of the Potomac, narrowing its channel to about one hundred yards wide, pitches perpendicularly thirty or forty feet into a hollow rock, then dashing through rocks it sweeps along for three or four miles, and again glides smoothly on its course until it reaches the rapids or little falls, where it has a gradual descent of about thirty-five or forty feet to tide water.

"In the spring, when the ice that has accumulated in the river during the winter, becomes dammed up at this point, with an immense quantity of drift timber that it has torn from the banks, one of the most exciting scenes is presented that can be imagined. At once the whole gives way with a tremendous crash and the waters rush on and sweep everything in their course. More than one bridge has been thus carried away, and the fact will account for the peculiar construction of that in your picture."

* Captain Smith's History of Virginia.

HEIGHT OF WAVES.

So awful is the spectacle of a storm at sea, that it is generally viewed through a medium which biases the judgment; and, lofty as the waves really are, imagination pictures them loftier still. Now, no wave rises more than ten feet above the ordinary sea-level, which, with the ten feet that its surface afterward descends below this, give twenty feet for the whole height, from the bottom of any water-valley to an adjoining summit. This proposition is easily verified by a person who tries at what height, upon a ship's mast, the horizon remains always in sight over the top of the waves, allowance being made for accidental inclinations of the vessel, and for her sinking in the water so much below her water-line, at the time when she reaches the bottom of the hollow between two waves. The spray of the sea, driven along by the violence of the wind, is, of course, much higher than the summit of the liquid wave; and a wave coming against an obstacle may dash to a great elevation above it. At the Eddystone lighthouse, when a surge breaks, which has been growing under a storm all the way across the Atlantic, it dashes even over the lantern at the summit. Arnott's Elements of Physics

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ANDROSCOGGIN BRIDGE.

ANDROSCOGGIN bridge was built in 1804, and is usually passed in a journey from Portland to Hallowell and Augusta, on the Kennebec river. It is nearly midway between those two points: being about thirty miles from each.

There are falls or rapids in the Androscoggin near the bridge. The sides and part of the bed of the river is a ledge, and this generally causes a great rushing and foaming in the water. There are several saw-mills on the river near the bridge, where a large number of people are employed. Boats come up the river to within a few rods of the bridge, and vessels are built there of considerable size. Logs and rafts of boards and shingles, in large quantities, are also floated down the river from the interiour, for twenty and thirty miles.

Brunswick and Topsham are old settled towns. A few people ventured to build their huts there, about 1720. A fort was erected near the southern end of the bridge, on the Brunswick side. Recently some cotton factories have been established at this place. About six miles below the bridge, the Androscoggin falls into Merry-meeting bay, which connects it with the Kennebec, a few miles above Bath. The river below, and after this confluence of the Kennebec and Androscoggin, is the ancient and far famed Sagadahock.

Brunswick (and Maine indeed) is rendered worthy of notice also, by the location of Bowdoin College within its bounds. It has already proved a great advantage to that state; and is continually rising in respectability and usefulness. It was incorporated in 1794; and the instruction began in 1802.

SCENES AND SCENERY IN ILLINOIS.

Extract from the Far West.

WHOEVER will take upon himself the trouble to run his eyes over the "Tourist's Pocket Map of Illinois," will perceive, stretching along the western border of the state, parallel with the river, a broad carriage highway, in a direction nearly north, to a little village called Carlinville; if then he glances to the east, he may trace a narrow pathway striking off at right angles to that section of the state. Well, it is here, upon this pathway, just on the margin of a beautiful prairie, sweeping away toward the town of Hillsborough, that I find myself at the close of the day, after a long and fatiguing ride. The afternoon has been one of those dreary, drizzly, disagreeable seasons which relax the nerves and ride like an incubus upon the spirits; and my route has conducted me over a broadspread, desolate plain; for, lovely as may appear the prairie when its bright flowerets and its tall grasstops are nodding in the sunlight, it is a melancholy place when the sky is beclouded and the rain is falling. There is a certain indescribable sensation of loneliness, which steals over the mind of the solitary traveller when he finds himself alone in the heart of these boundless plains, which he cannot away with; and the approach to a forest is hailed with pleasure, as serving to quiet, with the vague idea of *society*, this sense of dreariness and desertion. Especially is this the case when rack and mist are hovering along the border, veiling from the view those picturesque woodland-points and promontories, and those green island-groves which, when the sky is clear, swell out upon every side into the bosom of the plain. Then all is fresh and joyous to the eye as a vision; change the scene, and the grand, gloomy, misty magnificence of old ocean presents itself on every side. The relief to the picture afforded by the discovery of man's habitation can hardly be described.

It was near nightfall when, wearied by the fatigue of riding and drenched with mist, I reached the log-cabin of an old pioneer from Virginia, beneath whose lowly roof-tree I am seated at this present writing, and though hardly the most sumptuous edifice of which it has been my lot to be an inmate, yet with no unenviable anticipations am I looking forward to hearty refreshment and to sound slumber upon the couch by my side. There are few objects to be met with in the backwoods of the West more unique and picturesque than the dwelling of the emigrant. After selecting an elevated spot as a site for building, a cabin or a log-house—which is somewhat of an improvement upon the first—is erected in the following manner. A sufficient number of straight trees, of a size convenient for removing, are felled, slightly hewn upon the opposite sides, and the extremities notched or morticed with the axe. They are then piled upon each other so that the extremities lock together; and a single or double edifice is constructed, agreeable to the taste or ability of the builder. Ordinarily the cabin consists of two quadrangular apartments, separated by a broad area between, connected by a common floor, and covered by a common roof, presenting a parallelogram triple the length of its width. The better of these apartments is usually appropriated to the entertainment of the casual guest, and is furnished with several beds and some articles of rude furniture to correspond. The open area constitutes the ordinary sitting and eating apartment of the family in fine weather; and, from its coolness, affords a delightful retreat. The intervals between the logs are stuffed with fragments of wood or stone, and plastered with mud or mortar, and the chimney is constructed much in the same manner. The roof is covered with thin clapboards of oak or ash, and, in lieu of nails, transverse pieces of timber retain them in their places. Thousands of cabins are thus constructed, without a particle of iron or even a common plank. The rough clapboards give to the roof almost the shaggy aspect of thatch at a little distance, but they render it impermeable to even the heaviest and most protracted rain-storms. A rude gallery often extends along one or both sides of the building, adding much to its coolness in summer and to its warmth in winter by the protection afforded from rain and snow. The floor is constructed of short, thick planks, technically termed "puncheons," which are confined by wooden pins; and, though hardly smooth enough for a ballroom, yet well answer every purpose for a dwelling, and effectually resist moisture and cold. The apertures are usually cut with a view to free ventilation, and the chimneys stand at the extremities outside the walls of the cabin. A few pounds of nails, a few boxes of glass, a few hundred feet of lumber, and a few days' assistance of a house-car-

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Bridge over the Androscoggin.

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Foundations.

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penter, would, of course, contribute not a little to the comfort of the *shieling;* but neither of these are indispensable. In the rear of the premises rise the out-buildings; stables, corn-crib, meat-house, &c., all of them quite as perfect in structure as the dwelling itself, and quite as comfortable for residence. If to all this we add a well, walled up with a section of a hollow cotton-wood, a cellar or cave in the earth for a pantry, a zigzag rail fence enclosing the whole clearing, a dozen acres of Indian corn bristling up beyond, a small garden and orchard, and a host of swine, cattle, poultry and naked children about the door, and the *tout ensemble* of a backwoods farmhouse is complete.

Minor circumstances vary, of course, with the peculiarities of the country and the origin of the settlers; but the principal features of the picture everywhere prevail. The present mode of cultivation sweeps off vast quantities of timber; but it must soon be superseded. Houses of brick and stone will take the place of log-cabins; hedgerows will supply that of rail enclosures, while coal for fuel will be a substitute for wood.

At Upper Alton my visit was not a protracted one. In a few hours, having gathered up my *fixens* and mounted my *creetur*, I was treading a narrow pathway through the forest. The trees, most of them lofty elms, in many places for miles locked together their giant branches over the road, forming a delightful screen from the sunbeams; but it was found by no means the easiest imaginable task, after once entering upon the direct route, to continue upon it. This is a peculiarity of Western roads. The commencement may be uniform enough, but the traveller soon finds his path diverging all at once in several different directions, like the radii of a circle, with no assignable cause therefor, and not the slightest reason presenting itself why he should select one of them in preference to a half a dozen others, equally good or bad. And the sequel often shows him that there in reality existed no more cause of preference than was apparent; for, after a few tortuosities through the forest, for variety's sake, the paths all terminate in the same route. The obstacle of a tree, a stump, a decaying log, or a sand-bank, often splits the path as if it were a flowing stream; and then the traveller takes upon him to exercise the reserved right of radiating to any point of the compass he may think proper, provided always that he succeeds in clearing the obstruction.

Passing many log-cabins, such as I have described, with their extensive maize-fields, the rude dwelling of a sturdy old emigrant from the far East sheltered me during the heat of noon; and having luxuriated upon an excellent dinner, prepared and served up in right New-England fashion, I again betook myself to my solitary route. But I little anticipated to have met, in the distant prairies of Illinois, the habitation of one who passed his life in my own native state, almost in my own native village. Yet I know not why the occurrence should be a cause of surprise. Such emigrations are of constant occurrence. The farmer had been a resident eight years in the West; his farm was under that high cultivation characteristick of the Northern emigrant, and peace and plenty seemed smiling around. Yet was the emigrant satisfied? So far from it, he acknowledged himself a disappointed man, and sighed for his native northern home, with its bleak winds and barren hill-sides.

The region through which, for most of the day, I journeyed, was that, of very extensive application in the West, styled "Barrens," by no means implying unproductiveness of soil, but a species of surface of heterogeneous character, uniting prairie with *timber* or forest, and usually a description of land as fertile, healthy, and well-watered as may be found. The misnomer is said to have derived its origin from the early settlers of that section of Kentucky south of Green river, which, presenting only a scanty, dwarfish growth of timber, was deemed of necessity *barren*, in the true acceptation of the term. This soil there and elsewhere is now considered better adapted to every variety of produce and the vicissitudes of climate than even the deep mould of the prairies and river-bottoms. The rapidity with which a young forest springs forward, when the annual fires have once been stopped in this species of land, is said to be astonishing; and the first appearance of timber upon the prairies gives it the character, to some extent, of barrens. Beneath the trees is spread out a mossy turf, free from thickets, but variegated by the gaudy petals of the heliotrope, and the bright crimson buds of the dwarf-sumach in the hollows. Indeed, some of the most lovely scenery of the West is beheld in the landscapes of these barrens or "oak openings," as they are more appropriately styled. For miles the traveller wanders on, through a magnificence of park scenery on every side, with all the diversity of the slope, and swell, and meadow of human taste and skill. Interminable avenues stretch away farther than the eye can reach, while at intervals through the foliage flashes out the unruffled surface of a pellucid lake. There are many of these circular lakes or "sinkholes," as they are termed in Western dialect, which, as they possess no inlet, seem supplied by subterraneous springs or from the clouds. The outline is that of an inverted cone, as if formed by the action of whirling waters; and, as sinkholes exist in great numbers in the vicinity of the rivers, and possess an outlet at the bottom through a substratum of porous limestone, the idea is abundantly confirmed. In the state of Missouri these peculiar springs are also observed. Some of them in Greene county burst forth from the earth and the fissures of the rocks with sufficient force to whirl a *run* of heavy buhrstones, and the power of the fountains seems unaffected by the vicissitudes of rain or drought. These same sinkholes, circular ponds, and gushing springs, are said to constitute one of the most remarkable and interesting features of the peninsula of Florida. There, as here, the substratum is porous limestone; and it is the subsidence of the layers which gives birth to the springs. The volume of water thrown up by these boiling fountains is said to be astonishingly great; many large ones, also are known to exist in the beds of lakes and rivers. From the circumstance of the existence of these numerous springs originated, doubtless, the tradition which Spanish chroniclers aver to have existed among the Indians of Porto Rico and Cuba, that somewhere among the Lucayo Islands or in the interiour of Florida there existed a fountain whose waters had the property of imparting *rejuvenescence* and perpetuating perennial youth. Only twenty years after the discoveries of Columbus, and more than three centuries

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since, did the romantick Juan Ponce de Leon, an associate of the Genoese and subsequent governour of Porto Rico, explore the Peninsula of Florida in search of this traditionary fountain; of the success of the enterprise we have no account. Among the other poetick founts of the "Land of Flowers," we are *told* of one, situated but a few miles from Fort Gaines, called "Sappho's Fount," from the idea which prevails that its waters impart the power of producing sweet sounds to the voices of those who partake of them

It was near evening, when, emerging from the shades of the *barrens*, which, like everything else, however beautiful, had, by continuous succession, begun to become somewhat monotonous, my path issued rather unexpectedly upon the margin of a wide, undulating prairie. I was struck, as is every traveller at first view of these vast plains, with the grandeur, and novelty, and loveliness of the scene before me. For some moments I remained stationary, looking out upon the boundless landscape before me. The tall grass-tops waving in billowy beauty in the breeze; the narrow pathway winding off like a serpent over the rolling surface, disappearing and reappearing till lost in the luxuriant herbage; the shadowy, cloud-like aspect of the far-off trees, looming up, here and there, in isolated masses along the horizon, like the pyramidal canvass of ships at sea; the deep-green groves besprinkled among the vegetation, like islets in the waters; the crimson-died prairie-flower flashing in the sun—these features of inanimate nature seemed strangely beautiful to one born and bred amid the bold mountain scenery of the North, and who now gazed upon them "for the first."

"The prairies! I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness."

As I rode leisurely along upon the prairie's edge, I passed many noble farms, with their log-cabins couched in a corner beneath the forest; and, verily, would a farmer of Yankee-land "stare and gasp" to behold the prairie cornfield of the Western emigrant; and yet more would be amazed to witness the rank, rustling luxuriance of the vegetable itself. Descending a swell of the prairie near one of these farms, a buck with his doe leaped out from a thicket beside my path, and away, away bounded the "happy pair" over the grass-tops, free as the wind. They are often shot upon the prairies, I was informed by an old hunter, at whose cabin, in the middle of the plain, I drew up at twilight, and with whom I passed the night. He was a pioneer from *the dark and bloody ground*, and many a time had followed the wild buck through those aged forests, where Boone, and Whitley, and Kenton once roved. Only fifty years ago, and for the first time were the beautiful fields of Kentucky turned up by the ploughshare of the Virginia emigrant; yet their very descendants of the first generation we behold plunging deeper in the wilderness West. How would the worthy old Governour Spotswood stand astounded, could he now rear his venerable bones from their long resting-place, and look forth upon this lovely land, far away beyond the Blue Ridge of the Allegany hills, the very passage of which he had deemed not unworthy "the horseshoe of gold" and "the order tramontane." "*Sic juvat transcendere montes.*" Twenty years before Daniel Boone, "backwoodsman of Kentucky," was born, Alexander Spotswood, governour of Virginia, undertook, with great preparation, a passage of the Alleganý ridge. For this expedition were provided a large number of horseshoes, an article not common in some sections of the "Old Dominion;" and from this circumstance, upon their return, though without a glimpse of the Western Valley, was instituted the "*Tramontane Order, or Knights of the Golden Horseshoe*," with the motto above. The badge of distinction for having made a passage of the Blue Ridge was a golden horseshoe worn upon the breast. Could the young man of that day have protracted the limits of life but a few years beyond his threescore and ten, what astonishment would not have filled him to behold *now*, as "the broad, the bright, the glorious West," the region *then* regarded as the unknown and howling *wilderness beyond the mountains!* Yet even thus it is.

A long ride over a dusky road, beneath a sultry sun, made me not unwilling to retire to an early rest. But in a few hours my slumbers were broken in upon by a glare of lightning and the crash of thunder. For nearly five weeks had the prairies been refreshed by not a solitary shower; and the withered crops and the parched soil, baked to the consistency of stone or ground up to powder, betrayed alarming evidence of the consequence. Day had succeeded day. The scorching sun had gone up in the firmament, blazed from his meridian throne, and in lurid sultriness descended to his rest. The subtle fluid had been gathering and concentrating in the skies; and, early on the night of which I speak, an inky cloud had been perceived rolling slowly up from the western horizon, until the whole heavens were enveloped in blackness. Then the tempest burst forth. Peal upon peal the hoarse thunder came booming over the prairies; and the red lightning would glare, and stream, and almost hiss along the midnight sky, like Ossian's storm-spirit riding on the blast. At length there was a hush of elements, and all was still—"still as the spirit's silence;" then came one prolonged, deafening, terrible crash and rattle, as if the concave of the firmament had been rent asunder, and the splintered fragments, hurled abroad, were flying through the boundlessness of space; the next moment, and the torrents came weltering through the darkness. I have witnessed thunder-storms on the deep, and many among the cliffs of my native hills; but a midnight thunder-gust upon the broad prairie-plains of the West is more terrible than they. A more sublimely magnificent spectacle have I never beheld than that, when one of these broad-sheeted masses of purple light would blaze along the black bosom of the cloud, quiver for an instant over the prairie miles in extent, flinging around the scene a garment of flame, and then go out in darkness.

"Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman!"

"Most glorious night
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,
A portion of the tempest and of thee!"

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ST ANTHONY'S NOSE.

ANTHONY'S NOSE is a bold promontory of a mountain of the Highlands, near Fishkill, New York, on the eastern shore of the Hudson. Its name is derived from a ludicrous resemblance to a huge human face, as seen from the river. The rock which has this appearance, exhibits a tolerable profile of a face of thirty-two feet, aided by a little fancy and a relish for the marvellous. A tree which grows upon the nose, just reaches the height of the eyes, and kindly spreads its branches for the eyebrows of the saint. This is on the south side of Breakneck-hill, at the northern entrance of the Highlands, fifty-seven miles north of New York. There is another, though less remarkable promontory, of the same name, opposite the site of Fort Montgomery, below West-Point, in Cortlandt, Westchester county.

The Highlands of the Hudson were called Matteawan, by the aborigines, the country of Good Fur, their name also for the Creek, that we now call the Vis-Kill, or Fishkill, a Dutch name, old enough to be legitimate, but not half so old, or appropriate, for a range of mountains, as Matteawan. They extend in a northeastern and southwestern direction across the Hudson, in the counties of Rockland and Orange, and Westchester, Putnam and Dutchess, fifty-three miles above New York, occupying a space of about sixteen to eighteen and twenty miles in width. They seem to be connected with the Alleganies, to the southwest, for the range is of the same geological character, and the ridges more or less continuous, but their connexion with the Kaatsbergs, of Greene county, is rather equivocal, unless through the medium of the Shawangunk mountain, a puzzling question for geologists. They are composed, principally, of granite and gneiss, imbedding loose nodules and fixed veins of magnetick iron ores, the latter of superiour richness, comprising the native carburet of iron, plumbago, (but none yet found of good quality,) with other minerals of the same class. It is a primitive chain, unequivocally, and in the early ages must have opposed a barrier to the passage of the waters, and caused a vast lake, covering the present valley of the Hudson, extending northward to if not over Lake Champlain, eastward to the Taghkanick mountain, and the Highlands along the western border of Massachusetts, westward to the Kayaderosseras mountain, and the Klipse. Such must have been, in former days, the "Ancient Lake of the Upper Valley of the Hudson," indicated by the levels and surveys of the present day, and by an examination of the geological structure and alluvial formations of this valley. Spafford.

FIFTY YEARS OF OHIO.

From the July No. of the North American Review.

"A LITTLE after eleven o'clock, on the night following our elections in this place," says a letter from Cincinnati, written in October, 1837, "I was called to the door by a very vigorous rapping. It was some one in great haste to know the result of the day's work, and who had mistaken our house for the one in which the votes were to be counted. After directing him aright, I threw the door open a little wider, that I might see what young patriot this was, that so keenly desired to know the state of parties. The light of the hall-lamp fell on his face. It was Hezekiah Flint, one of the first band of white men that ever came to reside in the wilds of Ohio."

Such facts are startling. In the stranger to Ohio history, it requires an effort of imagination, to conceive of one of the founders of that great and populous state, as still an active and strong man, out at midnight to learn the result of an election. But a few facts and a little thought do away the wonder; for it was but fifty years, last April, since the first band of white residents entered what now forms the state of Ohio; and every one of the many men of seventy, yet vigorous and stirring, was entering into busy life, when the plain upon which Cincinnati is built was sold for less than fifty silver dollars!

Nor is this growth surprising, except that it is without precedent. The causes fully explain the result. Land so cheap, and labour so high, that a day's work would buy an acre; titles direct from government; a climate temperate and healthful; and, above all, a national compact, forbidding slavery, securing civil and religious freedom, and all those privileges that others had struggled for through ages of blood and turmoil;—these were mighty inducements to the worn soldiers and empoverished yeomen of Massachusetts and New Jersey. Never, since the golden age of the poets, did that song, of which Mr. Butler makes mention in his History of Kentucky, "the siren song of peace and of farming," reach so many ears, and gladden so many hearts, as after Wayne's treaty at Greenville in 1795. "The Ohio" seemed to be, literally a land flowing with milk and honey. The farmer wrote home, of a soil "richer to appearance than can possibly be made by art;" of "plains and meadows, without the labour of hands, sufficient to support millions of cattle summer and winter;" of wheat lands, that "will, I think, vie with the island of Sicily;" and of bogs, from which might be gathered cranberries enough to make tarts for all New England; while the lawyer said, that, as he rode the circuit, his horse's legs were died to the knee with the juice of the wild-strawberry.

At that time the dreadful fevers of 1807 and 1822 were not dreamed of; the administration of Washington had healed the divisions among the States; the victory of Wayne had brought to terms the dreaded savages; and, as the dweller upon the barren shore of the Atlantick remembered these things, and the wonderful fact, in addition, that the inland garden to which he was invited was crossed in every direction by streams, even then counted on as affording means for free commercial intercourse, and that it possessed, beside, nearly seven hundred miles of

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river and lake coast, the inducements for emigration became too strong to be resisted; the wagon was tinkered up at once, the harness patched anew, and a few weeks found the fortune-seeker looking down from the Chestnut Ridge, or Laurel Hill, upon the far-reaching forests of the West.

But, should the inquirer turn from the bare fact of Ohio's growth, and a view of the great causes which have produced, and ask a detail of the operation of those causes, we are forced to tell him, that even the *annals* of that state are still to be compiled. A philosophical history cannot yet be looked for. The great movement which has begun at the West, the men of this day cannot see the scope or end of. They can but note down what passes before them from hour to hour, as the astronomers of old noted the motions of the sun and stars; in the hope that, by-and-by, a political Copernicus and Newton may come, who will reduce their seeming discords to harmony, and, amid apparent chaos, show order and beauty.

Even the labour of collecting historical materials has but now begun. The first effort of importance was made by the Historical society of the state last December, and that will avail nothing unless followed up by strong and persevering action. Of individual effort nothing is worth notice except Mr. Chase's three volumes, containing the body of statute law, beginning in 1788, and extending to 1833, prefaced by a sketch of the state history. This work may rank first among the materials for the future historian, as the legislation of a democratick community is the best permanent exponent of its character; and, but for the compiler of those volumes, portions of even the legislation of this young land would, probably, soon have been lost. "It was absolutely impossible," says Mr. Chase, "to procure a complete set of the territorial laws. Of the laws of 1792 but a single copy is known to have existed in the state. The state library contained none, and none remained among the rolls in the office of the Secretary;" and those that have written mere local and partial sketches have done it too often carelessly, and have produced a strange confusion respecting many recent facts, some of which we shall have occasion to mention further, by-and-by. Mr. Butler, whose general care and accuracy we have had occasion to praise heretofore, has made some blunders, through sheer heedlessness in copying—as where he quotes Sparks's account of Gist's journey down the Ohio in 1751, and substitutes *Scioto* for *Miami*, and *November* for *February*; and even Mr. Chase, by following Blunt's "Historical Sketch," (which, by the way, he refers to erroneously, as an Appendix to the *American Annual Register* of 1825–6, it having been bound up with that volume, though published two years before, and to be had without it,) instead of consulting the Journals of Congress, has been betrayed into one or two very erroneous statements; while Messrs. Flint and Hall, the two writers whose beauty of description and ease of style will attract most readers, are peculiarly open to the charge of carelessness.

One instance of this occurs with regard to La Salle's second voyage to the Mississippi, in 1683, in which year that most persevering man went from Canada, down the Illinois and Mississippi rivers to the gulf of Mexico. Mr. Flint, speaking of this voyage, tells us, that La Salle, on his way down founded the towns of Kaskaskia and Cahokia, left them in charge of Tonti, and then returned to Canada; while Mr. Hall quotes a Monsieur Jontel, to show that he landed at the mouth of the Mississippi in 1683, and ascended that river. From what source Mr. Flint drew his information we know not; but the writer referred to by Mr. Hall, (and whose name was *Joutel*, not *Jontel*,) was the chronicler of La Salle's last voyage, which brought him to the mainland of America in February, 1685. Had these writers consulted even Holmes's *Annals*, (which were published before the works in which these errours occur,) they could not have made the mistakes in question; but (and it is a curious fact) neither Flint, Hall, Holmes, nor Butler, refers, when speaking of La Salle, to the detailed account of that leader's adventures drawn up by the Chevalier Tonti, his lieutenant, and by him presented to the king of France; which account was translated and published in London, in 1698, and the translation reprinted entire in the Collections of the New York Historical Society for 1814; and the main facts again republished, with other valuable matters relating to the West, in a note from J. Q. Adams to the Spanish minister, in the twelfth volume of "American State Papers," in 1819.

A still more glaring case of carelessness, and one that may well excite a smile, occurs in the first volume of Mr. Hall's *Sketches*, (page 188,) where he enters into a learned discussion with regard to the probable reasons which governed those who planned the defences of old Fort Pitt; and concludes, that they must have been either led away by their military habits, in opposition to the dictates of prudence, or wished to awe the Indians by the show of unreal power; all which argument is based upon the idea, that "in those days there was little or no artillery west of the mountains." But Washington's Journal, in 1753, speaks of eight pieces of cannon at the fort on French Creek, which he visited; and Holmes could have informed Mr. Hall, that the fort, which the English had begun at the Fork of the Ohio, was taken by the French, on the seventeenth of April, 1754, with eighteen pieces; and that Braddock's advance, of twelve hundred men, carried to their field of defeat ten pieces; while honest Frederick Post could have told him, that, on the third of December, 1758, after Forbes had taken Du Quesne, his party was greeted by its garrison "with twelve great guns."

We mention these errours, not from the mere love of fault-finding—the pleasures of which, however, neither critick nor gossip can dispute—but because we think entire accuracy desirable, even in small matters, while it can yet be arrived at without long study. On this ground we shall notice whatever mistakes come in our way, and, where we err ourselves, trust that we may find a corrector in our turn.

From what we have said, it must be evident, that, although the completion of the first half-century, since the settlement of Ohio, makes a notice of its progress natural and proper at this time, anything like a complete view of that progress must be out of the question. Had we the materials, they could not properly be presented in a general sketch; and a critical examination could embrace, at any one time, in a work of this kind, but a small portion of the

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century and a half, elapsed since the first European visited the Ohio valley. We shall, therefore, speak principally of the results, giving such details only, as are least accessible and most interesting.

There were a few events, connected with Ohio, previous to the Revolution, which had a bearing upon her present condition. One was, the rejection by France, in 1755, of the offer, made by England, to give up all her claim to the territory west of a line drawn from the mouth of French Creek, twenty leagues up that stream toward lake Erie, and from the same point direct to the last mountains of Virginia which descend toward the ocean. The Indians between this line and the Mississippi were to be considered independent; but France was to retain Canada, and her settlements on the Illinois and Wabash. Had this offer been accepted, there is little doubt, from the ability always shown by the French in the management of the Indians, that their colonies would have been planted upon the Scioto, the Miami, and the Maumee; so that, even though the country had finally come under the control of the British colonists, it would have borne the marks of French manners, prejudices, and habits. Another event worthy of notice (we omit the war of 1756, as too well known to need comment) was, the proclamation of the king in 1763, after the treaty of Paris, forbidding his governours in America to grant any warrants of survey or patents "for any lands beyond the heads or sources of any of the rivers that fall into the Atlantick ocean from the west or northwest;" or upon any lands not ceded by the Indians. The effect of this proclamation was to prevent all attempts to settle any part of what now forms the state of Ohio; which, had it been done by Virginia, (within whose charter the Northwest Territory was thought to lie,) would have been accompanied, probably, by the introduction of slavery; and at any rate by a tinge of monarchical feelings and ways of thought, that, in the twelve years which elapsed before the Revolution, might have obtained some foothold in that territory.

In this manner, the soil of Ohio remained wholly untouched by Europeans until the Revolution. And, during that struggle, it was preserved from settlement by the contest which arose among the States with reference to the ownership of the vacant lands; slavery being thus again prevented from entering its bounds, and the less worthy and moral kept back, until the settlers of Marietta and Cincinnati had given somewhat of a character to the population. Nor was this all; for, when Jefferson's proposal to exclude slavery from the Northwest Territory after 1800 was defeated, it was so by the favourers of slavery, all the free states voting for it; and yet it was to that defeat, that its *total* exclusion was owing, three years later.

Thus was the state, of which we write, reserved, apparently, until all was ripe, to try within her limits the experiment of democratick institutions, originating under the most favourable circumstances. The first men that trod her soil as citizens, were soldiers of the Revolution; the companions and friends of Washington; and they went to a land which could, when they entered it, bear up, as it has been said, no other than freemen.

The first step that was taken towards settling the Northwest Territory, was by the presentation of a memorial to Congress, from the officers and soldiers of the revolutionary army, entitled to land-bounties under the resolves of September sixteenth, 1776, and August twelfth, 1780. This memorial was forwarded to General Washington by Rufus Putnam, upon the sixteenth of June, 1785; and by him was transmitted to the President of Congress, together with Gen. Putnam's letter, which gave at length his views respecting the settlement of the western country, and the location of military posts there. But at that time the final grants of Virginia, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, had not been made; and the Federal legislature, upon the twenty-ninth of October, 1783, having under consideration a memorial from General Armand, resolved, that, much as they desired to fulfil their engagements to the officers of the army, they could not, at that time, assign them any particular district.

We cannot enter into an examination of the protests, remonstrances, and petitions, which resulted in the cession, by all the states, of their vacant lands to the Union: but must content ourselves with the bare statement, that New York conveyed her claims to Congress on the first of March, 1781; that Virginia released hers upon the first of that month, three years later; while Massachusetts delayed till the nineteenth of April, 1785, and Connecticut till the fourteenth of September, 1786.

Meanwhile, upon the twenty-second of October, 1784, the Five Nations had relinquished to the United States all their claims to the grounds west of Pennsylvania; and, upon the twenty-first of the following January, the Wyandots and Delawares, by the treaty of Fort M'Intosh (which post stood near the ground now occupied by Beaver, Pennsylvania) gave to the whites the whole south of what is now Ohio. The Indian title being thus done away, and all the state claims but that of Connecticut given up, Congress, upon the twentieth of May, 1785, passed their ordinance for the disposal of lands in the West. Under this ordinance, Thomas Hutchins, geographer of the United States, assisted by a surveyor from each state, proceeded to examine and divide the newly-acquired territory.

Among those, who at that time visited the region in question, was Colonel Benjamin Tupper. During the summer and fall of 1785, this gentleman, acting as temporary surveyor for Massachusetts, made himself acquainted with the country about the Muskingum; and, being fairly carried away by its beauty and seeming fertility, was strongly instrumental, it is believed, in causing its selection as the resting-place for the colony that went out nearly two years afterward, under the patronage of the Ohio Company. Indeed, there is reason to think that Tupper's visit to the West was the immediate cause of the formation of that company; which resulted from a meeting of those entitled to land-bounties, called through the newspapers by General Putnam and Colonel Tupper, in January, 1786. The meeting took place upon the first of March; the "Ohio Company of Associates" was organized, and the resolution taken, to collect a million dollars' worth of certificates, and to employ some one at the West, who should select a spot, for which they might definitely contract with Congress. Congress, on their part, showed a

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disposition to do all in their power to forward the settlement of the northwestern lands; and with that view, upon the twenty-first of April, 1787, passed a resolution, authorizing the sale of those surveyed townships, which might remain after the portion assigned the army had been drawn for, for publick securities; the sale to commence upon the twenty-first of the following September, and the price not to be less than one dollar per acre.

Before this publick disposition of the lands commenced, however, it was the purpose of the Associates to make a separate contract for that part of the territory, which their agent in the West might select as most suitable. This agent was General Samuel Holden Parsons, who, as Indian commissioner, had, in the year 1786, visited the Ohio country as far down, at least, as the mouth of the Great Miami, where a treaty was concluded, on the thirty-first of January, with "the Shawanoe nation." This gentleman, in the spring of 1787, selected, after due examination, the same spot which had pleased Colonel Tupper—the valley of the Muskingum. At the mouth of this river he proposed to have the chief city, while the purchase was to stretch along the Ohio to the mouth of the Scioto, so as to include the half of the rich valley that borders that stream. Many things acted as inducements to this selection; the beautiful scenery and rich soil upon the banks of the clear "Elk-eye;" the protection that would be afforded to the settlers by Fort Harmar, built in 1786, and then the frontier post; the near neighbourhood of Western Virginia, from which men and food might be had in time of need; the knowledge, that within the selected territory were coal, salt, and iron, and (as strong an inducement as any) the expectation, then entertained, that through the Cuyahoga and Muskingum would be the communication between the Ohio and Lake Erie, while the bulk of the Atlantick trade, it was thought, would pass the mountains from James river and the Potomack, and flow down the Kenhawa.

One other thing is said to have influenced General Parsons; this was the advice of some persons, that were supposed to be good judges, that he should *not* select the spot he did. The story is this, and, as our informant had it from General Rufus Putnam, we suppose it to be correct. After General Parsons had examined the country immediately about the junction of the Muskingum with the Ohio, he proceeded up the valley of the former, that he might have a view of the interiour. Having gone many miles, he met with one of the Zanes, four of which family were among the most noted of the frontier rangers. Zane was probably engaged in salt-making at Salt Creek, which runs into the Muskingum, about ten miles below the present town of Zanesville. Parsons, well knowing that the man he had chanced upon knew, from an acquaintance of fifteen years or more, the whole of what now forms the state of Ohio, asked his advice touching the location of the purchase which the Ohio Company proposed to make. Zane, having pondered the matter, and consulted with some of the old Delaware Indians that lived thereabout, recommended the general to choose either the Miami country, or the valley of the Scioto, in preference to that which he was then examining. What it was that made Parsons doubt the good faith of the pioneer, we know not; but he came to the conclusion that Zane really preferred the Muskingum to any other point, and wished to purchase it himself when the sales should begin during the following September. This impression did away what little doubt still remained in his mind; and, returning to the east, he laid his proposal to contract with Congress for all the land along the Ohio, between the seventh range of townships and the Scioto, and running back as might be afterward agreed upon, before the directors of the Company of Associates.

His choice being approved by them, he addressed a memorial to the legislature of the confederation, asking them to empower the Board of Treasury to make the proposed contract. This memorial was reported upon on the fourteenth of July, the day after the passage of the well-known Ordinance of 1787; and the report was passed, and the Board authorized to make the contract, on the twenty-third of that month. Information of this act of Congress having reached New York, Rufus Putnam and Manasseh Cutler, for themselves and their associates, wrote upon the twenty-sixth to the Board of Treasury, offering to accept the proposition of the report with some few variations, but providing that the company should receive no more land than they paid for. Three months passed before the contract was finally concluded, the indenture bearing date October twenty-seven; and, when the patents issued, in 1792, the million and a half of acres named in this contract, were diminished to something over eleven hundred thousand; the rise in continental certificates having prevented the Company from securing the sum they had expected. In consequence of this non-performance, by the Associates, of their original plan, they lost the rich lands upon the Scioto, their western range of townships being the fifteenth.

All being now ready for actual emigration, a plan of the city, which was to be built at the mouth of the Muskingum, was prepared in Boston; and, by a vote of the company in November, one hundred settlers were to be sent forward at once; being furnished with provisions while on the way to the new country, and taken into pay at four dollars per month, from their arrival at Pittsburgh till the following May. Each man was to provide himself with "a good musket, bayonet, and cartridge-box;" and if he had besides an axe and hoe, and the mechanick his needful tools, he was to be transported free of cost. Accordingly, in December, one party assembled at Danvers, Massachusetts, and upon the first of January, a second detachment left Hartford. Their route was the old road, nearly that followed by Braddock; and it was April before the united parties left the Youghiogany, and began to float down toward their destined home; so that any who might have counted upon the wages which they were to receive after passing Pittsburgh, and which were to be paid in land, must have found their farms but small, compared to their expectations.

Upon the seventh of April, 1788, this little band of forty-seven persons landed, and encamped upon the spot where Marietta now stands; and from that day Ohio dates her existence. The river, at whose mouth this first colony of the new settlers placed itself, was noted, even then, as the scene of many interesting historical events.

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THE MAIDEN'S ROCK, LAKE PEPIN, ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

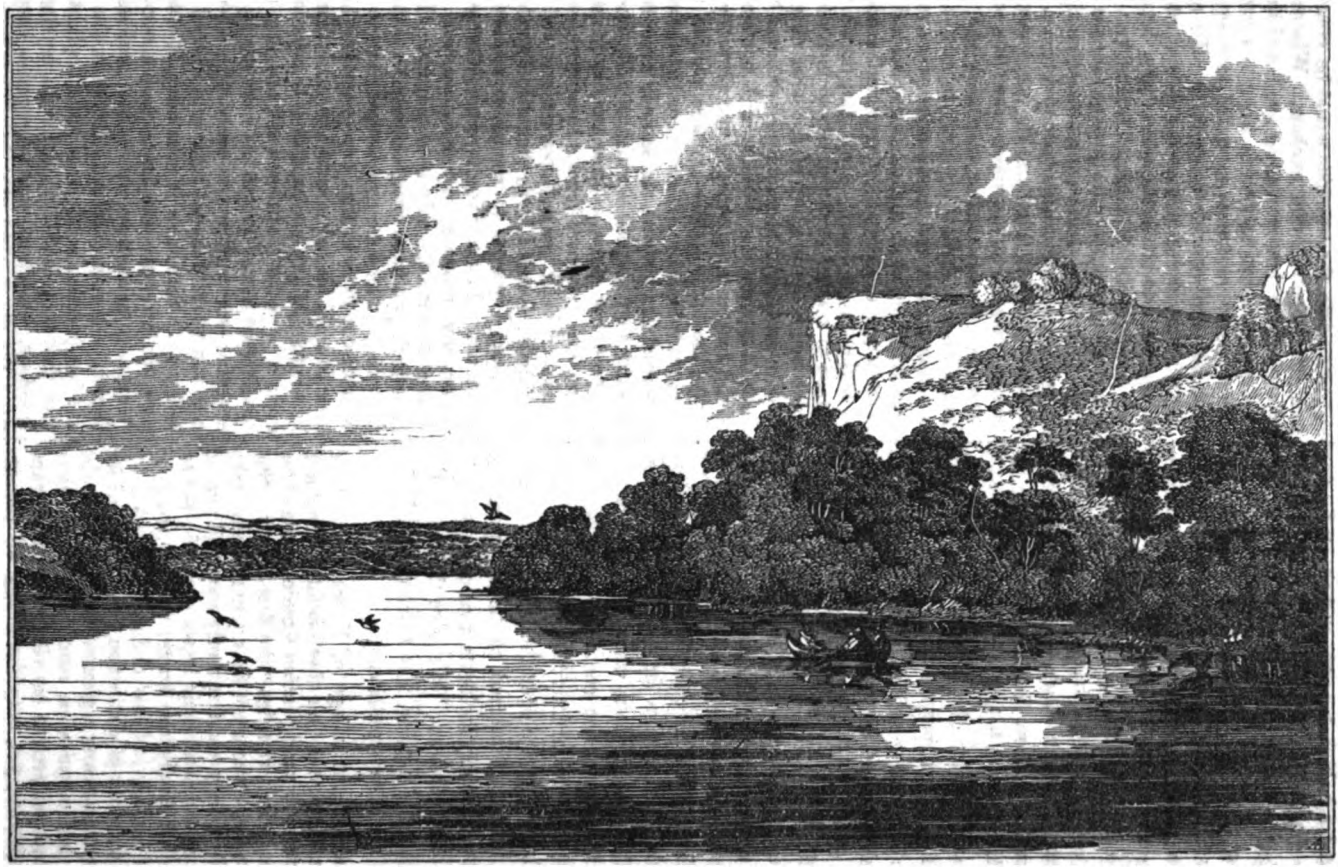
WINONA.

Lake Pepin* is an enlargement of the Mississippi River, of about twenty-one miles in length and generally two and a half in breadth, and situated a few miles below the Falls of St. Anthony. It is encircled by majestick bluffs, with the agreeable exception of an occasional opening of fine meadow-land. The surface of the lake presents a smooth and sluggish expanse of water, unchecked by a single island, extending itself, generally unruffled, nearly as far as the eye can reach. In a high wind, however, it is reputed of very dangerous navigation, and on such occasions the voyageurs warn you *le lac est petit, mais il est malin.* About halfway up the lake, its eastern bank rises to a height of near four hundred and fifty feet, of which the first one hundred and fifty are formed by a perpendicular bluff, and the lower three hundred constitute a very abrupt and precipitous slope, which extends from the base of the bluff to the edge of the water. The wildness of the scenery, and its contrast with the shores of the river below, render it one of the most interesting spots on this vast flood of water. There is here also, what we seldom meet with on the lengthened Mississippi, a high projecting point, a precipitous crag resting upon a steep bank whose savage features singularly contrast with the peaceful lake whose waters lave its base. But the associations connected with this spot, invest it with a superiour interest, while at the same time, they throw a gloom over the bright features of the scene. It is remembered, as the theatre of one of the most melancholy incidents, that often occur in the history of the Indians. We give the tale in the simple language of a guide, who accompanied Major Long in his northern expedition.

"There was, in the village of Keoxa, in the tribe of Wapasha, during the time that his father lived and ruled over them, a young Indian female whose name was Winona, which signifies "the first-born." She had conceived an attachment for a young hunter who reciprocated it; they had frequently met, and agreed to a union in which all their hopes centred; but on applying to her family, the hunter was surprised to find himself denied, and his claims superseded by those of a warriour of distinction, who had sued for her. The warriour was a general favourite with the nation; he had acquired a name, by the services which he had rendered to his village when attacked by the Chippewas; yet, notwithstanding all the ardour with which he pressed his suit, and the countenance which he received from her parents and brothers, Winona persisted in preferring the hunter. To the usual commendations of her friends in favour of the warriour she replied, that she had made choice of a man who, being a professed hunter, would spend his life with her, and secure to her, comfort and subsistence, while the warriour would be constantly absent, intent upon martial exploits. Winona's expostulations were, however, of no avail, and her parents having succeeded in driving away her lover, began to use harsh measures in order to compel her to unite with the man of their choice. To all her entreaties, that she should not be forced into a union so repugnant to her feelings, but rather be allowed to live a single life, they turned a deaf ear. Winona had at all times enjoyed a greater share in the affections of her family, and she had been indulged more, than is usual with females among Indians. Being a favourite with her brothers, they expressed a wish that her consent to this union should be obtained by persuasive means, rather than that she should be compelled to it against her inclination. With a view to remove some of her objections, they took means to provide for her future maintenance, and presented to the warriour all that in their simple mode of living an Indian might covet. About that time a party was formed to ascend from the village to Lake Pepin, in order to lay in a store of the blue clay which is found upon its banks, and which is used by the Indians as a pigment. Winona and her friends were of the company. It was on the very day that they visited the lake that her brothers offered their presents to the warriour. Encouraged by these, he again addressed her, but with the same ill success. Vexed at what they deemed an unjustifiable obstinacy on her part, her parents remonstrated in strong language, and even used threats to compel her into obedience. "Well," said Winona, "you will drive me to despair; I said I loved him not, I could not live with him; I wished to remain a maiden; but you would not. You say you love me; that you are my father, my brothers, my relations, yet you have driven from me the only man with whom I wished to be united; you have compelled him to withdraw from the village; alone, he now ranges through the forest, with no one to assist him, none to spread his blanket, none to build his lodge, none to wait on him; yet was he the man of my choice. Is this your love? But even it appears that this is not enough; you would have me do more; you would have me rejoice in his absence; you wish me to unite with another man, with one whom I do not love, with whom I never can be happy. Since this is your love, let it be so; but soon you will have neither daughter, nor sister, nor relation, to torment with your false professions of affection." As she uttered these words, she withdrew, and her parents, heedless of her complaints, decreed that that very day Winona should be united to the warriour. While all were engaged in busy preparations for the festival, she wound her way slowly to the top of the hill; when she had reached the summit, she called out with a loud voice to her friends below; she upbraided them for their cruelty to herself and her lover. "You," said she, "were not satisfied with opposing my union with the man whom I had chosen, you endeavoured by deceitful words to make me faithless to him, but when you found me

* Father Hennipin was the first European who ever saw this lake. He reached it in 1680, and called it the "Lake of Tears, because," says he, "the savages who took us, consulted in this place what they should do with their prisoners; and those who were for murthering us, cried all the night upon us, to oblige, by their tears, their companions to consent to our death. Its waters are almost standing, the stream being hardly perceptible in the middle."

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MAIDEN'S ROCK, ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

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resolved upon remaining single, you dared to threaten me; you knew me not if you thought that I could be terrified into obedience; you shall soon see how well I can defeat your designs." She then commenced to sing her dirge; the light wind which blew at the time, wafted the words towards the spot where her friends were; they immediately rushed, some towards the summit of the hill to stop her, others to the foot of the precipice to receive her in their arms, while all, with tears in their eyes, entreated her to desist from her fatal purpose; her father promised that no compulsive measures should be resorted to. But she was resolved, and as she concluded the words of her song, she threw herself from the precipice, and fell, a lifeless corpse, near her distressed friends. Thus, has this spot acquired a melancholy celebrity; it is still called the Maiden's Rock, and no Indian passes near it, without involuntarily casting his eye towards the giddy height, to contemplate the place, whence this unfortunate girl fell a victim to the cruelty of her relentless parents"

This tragedy was enacted many years ago. But we are told that "there were in the circumstances of this case, several conditions which tended to impart to it a peculiar interest; the maid was one who had been a favourite in her tribe; the warriour whom her parents had selected was one of note; her untimely end was a publick one; many were the witnesses to it; it was impressive in the highest degree; the romantick situation of the spot, which may be thought to have had some influence over the mind of a young and enthusiastick female, must have had a corresponding effect upon those who witnessed it." It did produce an indelible impression upon its witnesses; and the Indian now who has even received the tale from others, relates it with deep and unaffected feeling. It is one of those cases which show how completely the savage is swayed by passion, and presents at the same time a test of its sincerity and constancy.

The Hedgehog. It is said that the hedgehog is proof against poisons. M. Pallas states that it will eat a hundred cantharides without receiving any injury. More recently, a German physician, who wished to dissect one, gave it prussick acid, but it took no effect; he then tried arsenick, opium, and corrosive sublimate with the same results.

Extravagance. — Avoid extravagance in every thing, especially in dress and incidental expenses. It is one of the most dangerous habits one is liable to acquire; once firmly fixed, it is an inexorable tyrant, that will drive its victim to the commission of almost any act to satisfy his demand. It is the sworn foe of peace, happiness, wealth, and integrity.

A hint to wives.—"If I'm not at home from the party to-night, at ten o'clock," said a husband to his better and bigger half, "don't wait for me." "That I won't," said the lady significantly, "I won't wait, but I'll come for you." He returned at ten precisely.

AN INDIAN STORY.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

"I know where the timid fawn abides
In the depths of the shaded dell,
Where the leaves are broad and the thicket hides,
With its many stems and its tangled sides,
From the eye of the hunter well.

"I know where the young May violet grows,
In its lone and lowly nook,
On the mossy bank, where the larch tree throws
Its broad dark boughs, in solemn repose,
Far over the silent brook.

"And that timid fawn starts not with fear
When I steal to her secret bower,
And that young May violet to me is dear,
And I visit the silent streamlet near,
To look on the lovely flower."

Thus Maquon sings as he lightly walks
To the hunting ground on the hills;
'Tis a song of his maid of the woods and rocks,
With her bright black eyes and long black locks,
And voice like the musick of rills.

He goes to the chase—but evil eyes
Are at watch in the thicker shades;
For she was lovely that smiled on his sighs,
And he bore, from a hundred lovers, his prize,
The flower of the forest maids.

The boughs in the morning wind are stirred
And the woods their song renew,
With the early carol of many a bird,
And the quickened tune of the streamlet heard
Where the hazels trickle with dew.

And Maquon has promised his dark-haired maid,
Ere eve shall redden the sky,
A good red deer from the forest shade,
That bounds with the herd through grove and glade,
At her cabin door shall lie.

The hollow woods, in the setting sun,
Ring shrill with the fire-bird's lay;
And Maquon's sylvan labours are done,
And his shafts are spent, but the spoil they won
He bears on his homeward way.

He stops near his bower—his eye perceives
Strange traces along the ground—
At once, to the earth his burden he heaves,
He breaks through the veil of boughs and leaves,
And gains its door with a bound.

But the vines are torn on its walls that leant,
And all from the young shrubs there
By struggling hands have the leaves been rent,
And there hangs, on the sassafras broken and bent,
One tress of the well-known hair.

But where is she who at this calm hour,
Ever watched his coming to see,
She is not at the door, nor yet in the bower,
He calls—but he only hears on the flower
The hum of the laden bee.

It is not a time for idle grief,
Nor a time for tears to flow,
The horrour that freezes his limbs is brief—
He grasps his war axe and bow, and a sheaf
Of darts made sharp for the foe.

And he looks for the print of the ruffian's feet,
Where he bore the maiden away;
And he darts on the fatal path more fleet
Than the blast that hurries the vapour and sleet
O'er the wild November day.

'Twas early summer when Maquon's bride
Was stolen away from his door;
But at length the maples in crimson are died,
And the grape is black on the cabin side,—
And she smiles at his hearth once more.

But far in a pine grove, dark and cold,
Where the yellow leaf falls not,
Nor the autumn shines in scarlet and gold,
There lies a hillock of fresh dark mould,
In the deepest gloom of the spot.

And the Indian girls, that pass that way,
Point out the ravisher's grave;
"And how soon to the bower she loved," they say,
"Return'd the maid that was borne away
From Maquon, the fond and the brave."

Happiness consists in the preservation of a firm and equal mind.—*Horace.*

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ATTACK AND DEFENCE OF THE ALAMO.

He who against two valiant foes
Contendeth till he die,
Doth mightier seem than he whose shout
Makes twenty cravens fly.——OLD BALLAD.

A DEPARTURE from historical truth may be somewhat palliated when intended to cover disgrace; but even then the policy is bad; for such deviations, if touching matters of importance, are in general eventually exposed. There is, however, no excuse for such misrepresentations when the truth would reflect sufficient honor on those interested, and leave no trait of improbability in the events narrated.

The defence of the Alamo by Travis and his band, told without a touch of extra coloring, exhibits an instance of heroism almost unequalled; and any attempt to heighten its effect by embellishment would be injurious to the memory of those martyrs; since the truth is liable to be doubted if it appears linked with fiction.

The assault of the Alamo, too, by Santa Anna, was executed with far more bravery than any feat of arms which the Mexicans have performed in Texas, or perhaps elsewhere; and to deny it would not only be a lack of candor towards them, but injustice towards the defenders, whom it required not only a superior but a determined force to crush. Hence there is little need, on either side, of the puerile exaggeration so lavishly used by both, as I will endeavor to show.

In Santa Anna's official report, made immediately after the action, he states that the garrison consisted of over 600 men: that he made the assault with 1,400 troops: and that after a desperate conflict, in which he owns the rebels fought with great determination, the fortress was carried and the Texians killed to a man; all which he accomplished with a loss of only 60 killed and 300 wounded.

As this statement was not believed in his own country, there is little need of making a formal refutation of it here; but it would be well to examine certain accounts of the same affair which are current in Texas, and have appeared in print.

A sample of these was lately published in the Texas Sentinel, under the head of "Reminiscences of the Alamo." The writer seems to have taken the most extravagant form of rumor for sufficient authority, without examining its credibility or seeking corroborative information: a method which may answer for filling up a gazette, but will not serve in gathering the materials of history. He asserts that the force which took the Alamo amounted to 10,000 men: that, after repeated assaults had been repelled with great slaughter, the final attack was made simultaneously against the four sides of the fortress by as many divisions, each of which had another in its rear to prevent its flight: that this attack lasted incessantly for three days, when the fortress was carried at the point of the bayonet with the loss of 1,600 men, just ten times the number of the defenders.

In all this the only assertion which does not show glaring exaggeration to any one acquainted with the details of the action and campaign, is the strength of the garrison, whose effective force is acknowledged by both sides to have been 150 or 160. As the other statements can be refuted by the enemy, and perhaps some day will be, if recorded by us as historical facts, it would be wise as well as just to refute them ourselves.

From the best information which I have obtained, the whole force with which Santa Anna invaded Texas amounted to about 7,500 men. Of these all but about 1,000 moved by the upper route upon Bexar; but not quite half of that portion had arrived there when the Alamo was taken. There are probably authentic proofs existing in Texas of the total of the invading force, of the number employed in that assault, and of the loss there incurred; for the archives of the chief command and of several regiments were probably taken at San Jacinto; and it is to be hoped they have been preserved. The reports therein contained might be depended on, as they were made for the commander's use, and correctness was indispensable. There are other facts known, however, from which something near the truth on those subjects may be inferred. The whole of the upper division halted a week at Saltillo; and several intelligent Americans then there, who had opportunities of observing, estimated its force to be about 6,500; which does not disagree with the reports of some of the military made both before and after the campaign. The lower division moved from Matamoras upon Goliad; and at the former place I was able to ascertain about the amount of it, which did not exceed 1,000 men. This would make the whole number to be 7,500.

To calculate from other data, the number of troops who retreated from Texas was, according to Filezoli's report, about 4,100; which may be relied on, for, had the statement been too low, it would have been contradicted by Urrea and others, who denied the necessity of the retreat. The number agrees, too, with the observations made after the arrival of the same force at Matamoras. Add to this 1,400 killed and taken at San Jacinto, and 2,000, an ample allowance for their losses at the Alamo, the Coleta and elsewhere, as also by desertion and sickness, and it will give the same estimated number of the whole, 7,500.

An estimate with a similar result may be made from the number of regiments. I have never known these corps in Mexico, taking several together, to average over 500 men; for though their nominal complement is 1,000, they are seldom full. Some of those which I saw belonging to Santa Anna's "Army of Operations," before the invasion, numbered less than 400, and such as returned without being exposed to much loss were of nearly the same force; as several others, however, had been larger at the outset, I believe 500 to have been a fair average of their strength. The corps which composed that army were the cavalry regiments of Cuautia, Dolores, and Tampico, and the infantry of Yucatan, San Luis, Matamoras, Jimenez, Los Zapadores, Toluca, Guadalaxara, Queretara, Tres Villas, Morelos, Guerrero, La Primera, and Activa, in all fifteen. Counting these at 500 each, will give the same total as the other estimates, 7,500.

I have been thus particular to show the true probable force of the invader, not only from a regard for the verity of historical statements, but in opposition to the propensity so common in Texas to overrate an enemy's strength, which has caused credence to be given to many a false alarm.

The first-named regiment of cavalry and the first-named of infantry moved from Matamoras upon Goliad, under Urrea; and the rest, composing the upper division, marched from Loredo and its vicinity upon Bexar. Between those places is a broad tract of dry

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and steril country over which they could not pass in one body; and they proceeded in four successive brigades. Santa Anna arrived at Bexar on or about the 22d of February with the first brigade, consisting of the regiments of Dolores, San Luis, Matamoras, and Jimenez, and immediately commenced the siege of the Alamo. He sent orders to the next brigade to advance by rapid marches, and, till its arrival, confined his operations to besieging. I never learned that he made any regular attempt at storming till the final assault, though he kept up the investment of the Alamo with skirmishing, petty attacks, and feints, especially in the night, with the view of harassing the garrison. In these preparatory operations he no doubt lost a number of men, but I see no reason to believe that any extensive slaughter occurred.

Gen. Cos, with the regiments of Toluca and Los Zapadores, arrived about the beginning of March; and on the 5th, orders were issued for storming the fortress on the following morning. The rest of the upper division were still on the road. The time and manner of the movement above stated are too well known to be disputed, and it will thus appear that only one regiment of cavalry and five of infantry had then arrived.

The order of the day, issued on the fifth, and published soon after the action, is explicit as to the dispositions and the corps employed, but does not state the numbers; and I can only infer them from the premises before referred to. Of the devoted tenants of the Alamo, none save a woman and a negro survived; and it cannot be expected that they would be able to give other than confused accounts of the vicissitudes of the action, or of the numbers or the loss of the enemy. What is related by different individuals of the enemy there engaged, men of various ranks, some from among those who returned to Mexico, and others who were afterwards prisoners, and are now domesticated among us, so far as their separate accounts are in accordance with each other and with probability, may, I think, be received as authentic. From these sources, mostly, I have gathered more clear and explicit details than I think have yet been published.

The Alamo, as I have heard it described, was an enclosure nearly of a quadrangular shape, and surrounded by a wall varying in height from five to ten feet; the area being traversed by inner walls, which partitioned it into three subdivisions. In one angle was a chapel; and in the different subdivisions of the area, apartments of different sizes were built against the walls. Several of these had been prepared for defence, and the largest, a saloon extending along one of the partition walls, had a parapet of hides and earth within, to cover the lower parts of the windows. The chapel and its environs, with the aid of some raised works, formed the most commanding position in the fort, and was mounted with one or more guns. About twenty pieces were planted in different parts of the fortress, but, from its extent and situation, only a few could be brought to bear at once upon a storming party if judiciously brought up. A part of the wall was dilapidated, and some of the cannon ports, which had been hastily and rudely broken out, were so large as to serve as breaches for the enemy's entrance. One side of the Alamo was covered by the river San Antonio, which divided it from the town of Bexar. The whole area was so extensive that a thousand soldiers would have been barely competent to have manned its circuit. A hundred and fifty or sixty harassed and exhausted men were, of course, far from sufficient; but, had the works been concentrated in proportion to the size of the garrison, the assault could not have succeeded, though made by the whole army. This was admitted by a general officer of the enemy.

Before day, on the 6th, all the troops in and about Bexar, except a few of the rawest recruits, were drawn out. The five regiments of infantry were formed, outside of the lines of circumvallation, into four columns of attack and a reserve, which were respectively commanded by generals Cos and Castrillon, and three colonels. These had their points of assault designated, which were on the three sides not covered by the river, and each column was provided with a certain number of ladders, axes, and other implements which might be serviceable in effecting an entrance. The cavalry were stationed in the rear of the columns, at convenient points, for cutting off any of the garrison who might attempt to escape.

Santa Anna, with his staff and escort and the regimental bands of music, posted himself at one of the batteries situated westerly from the Alamo. At half past five, it not yet being fully light, he ordered the signal of charge to be sounded with a bugle from his position, and the four columns moved at a rapid pace upon the fortress. The wearied garrison, it is supposed, had scarcely time to muster, when the enemy were within sixty paces of their walls. Their columns were raked by a discharge of cannon and rifles, which checked their advance, and one of them, contrary to orders, opened its fire; for they had been commanded to reserve it up to the wall. General Amador, then acting as Santa Anna's second, brought up the reserve, and gave a new impulse to the assault. The Texians were too widely scattered on the works to concentrate a sufficient defence at each point of attack. The right column of the enemy arrived first at the wall; and, for a short time, their attempts to cross a low part of it were repelled with severe loss; but, while most of the resistance was drawn to this quarter, the left column effected an entrance on the opposite side, which was followed by the successive escalades of the others, the right entering last. It is generally considered that once a fortress is scaled, resistance is nearly at an end; but in this instance it had scarcely begun. Such of the garrison as could, took refuge in the different defensible quarters before described; others, cut off from such refuge, fought and fell in their exposed positions. Storming parties immediately assaulted the rallying positions, but the assailants fell at every step—

> "For still, all deadly aim'd and hot,
> From every crevice comes the shot:
> From every scatter'd window pour
> The volleys of the sulphurous shower."

In spite of this destructive resistance, the smaller rooms were soon forced, and the scanty defenders, after the pistol and Bowie knife had done their utmost, sank under the bayonets of numbers. One of the rooms thus swept of its inmates was serving as a hospital, and contained the sick and wounded of the garrison, who were all massacred. The long saloon and the angle at the chapel were now the only positions that held out. The former being built against a partition wall, looked upon two subdivisions of the area. From each side incessant volleys of

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musketry were directed against its doors and windows; but at each attempt to storm it with the bayonet the assailants fell in heaps at the entrance, and recoiled from the charge. A heavy gun planted in an adjoining angle, was now turned, and poured its discharges into the building. The fire from within slackened. At the next charge the saloon was carried, and its remaining occupants perished like the rest in the fierce resistance of despair. The chapel and its environs still resisted, and a small gun mounted on the upper works, which had been wheeled against the assailants within, was still playing; but the whole force of the enemy being now turned against the position, it was speedily stormed. In a few moments its defenders were added to the mass of carnage, and Santa Anna found himself in possession of the Alamo.

It might almost be literally asserted that only when the garrison had ceased to breathe the din of battle was hushed. Some three or four of the defendants, after the fort was entered, leaped from the walls to escape, but were cut down by the cavalry. One of them, who was pursued by two dragoons, shot one of them with a pistol, and was lanced by the other. Mr. Dickinson, of Gonzales, an officer of artillery, who had his family in the fort, leaped from the wall, near the church, with his child in his arms, and was shot in the act. The child also was killed, but whether by the fall or inadvertently by the same bullet, or intentionally, does not appear.

Santa Anna, soon after the fortress was scaled, had come up, with his attendants and music, with a view of entering, as he supposed the place was taken; but, on being fired at from the chapel, he retired to his former station. He returned towards the conclusion of the action, reiterated his orders to slay, and directed some of the concluding operations.

I have heard different statements as to where and when Travis was killed; but that most to be relied on is, that he was found dead at the breech of a gun, near where the right column entered.

About half an hour after the firing had ceased, three men of the garrison were found in one of the rooms concealed under some mattresses. They were spared by the soldiers who found them; and the officer to whom the discovery was reported supplicated Santa Anna for their lives; but the miscreant immediately ordered them to be butchered. The command was fulfilled; but in doing it a struggle ensued, in which a Mexican soldier was also shot inadvertently by the executioners. This concluded the tragedy of the Alamo.

The two surviving individuals of all the inmates of the fortress, before alluded to, were Mrs. Dickinson, the wife of the officer whose death, and that of his child, have just been related; and a slave of Col. Travis. They were spared, and were soon after liberated to be the bearers of a proclamation.

The number of troops employed in the assault, if estimated from the average force of their regiments, before stated, omitting the cavalry, would be 2,500; and I am convinced it could not have greatly varied from that amount. There is much diversity and vagueness in the confessions of the Mexicans respecting their loss; and till better proof can be obtained, we can only infer its probable amount from various circumstances. Judging from the diminution which certain regiments are known to have suffered in the campaign, only a small part of which can be accounted for elsewhere than at the Alamo, and from other data which it would be tedious to detail, I think they probably had about three hundred killed, and four or five hundred wounded. This number is excessive, considering the size of their force and the time it was engaged, which was but half an hour; for by this computation one assailant must have been slain or stricken, on an average, nearly every two seconds. If, notwithstanding this rapid slaughter, they carried the fortress without giving way to more than brief and partial checks, as they must to succeed in that brief space, it is a sufficient proof that in this assault there was none of that lack of determination which they showed on other occasions. The supposition of there having been a thousand or more Mexicans killed, on the ground, is absurd, and it is not the less so from its having been admitted by some sycophantish captive; though I have never heard such admission even from that source. Most accounts agree in making the number of wounded larger than that of the killed; but if a moderate proportion be added to that extravagant estimate of the slain, it would amount to a loss which would have rendered the capture of the fortress impossible.

The conduct of the garrison, as I have observed, appears to be sufficiently heroic, when related without any violation of known truth or real probability. A handful of exhausted men had to maintain a weak fortress of scattered, untenable positions, against an active and determined assault made by fifteen times their own number, of well-drilled and well-appointed troops, and in this charge well commanded.* Under these circumstances, they must inevitably be crushed; but, if they resisted till the last was felled, and destroyed or disabled four or five times their number, it was a defeat whose renown most victors might envy; and, had they repelled a mere cowardly horde of ten thousand, it would have redounded less to their honor.

They sealed the character of our liberties with their blood; for though their stern resistance failed to repel the foe in the career of his first and fiercest onset, the memory of it chilled his energies in the succeeding combat, where the name of "*Alamo*" became the battle-cry of the most fatal field that ever invader entered.

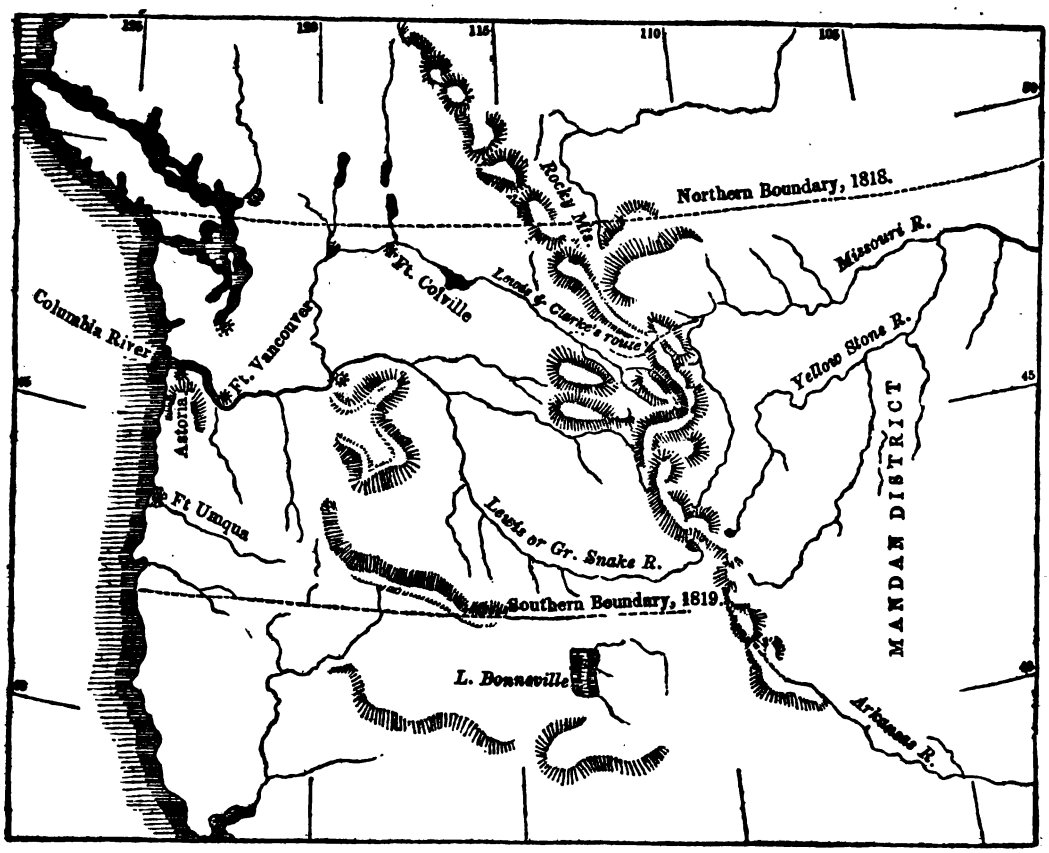
However long our poverty may leave unmarked the spot where rest the ashes of that self-devoted band, I trust that at some future day a monument will there arise, whose inscription, like that on the Mausoleum of Thermopylæ, will say to the passer-by: "Go, stranger, and declare to the Texians, that we died in defence of their sacred rights."

MARMADUKE.

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* Troops who were led in a charge by such officers as Castrillon were well commanded, as any one must admit who witnessed his gallant efforts to retrieve the fortunes of the day at San Jacinto, and the fearless manner in which he courted death on finding all was lost. The manner in which the same troops behaved on that field, so different from their previous conduct, may in some measure be attributed to the disparity which always appears in the energy of men when they attack and when they are attacked: an inequality which exists among the Mexicans in an unusual degree. But it is probable that their lack of firmness at San Jacinto is still more to be attributed to a recollection of the havoc which a few Texians had made among them at the Alamo.

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Map of the Oregon Territory.

OREGON TERRITORY.

THAT extensive portion of North America, called Oregon, lying west of our states and territories, extending to the Pacific ocean and included within the latitude of forty and forty-nine degrees, and particularly that portion lying west of the Rocky Mountains, is daily assuming additional importance to a large portion of the commercial world. That section of Oregon watered by the Columbia river and its tributaries, is a subject for dispute between this government and Great Britain, in consequence of antagonist claims to possession, founded on alleged priority of discovery. But the history of the discovery and permanent occupation of this region, as well as the spirit of solemn treaties, clearly proves that Great Britain has no more right to this territory than she has to one of the States of our confederation.

In the treaty between the United States and Spain, concluded February twenty-second, 1819, the latter relinquishes all claims to the country north of forty-two degrees. The southernmost point to which the claims of Russia extend, was fixed by her treaty with Great Britain in 1825, at fifty-four degrees, forty minutes. The space included between those boundaries is the region in dispute, and the validity of the claims of the United States has never been questioned except by Great Britain.

The treaty of Ghent provides that all settlements, territories, &c., taken by either party during the war should be restored, and in this stipulation, the United State's settlement of Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia river, was included. By the convention of Great Britain of 1818, it was stipulated that east of the Rocky Mountains and west of the lakes, the boundary between the possessions of the two governments should be the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, and that the territory west of the Mountains should be free and open for vessels and citizens of both powers, for ten years, without prejudice, however, to the claims of either government.

In 1823, so important did the occupation of this region appear, that negotiations were entered into between the two governments for the permanent settlement of the boundary line. But when our minister, Mr. Rush, presented the facts for establishing our claims, the British commissioners

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controverted all, and declared that Great Britain considered the whole of the unoccupied portion of North America as open to her future settlement, and rested this claim chiefly on alleged priority of discovery. The negotiations ended in 1827 by extending the arrangement of 1818 indefinitely, allowing each party to abrogate it, by twelve months' notice. This is the position of this matter at the present, and it is to the permanent settlement of the boundaries of this territory that the attention of the two governments is directed.

So far as regards priority of discovery, it is admitted by both parties that the Columbia river was unknown to them previous to the year 1792. In the negotiation opened in 1823, Great Britain supported her claims on the alleged discovery of this region in 1578, by Sir Francis Drake. But the British commissioners always declined stating this pretension in writing, though urging it with energy, verbally. But they could produce no evidence having any appearance of probability, that Sir Francis Drake saw the entrance to the Columbia river, or that he landed any where south of Nootka sound, or the parallel of forty-eight degrees.

But the treaty of Paris in 1763, precludes all claims of priority on the part of Britain, previous to that date, for in that treaty, she renounced all claim to any portion of North America west of the Mississippi. Since that time, no events connected with British discoveries can give her the least title. In 1513, Balboa discovered the western shores of America, and took possession in the name of the King of Spain. Cortez explored the coast up to thirty degrees in 1526; in 1543 Cubrillo extended these discoveries to forty-two degrees, and in 1592, de Fuca discovered the strait which bears his name in latitude forty-eight degrees. All north of forty-two degrees Spain has given up to the United States by treaty; and as "discovery accompanied with subsequent and efficient acts of sovereignty or settlement are necessary to a title," is urged by Britain; and as "the discovery of the mouth of a river gives to the discoverer right to the country watered by the river and its tributaries," we think the title of the United States to the territory claimed, is as clear as that of Great Britain to any of her foreign possessions.

According to documents whose authenticity cannot be controverted, Captain Robert Gray, in the ship Columbia, from Boston, sailing under the flag of the United States, entered the mouth of a large river on the western coast of America near the forty-sixth parallel of latitude, on the seventh of May, 1792, which was the first time (no evidence to the contrary being on record) it was seen by a citizen of a civilized nation. Here he anchored, and with a small boat proceeded to the land. He named the harbor, Bullfinch's harbor; called the river Columbia, after the name of the vessel and his country, and named the cape on the north side, Cape Hancock, and on the south, Point Adams. After exploring the channel at the entrance of the harbor, he weighed anchor on the 14th and proceeded about fifteen miles up the river, where he remained till the morning of the twenty-first of May, trading with the natives and making observations of the shores on either side. Thus in 1792, the Columbia river was discovered from the sea and named by a citizen of the United States.

In 1803 our government fitted out an expedition to explore the region of the Rocky Mountains west to the Columbia river. This expedition was successful and opened to the civilized world the vast and fertile region of the Upper Missouri, and the rich plateaus in the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains. This expedition was followed by that of Lewis and Clarke, and a settlement and occupation near the mouth of the Columbia river, by John Jacob Astor, a resident of New York city. This settlement, called Astoria, was included in the stipulations of the treaty of Ghent, as before mentioned. Thus it will be seen that the United States has a clear title to the territory she claims, on the ground insisted upon by Great Britain, that "discovery accompanied with subsequent and efficient acts of sovereignty or settlement, are necessary to a title."

The chief advantages which our government would derive from the occupation of the territory are:—a vast Indian and fur trade, with an uninterrupted intercourse between the valley of the Mississippi and the Oregon; it would open a direct trade with China, Japan and the Sandwich and other islands of the Pacific; presenting some of the finest harbors on the western coast, it would afford places of security for the American whalers in the Pacific, numbering more than eight thousand men, with twelve million dollars' worth of property afloat, now left exposed to every foreign power with whom we might be at war; and it would be the means of neutralizing British influence over the Indian tribes and close up a vast and unguarded frontier by which these tribes might swarm into our country under the British flag, in case of war with that government.

In a commercial point of view the occupation of this country by our government is of the greatest importance, and it is this view of the case which makes Great Britain so anxious to retain, or rather gain, possession. Many years will not elapse, probably, before a ship-canal will be cut across the Isthmus of Darien, by which the whole trade of the eastern world will be changed and the future seaports on the western coast of

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America will become the great marts of export and import to and from India and the South Sea islands. It is therefore the policy of Britain to maintain a foothold whence such great advantages will accrue; and it should be the wise policy of our government to do the same. By the researches of Lewis and Clarke, and more recently of Colonel Dodge, we learn the important fact that passes of very gentle declivity traverse the range of the Rocky Mountains, making the transportation of merchandise over them, by no means a great undertaking. If then we can have undisputed possession of the Oregon—the Indian tribes be conciliated—roads constructed and the passage over land to the nearest navigable point of the Columbia river, be made easy and secure; a direct route would be opened to India and present to the commercial enterprise of our country, now in its infancy, a channel into which a large portion of the commerce of the east might be drawn.

The most prominent features in this region, are the Rocky mountains, and their intersecting ridges. They form one branch of the Andes which commences at the southern extremity of South America, and after following the borders of the Pacific the whole length of that portion of America, they pass through the Isthmus of Darien, Guatamala, Mexico, and north through the Oregon toward the arctic regions. The range passing through the Oregon, is called Rocky mountains. They rise abruptly to a great height, on the western side of the great American plains, and have doubtless formed, at some remote period, the boundary of a vast internal sea, whose bed was the valley of the Mississippi. On their western side, the descent is by regular terraces to the ocean. The northern portion of this great chain of hills gives origin to some of the noblest rivers in the world.

The Rocky mountains consist of primary formations chiefly of igneous rocks. On the adjacent plains, especially on the west, are extensive volcanic tracts, and a considerable portion of this section of country is composed of primary mountains and sandy plains, until we approach the borders of the Pacific. Many thermal and brine springs have been found, containing medicinal virtues of a high character; and west of the mountains are large beds of rock salt. Gypsum is found in abundance in many parts, and in the vicinity of the Platte river, are many fossil remains. The banks of the Missouri are, in many places, formed of limestone cliffs, two and three hundred feet high; and in some districts good bituminous coal has been found. Some distance above the junction of the Missouri and the Platte, are high perpendicular bluffs of chalk. Pure sulphur is also found in the vicinity of the Great Salt Lake, and the whole range of the Rocky mountains is supposed to abound in iron.

All travellers agree in portraying the country, west of the mountains in the most glowing colors, and represent it as composed of a variety of hill and dale, fertile soil, magnificent forests, and pure irrigating streams. The climate is spoken of as peculiarly benign; and during the whole year, a perpetual spring seems to reign, so little is it subject to the extremes of heat and cold. Lewis and Clarke who spent a winter and spring there represent the weather as very mild. They had a few frosty nights, but saw no ice, and the weather continued so warm that they were obliged to smoke their meat to preserve it. In March the leaves put forth, the flowers sprang up, and when on the thirtieth of that month they took their departure, the grass was sixteen inches in height on the river bottom.

Mr. Irving in his "Astoria," speaking of the climate of this region says:—"A remarkable characteristic of the country west of the Rocky mountains, is the mildness and equability of the climate. That great mountain barrier seems to divide the continent into different climates even in the same degree of latitude. The rigorous winters and sultry summers, and all the capricious inequalities of temperature prevalent on the Atlantic side of the mountains, are but little felt on their western declivities. The country between them and the Pacific is blessed with *milder* and *steadier* temperature, resembling the climate of parallel latitudes in Europe. In the plains and valleys, but little snow falls throughout the winter, and usually melts while falling. It rarely lies on the ground more than two days at a time, except on the summit of the mountains. The winters are rainy rather than cold. The rains for four months, from the middle of October to the middle of March, are almost incessant, and often accompanied by tremendous thunder and lightning. The winds prevalent at this season are from the south and southeast, which usually bring rain. Those from the north to the southwest are the harbingers of fair weather and a clear sky. The residue of the year, from the middle of March to the middle of October, an interval of seven months, is serene and delightful. There is scarcely any rain throughout this time, yet the face of the country is kept fresh and verdant by nightly dews, and, occasionally, by humid fogs in the mornings. These are not considered prejudicial to health, since both the natives and the whites sleep in the open air with perfect impunity. While this equable and bland temperature prevails throughout the lower country, the peaks and ridges of the vast mountains by which it is dominated, are covered with perpetual snow. This renders them discernible at a great distance, shining, at times, like bright summer clouds; at other times, assuming the most aerial teints, and always forming brilliant and striking features in the vast landscape. The mild temperature prevalent throughout the country is attributed, by some, to the succession of winds from the Pacific ocean, extending from latitude twenty degrees, to at least fifty degrees north. These temper the heat of summer, so that in the shade no one is incommoded by perspiration

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They also soften the rigors of winter, and produce such a moderation in climate that the inhabitants can wear the same dress throughout the year."

The climate is well adapted to the cultivation of citrons, oranges, lemons, cotton and almost every variety of vegetables, fruits and flowers. In fact it may be almost considered tropical, though lying within the precincts of the temperate zone. The soil presents every variety, and is well watered by the great Columbia and its numerous tributaries. As a grazing country, it is believed by all who have visited it, to be the finest in the world. Thousands of horses roam free over the vast plains bordering on the Pacific, and are remarkable for their elegance of form, activity and durability. They are supposed to be a race indigenous to the country. The most of them belong to the natives, but in some regions they are found in a perfectly wild state. At the present, an elegant horse may be purchased of the natives for a few beads or some other trinkets.

Wild sheep are found in abundance in the timbered parts of the Rocky mountains. They are about the size of our common sheep, of a white color, and fine wool. The timber in the valley of the Columbia is large and abundant.

The operations, resources and influence of the Hudson's Bay Company, which has so long monopolized the extensive fur trade of the Northwestern region of this continent, are described as follows by Mr. Slacum, who was employed by our government in 1836, in collecting information concerning that portion of the Oregon Territory which lies west of the Rocky Mountains.

"I shall endeavor," he says, "to point out the enterprise of this company, and the influence they exercise over the Indian tribes within our acknowledged lines of territory, and their unauthorized introduction of large quantities of British goods within the territorial limits of the United States. Fort Vancouver, the principal depot of the Hudson Bay Company west of the Rocky Mountains, stands on a gentle acclivity, four hundred yards from the shore, on the north bank of the Columbia, or Oregon river, about one hundred miles from its mouth. The principal buildings are enclosed by a picket forming an area of seven hundred and fifty by four hundred and fifty feet. Within the pickets there are thirty-four buildings of all descriptions, including officers' dwelling-houses, workshops for carpenters, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, coopers, tinners, &c., all of wood, except the magazine for powder, which is of brick. Outside, and very near the fort, there are forty-nine cabins for laborers and mechanics, a large and commodious barn, and seven buildings attached thereto; a hospital and large boat-house on the shore, six miles above the fort. On the north bank the Hudson Bay Company have erected a saw-mill on a never failing stream of water that falls into the Columbia; cuts two thousand to two thousand and four hundred feet of lumber daily; employs twenty-eight men, chiefly Sandwich Islanders, and ten yoke of oxen; depth of water four fathoms at the mill, where the largest ships of the company take in their cargoes for the Sandwich Islands' market.

"The farm at Vancouver contains, at this time, about three thousand acres of land, fenced and under cultivation, employing generally, one hundred men, chiefly Canadians and half-breed Iroquois. The mechanics are European. These, with the factors, traders, clerks, and domestics, may be estimated at thirty. The laborers and mechanics live outside the fort in good log cabins; two or three families generally under one roof; and as nearly every man has a wife, or lives with an Indian or half breed woman, and as each family has from two to five slaves, the whole number of persons about Vancouver may be estimated at seven hundred and fifty to eight hundred souls. The police of the establishment is as strict as in the best regulated military garrison. The men are engaged for the term of five years, at the rate of seventeen pounds to fifteen pounds per annuum; but as the exchange is reduced to currency at the rate of five shillings to the dollar, the pound sterling is valued at four dollars; hence the price of labor is $5 67 to $6 67 per month.

"*Trade, &c.* A large ship arrives annually from London, and discharges at Vancouver. Cargo, chiefly coarse woollens, cloths, baizes and blankets; hardware, cutlery, calicoes, cottons, and cotton handkerchiefs; tea, sugar, coffee, and cocoa; tobacco, soap, beads, guns, powder, lead, rum, playing-cards, boots, shoes, ready made clothing, &c.; besides every description of sea stores, canvass, cordage, paints, oils, chains and chain cables, anchors, &c., to refit the company's ships that remain on the coast. These are the ship Nereide, the brig Llama, the schooner Cadborough, and sloop Broughton; the steamboat Beaver, of one hundred and fifty tons, two engines of thirty horse power each, built in London last year. These vessels are all well armed and manned; the crews are engaged in England, to serve five years, at two pounds per month for seamen. The London ship, with the annual supply, usually arrives in the Columbia in early spring, discharges, and takes a cargo of lumber to the Sandwich Islands; returns in August to receive the furs that are brought to the depot (Fort Vancouver) once a year from the interior, *via* the Columbia river, from the Snake country, and from the American rendezvous west of the Rocky mountains, and from as far south as St. Francisco, in California. While one of the company's vessels brings in the collections of furs and peltries made at the different depots along the coast of the north, the steamboat is now being employed in navigating those magnificent straits from Juan de Fuca to Stickern. Immense quantities of furs, sea otter, beaver, martin, and sable, can be collected along the shores of these bays and inlets. The chief traders at Narquallah, in forty-seven degrees thirty minutes, Fort Langley, in forty nine degrees fifty minutes, Fort Mc Laughlin, in fifty-two degrees ten minutes, Fort Simpson, in fifty-four degrees forty minutes north, purchase

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all the furs and peltries from the Indians in the vicinity and as far as New Caledonia, in the interior, and supply them with guns, powder, lead, tobacco, beads, &c.; all of which supplies are taken from the principal depot at Fort Vancouver.

"An express, as it is called, goes out in March, annually, from Vancouver, and ascends the Columbia, nine hundred miles in batteaux. One of the factors, or chief traders, takes charge of the property, and conveys to York factory, on Hudson bay, the annual returns of the business conducted by the Hudson Bay Company west of the Rocky mountains, in the Columbia district. This party, likewise, conveys to the different forts along the route, goods suitable to the Indian trade. Other parties take up supplies, as they may be required, to Wallawallah, two hundred and fifty miles above Vancouver; to Colville, six hundred miles above; to the fort, at the junction of Lewis's river, seven hundred miles above; and to the south, to the Fort Mc Roys, on the river Umpqua, in latitude forty-three degrees fifty minutes north; and last year, chief-trader McLeod took up to the American rendezvous, in about latitude forty-three degrees north, a large supply of British manufactures. This assemblage of American trappers and hunters takes place annually on the western side of the Rocky mountains, generally in the month of July, and amounts to from four hundred and fifty to five hundred men, who bring the result of their year's labor to sell to the American fur-traders. These persons purchase their supplies for the trappers at St. Louis; though, after being subject to the duties on these articles, (chiefly of British manufacture,) they transport their goods about one thousand four hundred miles by land, to sell to citizens of the United States within our acknowledged lines of territory. Last year they met a powerful opponent, in the agent of this foreign monopoly, chief-trader Mc Leod, who could well afford to undersell the American fur-trader *on his own ground;* first, by having the advantage of water communication on the Columbia and Lewis's rivers for a distance of seven hundred to eight hundred miles; and, secondly, by introducing the goods free of duty, which is equal to at least twenty-five to thirty per centum. But a greater evil than this exists in the influence the Hudson Bay Company exercises over the Indians, by supplying them with arms and ammunition, which may prove, at some future period, highly dangerous to our frontier settlements." * * *

"A council annually assembles at York factory, where reports from the different 'districts' east and west of the Rocky mountains are read and recorded, and their proceedings forwarded to London, to the Hudson Bay house. Chief factors and chief traders hold a seat at this council board, and Governor Simpson presides. It is here that every new enterprise is canvassed, expense and probable profits carefully inquired into, as each member feels a personal interest in every measure adopted. If it is ascertained that in certain 'districts' the quantity of beaver diminishes, the trappers are immediately ordered to desist for a few years, that the animals may increase, as the wealth of the country consists in its furs; and so strict are the laws among many of the northern Indian tribes, that to kill a beaver out of season (*i. e.* in the spring or summer) is a crime punished with death. The enforcement of this law is strongly encouraged by the Hudson Bay Company. Not so careful, however, are the company of the territory not their own; on the contrary, they have established a fort and trading-house called 'Mc Roy's Fort,' on the river Umpqua, in forty-three degrees fifty minutes. This fine stream falls into the Pacific, (but is not laid down in any printed map;) ten thousand beaver skins are collected here, and double this amount brought out of the country adjacent, within our lines; and the Indians are encouraged to '*trap the streams*' at all seasons. From Wallawallah, Lewis's river, and the Snake country, all lying between forty-two degrees and forty-six minutes north latitude, fifty thousand skins are collected. The price of a beaver skin in the 'Columbia district,' is ten shillings, two dollars, payable in goods at fifty per cent. on the invoice cost. Each skin averages one and a half pound, and is worth in New York or London five dollars per pound; value of seven dollars and fifty cents. The beaver skin is the circulating medium of the country."

LEGAL PLEASANTRIES.

They originate more than half the current wit of the day in the Great West. There is a racy freshness, moreover, about the pleasantries of that region that is quite delightful. From a late Missouri journal we have clipped the following anecdote of an eminent legal gentleman of that State. If it be as new to the reader as it is to us, we will guaranty his favorable suffrage. Being once opposed to Mr. S——, late member of Congress, he remarked as follows to the jury upon a point of disagreement between them: "Here my brother S—— and I differ. Now this is very natural. Men seldom see things in the same light, and they may disagree in opinion upon the simplest principles of the law, and that very honestly; while, at the same time, neither can see any earthly reason why they should—and this merely because they look at different sides of the subject, and do not view it in all its bearings. Suppose, for illustration, a man should come in here, and boldly assert that my brother S——'s head, (here he laid his hand very familiarly upon the large chucklehead of his opponent,) is a *squash!* I, on the other hand, should maintain, and perhaps with equal confidence, that it is a head. Now, here would be a difference, undoubtedly, an honest difference of opinion. We might argue about it till doomsday, and never agree. You often see men arguing upon subjects as empty and trifling as this! But a third person coming in, and looking at the neck and shoulders that support it, would say at once that I had reason on my side; for if it was not a head, it at least occupied the place of one, and stood where a head ought to be." All this was uttered in the gravest and most solemn manner imaginable, and the effect was irresistibly ludicrous.

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From the Peoria Register.

THE OREGON EXPEDITION.

Mr. Obadiah Oakly, one of the party who left Peoria in May for Oregon, returned home on Sunday last, having separated from his companions in the Rocky Mountains. From a conversation with him we have gathered the following outline of his journey and adventures.

The company, it will be remembered, consisted, on leaving Peoria, of 15 members. At Quincy they were joined by another; all of whom reached Independence, Mo., the 20th of May, 20 days after leaving Peoria. We presented in July a letter from Mr. Farnham, the commander of the party, written about this time, and another from Mr. Smith, one of the company. The narrative now given will commence where the other left off.

At Independence two more joined the company, one of whom, Mr. Shortess, had been once before to the Mountains, and now offered to act as guide. He was about 45 years of age, and soon proved himself to be of a reckless and unprincipled character. The other was a young man named Pritchard, recently from one of the eastern states. Before leaving Independence they exchanged their wagon and some of their horses for other horses and pack mules.—Where these are purchased the prices are from 60 to 65 dollars. They bought also a quantity of articles, such as knives, lead, vermillion, and a few trinkets, with which to trade with the Indians. One mule, which belonged to the party in common, carried their tent, two kegs of powder, and a few other articles. The other mules, of which each member, for the most part, owned one, carried the provisions, clothing and other property of each. The provisions amounted to 200 lbs. of flour and 150 lbs. of bacon, besides sugar, coffee, tea, and minor groceries. Upon their riding horses they carried their rifles, blankets and some extra clothing.

Thus mounted and provisioned, the company, 18 in number, left Independence the 29th of May, on the Santa Fe road, which is a distinct wagon track. The first adventure they met with was the loss of two horses the following night, while they were encamped 5 miles from Independence. The owners returned to that town the next day, and recovered them, though this ill luck was but the precursor of worse that was to follow, as will appear in the sequel.

Ten miles further, and 15 from Independence, brought them to the western boundary line of Missouri, where Mr. Fitzhugh resides in a log cabin, and this was the last house they saw until they reached some of the posts of the American fur company.

A day or two afterwards, when they had reached Elm grove, 40 miles from Independence, and had there encamped for the night, they discovered that two other horses were missing. As they had doubtless returned to Independence, the owners started in pursuit, while the remainder of the company, after halting a day at the grove, continued on leisurely, so that the absentees might sooner overtake them. This they did, with the recovered horses, about a day and a half afterwards, and the company met with no further delays from this source. Their practice at night, after unlading the horses, was to *stake* them in the prairie, i. e. to drive notched stakes into the ground, to which they would fix one end of the halter, giving the animals sufficient play to enable them to feed in abundance. The ground thus far had been soft and mellow, so that the stakes were easily drawn by the horses; but afterwards had become harder and firmer, so as effectually to secure them.

At the Osage river, about 100 miles from Independence, they were agreeably surprised at meeting a returning party who had passed along a few days before them to assist Capt. Kelley's Santa Fe company, bound to the latter place, over the worst part of the road. It consisted of seven wagons, with a proportionate number of men. They had assisted the company to Council Grove, 50 miles beyond, and were now on their return. Though our adventurers had been but a week from Independence, during which they had not seen a human being, the sight of a fellow countryman now kindled the warmest feelings of sympathy in their hearts, and three of them resolved at once to return. These were Orin Garrett and Wm. Picket of Peoria, and young Moore of Quincy. Here also two Caw Indians, the first of any tribe they had seen, came to the camp, and received from the party some trifling presents. On the next day they saw 30 or 40 of the same tribe, all of whom were very peaceable. They were returning from a hunting excursion, and were entirely ignorant of our language.

The Osage river is here about 30 yards wide, and about knee deep. It was consequently forded with ease and safety, and on returning, Mr. Oakley found it nearly dry. The face of the country thus far was a rolling prairie, with no timber save a very few small groves at a distance from the road on the right and left. Two or three inconsiderable streams had been crossed, but they also were for the most part destitute of timber.

Parting with the Santa Fe escort the next day, the party continued on to Council Grove, 50 miles further, which they reached on the 9th of June, 10 days from Independence. The distance is 150 miles.—They had consequently traveled, including stoppages, 15 miles a day. Here they rested a day to repair their pack saddles, and other damages.

On the 12th, while pursuing their journey, they were overtaken by a tremendous storm, more awful than any thing they had ever before seen or read of. The thunder was petrifying and the lightning appalling beyond description. How they escaped with their lives seemed a miracle. Mr. Oakley's gun, which he held in his hand, was struck from him, and he nearly thrown from his horse. The others were more or less affected by the subtle element. Mr. Oakley thinks more rain fell in fifteen minutes than he had ever known to fall here in the severest storm during a day. The effect of this deluge in swelling the streams which the party had to cross, will be seen hereafter.

The same evening they overtook Capt. Kelley's company, bound for Santa Fe, to which reference has already been had. It numbered 14 wagons and 29 men. With them our adventurers were invited to camp for the night, an offer which they gladly accepted, as they had no wood, nor was a tree to be seen. The wagons, however, were plentifully supplied, having brought it with them. No water was to be had save that which had fallen a few hours before, which they scooped up from pools in the prairie.

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By this time the provisions obtained at Independence were nearly exhausted, and they had met with no game to shoot. It became, therefore, necessary that the party should divide, by choosing hunters to go ahead and procure a supply. Messrs. Oakley, Shortess, Jordan and Fletcher, were chosen accordingly, and they set out on the following morning. As this portion of his story most abounds in incident, we shall give in brief each day's progress.

June 13. The four hunters, leaving with the main party all the provisions, set out, themselves destitute, in search of game. They soon saw some elk, two of which they wounded, but they afterwards escaped. At 4 in the afternoon, when within 8 miles of Little Arkansas river, they met a trading company, consisting of 90 odd men, and 10 wagons, loaded with peltries from the Rocky Mountains, under the command of Mr. Bent, who resides at Bent's fort, on the Arkansas river. With it were also 200 sheep, bound for a lower market. By this company the hunters were kindly treated and feasted for the night. Capt. Bent informed them that he had lost from his caravan, since he left home, 30 mules and 7 horses, which had strayed away, and requested if they found them, to take them in charge and leave them at his fort as they passed it. He also said they would find plenty of buffalo meat the next day at Cow creek. To-night another rain visited the company but little less severe than that already spoken of.

14. Separating from the company just mentioned, the hunters continued on, and in 8 miles reached the Little Arkansas. Though about such a stream as the Osage, between 30 and 40 yards wide, it was now prodigiously swollen, being at least 15 feet deep, and running with great velocity. As it was impracticable to cross it, the hunters planted themselves leisurely upon its bank, took out their fishing lines, and commenced fishing. In a little while they caught 12 catfish, "fat yellow fellows,"—who proved to be of excellent flavor. They made a fire on the spot, and proceeded to roast one on the coals, and though they had no seasoning, the meal was a very grateful one. While thus engaged, three men of Capt. Bent's company, who had been left behind to hunt for the stray mules and horses, appeared on the opposite side of the river after an unsuccessful search. As they were destitute of food, and the surest resource lay in overtaking the company they had left, the river was to them a feeble obstacle. Immediately on reaching it, they drove in their horses, who swam directly across, then stripped themselves and followed their example! One of them, a Spaniard, whom familiarity with the water had rendered half amphibious, took the saddle from his horse and held it on one hand, while he swam across with the other.—They had eat nothing for three days. Another fish was consequently laid on the coals and speedily devoured. After spending the night together, the hunters sent by the strangers some fish to Capt. Bent, and after leaving three of the largest in the water for their comrades, when they came up, and to which their attention was directed by a signal, they prepared to cross the river.

15. The passage across the river was effected in this way:—the halters were taken from the horses and tied into a line, which was found to be in length double the width of the river. The horses were then driven across; after which two of the men swam over, carrying one end of the line with them. Those who remained tied the luggage in a bundle to the rope on the edge of the shore, then holding the rope behind the bundle, and letting it slip through their hands as those on the opposite side pulled, both parties keeping the rope so well stretched as to hold it above the water, the bundle was conveyed safely over. The next minute the two remaining men were over and all soon under way again. During this day five other streams were swam and waded. Nothing escaped being thoroughly drenched except the powder, which was carried in small canisters high on the body. The musketoes were "dreadful." Camped at night on Big Cow creek, where Capt. Bent had said they would find buffalo, though they did not.

16. As a supply of meat became more and more desirable, the hunters determined to leave their baggage at the spot where they had camped, and go forth unencumbered in pursuit of buffalo. After riding seven miles and finding none, it was arranged that two should go back for the baggage, and take it on to a point named,—Walnut creek grove,—while the other two should sweep the country, and meet the others at sundown. Oakley and Jordan went back for the baggage, and Shortess and Fletcher continued the hunt. As the former, in prosecuting their journey, approached the grove about sundown, Jordan said he saw the glisten of a gun barrel, and that there must be Indians. They stopped to consult, when Jordan was for returning; but Oakley said that would be useless, as the Indians, if such, must have seen them first, and would speedily overtake them. He was therefore for going boldly forward and meeting the worst. As they advanced they saw oxen, and soon discovered the party to be a company of traders. They were bound for Santa Fe, and numbered 93 men with 53 wagons. Our adventurers met with a severe reprimand from them for traveling in the exposed manner they did, subject to be met almost hourly by Indians, who would prove hostile or friendly, just as their inclination or their wants might prompt them. After dark, Shortess and Fletcher arrived, without having killed anything. The four had been three days with but one meal of catfish to eat. With the Santa Fe company, however, they once more fared sumptuously. They here discovered the reason why they had found no buffalo on and around Big Cow creek, as Capt. Bent had told them they would. The Caw Indians, who hovered around and in front of this company, had driven them off, that they might enhance their value, and by killing them themselves, sell the meat at a good price to the traders.

17. Travelled along with the Santa Fe company and proceeded only 8 miles. They saw no game during the day save one hare, which they shot at and wounded. Camped to-night on a prairie without wood.

18. The four hunters, being somewhat in advance of the company, saw seven buffalo bulls and gave chase. They were seen by the company about the same time, and some of their best men started also in pursuit; but Jordan and Fletcher, having the best horses, kept ahead. The bulls, as the pursuit continued, separated, and fled in different directions; but one was run down after a chase of 2½ miles by the two hunters named, and easily killed. He weighed about 900 lbs. After taking the *fleece*, i. e. the

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most fleshy parts, weighing about 300 lbs., and leaving the carcass, they loaded their horses and returned to the company. This was the first buffalo they had killed, and they found the meat superior in flavor to any they had ever eaten. The bulls are far before our domestic cattle, and the cows, as they afterwards proved, as much excel them as the meat of a tame heifer exceeds that of the male in our markets. The flesh now obtained they "jerked," and it lasted 5 or 6 days.

19. Two of the hunters went back with a portion of the buffalo to meet their comrades, from whom they had now been separated 6 days. They found them 8 miles back, with nothing to eat, having in this interval killed but one antelope. They had found the fish also, and had previously met Capt. Bent's company. They had also found his stray mules and horses, and now had them in company. (On leaving them afterwards at Bent's fort, Capt. B.'s brother generously presented the company with two of the mules and 200 lbs. of flour for their trouble.) The same day the whole party overtook the Santa Feans, who had proceeded but 6 miles from where the two hunters separated from them. All encamped that night at Pawnee fork. The Caw Indians, before spoken of, had killed 63 buffaloes, so that provisions were most abundant; but their mode of jerking it was any thing but cleanly, and none of Capt. Farnham's party, as they had plenty of their own, partook of it.

20. Both companies continued on together. Capt. Farnham's hunters killed another buffalo, and while stopping to jerk the meat, some Caw Indians came up, to whom they sold a few articles for money, of which they seemed to have plenty. The price of a common butcher knife, for which the company paid 25 cents at Independence, was out here $1 50.—Other articles were in proportion.

21. A most dreadful accident occured this morning. While the tent was being struck, and the company preparing to depart, Mr. Smith, in drawing his gun towards him, the muzzle forward, permitted the trigger to come in contact with some protuberance on his saddle, when it went off immediately in the direction of the bottom of the chest. The ball struck one of his waistband buttons and glanced to the left, penetrating the flesh and severing two of his ribs. He was caught, while in the act of falling, by Mr. Oakley, who, on removing his clothing, found the flesh to be dreadfully lacerated and the ball lodged near the spine. The Santa Fe company, in which was a surgeon,—Dr. Walworth, one of the owners,—was about five miles ahead, and thither Mr. O. hastened for assistance. Dr. W. returned in his carryall with a bed, and after extracting the ball and dressing the wound, put Smith in the carriage, in which he was taken onward with comparative comfort.—This disaster detained the company till noon, and to make up for the detention they travelled till midnight without being able to overtake the Santa Feans. At night their progress was greatly retarded by the herds of buffalo which lined the road and covered the plain. They were as thick as sheep were ever seen in a field, and moved not until the caravan was within ten feet of them. They would then rise and flee at random, greatly affrighted, and snorting and bellowing to the equal alarm of the horses and mules. Supposing, from their not overtaking the advance company, that they had mistaken the road, the party resolved, at the hour above mentioned, to encamp.

22. At daylight they discovered that they had during the night taken a wrong road, and by turning off in the proper direction soon came in sight of and joined the advance party. To-day, for the first time, they used the dung of the buffalo for fuel, and found it to burn like tinder. The plains were covered with these animals as far as the eye could reach, and they appeared to be as countless as the stars for multitude. The noise proceeding from them was unremitting, and more nearly resembled the low growl of a lion in a cage than any thing else it could be compared to. They appeared not to be sensible of the distant approach of the travellers by the usual sense of seeing, but seemed only governed by that of smelling. If the traveller had "the wind of them," as it is termed, he might approach within 30 yards, but from an opposite direction a near approach was impossible. For the two succeeding days nothing of interest occurred.

25. Another tremendous storm to-night. The wind blew a hurricane, breaking the tent poles in two, and prostrating every thing before it. The travellers were consequently drenched.

26. The clothes of every man were saturated with water, yet the two companies set off, and soon reached the Arkansas river, 40 miles below the Santa Fe crossings.

28. Reached the crossings this afternoon. The distance is computed to be 450 miles from Independence, and one month had just been consumed in the journey. Here it became necessary that the two companies should separate, the larger to continue the plain beaten road to Mexico—the other to penetrate the trackless wilderness to the mouth of the Columbia. In view of the latter prospect, three of the company became discouraged and determined to join the Santa Fe party. They were Q. A. Jordan, Chauncey Wood, and young Pritchard. The others maintained stout hearts, and responded to the motto of their leader, 'OREGON OR THE GRAVE.' Thus far, since his dreadful accident, Smith had been brought on in the carryall; but as he was now to part with this, it became necessary to provide other means for his conveyance. At first a litter was constructed and placed upon two mules; but as it was not properly made, it could not be used. Other modes were resorted to, with equal ill success; and as a last resource he was compelled to be placed upon his horse, and thus pursue the journey. Every step of the animal seemed to rend his vitals, yet he bore it with manly firmness. Capt. Farnham duly commiserated his condition, and sought by every means in his power to render him more comfortable. Most of the others partook of his spirit; but some there were who looked upon the almost dying man as a burden which they would gladly get rid of, and strenuously urged his being left with a week's provision and his rifle, either to die, as they believed he must, or to regain his health and seek other adventures. For the honor of the company this proposition was advocated by three only, while the others determined to stand by, and, if need be, perish with him. They waited on him with the utmost fidelity, helping him every few minutes from his horse, and sitting by him while he rested on the prairie, and as their companions would thus get some miles in advance during the day, they would by late travelling gain the camp at night

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The next prominent point, after leaving the Santa Fe crossings on Arkansas river, is Bent's fort, 160 miles further up that stream. The route is along a tolerably distinct wagon track, and they reached the fort on the 5th of July, six days after leaving the crossings. Here Smith obtained rest and good quarters, and in a week was sufficiently recovered to resume the journey with tolerable convenience. On the way, in consequence of the mutinous and diabolical spirit manifested by a few of the company, growing out of the deplorable condition of Smith, Captain Farnham threw up the command, and thenceforward abjured all control. Thus they arrived at the fort without a leader. The fort is an inclosure of about a quarter of an acre, with several rooms attached to the walls, capable of accommodating 100 men. It contains 1000 stand of arms and one brass cannon, the force being intended to intimidate the surrounding Indians and keep the hostile in check.

The Arkansas river is about as wide as the Missouri, and the water of the same color, though far less deep and rapid.

After spending six days at the fort, the party prepared to leave, when it appeared that the spirit of disaffection, to which reference has been made, had resulted in a division of the company into two parties. One, and the largest, was composed of Shortess, Moore, Fletcher, Fash, Kilburn, Yates, Homer, and Cook, with Shortess for their leader. The two first named had been most instrumental in the inhumanity practised towards Smith, and *their* separation was a matter of rejoicing to his friends. The other was composed of Farnham, Oakley, Smith, Wood, Blair, Kelly and Osa, with Kelly for their leader and guide. He was a Kentuckian, who had been in the Mountains for eleven years, and who here joined the party. Blair had joined at the Santa Fe crossings, and Osa was a Spaniard, who had for some time resided at the fort or in the neighborhood.

Both parties left the fort on the 11th of July, with the design of reaching the Columbia river,—Shortess's for Bent and Sublette's fort on the south fork of Platte river, 220 miles distant, by a plain wagon road,—and Kelly's for Brown's Hole in the Rocky Mountains, a route estimated to be 200 miles nearer. The tent was left at Bent's, and such a division made of the other property held in common as could be agreed upon. This history will detail the progress of Kelly's party, though it will be seen that reference is had in the sequel to that of the other.

On leaving the fort the party took only a small quantity of flour, with some sugar and coffee, depending, as before, upon game for their chief subsistence. The face of the country was similar to that before passed over, being nearly destitute of timber. At night each man would lie upon the ground within his buffalo robe, with his saddle for a pillow, and the heavens for a canopy. In a little while they got accustomed to this mode of lodging, and suffered no inconvenience from the loss of their tent. For nine days they were unable to procure any meat, having in this time seen only one antelope and a grisly bear, which were too wild to approach within shooting distance of. We now resume the diary.

July 18. At 10 o'clock entered the Rocky Mountains by a ravine, and were soon saluted by a tremendous hail storm. The heights around were covered with snow, and the atmosphere indicated a degree of cold about equal to freezing. For some nights past, whenever the weather was clear and still, there had been sharp frosts.

19. No game seen to-day, and provisions entirely exhausted.

20. Killed a buffalo bull, an antelope, and a mountain hen, called by the hunters sage cock. While dressing the buffalo, a multitude of others came round, bellowing and pawing as if they would revenge the murder. The men sprung to their horses and guns, expecting the enraged animals would tear them to pieces. After awhile, however, they retreated. The road to-day was equally rugged with that of the two last, and the Mountains destitute of trees, save here and there a hemlock, pine, balsam or willow. The latter were generally seen on the banks of the streams.

21. Saw several fresh tracks in the sand, which their leader and guide (Kelly) pronounced to be those of Indians. As these were to have been expected, the event produced no other change than to cause the party to keep a better look-out. Encamped to-night in a beautiful valley, called Bayou Selard, 28 miles from the head of the south fork of Platte. It is a level prairie, 30 miles long and 3 wide, and was covered with a thick growth of flax, which every year springs up spontaneously.

22. Made between 18 and 20 miles, in the course of which they crossed a branch of the south fork of Platte.

23. Crossed the dividing ridge between the stream just mentioned and Grand river, the first western water, and emptying into the Gulf of California.—They were consequently upon the *back bone of the western continent*, and descending towards the Pacific ocean.

26. One of the horses died from poison, by eating, as was believed, wild parsnips. Found to-day the clearest and best water they had ever drank.

28. Killed another buffalo, by which the stock of meat, which had been nearly exhausted, was plentifully supplied. Camped to-night on one of the branches of Grand river.

30. Swam the main branch of Grand river, a stream nearly as large as the Illinois, and very rapid.

31. Very rough traveling to-day, through and over fallen pine timber. Though constant diligence was used, the company were unable to overcome more than four miles.

August 1. Crossed the dividing ridge between Grand and little Bear rivers, the latter emptying into Green river, one of the branches of the Columbia.—Country exceedingly rough, approaching to precipitous.

2. Met three trappers belonging to a company of ten, who had with them their Indian wives and children. Their names were Charles Warfield, ——— Burrows, and ——— Ward, all from St. Louis.—Warfield recognized in Smith an old acquaintance, whom he approached with "How do you do, Mr. Carroll? I'm very glad to see you."—Carroll, alias Smith, took him aside for a few moments, and Warfield was afterwards careful to call him Smith. Burrows and Ward, with the wife of one, continued with the party four days, during which nothing material occurred, except that the party killed an elk, and the trappers in one night caught two beaver.

6. Soon after parting with the trappers just named,

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met four others (French) at the forks of Bear river. Killed to-day two grisly bears for sport, the flesh being too fat to eat. Some of these animals are of enormous weight, reaching, as the hunters say, 900 pounds. One killed during the journey, a year old, exceeded 600.

7. First pleasant day since entering the mountains. For the last twenty-one, it had either rained, hailed, or snowed on each. The antelopes seemed inclined to improve it, and were grazing and sporting about in great numbers. Continued down Bear river, along its untrodden bank. There was no vestige of footsteps, except here and there a buffalo trail, which the party would follow so long as it continued in the proper direction, but when it diverged therefrom they would leave it.

9. The meat was entirely exhausted. Expecting to find buffalo wherever they desired, the men had been improvident in its use, and now began to entertain fearful forebodings of the future.

13. Arrived at Brown's Hole, the men nearly famished, having been without food for four days. This is a trapper's fort in the mountains, on the east branch of Green river, belonging to Claig & ——, and affords shelter and accommodation for 30 men when all are present. All were now out on trapping excursions but two, and these were without any provisions except dog meat, which they obtained from the Indians. Some Indians passing with dogs shortly after, a bargain was struck for three or four, the dogs being valued at $15 a piece, and the articles given for them as follows; powder $4 a pint, vermillion $1 a paper of 1½ oz., tobacco $5 a pound, and lead and knives at corresponding prices. They found the dog meat excellent, much better than our domestic beef, and next to buffalo.

Here the party remained six days, when, as they were preparing to resume their journey, a company of five persons appeared in sight, travelling from the west. They proved to be a party which had a few weeks previous escorted to Fort Hall, in the Nez Perces or Flat Head country, about 300 miles further, two missionaries, viz. Rev. Messrs. Monger and Griffeth, with their wives. The party were Paul Richardson, (leader,) Dr. Wislizenus, Eugene ——, Mr. Koontz, and Charles Kline. Capt. Richardson had spent two years in the Oregon country, had been to the mouth of the Columbia; was well acquainted at Fort Vancouver, and had visited the Methodist Missionary station at Wilhamet. To meet and converse with him was therefore a matter of the deepest interest to our adventurers. The prosecution of the journey was deferred, and all gathered around the speaker to listen to his relation. With an air of truth that demanded implicit confidence, he represented the country as undesirable in all its aspects. In the richest portions, about Vancouver and Wilhamet, not more than 15 bushels of wheat could be raised to the acre. The rainy season continued five months, and this was followed by six months of drought, in consequence of which, neither corn nor potatoes ever came to maturity. The ears of the former sprouted from the stalk at the ground, and after a sickly growth were invariably cut off by the frost, and the latter seldom exceeded the size of a walnut. In point of health the picture was equally gloomy, the Indians labouring under fever and ague the year round. These representations were not without their effect upon the minds of two of the party, Oakley and Wood, who determined to abandon the enterprise and return.

On the second day after the arrival of the party just spoken of, they resumed their journey homeward, joined by Oakley and Wood. Capt. Richardson, who knew the country well, proposed taking a route different from that pursued by Kelly, viz: by the way of Bent & Sublett's fort, on the south fork of the Platte, and which he represented to be several day's journey nearer.

Leaving Capt. Kelly with Farnham, Smith, Blair, and Osa, at Brown's Hole, where they were determined to remain till the arrival of some party bound to Oregon, with which they would unite, the homeward bound party set out on the 18th of August for the south fork of Platte. For the first five days they were without food. On the 6th day they killed an elk and subsequently a buffalo, which supplied them till they reached the post spoken of. On their way they met with a remarkable adventure which had nearly cost them their lives. This was their coming suddenly upon a Sioux village, containing, as they were informed, 1200 lodges; each numbering 9 souls, giving a total population of 10,800. Finding it impossible to retreat, they yielded themselves prisoners, and were detained three days. A council was held to decide whether they should be killed or not; and during its progress, the young Indians, between 12 and 15 years old, would come up to them, and drawing their bows, would shoot the arrows into the ground, looking with savage grimaces into the faces of the captives, and crying *tabbabo* (white man,) signifying thereby that their fathers were then deciding thus to shoot them. The appearance of 400 friendly Chians, who interposed in their favour, broke up the council and saved their lives. A Chian chief immediately came to them and advised their instant departure. As they were saddling their horses the young Sioux would come around them and endeavour to prevent it. To secure their guns they were compelled to stand firmly upon them, while three or four of the men would keep off the Indians while another was securing the saddle on the animal. The old Chians at length came to their aid, and when fairly mounted, they pushed on with all the speed in their power, outstripping, if pursued, their followers. No other adventure worth mentioning occurred on the way to the Platte, which they reached on the 3d of September. Here they found Shortess's party, where they had been 42 days. All their horses had been stolen at night by the Indians some time previous, while out on a buffalo hunt, and they were unable consequently to continue their journey. They intended remaining there till Mr. Craig went out to Brown's Hole, and would there winter.

After remaining here three days, the homeward bound party resumed their journey, and in eight more reached Bent's fort on the Arkansas, which Oakley and Wood had left two months and three days before. Here they rested two days, and then retraced their steps homeward by the route they went out, except that they struck the Missouri line at Westport, 12 miles west of Independence.

NOTE.—It will be seen from this narrative that Capt. Farnham was left at Brown's Hole, in the Rocky Mountains, on the 18th of August. Though abandoned by all of his original companions but one, he yet maintained the same unyielding firmness, never for once wavering in his purpose of reaching "OREGON OR THE GRAVE!"

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ASTORIA.

The following brief history of the *Pacific Fur company* and the settlement of Astoria on the Columbia river, is copied from a memoir by Robert Greenhow, and submitted to the twenty-sixth congress during its first session by Mr. Linn, chairman of a select committee on the Oregon territory:—

An association, for the prosecution of the fur trade on the northwestern side of the continent, was formed at New York in 1810. This association was called the *Pacific Fur company*. Its originator was John Jacob Astor, on whose commerical sagacity and efficiency it would be needless to dilate. He was, in fact, the company; one-half of its shares were held, nominally at least, by other persons, but every measure was dictated by him, and carried into effect by means of his capital. His plan was to establish trading posts on the Columbia and its branches, as well as on the Pacific coasts and the head-waters of the Missouri, which were to be supplied with the necessary articles, either by way of the latter river, or from a principal factory, to be founded at the mouth of the Columbia, whither all the furs collected at the other places were, at stated periods, to be brought. The principal factory was to receive goods by ships sent out annually from New York, which, having discharged their cargoes at the mouth of the Columbia, were to be reladen with furs for Canton, whence they would carry back to New York teas, silks, and other Chinese productions. It was also contemplated that the Russian settlements on the Pacific should be furnished by the company's vessels with such foreign articles as they required, furs being taken in exchange; and, in order to effect this more completely, as well as to prevent the occurrence of difficulties, which might otherwise be anticipated, an agent was despatched to St. Petersburgh, who concluded an arrangement securing to the Pacific company, under certain conditions, the exclusive privilege of trading with the Russian American possessions.

For the execution of these plans, Mr. Astor engaged, as partners in the concern, a number of persons, nearly all Scotchmen, who had been long in the service of the Northwest company, together with some Americans and Canadians, who were acquainted with the fur trade. These partners were to conduct the business in the west, under the direction of a general agent, chosen by them for five years; and they were to share among themselves one half of the profit, the other half being retained by Mr. Astor, who advanced all the funds, and superintended the affairs at New York. The persons required for the inferior offices and employments having been also engaged, the first party quitted New York for the Columbia in September, 1810, in the ship Tonquin, commanded by Jonathan Thorne: in January following, the second detachment set out from St. Louis, on its way across the continent, under the direction of Wilson Price Hunt, of New Jersey, who had been appointed general agent by the board of partners. The ship Enterprise, Captain Ebbets, had also been sent in 1809 to the North Pacific, to make preparatory researches and inquiries among the Russian settlements, and on the coasts which were to be the scenes of the new company's operations.

The Tonquin arrived at the mouth of the Columbia in March, 1811; and, her goods and passengers having been there landed, she sailed toward the north in search of furs. Before her departure, a spot was chosen on the south bank of the river, eight miles from the ocean, as the site of the principal factory, which, in compliment to the originator of the enterprise, was named *Astoria*. In the course of the ensuing summer, the most essential buildings were erected, gardens were planted, trade was begun with the natives, a small vessel was built and launched, and everything appeared to promise success to the establishment.

In July a detachment of persons in the service of the Northwest company arrived at Astoria, under the direction of Mr. Thompson, the astronomer of that association, who had left Montreal in the previous year, with the object of anticipating the new company in occupying the mouth of the Columbia. On their way down, they built huts and hoisted flags, and bestowed names on various spots, by way of *taking possession*, as they considered it, of the territory of their sovereign. They, however, arrived too late at the most important point; and were obliged to retrace their course to the northward, having been received and treated with great attention at the factory by their old friends, Messrs. M'Dougall, Mackay, and Stuart, the partners of the Pacific company, then directing its affairs in the west. From the information which has been obtained, it appears to be certain that by this party were established the first British trading-posts on the Columbia; and that they were, indeed, the first white men who ever navigated the northern branch of that river.

In the course of this summer, also, several trading-posts were established by the Pacific Fur company in the interior of the country: of which, the principal one was situated at the confluence of a river, called the Okanagan, with the Columbia, about four hundred miles from the mouth of the latter. During the winter which followed, the people of Astoria were subjected to many discomforts, but nothing occurred calculated to lessen their hopes as to the ultimate success of the undertaking.

Meanwhile, the other party of the Pacific company's men, proceeding from St. Louis, under Mr. Hunt, ascended the Missouri, to the country of the Arickara Indians, near the great bend of the river, and thence pursued their journey by land to the Rocky mountains. After passing this ridge, near the forty-fifth degree of latitude, they descended one of the branches of the Lewis (probably that now called *Salmon river*,) to the Columbia, and reached Astoria in the spring of 1812, having undergone innumerable difficulties from cold, fatigue, and want of of food. Scarcely had they arrived at the factory, when news was received of the destruction of the ship Tonquin and her whole crew, with the exception of the Indian interpreter, at one of the inlets near Nootka sound; the crew were overpowered by the savages, who killed the greater part of them immediately, and the vessel was then blown up by the clerk and others who had taken refuge in the hold. This disaster was calculated to depress the hopes of the persons engaged in the enterprise; their courage, however, appears to have been undiminished, and they pursued their labors diligently, being confident that the company (that is to say, Mr. Astor) could

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bear much heavier pecuniary losses without injury to its credit.

In May, 1812, the Astorians were still farther encouraged, by the arrival of the ship Beaver from New York with supplies and reinforcements; and it was determined (unfortunately for the cause, as will afterward appear) that Mr. Hunt should sail in her to the northern coasts, and visit the Russian settlements, in order to see what commercial intercourse could be carried on with them. He accordingly took his departure in that vessel in August, leaving the affairs of the factory under the direction of Mr. Duncan M'Dougall, one of the Scotch partners, who had been so long in the service of the Northwest company.

In January, 1813, the news of the declaration of war by the United States against Great Britain reached Astoria, where it was brought by persons sent for the purpose from New York; and, in the course of June following, Mr. M'Tavish, one of the partners of the Northwest company, arrived at the factory from Canada, bringing rumors of the approach of a British naval force to take possession of the mouth of the Columbia. These announcements appear to have been received with satisfaction by Mr. M'Dougall and his brother Britons, three of whom (including Ross Cox, the author of *Six Years on the Columbia*,) immediately quitted the service of the Pacific company, and entered that of the rival association; while the others almost unanimously agreed to abandon the enterprise, unless they should speedily receive assistance and supplies from New York.

From New York, however, nothing came. The ship Lark had been despatched by Mr. Astor with articles and men for Astoria; but she was wrecked near the coast of one of the Sandwich islands, in the latter part of 1813. The government of the United States had also determined, in consequence of Mr. Astor's representations, to send the frigate Adams to the north Pacific, for the protection of the infant settlement; but, just as she was about to sail from New York, it became necessary to transfer her crew to Lake Ontario, and the blockade of the American ports by British fleets rendered all farther efforts to convey succors to Astoria unavailing.

Soon after the partners of the Pacific company had formed the resolution, as above mentioned, to abandon the concern unless they should receive assistance, Mr. Hunt, the chief agent, returned to Astoria in the ship Albatross. He had spent the summer of 1812 in visiting the Russian settlements at Sitca Unalashka, and Kodiah, and had collected a valuable cargo of furs, which were carried to Canton in the Beaver. Hunt, however, accompanied that ship no farther than to the Sandwich islands, where he was informed of the war between the United States and Great Britain; and, being anxious to convery the news without delay to Astoria, he chartered the ship Albatross of Boston, which was then lying at Wahoo, and proceeded in her to the Columbia. He was at first astounded at the resolution adopted by the other partners, but he was at length induced to concur with them as to its propriety; and, after remaining a few days, he again sailed to the south Pacific, in the Albatross, for the purpose of finding some ship to convey the furs, then stored in the factory, to Canton. At Nooahevah (one of the Washington islands, discovered by Ingraham, in 1791,) he learned that a British squadron, under Commodore Hillyer, was on its way to the Pacific, in order to occupy the mouth of the Columbia; upon receiving this news, he hastened to the Sandwich islands, and, having there chartered the American brig Pedlar, he sailed in her for Astoria, where he arrived on the twenty-eighth of February, 1814.

The fate of the Pacific company, and of its establishments in Northwest America, had, however, been decided ere the arrival of the Pedlar in the Columbia.

On the seventh of October a body of men in the service of the Northwest company came down the river to Astoria, under the direction of Messrs. M'Tavish and Stuart. They arrived without either ammunition or provisions, while the people of the factory, who nearly equalled them in number, were well supplied in every respect, and their fortifications and heavy guns would have enabled them to withstand any attacks which might have been anticipated under ordinary circumstances. The new-comers, however, brought information, upon which the partners at Astoria could depend, and which proved to be perfectly correct, that a large armed ship, the *Isaac Todd*, had been fitted out at London, by the Northwest company, and was on her way to the Columbia, under convoy of a frigate, *with the object of taking and destroying everything American* in that quarter. Messrs. M'Tavish and Stuart, on communicating this news, to which they added accounts of the complete blockade of the coasts of the United States by British squadrons, at the same time proposed to purchase the whole of the establishments, furs, and other property of the Pacific company, in the territory of the Columbia, at prices to be fixed by common consent; they also offered to engage in the service of the Northwest company any of the persons attached to the American concern, at the same wages which they were then receiving, and to send back to the United States such as might not choose to be thus employed. To these propositions the partners at Astoria resolved to assent; and an agreement was accordingly signed, between them and the chiefs of the other party, on the sixteenth of the month, by which "*all the establishments, furs, and property*," above mentioned, were sold to the Northwest company for about forty thousand dollars, given in the shape of bills on Montreal.

The business appears to have been managed, on the side of the Pacific company, almost entirely by Mr. M'Dougall, whose conduct on many occasions, during the transaction, as well as afterward, was such as to induce suspicions that he was actuated by improper motives of self-interest. It is, however, difficult to determine what other course ought to have been pursued by him and the other partners, under existing circumstances. They might, indeed, have held out their stockaded fort against the enemy, or have effected a retreat with their property to some place in the interior; but this would have been to no purpose, while they could expect neither to receive supplies of goods for trading from the United States, nor to send their furs for sale to Canton. Mr. Astor declares that he would have preferred the loss of the place and property by a fair capture to a sale which he considered disgraceful; and those who know him well are convinced that he speaks as he feels. But mercantile men are, in general, supposed to consider discretion among their agents as the better part of valor; and M'Dougall may have reasonably consi-

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dered himself bound to act rather for the interests than for the glory of the Pacific company.

While the business of the transfer of the furs and merchandise at Astoria was in progess, the British sloop-of-war Raccoon entered the Columbia, under the command of Captain Black, who had hastened thither in hope of securing a rich share of plunder by the capture of the fort and magazines of the Pacific company. He found the flag of the United States waving over the factory, which was surrendered, immediately on his appearance, by the chief agent, M'Dougall; but the furs and goods which were to reward himself and his crew for their exertions, had become the property of their own fellow-subjects, and were then floating up the river in the barges of the Northwest company. The captain of the Raccoon could, therefore, only lower the flag of the United States, and hoist that of Britain over the factory, the name of which he at the same time, and with *due solemnity*, changed to Fort George. These duties being completed, he took his departure for the south.

Three months afterward (that is, on the twenty-eighth of February, 1814,) Mr. Hunt arrived at the Columbia in the brig Pedlar, which he had, as already stated, chartered for the purpose of conveying the property of the Pacific company to Canton. He found Mr. M'Dougall in charge of the factory, not, however, as an agent of that company, but as a partner of the Northwest company, into which he had been already admitted; and Hunt had, therefore, merely to close the concerns of the former association in that part of America, and to receive the bills given in payment for its effects. Having done this, he re-embarked in the Pedlar; and, taking with him three of his former companions in trade, he sailed for the United States, by way of Canton. Of the other persons who had been connected with this enterprise, some engaged in the service of the Northwest company, and some returned across the continent to the United States.

Such was the termination of the Astoria enterprise, for no attempt has been since made by the Pacific company, or by any of its members, to form a trading establishment on the northwest coast of America. The scheme was most wisely projected, and its failure can scarcely be attributed to any circumstances, the occurrence of which might have been anticipated when its execution was begun. That ships might be lost at sea, and that the adventurers might suffer from cold, or hunger, or the attacks of savages—casualties such as those were to be expected, and provision was made against them; but in 1810, when the Tonquin sailed from New York, no one anticipated that before the end of two years the United States would have been at war with the most powerful maritime nation in the world. The war traversed every part of the plan. Communications between the ports of the United States and the Columbia by sea, were rendered difficult and uncertain; while those by land were of little advantage, and were liable to interruption by the Northwest company; beside which, the furs could no longer be transported with safety to Canton. Moreover, all the most active and skilful persons in the employment of the Pacific company, except Mr. Hunt, were British subjects, whose feelings of attachment for their native land and its cause naturally rendered them discontented, when they were thus placed, in a manner, conspicuously among the ranks of its enemies. If Mr. Astor may be considered as having acted imprudently in any part of his arrangement, it was certainly in engaging so large a proportion of persons unconnected with the United States by birth, citizenship, or feelings, in the formation of establishments which were so essentially American in character and objects. That those establishments should have fallen, must be a subject of regret to every American, as there can be little if any doubt that, had they been maintained until the termination of the war, the enterprise would have succeeded, and the whole region drained by the Columbia would now be in the quiet and undisputed possession of the people of the United States.

It will be interesting, if not useful, here to insert the account of the capture of Astoria, as related by Ross Cox, who received his information at the place, shortly after the event:—

"Captain Black took possession of Astoria in the name of his Britannic majesty, and rebaptized it by the name of 'Fort George.' He also insisted on having an inventory taken of the valuable stock of furs, and all other property purchased from the American company, with a view to the adoption of ulterior proceedings in England for the recovery of the value from the Northwest company; but he subsequently relinquished this idea, and we heard no more about his claims. The Indians at the mouth of the Columbia knew well that Great Britain and America were distinct nations, and that they were then at war, but were ignorant of the arrangement made between Messrs. M'Dougall and M'Tavish, the former of whom still continued as nominal chief at the fort. On the arrival of the Raccoon, which they quickly discovered to be one of 'King George's fighting ships,' they repaired armed to the fort, and requested an audience of Mr. M'Dougall. He was somewhat surprised at their numbers and warlike appearance, and demanded the object of such an unusual visit. Comcomly, the principal chief of the Chinooks (whose daughter M'Dougall had married,) thereupon addressed him in a long speech; in the course of which he said that King George had sent a ship full of warriors, and loaded with nothing but big guns, to take the Americans and make them all slaves, and that, as they (the Americans) were the first white men who settled in their country, and treated the Indians like good relations, they had resolved to defend them from King George's warriors, and were now ready to conceal themselves in the woods close to the wharf, whence they would be able with their guns and arrows to shoot all the men that should attempt to land from the English boats, while the people in the fort could fire at them with their big guns and rifles. This proposition was uttered with an earnestness of manner that admitted no doubt of its sincerity; two armed boats from the Raccoon were approaching, and, had the people in the fort felt disposed to accede to the wishes of the Indians, every man in them would have been destroyed by an invisible enemy. Mr. M'Dougall thanked them for their friendly offer; but added, that, notwithstanding the nations were at war, the people in the boats would not injure him or any of his people, and therefore, requested them to throw by their war-shirts and arms, and receive the strangers as their friends. They at first seemed astonished at this answer; but,

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on assuring them in the most positive manner that he was under no apprehensions, they consented to give up their weapons for a few days. They afterward declared they were sorry for having complied with Mr. M'Dougall's wishes; for when they observed Captain Black, surrounded by his officers and marines, break the bottle of port on the flagstaff, and hoist the British ensign after changing the name of the fort, they remarked that, however we might wish to conceal the fact, the Americans were undoubtedly made slaves; and they were not convinced of their mistake until the sloop-of-war had departed without taking any prisoners."

ETHAN ALLEN IN ENGLAND.

Colonel Ethan Allen was a man destined to strike the world as something uncommon, and in a high degree interesting. He was but partially educated and but obscurely brought up—yet no man was ever more at ease in the polished rank than he. Not that he at all conformed to their artificial rules and title etiquette; but he had observed the dictates of natural good sense and good humor. His bearing was in total defiance of fashion, and he looked and acted as if he thought it would be a condescension thus to trammel himself. It is well known that in early life, in his own country, he acquired an influence over his fellow-men, and led them on to some of the most daring achievements. He seemed to have possessed all the elements of a hero—a devoted patriotism, a resolute and daring mind, and an excellent judgment.

His conduct as a partisan officer is well known in this country, and was of great service to the cause of liberty during our revolutionary struggle. He was taken prisoner and carried to England—where his excellent sense, his shrewdness and wit, introduced him into the court region. A friend of our earlier life, who was well acquainted with this part of the history of this singular man, used to take great delight in telling us some anecdotes of Colonel Allen, while a prisoner in London. We have before mentioned the firmness with which he resisted the attempts to bribe him from the cause of his country, and the caustic satire with which he replied to a nobleman, who was commissioned by the ministry to make him formal offers to join the British cause in America. The incident is a striking one, and it will bear a repetition.

The commissioner, among the tempting largesses, proposed that if he would espouse the cause of the king, he might have a fee-simple in half the state of Vermont. "I am a plain man," said Colonel Allen in reply, "and I have read but few books, but I have seen in print somewhere, a circumstance that forcibly reminds me of the proposal of your lordship: it is of a certain character that took a certain other character into an exceeding high mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof, and told him that if he would fall down and worship him, this would all be his; *and the rascal*," added he, "*didn't own a foot of them!*"

His interview with the king at Windsor is mentioned as highly interesting. His majesty asked the stout-hearted mountaineer, if they had any newspapers in America. "But very few, and these are but little read," was the answer. "How then," asked the king, "do the common people know of these grievances of which they complain, and of which we have just been speaking?" "As to that," said he, "I can tell your majesty, that among a people who have felt the spirit of liberty, the news of oppression is carried by the birds of the air, and the breezes of heaven." "That is too figurative an answer from a matter-of-fact man, to a plain question," rejoined the king. "Well, to be plain," answered the rebellious subject, "among our people the tale of wrong is carried from man to man, and from neighborhood to neighborhood, with the speed of electricity; my countrymen feel nothing else—out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. I will add, with great respect to your majesty, that such a people cannot be put down with the sword."

The king made a long pause, as if strongly impressed with the truth of his remarks. At length, changing the subject, he asked Colonel Allen if he knew Dr. Franklin; and being answered in the affirmative, inquired concerning his experiments with electricity, and expressed a curiosity to experience an electrical shock. The British sovereign seemed to take pleasure in the conversation which he kept up for more than an hour, and at length made Colonel Allen promise to visit him with his countryman, Dr. Franklin, at his palace in London. Some weeks after that, he was reminded of his promise by the nobleman above mentioned, and an hour fixed for the home-bred philosopher of America to explain the mysteries of a new discovery in the science to the royal family. They attended accordingly, and with an apparatus chiefly of his own invention, Dr. Franklin exhibited many of those simple and amusing experiments, for which he was so noted, and at which the royal children, even those of a larger growth, were much delighted.

In this playful way, Dr. Franklin took occasion to convey instructions as to the properties of this astonishing fluid. While the royal habitation was thus in a most unkingly uproar, the premier was announced as in waiting. The king seemed for a moment disturbed. "I forgot my appointment with the minister," said he, "but no matter, I will eschew business for once, and let North see how we are employed." Accordingly the minister was ushered in with little ceremony, and it was soon concluded that he should have a shock. Allen whispered to the doctor to remember how he had *shocked* us across the waters, and to give him a double charge. Whether it was designed on the hint of his friend or not, was not ascertained, but the charge was so powerful on the nerves of his lordship, as to make him give way in the knees, at which all, especially the princesses, were almost convulsed with mirth.

Some of Colonel Allen's happy retorts at the clubs and fashionable parties are still remembered and often repeated. On one occasion he was challenged to a glass of wine, by the beautiful Duchess of Rutland, who seems to have been particulary pleased with his independent manner. "You must qualify your glass with a toast," observed the lady. The Varmounter, very unaffectedly observed that he was not used to that sort of ceremony, and was afraid he might give offence. If, however, the lady would be so good as to suggest a subject, he would endeavor to give a sentiment. "O yes," said she, "never mind the

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subject, anything will do, so that it has no treason in it." "Well," says he, "this may do for a truth if not for a toast," and, fixing his eyes adoringly on the far-famed court beauty, he proceeded:—

"If anything could make a double traitor out of a good patriot, it would be the witchcraft of such eyes as your ladyship's."

The blunt sincerity with which this was spoken, together with its exact fitness to the occasion and the person, caused it to be long hailed in the beau monde, as an excellent good thing; and although it had the effect of heightening for a moment that beauty to which it was offered as a tribute, it is said the fair duchess often afterward boasted of the compliment as far beyond all the empty homage she had received from the glittering coxcombry of the city.

A lady once sneeringly asked Colonel Allen, in a large assembly, at what time fashionable ladies of America preferred taking the air. He perceived her drift, and bluntly answered, "Whenever it was necessary to feed the geese and turkeys." "What," inquired the lady, "do the fine women in your country descend to such menial employments?" Allen was always aroused at any attempt to depreciate the fair ones of his own country, and with a great deal of warmth he replied: "American ladies have the art of turning even amusements to account. Many of these ladies could take up the subject of your grace's family history, and tell you of the feats of valor and bursts of eloquence to which your ladyship is probably indebted for your distinguished name, most of which it is likely would be as new to you as the art of raising poultry." The sarcasm produced a deep blush in the face of the fair scoffer, but it produced for the captive and his countrymen an indemnity against court ridicule for the future.

SAPPHIRE.

Sapphire is a precious stone. The white and pale blue varieties, by exposure to heat, become snow white, and when cut exhibit so high a degree of lustre that they are used in place of diamond. The most highly prized varieties are the crimson and carmine red; these are the oriental ruby of the jeweller, and, next to the diamond, are the most valuable minerals hitherto discovered. The blue varieties, the sapphire of the jeweller, are next in value to the red. The yellow varieties, the oriental topaz of the jeweller, are of less value than the blue or true sapphire.

The asterias, or star-stone, is a very beautiful variety, in which the color is generally of a reddish violet, and the form a rhomboid, with truncated apices, which exhibit an opalescent lustre. If cut *en cabochon*, or in the form of an ellipse, the summit of the ellipse being situated exactly over the point corresponding with the summit of the rhomboid, there will be produced the appearance of a star with six rays, from which, when held in the sunshine, a bright yellowish light shoots forth, forming a beautiful contrast to the rich violet blue of the other part of the gem.

Sapphire is now usually set with foil of its own color: but it was formerly the practice, instead of a foil, to place under the gem the blue part of a peacock's feather. A sapphire of ten carats' weight is considered to be worth fifty guineas. An oriental ruby of thirty-one carats' weight, of perfect color, and without flaws, is considered almost as valuable as a diamond of the same weight. It is usually set with foil; but, if peculiarly rich in color, it is sometimes set with a bottom or *a jour*, that the stone may be seen through.

In the construction of time-keepers, no stones have been found sufficiently hard for jewelling the holes except the ruby and the diamond. It does not appear that the ancients ever engraved figures upon this mineral. All the engraved sapphires preserved in collections are of modern date; and of these one of the most beautiful is a red sapphire, or oriental ruby, on which is cut the figure of Henry IV. of France

EXCELLENT HINTS TO MECHANICS.

There is so much truth, wholesome advice, and good sense, in the following, which we extract from an exchange paper, that we cannot avoid giving it a place in our columns: "Avoid giving long credits, even to your best customers. A man who can pay easily will not thank you for the delay, and a *slack doubtful* paymaster is not too valuable as a customer to *dun sharply and seasonably*. A fish may as well attempt to live without water, or a man without air, as a mechanic without punctuality and promptness in collecting and paying his debts. It is a mistaken and ruinous policy to attempt to keep on and get business by delaying collections. When you lose a slack paymaster from your books, you only lose the chance of losing your money—and there is no man who pays more money to lawyers than he who is not prompt in collecting for himself."

TO MECHANICS.

Where did Franklin first cultivate the knowledge, that at length bore him to the height of fame? In a printing-office. Where did Bowditch study mathematics? In early life, on shipboard, and ever after, in hours snatched from the cares of busy life. How did Ferguson begin to study astronomy? Tending sheep in Scotland: lying on his back upon the bare earth, and gazing upon the heavens—mapping out the constellations by means of a simple string, stretched from hand to hand, with beads upon it, which, sliding back and forth, enabled him to ascertain the relative distances of the stars. Where did young Farraday commence his studies—still young, and yet successor in London to Day? He began his chemical studies a poor boy, in an apothecary's shop Sir Richard Arkwright, who was knighted for the improvement he introduced into cotton-spinning, and whose fine seat upon the Wye is one of the fairest in England, was a barber till he was thirty years old. And at this moment there is a man in New England, who has read fifty different languages—who was apprenticed—who has always worked, and who still works, as a blacksmith.

It is a humiliating fact, that the ugliest and most awkward of the brute creation have the greatest resemblance to man—the monkey and the bear.

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THE KNIGHT'S EPITAPH.—Bryant.

This is the church which Pisa, great and free,
Reared to St. Catharine. How the time-stained wall
That earthquakes shook not from their poise, appear
To shiver in the deep and voluble tones
Rolled from the organ! Underneath my feet
There lies the lid of a sepulchral vault.
The image of an armed knight is graven
Upon it, clad in perfect panoply.
Cuishes, and greaves, and cuirass, with barred helm,
Gauntleted hand, and sword, and blazoned shield.
Around, in gothick character, worn dim
By feet of worshippers, are traced his name
And birth and death and words of eulogy.
Why should I pore upon them? This old tomb,
This effigy, the strange disused form
Of this inscription, eloquently show
His history. Let me clothe in fitting words
The thoughts they breathe, and frame his epitaph:—

"He whose forgotten dust for centuries
Has lain beneath this stone, was one in whom
Adventure and endurance and emprise
Exalted the mind's faculties and strung
The body's sinews. Brave he was in fight,
Courteous in banquet, scornful of repose,
And bountiful and cruel and devout,
And quick to draw the sword in private feud.
He pushed his quarrels to the death, yet prayed
The saints as fervently on bended knees
As ever shaven cenobite. He loved
As fiercely as he fought. He would have borne
The maid that pleased him from her bower by night
To his hill castle, as the eagle bears
His victim from the fold, and rolled the rocks
On his pursuers. He aspired to see
His native Pisa queen and arbitress
Of cities; earnestly for her he raised
His voice in council, and affronted death
In battle-field, and climbed the galley's deck,
And brought the captured flag of Genoa back,
Or piled upon the Arno's crowded quay
The glittering spoils of the tamed Saracen.
He was not born to brook the stranger's yoke.
But would have joined the exiles, that withdrew
For ever, when the Florentine broke in
The gates of Pisa, and bore off the bolts
For trophies—but he died before that day.

"He lived, the impersonation of an age
That never shall return. His soul of fire
Was kindled by the breath of the rude time
He lived in. Now, a gentler race succeeds,
Shuddering at blood; the effeminate cavalier,
Turning from the reproaches of the past,
And from the hopeless future, gives to ease,
And love and musick his inglorious life."

CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ORDAIN AND ESTABLISH this CONSTITUTION for the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

ARTICLE I.

SECTION 1.

1. All legislative powers herein granted, shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

SECTION 2.

1. The house of representatives shall be composed of members chosen every second year by the people of the several states; and the electors in each state shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the state legislature.

2. No person shall be a representative who shall not have attained to the age of twenty-five years, and been seven years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that state in which he shall be chosen.

3. Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several states which may be included within this union, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons. The actual enumeration shall be made within three years after the first meeting of the congress of the United States, and within every subsequent term of ten years, in such manner as they shall by law direct. The number of representatives shall not exceed one for every thirty thousand, but each state shall have at least one representative; and until such enumeration shall be made, the state of *New Hampshire* shall be entitled to choose three; *Massachusetts*, eight; *Rhode-Island* and *Providence Plantations*, one; *Connecticut*, five; *New York*, six; *New Jersey*, four; *Pennsylvania*, eight; *Delaware*, one; *Maryland*, six; *Virginia*, ten; *North Carolina*, five; *South Carolina*, five; and *Georgia*, three.

4. When vacancies happen in the representation from any state, the executive authority thereof shall issue writs of election to fill such vacancies.

5. The house of representatives shall choose their speaker and other officers, and shall have the sole power of impeachment.

SECTION 3.

1. The senate of the United States shall be composed of two senators from each state, chosen by the legislature thereof, for six years; and each senator shall have one vote.

2. Immediately after they shall be assembled in consequence of the first election, they shall be divided, as equally as may be, into three classes. The seats of the senators of the first class shall be vacated at the expiration of the second year, of the second class at the expiration of the fourth year, and of the third class at the expiration of the sixth year, so that one third may be chosen every second year, and if vacancies happen, by resignation or otherwise, during the recess of the legislature of any state, the executive thereof may make temporary appointments until the next meeting of the legislature, which shall then fill such vacancies.

3. No person shall be a senator who shall not have attained to the age of thirty years, and been nine years a citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be an inhabitant of that state for which he shall be chosen.

4. The vice-president of the United States shall be president of the senate, but shall have no vote, unless they be equally divided.

5. The senate shall choose their other officers, and also a president pro tempore, in the absence of the vice-president, or when he shall exercise the office of president of the United States.

6. The senate shall have the sole power to try all impeachments. When sitting for that purpose, they shall be on an oath or affirmation. When the presi-

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dent of the United States is tried, the chief justice shall preside; and no person shall be convicted without the concurrence of two thirds of the members present.

7. Judgment in cases of impeachment shall not extend further than to removal from office, and disqualification to hold and enjoy any office of honour, trust, or profit, under the United States; but the party convicted shall nevertheless be liable and subject to indictment, trial, judgment, and punishment, according to law.

Section 4.

1. The times, places, and manner of holding elections for senators and representatives, shall be prescribed in each state by the legislature thereof; but the congress may, at any time, by law, make or alter such regulations, except as to the places of choosing senators.

2. The congress shall assemble at least once in every year, and such meeting shall be on the first Monday in December, unless they shall, by law, appoint a different day.

Section 5.

1. Each house shall be the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members; and a majority of each shall constitute a quorum to do business; but a smaller number may adjourn from day to day, and may be authorized to compel the attendance of absent members, in such manner and under such penalties as each house may provide.

2. Each house may determine the rules of its proceedings, punish its members for disorderly behaviour, and with the concurrence of two thirds, expel a member.

3. Each house shall keep a journal of its proceedings, and from time to time publish the same, excepting such parts as may in their judgment require secrecy; and the yeas and nays of the members of either house, on any question, shall, at the desire of one fifth of those present, be entered on the journal.

4. Neither house, during the session of congress, shall, without the consent of the other, adjourn for more than three days, nor to any other place than that in which the two houses shall be sitting.

Section 6.

1. The senators and representatives shall receive a compensation for their services, to be ascertained by law, and paid out of the treasury of the United States. They shall, in all cases, except treason, felony, and breach of the peace, be privileged from arrest during their attendance at the session of their respective houses, and in going to or returning from the same; and for any speech or debate in either house, they shall not be questioned in any other place.

2. No senator or representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States, which shall have been created, or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased, during such time; and no person holding any office under the United States shall be a member of either house during his continuance in office.

Section 7.

1. All bills for raising revenue shall originate in the house of representatives; but the senate may propose or concur with amendments as on other bills.

2. Every bill which shall have passed the house of representatives and the senate, shall, before it become a law, be presented to the President of the United States. If he approve, he shall sign it; but if not, he shall return it, with his objections, to that house in which it shall have originated, who shall enter the objections at large on their journal, and proceed to reconsider it. If, after such reconsideration, two thirds of that house shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other house, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered, and if approved by two thirds of that house, it shall become a law. But in all such cases, the votes of both houses shall be determined by yeas and nays; and the names of the persons voting for and against the bill, shall be entered on the journal of each house respectively. If any bill shall not be returned by the President within ten days (Sundays excepted) after it shall have been presented to him, the same shall be a law, in like manner as if he had signed it, unless the congress, by their adjournment, prevent its return, in which case it shall not be a law.

3. Every order, resolution or vote, to which the concurrence of the senate and house of representatives may be necessary (except on a question of adjournment) shall be presented to the President of the United States; and before the same shall take effect, shall be approved by him, or being disapproved by him, shall be repassed by two thirds of the senate and house of representatives, according to the rules and limitations prescribed in the case of a bill.

Section 8.

The congress shall have power—

1. To lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises; to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States; but all duties, imposts, and excises, shall be uniform throughout the United States.

2. To borrow money on the credit of the United States.

3. To regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several states, and with the Indian tribes.

4. To establish an uniform rule of naturalization, and uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies throughout the United States.

5. To coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin, and fix the standard of weights and measures.

6. To provide for the punishment of counterfeiting the securities and current coin of the United States.

7. To establish post offices and post roads.

8. To promote the progress of science and useful arts, by securing, for limited times, to authors and inventors, the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries.

9. To constitute tribunals inferior to the supreme court: to define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, and offences against the law of nations.

10. To declare war, grant letters of marque and reprisal, and make rules concerning captures on land and water.

11. To raise and support armies; but no appropriation of money to that use shall be for a longer term than two years.

12. To provide and maintain a navy.

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3. To make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces.

14. To provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions.

15. To provide for organizing, arming, and disciplining the militia, and for governing such part of them as may be employed in the service of the United States, reserving to the states respectively, the appointment of the officers, and the authority of training the militia according to the discipline prescribed by congress.

16. To exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever, over such district (not exceeding ten miles square) as may, by cession of particular states, and the acceptance of congress, become the seat of government of the United States, and to exercise like authority over all places purchased, by the consent of the legislature of the state in which the same shall be, for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dock-yards, and other needful buildings:—and,

17. To make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers, and all other powers vested by this constitution, in the government of the United States, or in any department or officer thereof.

Section 9.

1. The migration or importation of such persons as any of the states now existing shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by the congress prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight; but a tax or duty may be imposed on such importation, not exceeding ten dollars for each person.

2. The privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it.

3. No bill of attainder or ex post facto law shall be passed.

4. No capitation, or other direct tax shall be laid, unless in proportion to the census or enumeration herein before directed to be taken.

5. No tax or duty shall be laid on articles exported from any state. No preference shall be given by any regulation of commerce or revenue to the ports of one state over those of another; nor shall vessels bound to, or from, one state be obliged to enter, clear, or pay duties in another.

6. No money shall be drawn from the treasury, but in consequence of appropriations made by law; and a regular statement and account of the receipts and expenditures of all public money shall be published from time to time.

7. No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States, and no person holding any office of profit or trust under them, shall, without the consent of the congress, accept of any present, emolument, office or title of any kind whatever, from any king, prince, or foreign state.

Section 10.

1. No state shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation; grant letters of marque and reprisal; coin money; emit bills of credit; make any thing but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts; pass any bill of attainder, ex post facto law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts; or grant any title of nobility

2. No state shall, without the consent of the congress, lay any imposts or duties on imports or exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing its inspection laws; and the nett produce of all duties and imposts, laid by any state on imports or exports, shall be for the use of the treasury of the United States; and all such laws shall be subject to the revision and control of the congress. No state shall, without the consent of congress, lay any duty of tonnage, keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, enter into any agreement or compact with another state, or with a foreign power, or engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay.

Article II.

Section 1.

1. The executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. He shall hold his office during the term of four years, and, together with the Vice-President, chosen for the same term, be elected as follows:

2. Each state shall appoint, in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors, equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the state may be entitled in the congress; but no senator or representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an elector.

3. The electors shall meet in their respective states, and vote by ballot for two persons, of whom one at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same state with themselves. And they shall make a list of all the persons voted for, and of the number of votes for each; which list they shall sign and certify, and transmit sealed to the seat of the government of the United States, directed to the president of the senate. The president of the senate shall, in the presence of the senate and house of representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted. The person having the greatest number of votes shall be the president, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if there be more than one who have such majority, and have an equal number of votes, then the house of representatives shall immediately choose, by ballot, one of them for president; and if no person have a majority, then, from the five highest on the list, the said house shall, in like manner, choose the president. But, in choosing the president, the votes shall be taken by states, the representation from each state having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two thirds of the states, and a majority of all the states shall be necessary to a choice. In every case after the choice of the president, the person having the greatest number of votes of the electors shall be the vice-president. But if there should remain two or more who have equal votes, the senate shall choose from them by ballot, the vice-president.

4. The congress may determine the time of choosing the electors, and the day on which they shall give their votes; which day shall be the same throughout the United States.

5. No person except a natural born citizen, or a citizen of the United States, at the time of the adoption of this constitution, shall be eligible to the office of president, neither shall any person be eligible to

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that office who shall not have attained to the age of thirty-five years, and been fourteen years a resident within the United States.

6. In case of the removal of the president from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the vice-president; and the congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation or inability, both of the president and vice-president, declaring what officer shall then act as president; and such officer shall act accordingly, until the disability be removed, or a president shall be elected.

7. The president shall, at stated times, receive for his services, a compensation, which shall neither be increased or diminished during the period for which he shall have been elected; and he shall not receive within that period, any other emolument from the United States, or any of them.

8. Before he enter on the execution of his office, he shall take the following oath or affirmation:

9. "I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States; and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the constitution of the United States."

Section 2.

1. The president shall be commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, and of the militia of the several states, when called into the actual service of the United States; he may require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices, and he shall have power to grant reprieves and pardon for offences against the United States, except in cases of impeachment.

2. He shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the senate, to make treaties, provided two thirds of the senators present concur; and he shall nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the senate, shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the supreme court, and all other officers of the United States, whose appointments are not herein otherwise provided for, and which shall be established by law. But the congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers, as they think proper, in the president alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments.

3. The president shall have power to fill up all vacancies that may happen during the recess of the senate, by granting commissions which shall expire at the end of their next session.

Section 3.

1. He shall from time to time, give to the congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient: He may, on extraordinary occasions, convene both houses, or either of them; and in case of disagreement between them, with respect to the time of adjournment, he may adjourn them to such time as he shall think proper: He shall receive ambassadors and other public officers: He shall take care that the laws be faithfully executed, and shall commission all the officers of the United States.

Section 4.

1. The president and vice-president, and all civil officers of the United States, shall be removed from office, on impeachment for, and conviction of treason, bribery, or other high crimes and misdemeanors.

ARTICLE III.

Section 1.

1. The judicial power of the United States, shall be vested in one supreme court, and in such inferior courts, as the congress may from time to time ordain and establish. The judges, both of the supreme and inferior courts, shall hold their offices during good behaviour; and shall at stated times receive for their services, a compensation, which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office.

Section 2.

1. The judicial power shall extend to all cases, in law and equity, arising under this constitution, the laws of the United States and treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority; to all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls; to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; to controversies to which the United States shall be a party; to controversies between two or more states, between a state and citizens of another state; between citizens of different states, between citizens of the same state, claiming lands under grants of different states, and between a state, or the citizens thereof, and foreign states, citizens or subjects.

2. In all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, and those in which a state shall be a party, the supreme court shall have original jurisdiction. In all the other cases before mentioned, the supreme court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions, and under such regulations, as the congress shall make.

3. The trial of all crimes, except in cases of impeachment, shall be by jury; and such trial shall be held in the state where the said crimes shall have been committed; but when not committed within any state, the trial shall be at such place or places, as the congress may by law have directed.

Section 3.

1. Treason against the United States, shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason, unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court.

2. The congress shall have power to declare the punishment of treason: but no attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood or forfeiture, except during the life of the person attainted.

ARTICLE IV.

Section 1.

1. Full faith and credit shall be given in each state, to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other state. And the congress may, by general laws, prescribe the manner in which such acts, records, and proceedings shall be proved, and the effect thereof.

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SECTION 2.

1. The citizens of each state shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states.

2. A person charged in any state with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice, and be found in another state, shall on demand of the executive authority of the state from which he fled, be delivered up, to be removed to the state having jurisdiction of the crime.

3. No person, held to service or labour in one state, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law, or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labour; but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due.

SECTION 3.

1. New states may be admitted by the congress into this Union; but no new state shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other state; nor any state be formed by the junction of two or more states or parts of states, without the consent of the legislatures of the states concerned, as well as of the congress.

2. The congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States: And nothing in this constitution shall be so construed, as to prejudice any claims of the United States, or of any particular state.

SECTION 4.

1. The United States shall guaranty to every state in this Union, a republican form of government; and shall protect each of them against invasion; and on application of the legislature, or of the executive, (when the legislature cannot be convened,) against domestic violence.

ARTICLE V.

1. The congress, whenever two thirds of both houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this constitution; or, on the application of two thirds of the legislatures of the several states, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in either case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of this constitution, when ratified by the legislatures of three fourths of the several states, or by conventions in three fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of the ratification may be proposed by the congress; provided that no amendment which may be made prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight, shall in any manner affect the first and fourth clauses in the ninth section of the first article; and that no state without its consent, shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the senate.

ARTICLE VI.

1. All debts contracted, and engagements entered into, before the adoption of this constitution, shall be as valid against the United States, under this constitution, as under the confederation.

2. This constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every state, shall be bound thereby, any thing in the constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding.

3. The senators and representatives before mentioned, and the members of the several state legislatures, and all executive and judicial officers, both of the United States and of the several states, shall be bound by an oath or affirmation to support this constitution; but no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United states.

ARTICLE VII.

1. The ratification of the conventions of nine states shall be sufficient for the establishment of this constitution between the states so ratifying the same.

Done in convention, by the unanimous consent of the states present, the seventeenth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven, and of the independence of the United States of America the twelfth. In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our names.

GEORGE WASHINGTON,
President, and deputy from Virginia.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.
John Langdon,
Nicholas Gilman.

MASSACHUSETTS.
Nathaniel Gorham,
Rufus King.

CONNECTICUT.
William Samuel Johnson,
Roger Sherman.

NEW YORK.
Alexander Hamilton.

NEW JERSEY.
William Livingston,
David Brearly,
William Patterson,
Jonathan Dayton.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Benjamin Franklin,
Thomas Mifflin,
Robert Morris,
George Clymer,
Thomas Fitzsimons,
Jarard Ingersoll,
James Wilson,
Governeur Morris.

DELAWARE.
George Reed,
Gunning Bedford, jun.
John Dickinson,
Richard Bassat,
Jacob Broom.

MARYLAND.
James M'Henry,
Daniel of St. Tho. Jenifer,
Daniel Carroll.

VIRGINIA.
John Blair,
James Madison, jun.

NORTH CAROLINA.
William Blount,
Richard Dobbs Spaight,
Hugh Williamson.

SOUTH CAROLINA.
John Rutledge,
Charles C. Pinckney,
Charles Pinckney,
Pierce Butler.

GEORGIA.
William Few,
Abraham Baldwin.

ATTEST; WILLIAM JACKSON, sec'ry

AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

ARTICLE II.

A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.

ARTICLE III.

No soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner; nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

ARTICLE IV.

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated; and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly descri-

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thing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

ARTICLE V.

No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service, in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject, for the same offence, to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled, in any case, to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation.

ARTICLE VI.

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the state and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favour; and to have the assistance of counsel for his defence.

ARTICLE VII.

In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed twenty dollars, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved; and no fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise re-examined in any court of the United States, than according to the rules of the common law.

ARTICLE VIII.

Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

ARTICLE IX.

The enumeration in the constitution of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

ARTICLE X.

The powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people.

ARTICLE XI.

The judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity, commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States, by citizens of another state, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign state.

ARTICLE XII.

1. The electors shall meet in their respective states, and vote by ballot for president and vice-president, one of whom, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same state with themselves; they shall name, in their ballots, the person voted for as president, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as vice-president; and they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as president, and of all persons voted for as vice-president, and of the number of votes for each; which lists they shall sign and certify, and transmit, sealed, to the seat of government of the United States, directed to the president of the senate. The president of the senate shall, in the presence of the senate and house of representatives open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted; the person having the greatest number of votes for president shall be the president, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have such majority, then, from the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as president, the house of representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the president. But in choosing the president, the votes shall be taken by states, the representation from each state having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two thirds of the states, and a majority of all the states shall be necessary to a choice. And if the house of representatives shall not choose a president whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the vice-president shall act as president, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the president.

2. The person having the greatest number of votes as vice-president, shall be the vice-president, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have a majority, then, from the two highest numbers on the list, the senate shall choose the vice-president; a quorum for the purpose shall consist of two thirds of the whole number of senators, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice.

3. But no person constitutionally ineligible to the office of president, shall be eligible to that of vice-president of the United States.

ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION.

In Congress, July 8, 1778.

Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union between the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia.

Article 1. The style of this confederacy shall be "*The United States of America.*"

Art. 2. Each state retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence, and every power, jurisdiction, and right, which is not by this confederation expressly delegated to the United States, in Congress assembled.

Art. 3. The said states hereby severally enter into a firm league of friendship with each other, for their common defence, the security of their liberties, and their mutual and general welfare, binding themselves to assist each other against all force offered to, or attacks made upon them, or any of them, on account of religion, sovereignty, trade, or any other pretence whatever.

Art. 4. § 1. The better to secure and perpetuate mutual friendship and intercourse among the people of the different states in this union, the free inhabitants of each of these states, paupers, vagabonds, and fugitives from justice excepted, shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of free citizens in the several states; and the people of each state shall have free ingress and regress to and from any other state, and shall enjoy therein all the privileges of trade and commerce, subject to the same duties, im-

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positions, and restrictions, as the inhabitants thereof respectively; provided that such restrictions shall not extend so far as to prevent the removal of property imported into any state, to any other state, of which the owner is an inhabitant; provided also, that no imposition, duties, or restriction, shall be laid by any state on the property of the United States, or either of them.

§ 2. If any person guilty of, or charged with, treason, felony, or other high misdemeanour in any state, shall flee from justice, and be found in any of the United States, he shall, upon the demand of the governor or executive power of the state from which he fled, be delivered up, and removed to the state having jurisdiction of his offence.

§ 3. Full faith and credit shall be given, in each of these states, to the records, acts, and judicial proceedings of the courts and magistrates of every other state.

Art. 5. § 1. For the more convenient management of the general interests of the United States, delegates shall be annually appointed in such a manner as the legislature of each state shall direct, to meet in Congress on the first Monday in November, in every year, with a power reserved to each state to recall its delegates, or any of them, at any time within the year, and to send others in their stead, for the remainder of the year.

§ 2. No state shall be represented in Congress by less than two, nor more than seven members; and no person shall be capable of being a delegate for more than three years, in any term of six years; nor shall any person, being a delegate, be capable of holding any office under the United States, for which he, or any other for his benefit, receives any salary, fees, or emolument of any kind.

§ 3. Each state shall maintain its own delegates in a meeting of the states, and while they act as members of the committee of these states.

§ 4. In determining questions in the United States in Congress assembled, each state shall have one vote.

§ 5. Freedom of speech and debate in Congress shall not be impeached or questioned in any court or place out of Congress, and the members of Congress shall be protected in their persons from arrests and imprisonments during the time of their going to and from, and attendance on, Congress, except for treason, felony, or breach of the peace.

Art. 6. § 1. No state, without the consent of the United States, in Congress assembled, shall send any embassy to, or receive any embassy from, or enter into any conference, agreement, alliance, or treaty, with any king, prince, or state; nor shall any person holding any office of profit or trust under the United States, or any of them, accept of any present, emolument, office, or title of any kind whatever, from any king, prince, or foreign state; nor shall the United States, in Congress assembled, or any of them, grant any title of nobility.

§ 2. No two or more states shall enter into any treaty, confederation, or alliance whatever, between them, without the consent of the United States, in Congress assembled, specifying accurately the purposes for which the same is to be entered into, and how long it shall continue.

§ 3. No state shall lay any imposts or duties which may interfere with any stipulations in treaties entered into by the United States, in Congress assembled, with any king, prince, or state, in pursuance of any treaties already proposed by Congress to the courts of France and Spain.

§ 4. No vessels of war shall be kept in time of peace, by any state, except such number only as shall be deemed necessary by the United States, in Congress assembled, for the defence of such state, or its trade; nor shall any body of forces be kept up, by any state, in time of peace, except such number only as, in the judgment of the United States, in Congress assembled, shall be deemed requisite to garrison the forts necessary for the defence of such state; but every state shall always keep up a regular and well disciplined militia, sufficiently armed and accoutred, and shall provide and constantly have ready for use, in public stores, a due number of field pieces and tents, and a proper quantity of arms, ammunition, and camp equipage.

§ 5. No state shall engage in any war without the consent of the United States, in Congress assembled, unless such state be actually invaded by enemies, or shall have received certain advice of a resolution being formed by some nation of Indians to invade such state, and the danger is so imminent as not to admit of delay till the United States, in Congress assembled, can be consulted; nor shall any state grant commissions to any ships or vessels of war, nor letters of marque or reprisal, except it be after a declaration of war by the United States, in Congress assembled, and then only against a kingdom or state, and the subjects thereof, against which war has been so declared, and under such regulations as shall be established by the United States, in Congress assembled, unless such state be infested by pirates, in which case vessels of war may be fitted out for that occasion, and kept so long as the danger shall continue, or until the United States, in Congress assembled, shall determine otherwise.

Art. 7. When land forces are raised by any state for the common defence, all officers of, or under the rank of colonel, shall be appointed by the legislature of each state respectively by whom such forces shall be raised, or in such manner as such state shall direct, and all vacancies shall be filled up by the state which first made the appointment.

Art. 8. All charges of war, and all other expenses that shall be incurred for the common defence or general welfare, and allowed by the United States, in Congress assembled, shall be defrayed out of a common treasury, which shall be supplied by the several states, in proportion to the value of all land within each state, granted to, or surveyed for, any person, as such land and the buildings and improvements thereon shall be estimated, according to such mode as the United States, in Congress assembled, shall, from time to time, direct and appoint. The taxes for paying that proportion shall be laid and levied by the authority and direction of the legislatures of the several states, within the time agreed upon by the United States, in Congress assembled.

Art. 9. § 1. The United States, in Congress assembled, shall have the sole and exclusive right and power of determining on peace and war, except in the cases mentioned in the sixth article, of sending and receiving ambassadors, entering into treaties and alliances, provided that no treaty of commerce shall be made, whereby the legislative power of the re-

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spective states shall be restrained from imposing such imposts and duties on foreigners, as their own people are subject to, or from prohibiting the exportation or importation of any species of goods or commodities whatsoever; of establishing rules for deciding, in all cases, what captures on land or water shall be legal, and in what manner prizes taken by land or naval forces in the service of the United States, shall be divided or appropriated; of granting letters of marque and reprisal in times of peace; appointing courts for the trial of piracies and felonies committed on the high seas; and establishing courts for receiving and determining finally appeals in all cases of captures; provided that no member of Congress shall be appointed a judge of any of the said courts.

§ 2. The United States, in Congress assembled, shall also be the last resort on appeal, in all disputes and differences now subsisting, or that hereafter may arise between two or more states concerning boundary, jurisdiction or any other cause whatever, which authority shall always be exercised in the manner following: Whenever the legislative or executive authority, or lawful agent of any state in controversy with another, shall present a petition to Congress stating the matter in question, and praying for a hearing, notice thereof shall be given by order of Congress to the legislative or executive authority of the other state in controversy, and a day assigned for the appearance of the parties by their lawful agents, who shall then be directed to appoint, by joint consent, commissioners or judges to constitute a court for hearing and determining the matter in question: but if they cannot agree, Congress shall name three persons out of each of the United States, and from the list of such persons each party shall alternately strike out one, the petitioners beginning, until the number shall be reduced to thirteen; and from that number not less than seven, nor more than nine names, as Congress shall direct, shall, in the presence of Congress, be drawn out by lot; and the persons whose names shall be so drawn, or any five of them, shall be commissioners or judges, to hear, and finally determine the controversy, so always as a major part of the judges, who shall hear the cause, shall agree in the determination; and if either party shall neglect to attend at the day appointed, without showing reasons which Congress shall judge sufficient, or being present, shall refuse to strike, the Congress shall proceed to nominate three persons out of each state, and the secretary of Congress shall strike in behalf of such party absent or refusing; and the judgment and sentence of the court, to be appointed in the manner before prescribed, shall be final and conclusive; and if any of the parties shall refuse to submit to the authority of such court, or to appear or defend their claim or cause, the court shall nevertheless proceed to pronounce sentence or judgment, which shall in like manner be final and decisive; the judgment or sentence and other proceedings, being in either case transmitted to Congress, and lodged among the acts of Congress, for the security of the parties concerned; provided, that every commissioner, before he sits in judgment, shall take an oath, to be administered by one of the judges of the supreme or superior court of the state where the cause shall be tried, "well and truly to hear and determine the matter in question, according to the best of his judgment, without favour, affection or hope of reward." Provided also, that no state shall be deprived of territory for the benefit of the United States.

§ 3. All controversies concerning the private right of soil claimed under different grants of two or more states, whose jurisdiction, as they may respect such lands, and the states which passed such grants are adjusted, the said grants or either of them being at the same time claimed to have originated antecedent to such settlement of jurisdiction, shall, on the petition of either party to the Congress of the United States, be finally determined, as near as may be, in the same manner as is before prescribed for deciding disputes respecting territorial jurisdiction between different states.

§ 4. The United States, in Congress assembled, shall also have the sole and exclusive right and power of regulating the alloy and value of coin struck by their own authority, or by that of the respective states; fixing the standard of weights and measures throughout the United States; regulating the trade and managing all affairs with the Indians, not members of any of the states; provided that the legislative right of any state within its own limits, be not infringed or violated; establishing and regulating post offices from one state to another, throughout all the United States, and exacting such postage on the papers passing through the same as may be requisite to defray the expenses of the said office; appointing all officers of the land forces in the service of the United States, excepting regimental officers; appointing all the officers of the naval forces, and commissioning all officers whatever in the service of the United States; making rules for the government and regulation of the said land and naval forces, and directing their operations.

§ 5. The United States, in Congress assembled, shall have authority to appoint a committee, to sit in the recess of Congress, to be denominated, "*A Committee of the States*," and to consist of one delegate from each state; and to appoint such other committees and civil officers as may be necessary for managing the general affairs of the United States under their direction; to appoint one of their number to preside; provided that no person be allowed to serve in the office of president more than one year in any term of three years; to ascertain the necessary sums of money to be raised for the service of the United States, and to appropriate and apply the same for defraying the public expenses; to borrow money or emit bills on the credit of the United States, transmitting every half year to the respective states an account of the sums of money so borrowed or emitted; to build and equip a navy; to agree upon the number of land forces, and to make requisitions from each state for its quota, in proportion to the number of white inhabitants in such state, which requisition shall be binding; and thereupon the legislature of each state shall appoint the regimental officers, raise the men, clothe, arm, and equip them, in a soldier-like manner, at the expense of the United States; and the officers and men so clothed, armed, and equipped, shall march to the place appointed, and within the time agreed on by the United States, in Congress assembled; but if the United States, in Congress assembled, shall, on consideration of circumstances, judge proper that any state

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should not raise men, or should raise a smaller number than its quota, and that any other state should raise a greater number of men than the quota thereof, such extra number shall be raised, officered, clothed, armed, and equipped in the same manner as the quota of such state, unless the legislature of such state shall judge that such extra number cannot be safely spared out of the same, in which case they shall raise, officer, clothe, arm, and equip as many of such extra number as they judge can be safely spared, and the officers and men so clothed, armed, and equipped, shall march to the place appointed, and within the time agreed on by the United States, in Congress assembled.

§ 6. The United States, in Congress assembled, shall never engage in a war, nor grant letters of marque and reprisal in time of peace, nor enter into any treaties or alliances, nor coin money, nor regulate the value thereof, nor ascertain the sums and expenses necessary for the defence and welfare of the United States, or any of them, nor emit bills nor borrow money on the credit of the United States, nor appropriate money, nor agree upon the number of vessels of war to be built or purchased, or the number of land or sea forces to be raised, nor appoint a commander-in-chief of the army or navy, unless nine states assent to the same, nor shall a question on any other point, except for adjourning from day to day, be determined, unless by the votes of a majority of the United States, in Congress assembled.

§ 7. The Congress of the United States shall have power to adjourn to any time within the year, and to any place within the United States, so that no period of adjournment be for a longer duration than the space of six months, and shall publish a journal of their proceedings monthly, except such parts thereof relating to treaties, alliances, or military operations, as in their judgment require secrecy; and the yeas and nays of the delegates of each state, on any question, shall be entered on the journal, when it is desired by any delegate; and the delegates of a state, or any of them, at his or their request, shall be furnished with a transcript of the said journal, except such parts as are above excepted, to lay before the legislatures of the several states.

Art. 10. The committee of the states, or any nine of them, shall be authorized to execute, in the recess of Congress, such of the powers of Congress as the United States in Congress assembled, by the consent of nine states, shall, from time to time, think expedient to vest them with; provided that no power be delegated to the said committee, for the exercise of which, by the articles of confederation, the voice of nine states, in the Congress of the United States, assembled, is requisite.

Art. 11. Canada acceding to this confederation, and joining in the measures of the United States, shall be admitted into, and entitled to all the advantages of this Union: but no other colony shall be admitted into the same, unless such admission be agreed to by nine states.

Art. 12. All bills of credit emitted, moneys borrowed, and debts contracted by or under the authority of Congress, before the assembling of the United States, in pursuance of the present confederation, shall be deemed and considered as a charge against the United States, for payment and satisfaction whereof the said United States and the public faith are hereby solemnly pledged.

Art. 13. Every state shall abide by the determination of the United States, in Congress assembled, in all questions which, by this confederation, are submitted to them. And the articles of this confederation shall be inviolably observed by every state, and the Union shall be perpetual; nor shall any alteration at any time hereafter be made in any of them, unless such alteration be agreed to in a Congress of the United States, and be afterwards confirmed by the legislature of every state.

And whereas it hath pleased the Great Governor of the world to incline the hearts of the legislatures we respectively represent in Congress, to approve of, and to authorize us to ratify the said articles of confederation and perpetual union, Know ye, that we, the undersigned delegates, by virtue of the power and authority to us given for that purpose, do by these presents, in the name and in behalf of our respective constituents, fully and entirely ratify and confirm each and every of the said articles of confederation and perpetual union, and all and singular the matters and things therein contained. And we do further solemnly plight and engage the faith of our respective constituents, that they shall abide by the determination of the United States, in Congress assembled, in all questions which by the said confederation are submitted to them; and that the articles thereof shall be inviolably observed by the states we respectively represent, and that the Union shall be perpetual. In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands, in Congress.

Done at Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, the 9th day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1778, and in the third year of the Independence of America.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.
Josiah Bartlett,
John Wentworth, Jr.

MASSACHUSETTS BAY.
John Hancock,
Samuel Adams,
Elbridge Gerry,
Francis Dana,
James Lovel,
Samuel Holten.

RHODE ISLAND, &c.
William Ellery,
Henry Marchant,
John Collins.

CONNECTICUT.
Roger Sherman,
Samuel Huntingdon,
Oliver Wolcott,
Titus Hosmer,
Andrew Adams.

NEW YORK.
Jas. Duane,
Fra. Lewis,
Wm. Duer,
Gouv. Morris.

NEW JERSEY.
Jno. Witherspoon,
Nath. Scudder.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Robert Morris,
Daniel Roberdeau,
Jona. Bayard Smith,
William Clingan,
Joseph Reed.

DELAWARE.
Thos. M'Kean,
John Dickinson,
Nicholas Van Dyke.

MARYLAND.
John Hanson,
Daniel Carroll.

VIRGINIA.
Richard Henry Lee,
John Bannister,
Thomas Adams,
John Harris,
Francis Lightfoot Lee.

NORTH CAROLINA.
John Penn,
Cons. Harnett,
Jno Williams.

SOUTH CAROLINA.
Henry Laurens,
William Henry Drayton,
Jno. Matthews,
Richard Hutson,
Thomas Heyward, Jr.

GEORGIA.
Jno. Walton,
Edwd. Telfair,
Edwd. Langworthy.

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WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Friends and Fellow Citizens,

The period for a new election of a citizen to administer the executive government of the United States, being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprize you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you at the same time to do me the justice to be assured, that this resolution has not been taken, without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that in withdrawing the tender of service, which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest; no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness; but am supported by a full conviction, that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in, the office to which your suffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical position of our affairs with foreign nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea. I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external, as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety; and am persuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that in the present circumstances of our country, you will not disapprove of my determination to retire.

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust, were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust I will only say that I have, with good intentions, contributed towards the organization and administration of the government, the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more, that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me, as it will be welcome. Satisfied that if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe, that while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment which is to terminate the career of my political life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country, for the many honours it has conferred upon me; still more for the stedfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead—amidst appearances sometimes dubious—vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging—in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism—the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing wishes, that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence—that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual—that the free constitution which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained—that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue—that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these states, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and the adoption, of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent view, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence; the support of your tranquillity at home; your peace abroad; of your safety, of your prosperity; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee, that from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment,

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that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union, to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens by birth or choice of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess, are the work of joint counsels, and joint efforts—of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interests. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

The *north*, in an unrestrained intercourse with the *south*, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds in the productions of the latter, great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise, and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The *south*, in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the *north*, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the *north*, it finds its particular navigation invigorated—and while it contributes, in different ways, to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is equally adapted. The *east*, in like intercourse with the *west*, already finds, and in the progressive improvement of interior communications, by land and water, will more and more find, a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home. The *west* derives from the *east* supplies requisite to its growth and comfort—and, what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of indispensable outlets for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest as one nation. Any other tenure by which the *west* can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength, or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious.

While then every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find in the united mass of means and efforts, greater strength, greater resources, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations; and, what is of inestimable value, they must derive from union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighbouring countries, not tied together by the same government, which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce; but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments and intrigues, would stimulate and embitter. Hence likewise they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments, which, under any form of government, are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to republican liberty. In this sense it is, that your union ought to be considered as the main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind, and exhibit the continuance of the union as a primary object of patriotic desire. Is there a doubt whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal. We are authorized to hope that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. It is well worth a fair and full experiment. With such powerful and obvious motives to union, affecting all parts of our country, while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those, who, in any quarter, may endeavour to weaken its bands.

In contemplating the causes which may disturb our union, it occurs, as a matter of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by GEOGRAPHICAL discriminations; *Northern* and *Southern*; *Atlantic* and *Western*; whence designing men may endeavour to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heart-burnings which spring from these misrepresentations; they tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection. The inhabitants of our western country have lately had a useful lesson on this head; they have seen, in the negotiation by the executive, and in the unanimous ratification by the senate, of the treaty with Spain, and in the universal satisfaction at that event throughout the United States, a decisive proof how unfounded were the suspicions propagated among them, of a policy in the general government, and in the Atlantic states, unfriendly to their interest in regard to the Mississippi. They have been witnesses to the formation of two treaties; that with Great Britain and that with Spain: which secure to them every thing they could desire, in respect to our foreign relations, towards confirming their prosperity. Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the union by which they were procured? Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their brethren and connect them with aliens?

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To the efficacy and permanency of your Union, a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts, can be an adequate substitute; they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay by the adoption of a constitution of government better calculated than your former for an intimate union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and alter their constitutions of government. But the constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government, presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with a real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction; to give it an artificial and extraordinary force; to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, often a small, but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans, digested by common counsels, and modified by mutual interests.

However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious and unprincipled men, will be enabled to subvert the power of the people and to usurp for themselves the reins of government; destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

Towards the preservation of your government, and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite, not only that you steadily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect in the forms of the constitution, alterations which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember, that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country; that facility in change upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion; and remember, especially, that for the efficient management of your common interests in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigour as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty, is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name, where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of the society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the state, with the particular reference to the founding of them on geographical discriminations. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party generally.

This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed. But in those of the popular form, it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

The alternate dominion of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge natural to party dissension, which, in different ages and countries, has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual: and, sooner or later, the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of public liberty.

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind, (which, nevertheless, ought not to be entirely out of sight,) the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

It serves always to distract the public councils and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another; foments occasionally riot and insurrection; and opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the government itself through the channels of party passions. Thus the policy and will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another.

There is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This, within certain limits, is probably true: and in governments of a monarchical cast, patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favour, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it

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is certain there will always be enough of this spirit for every salutary purpose. And there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking, in a free country, should inspire caution in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding, in the exercise of the power of one department, to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks, in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the guardian of public weal against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern; some of them in our country and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance, in permanent evil, any partial or transient benefit which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labour to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connexions with private and public felicity. Let it be simply asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligations desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle. It is substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule indeed extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric.

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it, is to use it as sparingly as possible; avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace; but remembering also that timely disbursements to *prepare* for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertions, in time of peace, to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars may have occasioned; not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burden which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs to your representatives; but it is necessary that public opinion should co-operate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty, it is essential that you should practically bear in mind, that towards the payment of debts there must be revenue; that to have revenue there must be taxes; that no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant; that the intrinsic embarrassment inseparable from the selection of the proper object, (which is always a choice of difficulties,) ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining revenue, which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct: and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it! Can it be that providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment at least is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachment for others, should be excluded; and that in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation, which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affections, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another, disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable, when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed and bloody contests. The nation, prompted by ill-will and resentment, sometimes impels to war the government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion, what reason would reject; at other times, it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition and other sinister and pernicious

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motives. The peace, often, sometimes perhaps the liberty of nations have been the victim. So likewise, a passionate attachment of one nation for another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favourite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest, in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favourite nation, of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions, by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained; and by exciting jealousy, ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld: and it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens, (who devote themselves to the favourite nation,) facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity; gilding with the appearances of a virtuous sense of obligations, commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption or infatuation.

As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways, such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practise the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils! Such an attachment of a small or weak, towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, (I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens,) the jealousy of a free people ought to be CONSTANTLY awake; since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike for another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favourite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little *political* connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humour, or caprice.

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, in a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony and a liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking or granting exclusive favours or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing, with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view, that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favours from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character; that by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favours, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favours from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure —which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations! but, if I may even flatter myself, that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit; to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue; to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

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How far, in the discharge of my official duties, I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

In relation to the still subsisting war in Europe, my proclamation of the 22nd of April, 1793, is the index to my plan. Sanctioned by your approving voice, and by that of your representatives in both houses of Congress, the spirit of that measure has continually governed me, uninfluenced by any attempts to deter or divert me from it.

After a deliberate examination, with the aid of the best lights I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country, under all the circumstances of the case, had a right to take, and was bound in duty and interest, to take a neutral position. Having taken it, I determined, as far as should depend on me, to maintain it with moderation, perseverance and firmness. The considerations which respect the right to hold this conduct, it is not necessary on this occasion to detail. I will only observe, that according to my understanding of the matter, that right, so far from being denied by any of the belligerent powers, has been virtually admitted by all.

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred without any thing more, from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on every nation, in cases in which it is free to act, to maintain inviolate, the relations of peace and amity towards other nations.

The inducements of interest for observing that conduct will be best referred to your own reflections and experience. With me, a predominant motive has been to endeavour to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress, without interruption, to that degree of strength and consisteney, which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes.

Though in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects, not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service, with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated with that fervent love towards it which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking in the midst of my fellow citizens the benign influence of good laws under a free government; the ever favourite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labours and dangers.

G. WASHINGTON.

United States, 17th September, 1796.

POCAHONTAS—Born, 1594—Died, 1617.

INTIMATELY connected with the history of Captain John Smith, by whose intrepidity and perseverance the colony at Virginia was permanently settled, is Pocahontas, the daughter of the chief Powhatan whose original Indian name was Wahansonacock. Her connexion with American history, commences when she was about fourteen years of age, and the occasion which called forth the energies of her character was the capture of Captain Smith in the year 1607. Captain Smith having refused while a prisoner, to assist in destroying Jamestown, he was led from place to place by the Indians and having been shown to the different nations of the dominions of Powhatan, the Indians proceeded to the king. Here more than two hundred of those grim courtiers stood wondering at him, as he had been a monster, till Powhatan and his trayne had put themselves in their greatest braveries: the chief was seated before a fire, upon a seat like a bedstead, having on a robe of rackoon skins, "and all the tayles hanging by." On each side of him sat a young woman; and upon each side of the house two rows of men, and with as many women behind them. These last had their heads and shoulders painted red—some of whose heads were adorned with white down; and about their necks white beads. On Smith's being brought into the presence of Powhatan, all present joined in a great shout. "The queen of Apamatuck was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, instead of a towel, to dry them." Then, having feasted him again, "after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan—then as many as could lay hands on him, dragged him to them and thereon laid his head, and being ready, with their clubs, to beat out his brains, Pocahontas the king's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her armes, and laid her own upon his, to save him from death."

Powhatan was unable to resist the extraordinary solicitations and sympathetic entreaties of his kind-hearted little daughter, and thus was saved the life of Captain Smith; a character, who, without this astonishing deliverance, was sufficiently renowned for escapes and adventures.

The old sachem, having set the sentence of death aside, made up his mind to employ Smith as an artisan; to make, for himself, robes, shoes, bows, arrows, and pots; and, for Pocahontas, bells, beads, and copper trinkets, but he was soon liberated.

Soon after, the difficulties between Powhatan and the English having been adjusted, we find Pocahontas bringing provisions almost every other day to Jamestown. This state of things however did not continue long, and in 1608, Powhatan having been detected in a plot against the colonists, his daughter came with presents to excuse him, pretending that the mischief was done by his ungovernable chiefs. Smith accepted her mediation, released his prisoners and thus peace was again restored, but it was soon broken. Powhatan having been foiled in numerous artifices against the settlers, resolved to fall upon them in their cabins. But here again

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[Portrait of Pocahontas.]

Pocahontas saved the lives of Smith and his attendants. She came alone in a dismal and wintry night through the woods and informed Smith of her father's design. For this most signal favour he offered her such rich articles as he thought would please her: but she would accept of nothing and with tears standing in her eyes, said if her father should see her with any thing, he would suspect what she had done, and instant death would be her reward; she then retired by herself into the woods.

The following incidents in regard to the life of this heroick female are from Drake's Biography and History of the Indians of North America, a work of great value. Mr. Drake remarks:—

"While Captain Smith was upon an expedition into the country, with an intention of surprising Powhatan, there happened a melancholy accident at home, to a boat's crew, which had been sent out in very severe weather, by one who was impatient to have the direction of matters. In the boat were Captain Waldo, Master Scrivener, the projector of the expedition, Mr. Anthony Gosnold, brother of the well-known Bartholomew Gosnold, and eight others. By the sinking of the boat, these all perished, and none knew what had become of them, until their bodies were found by the Indians. The very men on whom Smith depended to remain at the fort for his succour, in case he sent for them, were among the number. Therefore, to prevent the failure of this expedition, somebody must be sent to apprize Smith of the catastrophe. None volunteered for the hazarddous service, but Mr. Richard Wuffin, who was obliged to undertake it alone. This was a time when Powhatan was very insolent, and urged daily the killing of Smith upon his men. Nevertheless, after many difficulties, he arrived at Werowocomoco. Here he found himself amid preparations for war, and in still greater danger than he had yet been. But Pocahontas appeared as his saviour. Knowing the intention of the warriours to kill him, she first secreted him in the woods, and then directed those who sought him in an opposite direction from that he had gone; so, by this means, he escaped, and got safe to Smith at Pamunkey. This was in the winter of 1609.

"We next hear of her saving the life of Henry Spilman, who, was one of thirty that went to trade, upon the confidence of Powhatan, but all of whom, except Spilman, were killed by his people.

"From 1609, the time Smith left the country, until 1611, Pocahontas was not seen at Jamestown. At this time, she was treacherously taken prisoner by Captain Argal, and kept by the English to prevent Powhatan from doing them injury, and to extort a

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great ransom from him, and such terms of peace as they should dictate. At the time she was betrayed into the hands of Captain Argal, she was in the neighbourhood of the chief of Potomack, whose name was Japazaws, a particular friend of the English, and an old acquaintance of Captain Smith. Whether she had taken up her residence here, or whether she was here only upon a visit, we are not informed. But some have conjectured, that she retired here soon after Smith's departure, that she might not witness the frequent murders of the ill-governed English, at Jamestown. Captain Argal was in the Potomack river, for the purpose of trade, with his ship, when he learned that Pocahontas was in the neighbourhood. Whether Japazaws had acquired his treachery from his intercourse with the English, or whether it were natural to his disposition, we will not undertake to decide here; but certain it is, that he was ready to practise it, at the instigation of Argal: and for a copper kettle for himself, and a few toys for his squaw, he enticed the innocent girl on board Argal's ship, and betrayed her into his hands. It was effected, however, without compulsion, by the aid of his squaw. The captain had previously promised that no hurt should befall her, and that she should be treated with all tenderness. This circumstance should go as far as it may to excuse Japazaws. The plot to get her on board was well contrived. Knowing that she had no curiosity to see a ship, having before seen many, Japazaws's wife pretended great anxiety to see one, but would not go on board unless Pocahontas would accompany her. To this she consented, but with some hesitation. The attention with which they were received on board soon dissipated all fears, and Pocahontas soon strayed from her betrayers into the gun-room. The captain, watching his opportunity, told her she was a prisoner. When her confinement was known to Japazaws and his wife, they feigned more lamentation than she did, to keep her in ignorance of the plot; and, after receiving the price of their perfidy, were sent ashore, and Argal, with his pearl of great price sailed for Jamestown. On being informed of the reason why she was thus captivated, her grief, by degrees subsided.

The first step of the English, was to inform Powhatan of the captivity of his daughter, and to demand of him their men, guns and tools, which he and his people had, from time to time, taken and stolen from them. This unexpected news threw the old, stern, calculating chief into a great dilemma, and what course to take he knew not; hence it was three months before he returned any answer. At the end of this time, by the advice of his council, he sent back seven Englishmen, with each a gun which had been spoiled, and this answer: that when they should return his daughter, he would make full satisfaction, and give them five hundred bushels of corn, and be their friend for ever; that he had no more guns to return, the rest being lost. They sent him word, that they would not restore her, until he had complied with their demand; and that, as for the guns, they did not believe they were lost. Seeing the determination of the English, or his inability to satisfy them, was, we apprehend, the reason why they "heard no more from him for a long time after."

In the spring of the year 1613, Sir Thomas Dale took Pocahontas, and went, with a ship, up Powhatan's river to Werowocomoco, the residence of her father, in hopes to effect an exchange, and bring about a peace. Powhatan was not at home, and they met with nothing but bravadoes, and a disposition to fight, from all the Indians they saw. After burning many of their habitations, and giving out threats, some of the Indians came and made peace, as they called it, which opened the way for two of Pocahontas's brothers to come on board the ship. Their joy at seeing their sister may be imagined.

A particular friendship had some time existed between Pocahontas and a worthy young Englishman, by the name of John Rolfe; which, at length, growing into a sincere attachment, and being mutual between them, he made known his desire to take her for his companion. This being highly approved of by Sir Thomas Dale, and other gentlemen of high standing and authority, a consummation was soon agreed upon. Acquainting her brothers with her determination, it soon came to the knowledge of her father also; who, as highly approving of it as the English, immediately sent Opachisco, her uncle, and two of his sons, to witness the performance, and to act as her servants upon the occasion: and, in the beginning of April, 1613, the marriage was solemnized according to appointment. Powhatan was now their friend in reality; and a friendly intercourse commenced, which was continued, without much interruption, until his death.

Pocahontas lived happily with her husband, and became a believer in the English religion, and expressed no desire to live again among those of her own nation. When Sir Thomas Dale returned to England, in 1616, Pocahontas accompanied him, with her husband, and several other young natives. They arrived at Plymouth on the twelfth of June of that year. She met with much attention in that country, being taken to court by the Lord and Lady Delaware, and others of distinction. She, was, at this time, called the Lady Rebecca. Her meeting with Captain Smith was affecting; more especially as she thought herself, and very justly, no doubt, too slightly noticed by him, which caused her much grief. Owing to the barbarous nonsense of the times, Smith did not wish her to call him father, being afraid of giving offence to royalty, by assuming to be father of a king's daughter. Yet he did not intend any cause of offence, and did all in his power to make her happy. At their first interview, after remaining silent some time, she said to him: "You promised my father, that what was yours should be his; and that you and he would be all one. Being a stranger in our country, you called Powhatan father; and I for the same reason, will now call you so. You were not afraid to come into my father's country, and strike fear into every body but myself; and are you here afraid to let me call you father? I tell you, then, I will call you father, and you shall call me child; and so I will for ever be of your kindred and country. They always told me that you were dead, and I knew not otherwise, till I came to Plymouth. But Powhatan commanded Tomocomo to seek you out, and know the truth, because your countrymen are much given to lying."

"The useful and worthy young Pocahontas, being about to embark for her native country, in the begin-

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ning of the year 1617, fell sick at Gravesend, and died; having attained only the age of 22 years. She left one son, whose name was Thomas Rolfe, very young; and whom Sir Lewis Steukley, of Plymouth, desired to be left with him, that he might direct his education. But, from the unmanly part this gentleman took against the unfortunate Raleigh, he was brought into such merited disrepute, that he found himself obliged to turn all his attention to his own preservation; and the son of Pocahontas was taken to London, and there educated by his uncle, Mr Henry Rolfe. He afterward came to America, to the native country of his mother, where he became a gentleman of great distinction, and possessed an ample fortune. He left an only daughter, who married Colonel Robert Bolling, and died, leaving an only son, Major John Bolling, who was the father of Colonel John Bolling, and several daughters; one of whom married Colonel Richard Randolph, from whom are descended those bearing that name in Virginia, at this day."

BIOGRAPHY.



CHARLES CARROLL.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was born on the twentieth of September, 1737, at Annapolis, in the state of Maryland. He descended from a highly respectable Irish family, who had emigrated to this country in the reign of William and Mary, and were distinguished as patriots in the troubles of the colony, which soon after that period sprung up. For a while, the Catholicks were persecuted, and deprived of the right of suffrage; but, by a manly resistance to tyranny, they were restored to the privileges granted to them by charter.

At a very early age Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was sent to St. Omers, to be educated; from thence, after a short time, he was removed to Rheims, to the college of Louis Le Grand; and from thence to one of the best institutions in France for the study of civil law. After becoming well versed in this science, more calculated than any other to expand the mind for the reception and discussion of great political truths, he passed over to London, and commenced his term at the Temple for the study of common law. This study sharpens the wits, and opens the great fountain of Anglo Saxon liberty to the patient investigator of English history. After finishing his studies and his travels, he returned to his native land at the ripe age of twenty-seven, and was hailed by the best judges as a well-read scholar and an accomplished gentleman. Foreign courts had not damped his love of liberty. At this period the discussions with the mother country and the colonies, upon great points of national law, had commenced, and soon were carried on with great warmth and pertinacity by both parties. Mr. Carroll did not hesitate for a moment, but took side with the lovers of liberty. He wielded a ready pen, and it was soon engaged in the glorious cause. Like others, he for some time did not wish to be known; but his writings were so satisfactory to his countrymen, that his secret could not long be kept. Some of his political antagonists were among the first men in Maryland. He foresaw that an appeal must be made to arms, and he boldly advanced his sentiments on this head, and recommended due preparations for such an event. At this time but few voices had been raised to this in any part of the country. Early in 1776, he was sent as one of a commission to Canada, to induce the people of that province to join us in opposing the mother country. The disasters which had previously befallen our arms in that quarter rendered the mission ineffectual. Mr. Carroll returned in June, 1776, and instantly repaired to the convention of Maryland, of which he was a member; and there, urging them to withdraw the instructions that body had given their delegates in congress, not to vote for independence, at length found his exertions crowned with success. Mr. Carroll was now appointed a delegate to congress, and, with his colleagues, was free to act upon the great question as they pleased.

On the eighteenth of July, he presented his credentials to the continental congress at Philadelphia, and on the second day of August following, subscribed his name to the immortal instrument. He was considered now as the most fearless man of the age; for he had more to risk, in point of property, than any other man in the whole community, Hancock not excepted. On the first day he entered congress he was appointed to the board of war, of which he was an efficient member.

During the whole of the perilous conflict he bore his part with unabated ardour, often being at the same time a member of the convention of his native state and a member of congress; a double duty, which required great energy and industry to perform; but, so ably did he discharge his duties, that both bodies were satisfied with his attention to each. In 1778, he left congress, and devoted himself to the councils of his native state, but always with an eye to the great interests of the nation.

When the constitution of the United States went into operation, Mr. Carroll was elected a senator from Maryland, and took his seat at the city of New York, at the organization of the government on the

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thirtieth of April, 1789. He was elected a second time to this situation.

He was never an office-seeker, nor ever from caution or timidity flinched from any honest responsibility, in the darkest hour of the republick.

In the year 1801, he quitted publick life, as far as such a man could do so. He had now reached his grand climacterick, and was willing and desirous that younger men should take the field of politicks, hardly dreaming then that he was to enjoy another age of man, in the fulness of intellectual vigour. The last thirty years of his life passed away in serenity and happiness, almost unparalleled in the history of man. He enjoyed, as it were, an Indian summer of existence, a tranquil and lovely period, when the leaves of the forest are richly variegated, but not yet seared; when the parent-bird and the spring nestling are of the same flock, and move on equal wing; when the day of increase and the day of the necessity of provision are gone; when the fruits of the earth are abundant, and the lakes of the woods are as smooth and joyous as if reflecting the bowers of Eden. Such an Indian summer this patriot enjoyed; his life was thrice, yea, four times blessed; blessed in his birth and education, in his health, in his basket, and in his store; blessed in his numerous and honourable progeny, which extend to several generations; blessed in the protracted measure of his days, in which were crowded the events of many centuries; and blessed in the wonderful prosperity of his country, whose population has since his birth increased from nine hundred thousand souls to more than twelve millions, enjoying the blessings of freemen. It is, perhaps, from the fact, that the world think it quite enough for one mortal that he should be virtuous, prosperous, and enjoy a green old age, that an analysis of his intellectual powers, or a description of his rare attainments, has seldom been attempted; but talents and attainments he had, that made him one of the most successful of the business men of the momentous period in which he lived—a period when that which the head conceived the hand was ready to execute. There were too few at that time, and those too zealous, to make the proper division of labour. The senator armed for the field, and the soldier met with the Conscript Fathers.

Mr. Carroll was an orator. His eloquence was of the smooth, gentle, satisfactory kind, delighting all and convincing many. It is not pretended that, like John Adams, he came down upon his hearers as with the thunderblast from Sinai, raising the tables of independence on high, and threatening in his wrath to break them if they were not received by the people; nor that, like Dickenson, he exhausted rhetorick and metaphysicks to gain his end, and was for ever striving to be heard; but Carroll came to his subject well-informed, thoroughly imbued with its spirit; and with happy conceptions and graceful delivery, and with chaste and delicate language, he, without violence, conquered the understandings, and led captive the senses of his hearers. All was natural, yet sweet and polished as education could make it. He never seemed fatigued with his labours, nor faint with his exertions. His blood and judgment were so well commingled, that his highest efforts were as easy and natural as if he had been engaged in the course of ordinary duties. This happy faculty continued with the patriarch until his latest days, for his conversation had that elegant vivacity and delicacy that characterized the sage Nestor of elder times, whose words fell like vernal snows as he spake to the people.

His serenity, and in no small degree, perhaps, his longevity, were owing to the permanency of his principles. In early life he founded his political creed on the rights of man, and reposing his faith in the religion of his fathers, he felt none of those vacillations and changes so common in times of political or religious agitations. Mr. Carroll died near the close of 1832, in the ninety-seventh year of his age.

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